

GUSHER



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GUSHER

gush·er /'gəSHər/ *noun*

1. an oil well from which oil flows profusely without being pumped. An eruption of oil.
2. an effusive person.
3. a billionaire.

We HEAR the swirling bubbles of a jacuzzi.

FOUR SEASONS, BALI INDONESIA 1994

The outdoor patio of a luxury suite. Dusk.

POV CAM-CORDER VIEWFINDER:

Amidst tropical palms and turquoise tiles, heavy condensation obscures a fleshy figure seated in a jacuzzi.

The image is wobbly and hand-held. It's operator, ELAINE, remains off camera.

ANNA (O.S.)
Are you rolling?

ELAINE (O.S.)
It's all steamy?!

ANNA (O.S.)
Flip the thingie open!

The steam clears. We're CLOSE ON -- a larger than life blonde in a bikini, her hair in beaded corn-rows. She lays in the bubbles. One leg tossed up on the ledge a la Marilyn.

The blonde is twenty-six-year-old ANNA NICOLE SMITH, the Texan Playboy Bunny, known to her family as Vickie-Lynn.

She looks directly at us.

ANNA
We're here on our honeymoon in Bali
Indonesia. It's almost Nineteen-
Ninety-Four. And we're having the
most amazing time. Isn't that
right, Paw-Paw?

The cam-corder zooms out to reveal J HOWARD MARSHALL II (89), a mischievous octogenarian with an irrepressible smile, seated next to her in the jacuzzi.

He wears large, post-eye exam style sunglasses, a Hawaiian shirt opened over a tank top, and a straw hat.

HOWARD
Best honeymoon ever. I should know,
I've had four of 'em.

He smiles with giddiness and takes off his glasses. Are those tears in his eyes? At his age, emotions hit hard.

ANNA

Howard, sing or something.

HOWARD

*He was the cockeyed mayor of
Kaunakakai. The horse he rode was
skin-knee. A broken down old
female. So he placed a big panini.
Right under that horse's tail, Oh!*

Anna uses a loose palm frond to aid in a goofy Polynesian dance. She's a natural ham, someone who enjoys life's simple joys with as much vigor as the grand ones.

HOWARD

He wore a malo and a coconut hat...

Howard gestures to his head...

HOWARD

One was for this...

And then his crotch.

HOWARD

...and the other for that.

Anna loves his raunchy delivery.

ANNA

Tell the camera what you told me...
about after you're gone.

HOWARD

Where am I going?

ANNA

Howard! You know what I'm sayin.

The camera jostles. Anna strips off her bikini and tosses it.

ANNA

I know my husband is gonna live
'til a hundred and ten, but when he
does leave me all alone in this
cold world, he promised me I'd
always be taken care of—

She nudges Howard.

HOWARD

My bride will never have to worry
her entire life.

ANNA
Be more specific.

She grabs the guard rail, slow grinding it.

JUST THEN -- Anna slips backward nearly bringing Elaine and the camera down with her in a giant SPLASH.

As she falls, she reaches out to Howard who reaches for her.

FREEZE on their outstretched hands.

TITLES: "A True American Love Story"

MARCH 2001

INT. HARRIS COUNTY FAMILY COURT - HOUSTON - DAY

Reporters and media fill the crowded wood paneled room.

RUSTY HARDIN, (50s) a ginger-haired lawyer whose boyish looks belie his talent as a ruthless litigator, checks his notes.

Rusty speaks with a thick Texas drawl.

RUSTY
Now, when you met J. Howard
Marshall did you know how wealthy
he was?

Sitting on the witness stand, Anna couldn't look more out of place. Bright-pink lipstick, big hoop earrings, acrylic nails, and hair done all the way up.

ANNA
No sir. I had no idea.

RUSTY
None at all?

ANNA
If you're implying that I'm a gold digger... you know it really hurts when people assume that because I coulda married my husband the first week we met. But I wanted to get my career started first. People might not think that getting into Playboy is makin' something out of your life, but coming from where I came from it was a big deal.

HOUSTON, TEXAS 1991

QUICK SHOTS OF:

People exiting limos with big hair, big boots, and big boobs.

Bags of silicone being filled in a lab.

George H. W. Bush brings the cowboy look to the White House.

A mother-daughter pair exit a plastic surgeon's office with matching red lipstick, matching golden tans, and matching silicone breasts.

A man reads the Texas Monthly with the headline: "*Oil Bust replaced with Silicone Boom!*"

A plastic surgeon dives into a breast shaped pool.

FINALLY WE LAND ON: a flat-chested brunette in a waitress uniform and name tag that reads, "VICKIE LYNN," serving drinks to a booth at The Red Lobster.

INT. RED LOBSTER - DINING ROOM - DAY

Anna steps away from a table and pulls a few bills out of her apron, counting them. Her MANAGER spots her and approaches.

MANAGER

We don't count tips in front of clients.

ANNA

No one's looking.

MANAGER

Don't forget to finish your side work.

A mop and bucket lean next to the bathroom door.

ANNA

Yes, sir.

Rolling her eyes as she grabs the mop.

INT. HOUSTON MODELING AGENCY - OFFICE SUITE - DAY

Anna sits nervously in a designer office as GARY (50s) with a big mustache and JOAN, sixty trying to look forty, scroll through a stack of polaroids taken in Anna's bedroom.

Supermodels in framed ads—the era of Claudia Schiffer and Elle McPherson—slim, chic, blue bloods, line the walls.

JOAN

Any other languages, musical instruments, sports, hobbies-- anything like that?

ANNA

Roller blading and couch potato'ing. I love my soaps too.

GARY

Vickie-Lynn Smith, is that your real name?

ANNA

Yes, sir.

GARY

Stand up for us sweetie.

Anna stands. She's in white short-shorts and a tank top. She twirls in a wholly ungraceful but endearing way.

GARY

Listen honey, you've got height, that's something, but you can't walk, you can't talk, and you're --

JOAN

-- Too fat. Even for Texas.

She's not, but models are anorexic thin.

GARY

It's a new era. Brands want lithe.

JOAN

And sophisticated. Which, well --

Joan trails off. It hits Anna like a kick in the tits. Gary and Joan make eyes. Time to wrap this up. They stand.

Anna stuffs her photos back in an envelope, one polaroid drops to the floor. She considers grabbing it, decides against it. And with that, she's out the door.

Gary and Joan eye the photo: Anna, leaning into the flash, with her tongue between her fingers lewdly.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Flushed with embarrassment, Anna pushes the elevator button.

On a sofa, a thin model eyes her. Anna impatiently stabs the button until it lights up.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

As the elevator descends, Anna makes awkward glances at a super fit and confident JANICE (30s) who's low v-neck reveals her perfectly tanned cleavage.

Anna affects an awkward loud whisper.

ANNA

Excuse me, I'm sorry if this is
impolite but, where'd you get your
ta-tas done?

JANICE

Dr. Rose.

Janice fishes in her purse and pulls out a business card. She hands it to Anna with pride.

JANICE

He's an artist.

The card reads, "Dr. Franklin Rose, Sculptural Surgeon." The elevator doors slide open, as people file in.

Anna stuffs the card in her purse like a naughty secret.

INT. VIRGIE AND CARL'S TRACT HOUSE - DAY

A small row house filled with an unsettling amount of wooden crucifixes and shrines to saints.

A heavily hair-sprayed VIRGIE HOGAN (late 40s), makes her way down the hallway with her mamma bear swagger. She holds DANIEL (3), Anna's son, in her arms.

Beneath the stress and some extra pounds, the tracings of a former beauty queen and a playful warmth shine through.

BATHROOM

The door flings open and Virgie barges in on a stark naked Anna, legs spread open, dry-shaving her crotch. A towel wrapped on her head. Virgie GASPS.

VIRGIE
Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Don't you
lock the door?

Virgie averts her eyes. Anna finishes with the razor.

ANNA
Don't you knock?

VIRGIE
What if I was Carl?

Anna kisses Daniel all over his face.

VIRGIE
I guess you never know who you
might meet at The Red Lobster.

ANNA
Gotta be ready for anything.

Anna removes the towel from her head revealing a rat's nest
of freshly bleached hair. Virgie immediately goes at the
tangles with a brush.

Daniel sits on the counter, painting lipstick on his face.
Anna sets him down and he crawls away.

ANNA
(shouting)
One of ya'll out there watch
Daniel?

VIRGIE
You really need to figure out a
different living situation.

ANNA
Or what? You're gonna ditch me
again, like you did when I was
fifteen?

VIRGIE
That was for your own good.

Anna scoffs.

ANNA
Dropping me with Aunt Kaye so you
could troll for men.

VIRGIE
This house isn't big enough for
six.

ANNA
Maybe you shouldn't of had more
kids then.

The brush sticks on a knot. Virgie vigorously attacks it.

ANNA
Owww.

Finished brushing, Virgie admires Anna's new platinum look.

VIRGIE
You need to learn to be a hard
worker and earn your way.

ANNA
(under her breath)
Yeah and end up in a tract house
working two jobs?

Virgie smacks the shit out of her. Revenge flashes across Anna's face. She raises her arm about to strike back but lowers it. Bigger things on her mind.

ANNA
Move, I'm late.

Anna barges past, knocking Virgie aside.

VIRGIE
(shouting after her)
No more free babysitting! My first
shift with the county starts
tomorrow.

Virgie looks at the dye box, then at her own hair, silently mourning the life she sacrificed for her daughter.

EXT. HOUSTON STREETS - DAY

Anna steps off the bus and into the parking lot of a strip mall where a neon sign looms large—a pair of women's legs kicking off a pair of cowboy boots: "Rick's Gentleman's Club"

INT. RICK'S GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - BATHROOM STALL - DAY

In a dirty mirror, Anna applies last minute makeup touches. She realizes something and panics.



HALLWAY

The walls are lined with framed Playboy covers—many of which are personally signed. Anna rushes out of the bathroom.

She follows a few girls through a curtained entrance into...

A DRESSING ROOM

Where dancers sit around casually chatting. Anna's entrance barely causes a stir.

ANNA

Um. This is kinda embarrassing but
do any of y'all have an extra
thong?

Frozen stares. Until one of the dancers, LORI, stands up and removes her underwear, a bright green G-String.

Anna notices one of the framed Playboy pictorials.

ANNA

I heard this place was a pipeline
to Playboy?

The dancer, LORI, sneers.

LORI

More like a pipeline to the owner's
flabby ass pant line.

ANNA

Which one's the owner?

LORI

Terry runs the place. Rick only
comes for special occasions.

Anna bites her nails.

LORI

Jesus. Take a pill or something.
Just looking at you gives me
anxiety.

RICK'S MAIN ROOM

Dimly lit. Semi-plush. Trying to cater to the business class.

Anna steps up to a nearby booth where Terry, a sleepy-eyed nightlife lizard, sits next to a zonked out dancer with that hard flinty look. Anna hands him a CD.

ANNA

Do you want my professional name or
my legal name?

TERRY

It's your rodeo honey.

ANNA

Nikki. That's my professional name.

Prince's "*Darling Nikki*," starts as Anna steps on stage and works an awkward strip tease. She hesitates before removing her padded bra.

At six feet tall with stretch marks and a mostly flat chest, she delivers a certain country *je ne sais quoi*. She's a little rough around the edges, but open. And real.

She smacks her own ass, drawing focus there. The music stops.

TERRY

Day shift.

Anna beams.

SIX MONTHS LATER

1991

INT. RICK'S GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY

In the shadows of the club, resting on a stool, Anna pushes her small cleavage up and nervously bites her nails.

She gobbles a pill nonchalantly. Across the room, Terry walks in with a PHOTOGRAPHER (30s) lugging some gear.

TERRY

Lori? Get over here.

Lori checks out the camera gear.

LORI

Uh-uh. I got one year left at A&M.
Can't have my photo blasted
everywhere while I'm at job fairs.

TERRY

Fun Fact: it's part of your
contract to do promotional.

She scoffs, mockingly.

LORI

What contract?

Anna shyly stands, feeling the pill. The photographer eyes
all six feet of her—impressed.

TERRY

No, not her.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOVING - DAY

Behind the wheel, Virgie, in a snug cop's uniform, patrols.

Her partner, LLEWYN, (40s) a plug of dip in his cheek, scans
the stations out of boredom.

VIRGIE

Stop messing with the radio.

Llewyn looks out the window and does a double take.

LLEWYN

Holy shit. You're not gonna want to
see this.

VIRGIE

See what?

Virgie pulls over, gazes out the window.

GIANT BILLBOARD

Anna, glistening and tan, lays naked except for a tuxedo
choker.

INT. RICK'S GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY

Jon Bon Jovi's "*Blaze of Glory*" PLAYS loudly as Virgie and
Llewyn enter the dim club. Virgie squints, eyes still
adjusting to the dark. Terry approaches the two.

TERRY

What do I owe Houston's finest?

Anna, spilling out of a red thong, grinds on a customer.

VIRGIE
Vickie-Lynn?!

ANNA
Mother?!

INT. VIRGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The small space bustles with extended family:

AUNT ELAINE, (30s) country, UNCLE RAY, (40) beer gut and mustache, COUSIN SHELLY, (20s) wiry and nervous, JESUS-FREAK CARL, lazy and unburdened, along with periphery family. They blow-up birthday balloons, drink beer, and watch loud T.V.

Virgie and Anna fly through the front door—no one looks up.

ANNA
Where's my birthday boy!?

She can't buy their attention.

Anna bee-lines for her bedroom. Elaine, mid-cigarette, reads Virgie's face and—out of boredom—chases after Anna.

Virgie flops on the sofa. Carl glances at her—irritated. She shakes her head: *"Don't ask."*

VICKIE'S BEDROOM

Anna opens her closet and pulls out a pillowcase stuffed a quarter full with cash.

ELAINE
What'd you expect? Your ass is plastered above I-45.

ANNA
And you know it looks good.

She removes a small wad of bills from her wallet, contributes it to the stash.

ELAINE
I don't know whether to admire you or pray for you.

Anna dumps out the contents of her purse—a baggy of pills—Valium, Xanax, and Benzos. She chews a Xanax raw.

Loose dollar bills, a hair brush, a bra, and a mascara-smudged business card also fall to the ground.

She counts her wad of singles. Not much.

ANNA

How do people save their money? I
run through it like it's toilet
paper.

ELAINE

Ever heard of a bank?

Not listening, Anna picks up Dr. Rose's business card.

LIVING ROOM

Anna weaves past relatives. Elaine follows closely behind.

COUSIN SHELLEY

I knew I smelled pussy on you all
those times --

Everyone talks over each other.

VIRGIE

Stop paying attention to her.
That's exactly what she wants.

ANNA

I'm sorry you got whipped with the
ugly stick, Shelley.

Anna finds Daniel and scoops him up in a warm squeeze. He
squirms away.

UNCLE RAY

Now what's this club?

ELAINE

You ain't allowed to watch your
niece-in-law take off her clothes!

ANNA

At least it'll get me out of this
dump!

VIRGIE

The only way you're getting out of
here is if someone pays your plane
ticket. You got no skills, sweetie.

SFX: DING-DONG! Virgie jumps. Anna beats her to the door.

AT THE DOOR

A beefy blond BOYFRIEND hands Anna a small cardboard carrying case with air holes.

ANNA
Call you later.

She pushes him out.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Anna holds the box up with a wide grin on her face.

SHELLEY
I don't even want to know.

Anna sets the carrying-case down and opens it. A pot-bellied pig jets out with a SQUEAL.

ANNA
Happy Birthday sugar-pie. Do you
love it?

The Daniel SCREAMS and claps with delight. Anna beams.

VIRGIE
That's it! I'm done.

The pig finally finds Daniel who snuggles it in his arms, before it escapes, SQUEALING at the top of its lungs.

Anna stares at Daniel and his cousins. An idea forms.

VIRGIE
Do you hear me Vickie-Lynn?! You
need to move out, immediately.

ANNA
You're right. He should stay with
his Grandma until I get my body.

Virgie nods—like she's won the argument. Anna heads to her room to pack before Virgie realizes she's been played.

VIRGIE
You're doing what now?

The pig races under Virgie's legs, jumps on the sofa, and flops down into Daniel's arms.

MARCH 2001INT. HARRIS COUNTY COURT HOUSE - ROTUNDA - DAY

The middle of a long day in session. A female jury member steps out. She beelines for the women's restroom.

BATHROOM STALL

The jury member flushes, zips up her beige suit skirt. She notices something stuffed behind the toilet paper holder.

Loathe to know what it is—but equally fascinated—she peers closer—an oversized black satin bra. She yanks it out.

BATHROOM

She steps out of the stall with the FF sized bra dangling from her finger tips. She stares at it curiously.

HOUSTON 1992INT. DR. ROSE'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

A bustling office. Anna strides up to the check-in window.

ANNA

I'm here for a consultation.

INT. DR. ROSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Anna, in a bra, sits on the exam table.

DR. ROSE, an "*I-got-into-this-for-the-money-and-the-ladies*" kind of surgeon, flips through a book of his own works of art—a gallery of topless women.

On a metal tray, Anna picks up the two hockey puck sized implants filled with clear silicone.

DR. ROSE

Finest product on the market,
manufactured right here in Houston.

ANNA

Do they come in any bigger sizes?

DR. ROSE

The way we'd do that is stack two of these puppies on top of each other, creates a more natural look.

A nurse takes measurements of Anna.

DR. ROSE

If you decide to go that route it's double the price. And I should warn you, double the weight.

Dr. Rose glances over her tall figure.

DR. ROSE

You do have the build for it.

ANNA

I want mine to be the biggest and best ones you've ever done.

INT. RICK'S GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - DAY

Anna plops her pillowcase full of cash in front of Terry.

ANNA

Don't let me touch it.

Terry eyes it.

ANNA

Even if I beg. I'm saving for my new body.

TERRY

Who wants to place bets this won't last more than a week?

ANNA

I know ya'll think I'm the cliché, and married to the club. But I've got more to think about than just me, ya know.

TERRY

I'm just here to help.

Terry pinches a little girth around her waist.

TERRY

You stop eatin' all that fried chicken and maybe we can talk night shift.

Terry takes the pillow case and locks it up in a safe.

SUPER CUT: Anna evolves into a super stripper.

Anna works her magic on some TEXAS OIL EXECS:

ANNA
(thicker drawl than
normal)
My daddy always said: We're here
for a good time, not a long time!

The EXECS go in big for the VIP treatment. CHA-CHING!

We see CASH rolling in as:

- Anna leaves the club as two night-shift girls step out of a gleaming Mercedes with perfect implants.
- Anna downs a tequila shot after work at Lori's apartment.
- Anna flirts with a TRAINER at the gym.
- Later, Anna and the same trainer fuck.
- Anna, too tipsy, falls off the stage into a customer.
- Anna parties with low-life ballers after-hours. When things get rough, she narrowly escapes into Lori's car.
- Anna wakes up beneath a fallen Christmas tree with vomit next to her and two men sprawled nearby.
- Anna takes the pillowcase full of cash home from the club.
- Anna moves into her own apartment with Daniel.
- Finally, WE END ON: Anna entering the Texas Institute of Plastic Surgery.

INT. TEXAS INSTITUTE OF PLASTIC SURGERY - SURGERY ROOM - DAY

A nurse administers the sedative through an IV. Anna, in blue scrubs, hums a dreamy Marilyn Monroe song.

As she fades into the soft haze of the anesthesia, her eyes catch a framed photo of Texas Monthly cover with Dr. Rose grinning on the cover. The caption reads: "The Breast Man."

INT. VICKIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's a messy apartment with little more than a floral sofa and too many animals—the pig, the cat and a cockatoo.

Anna's eyes dip in and out of sleep with her legs propped up. Her chest wrapped tightly in gauze with blood stains oozing from her wounds. "Beavis and Butthead" on the T.V.

A nearly six-year-old Daniel, in a cowboy costume with a badge, hat, and little boots, races around.

ANNA

Pass me my pills sugar pie?

Daniel retrieves her prescription bottle. The bird COOS. The cat HISSES at the cockatoo.

ANNA

(slurs)

Booooooger be nice.

DANIEL

Booger farted. That's what Cricket was saying.

Daniel hops onto her lap.

ANNA

Careful of Momma's new rosebuds.

DANIEL

You're bleeding.

Daniel gently touches her oozing bandages. Anna takes a few pills with water.

EXT. FARM LAND - DAY

Anna, sporting her new set of extra-large enhancements, wearing pig-tails and a low cut crop top, poses on a fence.

The photographer from Rick's snaps a few shots.

Anna scoops up her pot-bellied pig. Her breasts fall out of her top. She revels in the splendor of her new post-op body.

EXT. MEMORIAL GARDENS CEMETERY - DAY

J. HOWARD MARSHALL II, from the teaser, walks with a cane towards a driver waiting by a black Rolls Royce.

Fresh flowers lay on a grave behind him, along with a framed photograph of an amply endowed woman in a southern ballgown.

CLOSE ON THE HEADSTONE -- "Lady Jewell" Diane Walker.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - MOVING - DAY

Howard lays splayed out in the back seat holding a small chrome revolver. A man who's nearly given up on life.

His driver, ORSON (30s), checks the rear view several times.

THROUGH THE REAR VIEW:

HOWARD

Orson? You ever heard of a man
laying a wreath on his mistress'
grave while filing suit against her
the same day?

ORSON

You're a complex man, Sir. I
wouldn't attempt to explain but
just note that you have your
reasons.

HOWARD

I'm not ready to go home.

Without a thought Orson executes a U-turn.

Howard, all 90 pounds of him, topples over the leather seat like a rag doll. The pistol falls from his lap. He grabs it and places it in it's holster above his cowboy boot.

INT. RICK'S GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - DAY

Same club, different day shift. Brimming out of a bright red mini-dress, Anna fills out a Playboy "contest" form.

She pops one of her pills, washes it down with a cocktail, eats the cherry. Her routine. She squints at the form.

Terry glances at the troublesome word she's stuck on.

TERRY

"How much do you weigh?"

This is the first time we realize Anna's partly illiterate.

She writes: "165," scratches it out. Replaces it with: "130."

Anna stuffs the nude farm photos and the "entry form" in a large envelope. She lays it on the bar in front of Terry.

TERRY

Not my department.

He scoffs, goes back to work behind the bar.

ANNA

How much is in my pillowcase?

TERRY

About half full. Not bad, Sweet Cheeks.

Anna slides the envelope closer to Terry.

ANNA

Take it. Just sneak this into Rick's package with the others.

Surprised, Terry picks it up.

TERRY

Better not come crying two weeks from now when you can't pay rent.

Off Terry's smirk, Anna notices an elderly man in a wheel chair struggle to use the jukebox.

At the same moment, a couple of YOUNG BUCKS step in the club. Two day shift dancers approach and escort the young bucks to their section.

The elderly man is HOWARD. His dollar keeps popping out of the jukebox. Other dancers giggle at this senior moment.

Howard, the drama queen that he is, SHOUTS at the machine.

A hand takes his dollar and straightens it out on the edge of a table. The machine takes it this time.

ANNA

There you go, sweetheart.

A cocktail waitress delivers Howard a white wine with ice.

HOWARD

Can I buy you a wine for your help?

ANNA

You ever had Boone's Farm?

Howard laughs.

ANNA

I'd like to get into wine but it
all tastes the same to me.

HOWARD

You ought to come to my vineyard
sometime. I can teach you.

ANNA

I learn a lot from customers.

HOWARD

Yeah, like what?

ANNA

Well, I know that one man plus two
beers equals twenty bucks.

He grins.

HOWARD

Deadly combination—beautiful and
with horse sense.

Howard hands her two twenties.

HOWARD

Would thou oblige if I took thee to
lunch instead?

ANNA

Sorry darling, I can't.

HOWARD

Doth the lady protest too much?

Anna picks up the thread.

ANNA

Thee isn't allowed to date-eth
customers. Did I say that right?
What is that anyway?

HOWARD

Thou'st can not?

ANNA

But thee knows where to find me if
he needs me.

HOWARD

Doth thee have a man in thine's
life?

ANNA

A very very important man.

HOWARD

Then where is thy ring?

ANNA

Hold on a sec.

Anna runs behind the bar and pulls out a photo from her purse. She returns but is too embarrassed to show.

HOWARD

No need to be shy.

She hands it over. To Howard's delight—it's of Daniel.

Anna notices the current song is about to end.

ANNA

Oooo, our song's next.
Hang tight honey.

She let's Howard hold onto the photo as she dashes off.

TERRY (OVER THE SOUND SYSTEM)

Ladies and Gentleman please welcome
our very own little country girl,
Miiiiissssss Nikki.

We hear the first notes of "LADY IN RED," begin.

The spotlight falls on Anna at the edge of the stage.

OVER THE SPEAKERS

*"Never seen you lookin' so lovely
as you did tonight. I've never seen
you shine so bright."*

By now, we know that, at best, she's a mediocre dancer. Nevertheless, she's compelling, even vulnerable.

She dances just for Howard.

OVER THE SPEAKERS

*"There's nobody here; it's just you
and me; it's where I wanna be."*

She's fully naked, save for a red G-string. Howard's eyes, as big as saucers, tear up a little.

EXT. MARSHALL ESTATE - NIGHT

The limo pulls up to the gate of an enormous Tudor estate.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Orson pulls down the circular drive towards the main house. Howard gazes out the window, in a demonstrably better mood.

ORSON

There better not be any falling in
love stuff going on J. Howard.

HOWARD

Too late.

Orson parks. He opens the passenger door and helps Howard into his wheelchair.

CLOSE ON -- stripper heels as they pound the sidewalk. A skateboard whizzes past. Toto, we're not in Houston anymore.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BLUFFS - OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

CLOSE ON -- a pair of sneakers as they jog along a sandy footpath above the ocean.

CLOSE ON -- the stripper heels as they stride into grass.

A marine layer cloaks the coast line where the wearer of the sneakers, a jaded LOCAL, stretches, bent over, on the grass.

The stripper heels enter the jogger's upside down view.

ANNA (O.S.)

Excuse me, how far is Rodeo Drive
from here?
(pronouncing Rodeo wrong)

JOGGER

You mean Row-Day-Oh?

The jogger raises his head from his bent over stretch.

We follow his gaze as he takes her in—the ultimate blonde, straps falling off her shoulders, eyes that tempt but at the same time say “don't mess with me, mister.”

ANNA

It's my first time in LA. First
time out of Texas actually.

Anna takes in the foggy view from the bluffs—enchanted.

ANNA

It's even dreamier than I imagined.

Anna winks before she goes, leaving the jogger in awe.

JOGGER

Good luck with... everything.

ANNA

Thanks!

Anna steps into her waiting taxi, idling at the curb.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

In a second story studio loft above a heavily trafficked street, Anna holds a pose against a pink backdrop.

She has a small black mole painted on her upper lip.

ANNA

Sorry. I'm pantin' like a lizard on
a hot rock.

Anna dabs the sweat from her upper lip.

The photographer, ARNY, (40s) mustache, early 90s mullet, and a casual swagger, snaps away with bored dispatch.

In posing for the camera, Anna is too sexually overt, too cheap, and too tarted up. In short, she's trying too hard.

Arny snaps the last shot and sets his camera down.

ARNY

We're all set honey.

ANNA

Already?

ARNY

We got enough.

Anna changes back into her street clothes with no modesty and pulls her hair into a bun. She wipes her make-up off.

Arny shuts off the hot lights and opens the blinds, letting more natural light spill in.

Catching a glimpse of Anna make-up free as she lights a cigarette, he points the lens at her.

ARNY
Don't mind me.

When she glances over, her eyes flicker, the cigarette dangling from her lips. The camera SNAPS.

MARCH 2001

EXT. HARRIS COUNTY COURT - FRONT STEPS - DAY

News vans and media swarm the premise. Virgie, aged by the years, emerges from the court house and descends the steps.

A REPORTER flashes her pearly whites as she approaches.

REPORTER
Mimi Jones from Channel Eleven
News. Mind if I ask you a question?

VIRGIE
I have nothing to do with my
daughter's case. I never asked her
for nothin'.

REPORTER
Did you ever think your daughter
would be in the spotlight like
this?

VIRGIE
Why she needs so much attention?
Don't ask me!

MEXIA, TEXAS 1985

INT. CAR - DAY

Virgie drives as a sixteen-year-old Anna pouts next to her.

They pass a sign that reads: WELCOME TO MEXIA, TEXAS.
(pronounced: MUH-hee-AH)

EXT. KAYE BEALL'S HOUSE - DAY

On the lawn KAYE BEALL HART, (38) a sweet woman in a Walmart uniform, stands outside the humble one story home.

Virgie walks up from the car and hands her Anna's bag.

Anna, coltish, glancing-eyed, and already nearly six feet barefoot, reluctantly waits by the curb.

Virgie walks back to her.

VIRGIE
It'll just be for a little while.

ANNA
Why can't I go and live with my
daddy!

That delivers the sting she knew it would. Virgie remains stoic and walks to the car. Kaye joins Anna on the sidewalk.

KAYE
Sugar, mention that man to her and
you're in for a world of trouble.

Virgie gets in the car. Anna fumes as her mom pulls away.

KAYE
Clean the dishes and there's five
food stamps in it for ya. Can buy
yourself some candy or whatever.

Kaye's creepy BOYFRIEND-OF-THE-MONTH eyes Anna from the window. Anna glares with teary eyes full of hurt and rage.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - VOLLEYBALL COURT - DAY

It's a cat fight. A flat-chested Anna (16) and a POPULAR GIRL in gym clothes go at it. Spectators SCREAM in delight.

Anna, red and puffy beneath big bangs, yanks the girl's hair until she breaks free, shoving Anna's face into the gravel.

Anna pulls the girl down with her and pins her to the ground. Now on top, Anna beats the girl wildly with her fists.

The gym COACH, a firecracker in short-shorts, races up WHISTLE blaring.

COACH
Ladies!

Finally, they break it up. Anna stands. The crowd whispers.

SPECTATOR
I heard she licks pussy.

POPULAR GIRL
Dyke!

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Motivational posters fill the wall -- "Pain is inevitable, suffering is optional" and "Believe in yourself."

Jesus is EVERYWHERE.

An over-worked counselor, DIANE, (40s) wearing all khaki, with tall teased-up hair, sits behind a desk with a Big Gulp. She sips from a straw and speaks in a deep smoker's voice.

ANNA

Aren't you going to call my mom?

DIANE

Awfully eager to let her know
you've been suspended.

Nothing from Anna.

DIANE

Gimme the number.

ANNA

218-746 --

DIANE

(interrupting)
Houston?

Anna looks away.

DIANE

How 'bout your Daddy's?

Nothing. That's when Diane puts it together.

DIANE

Listen, sugar, I know things at
home aren't always peachy-keen, but
you can't go running around
punching people in the face to get
their attention.

(looking at her file)

Now, with these grades and your
suspension, you'll likely have to
repeat tenth.

ANNA

Yes Ma'am. But, you see, my English
teacher, Mrs. Kantor, she doesn't
explain how to do the homework.

DIANE
Some people are just better suited
for trade school. Or marriage.

Anna wants to disappear. The sound of SIZZLING.

CLOSE ON -- fried chicken as it bubbles in oil. A hand lifts
the basket out.

INT. JIM'S FRIED CHICKEN - DAY

A sweaty but happy Anna, (now 17) in her uniform, gazes
through an opening into the kitchen at BILLY WAYNE SMITH
(16), a scrawny kid with a bowl cut.

He grins back at her, showing off his row of braces. Anna
loves the braces. Her BOSS approaches, handing her a tray.

BOSS
You have weird taste in men.

INT. ANNA AND BILLY'S COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY

Dim, small, and full of wicker furniture. A floral bedspread
drapes over a shaking brass bed.

Greasy wrappers from Jim's Fried Chicken lay on the carpet.

In a gauzy nightgown with sweat on her brow, Anna, looking
like a teenage housewife, rides Billy-Wayne. Their size
difference makes for quite a sight.

On the bedside table sits a framed wedding photo of the two.

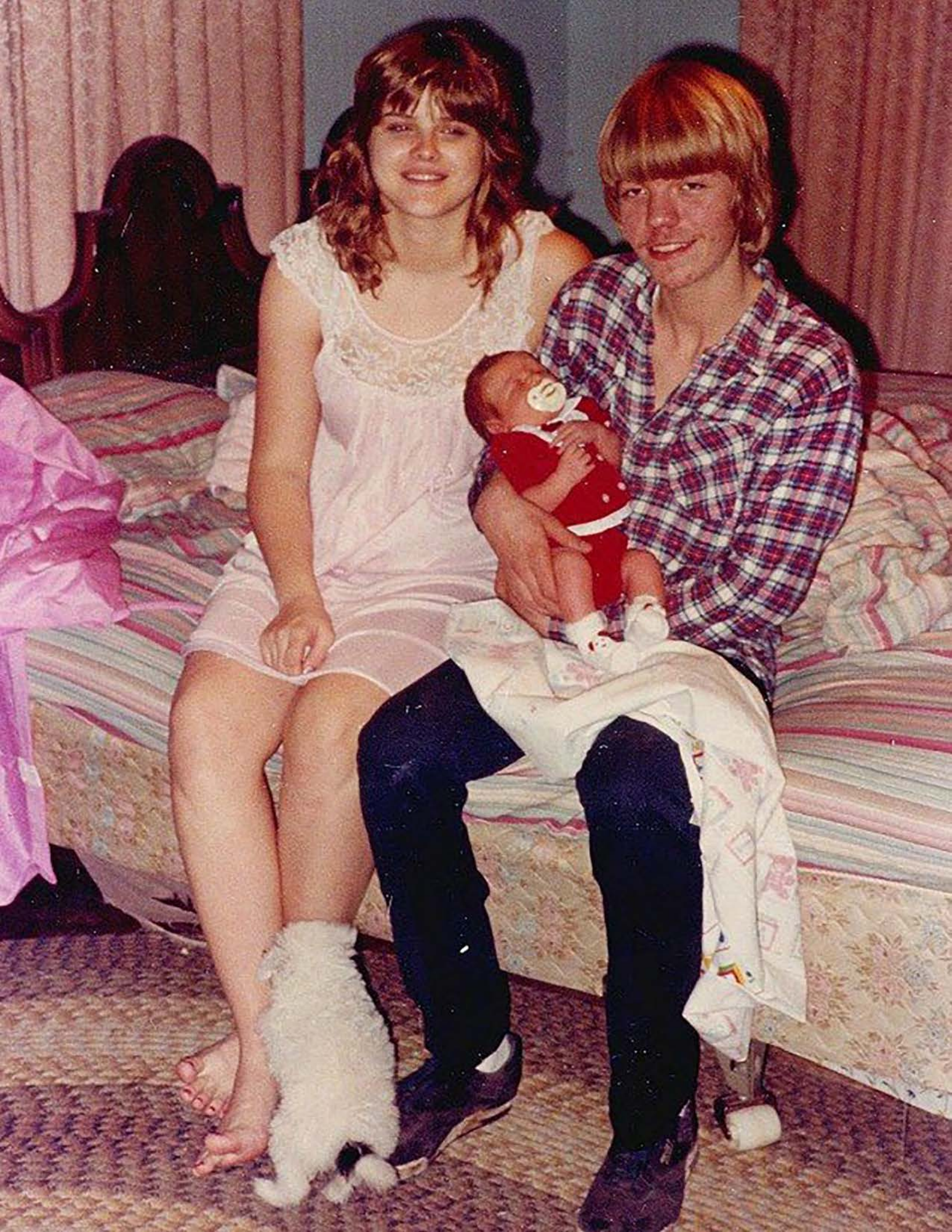
The phone RINGS. Anna picks it up mid-thrust.

ANNA
(huffing and puffing)
Hello?

VIRGIE (V.O.)
What's wrong?

ANNA
Mother can I call you back? Me and
Billy are trying to have us a baby.

Anna hangs up and keeps riding.



AND WITH THAT, WE'RE BACK TO 1992

EXT. RICK'S GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY

Anna walks up to the club for another day shift. Orson intercepts her.

ORSON

Mr. Marshall sent me to pick you up
for your lunch date.

ANNA

That's really sweet but can you
please inform Mr. Marshall that he
knows where to find me. I can't
keep leaving the club.

Orson hands her an envelope. She opens it: J. Howard
Marshall's holdings, proof of his wealth. A shocking amount.

ORSON

One hour. That's all.

A few of the other day shift girls walk into the club. Anna
decides to go.

INT. RIVER OAKS COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Anna, in a spaghetti strap dress and heels, chops gum. A
hostess hangs up a call. She scans Anna from head to toe.

HOSTESS

Who'd you say you were here to see?

ANNA

My friend, Howard. He told me to
meet him here for lunch.

HOSTESS

This is the River Oaks Country
Club.

ANNA

Howard's driver brought me straight
from work. I didn't have time to
change.

HOSTESS

Howard as in J. Howard Marshall II?

Anna nods--getting impatient. Finally, the hostess locates a
"lost and found" coat and hands it to Anna.

INT. RIVER OAKS COUNTRY CLUB - DINING ROOM - DAY

A chandeliered dining room overlooks the golf course.

Seated in a prime booth across from Howard, Anna picks an olive out of a tray of crudités. She's about to suck the pimento, but thinks otherwise. She can feel the eyes on her.

She attempts to delicately slice it with a knife, which goes about as well as you might expect.

HOWARD

Did you get my "letter?"

ANNA

Honey, I've been waiting for that kind of love letter my whole life.

HOWARD

Wanted you to know that I'm serious.

Howard places a check on the table.

ANNA

Don't just hand it across the table?!

Howard grabs it and passes it to her beneath the table.

Anna holds it off to the side, inspecting the memo: "Monthly Consulting Fee." Howard beams—proud of his power to help.

ANNA

Monthly? As in --

HOWARD

You don't have to ever go back.

Anna stares at Howard. Aware of the arrangement's demands.

She drops it in her purse, kicks off her heels, and grabs the champagne from the bucket. Evidently a faux pas as a waiter rushes over to pour it for her. People whisper.

ANNA

(spikey)

What are ya'll lookin' at?

Howard smirks.

HOWARD

They're thinking: how could that
beautiful creature be with him?
He's got one foot in the grave.

Anna leans over and gives him a kiss on the lips.

ANNA

Should we take a trip to the little
boys room together, really give
them something to think about?

HOWARD

We don't even have to do anything
in there.

ANNA

Except let their dirty minds
wonder.

HOWARD

M'lady, your chariot is waiting.

Howard pats his lap. She hops on. They ride to the men's
room, mischief in their eyes.

INT. DALLAS - PIERCE MARSHALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In a stuffy living room, PIERCE MARSHALL, (59) Howard's
youngest son whose pale face lacks the natural warmth of his
father, holds the phone to his ear.

PIERCE

Well, that won't do. We can't let
that happen. Not Again.

Takes a deep breath, preparing for battle.

INSIDE ROLLS ROYCE PARKED OUTSIDE HOWARD'S ESTATE

Orson hangs up the car phone. He watches as a NURSE wheels
Howard through the front doors of his estate.

MARCH 2001

INT. HARRIS COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAY

On the witness stand, Anna holds onto a small framed photo of
her and Howard. She stares at it with sadness.

Rusty reaches for the photo. She hands it over defiantly.

RUSTY
You graduated from which school
now?

ANNA
(*you got me*)
Yeah I'm a drop out Rusty.

RUSTY
No one is talking about your --

ANNA
-- I'm not a book worm -- I'm not a
smart person--but I know what
happened with my husband and Pierce
wasn't --

RUSTY
-- Ma'am? You're just going up
there and making stuff up now?

ANNA
-- I am not making anything up
Rusty!

The burst of anger startles her and everyone else—juries
don't like to see female anger.

Anna sits back in her chair, the weight of the trial and her
untreated grief spilling over.

MEXIA, TEXAS 1988

EXT. BILLY AND VICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Anna plops down on the sofa, exhausted after an early morning
shift at Jim's. The Houston Oilers game plays on the RADIO.

Billy-Wayne pounds a beer. He's belligerent. Tiny baby Daniel
lays on the sofa next to him, wailing.

Anna stares at the scene, then looks at Billy.

ANNA
Have you told your parents about us
moving yet?

His eyes strangely fixed on the radio.

BILLY-WAYNE
I've been thinking. I like it in
Mexia.

(MORE)

BILLY-WAYNE (CONT'D)

You know, with your looks and my experience at Jim's I could open my own chicken place someday.

It dawns on Anna. He's never going to leave.

BILLY-WAYNE

What's really in Houston for you anyway? Cause it ain't modeling.

Anna stares, quietly fuming. Billy-Wayne takes a swig.

ANNA

What's here? Work from five in the morning. The rest of the time, I'm cooped up cuz you flip if I even go to the market alone.

BILLY-WAYNE

You just want to get to the big city so you can go fuck around with some other dicks. Or is it chicks?

The Oilers score, Billy-Wayne HOOTS. Daniel CRIES.

ANNA

(screaming over him)
We don't even have a T.V.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Sporting a black-eye and wearing white cowboy boots, Anna drives like a bat out of hell.

Laying on top of a pile of hastily packed clothes is a framed wedding photo of Billy-Wayne and Anna.

Six-month-old DANIEL cries bloody murder in a baby-seat next to her. And it's getting worse.

SIDE OF THE ROAD

Anna pulls the truck off the dusty highway and stops.

INSIDE TRUCK

Anna holds a squirming Daniel.

ANNA

Don't worry sugar-pie, I didn't have a daddy either.

Daniel calms down. She feeds him from her breast.

ANNA

Momma's gonna get us a ranch bigger
than Texas.

As exhausted and determined as she's ever been.

LOS ANGELES 1992

INT. PLAYBOY HEADQUARTERS - PHOTO EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

Photo editors and lay-out artists hustle for deadlines.

The room tenses when MARY (40s), a taut German woman whose coiled energy commands the attention of all, enters.

Mary holds a magnifier up. She flips to another sheet.

Arny approaches. Mary lands on Anna's contact sheet.

She zeroes in on one shot in particular—a candid. The shot of Anna's eyes smoldering as a cigarette dangles.

ARNY

Shot out the rest of my roll while
she was leaving, doing some lights
tests.

Mary scans the sheet. She speaks with a slight accent.

MARY

You sent this girl home?

INT. HOUSTON - MARSHALL INDUSTRIES - DAY

Howard sits perched at a large marble desk, forty stories above a sprawling downtown outside his window.

His chief financial officer, EDWIN (60s) sits across from him, giving him a report, which Howard interrupts.

HOWARD

Why didn't the lawyers include me
in the memo?

EDWIN

Just didn't think you'd want to be
bothered --

HOWARD
(sharp)
-- You know exactly what it
signals. That I'm on my way out.

EDWIN
You're misunderstanding.

HOWARD
You and Pierce would be dead in the
water without me!

EDWIN
Yes, sir.

The tension passes. Howard presses a button on his phone.

HOWARD
Call Vickie. See what Vickie's up
to.

We can see Howard's SECRETARY through the glass wall. Howard
brightens just thinking about her.

SECRETARY (INTERCOM)
She's still out of town, sir.

HOWARD
Find out if she needs anything.

SECRETARY (INTERCOM)
Yes, sir. Pierce is here for your
luncheon now.

Pierce steps in with Orson who helps Howard into his
wheelchair.

PIERCE
Ready to take down a Porter House?

HOWARD
Does a fat baby fart?

PIERCE
I thought it might be nice if
Evelyn Marks joined us today.

Howard knows exactly what Pierce is up to.

The secretary steps in holding a newly framed photo of Anna
and Howard fishing by the lakeside wearing trucker hats.

SECRETARY

This just came in from the framers.
Should I put it on your desk?

Pierce eyes it. Anna and Howard look thick as thieves.

PIERCE

I get it, dealing with the
Alzheimer's was tough, but mom's
barely been in the grave a year.
Not to mention the mess were still
in from your last mistress.

HOWARD

She's the one Pierce.

PIERCE

The one?

HOWARD

The golden girl of my dreams.

Pierce follows behind Orson and Howard, making eyes with
Edwin before he exits the room.

INT. PLAYBOY STUDIO SET - DAY

Anna, sitting in a director's chair, nervously bites the skin
around her acrylic nails.

Hair curled, make-up shellacked, and wearing a column dress
with an endless slit. A small crew tinker with the lights.

She stands, unsure who to talk to, sits back down. Out of her
element and anxious, she tries to seem aloof and
sophisticated.

Finally, a production assistant ushers her to a throne-like
chair in front of a velvet back-drop.

The PHOTOGRAPHER approaches.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(thick accent)

Just try to pretend you're a
princess in the court. A very horny
one.

Anna pretends to be scandalized. But the moment the camera
points at her, she turns on a switch. Her raw energy now
focused, she thrills to the lens, thrives with the attention.

Mary steps in the room, stiff and distracted. The second she lays eyes on Anna her mood softens.

Anna's locked in. Not one bad frame.

MARY
Hef's gotta see this.

EXT. MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS HOUSTON - NIGHT

An exclusive charity event with all the Southern movers and shakers in attendance.

Pierce Marshall stands with his wife ELEANOR MARSHALL (60) a refined southern woman with taut curls.

They watch Howard, seated at the main table. He shakes hands with the elder of the Koch Brothers and other passersby.

ELEANOR
Now's your chance.

Pierce tentatively approaches and sits. Howard looks annoyed by his son's cloying presence.

PIERCE
Sorry you have to be in the chair
all the time now.

HOWARD
Who cares. Everything else works
great.

PIERCE
Wanted to talk to you about us
moving to Houston.

HOWARD
I need you to run point in Dallas.

PIERCE
I can do it from here. I know
you've been through a lot and now
that the suit is over --

HOWARD
I'm doing better than ever!

Howard spots who he's been waiting for and waves. Anna, in a skin tight mini, arrives tipsy.

ANNA

Sorry I'm late. It took forever to
get my zipper up.

Anna sucks in, squeezing her hands around her waistline.

Pierce tries not to stare but can't help it. Same goes for
everyone in the room.

HOWARD

Vickie-Lynn Smith. This is my
youngest, Pierce.

PIERCE

So, you do exist.

They shake hands and she sits.

ANNA

I'm as real as they make'm honey.

Pierce gives her a phony-as-fuck smile.

HOWARD

Pierce's hoping I croak soon so he
can take over my empire.

Howard laughs a sturdy laugh.

PIERCE

How'd you two meet?

HOWARD

At her place of work. Vickie was a
dancer.

ANNA

Howard and I were instant friends.

PIERCE

Isn't that something.

Howard's pride oozes. He winks at Anna. Eleanor arrives,
introduces herself, and sits. Pierce turns to Howard.

PIERCE

Dad, Eleanor and I have some very
exciting news. Preston received his
acceptance letter from Yale.

ELEANOR

We're over the moon.

Howard eats his food, non-plussed.

ANNA

I want my Daniel to go to Yale too.
He just started at a new college
prep school.

Eleanor stifles a laugh.

HOWARD

Vickie's just returned from
modeling in Hollywood. She's got a
natural mind for show business.

ELEANOR

How interesting. I don't know how
you do it. I get nervous giving a
speech to the foundation board.

ANNA

If you want a career in front of
the camera, it takes dedication.
Marilyn Monroe for example. I could
put you in touch with a doctor. He
does everything, including noses.

Unaware of shocking Eleanor, Anna dives her knife into an icy
piece of swan-shaped butter with amazement.

ANNA

This is the same brand they serve
at the Playboy Mansion. Whoever
catered this has good taste.

Pierce talks to Howard out of earshot.

PIERCE

She's something else --

HOWARD

Careful what you're about to say.
(turning away)
Edwin? Let's get this over with.

Edwin wheels Howard to the stage. Pierce turns to Anna.

PIERCE

You're not the first young lady
that's come digging at this well.

Anna absorbs the blow, caught off guard by his directness.

Pierce steps away to find Eleanor. The Governor of Texas
takes the stage with Howard as the small crowd gathers.

PIERCE

Can't take the Quaker out of him.
"Kindness to strangers above all."

ELEANOR

Not the time to rock the boat, we
need to stay in the circle of
trust. He's frail and vulnerable.

PIERCE

Exactly why I need to protect him.

ON THE STAGE

The Governor finishes his introduction. A worker unveils a giant plaque with Howard's name on it. Howard takes the mic behind a lectern.

HOWARD

It's rare when two become one, as I
did, a Yankee with Texas. I've
recently been graced with another
of those occasions for wonder.
She's here with me tonight and
she's a marvel.

CHEERS as the crowd eyes Anna, genuinely touched by Howard's affection. Pierce turns to Edwin.

PIERCE

I need to be kept in the loop on
this madness.

They watch Howard, a big fat smile on his face.

MARCH 2001

INT. HARRIS COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAY

Another day in court. Anna's back on the stand. She's tired but focused. A good day. Rusty stalks her.

RUSTY

Now, Ms. Marshall. I think the
court would be very interested to
know who you slept with while you
were with your husband?

Anna looks to her counsel to see if this is appropriate, they nod in encouragement.

RUSTY

You didn't always lead a life that
your husband would have hoped, did
you?

ANNA

He loved me warts and all.

Anna glares at Rusty in defiance. Rusty, not ready to give
up, considers.

INT. CHANNEL 11 NEWS STATION - EDIT BAY - DAY

Dark. Multiple monitors. An EDITOR watches playback footage
from the above exchange. He smokes.

ON THE MONITOR: we pick up where they left off.

ANNA

He loved me warts and all.

RUSTY

Is that right?

Rusty really digs in.

RUSTY

Let me ask you, Ma'am, how many
tattoos do you have?

Anna seems confused. Where is this going?

ANNA

A lot.

RUSTY

I bet there's a story behind every
one of them too, is that right?

The editor freezes the frame on Rusty's smirk—pretty proud
of himself for drawing an analogy between warts and tattoos.

DECEMBER 1992

EXT. NORTH HOUSTON - VIRGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Anna drives up in a lipstick red Mercedes convertible. She
HONKS the horn. Virgie steps out and approaches.

ANNA

You seen my spread yet?

Anna holds open the Playboy magazine to her scantily clad two-page spread. Virgie swats it away—embarrassed.

VIRGIE

Whose car?

ANNA

It's a present from Howard.

Virgie shakes her head.

ANNA

What? Jealous?

VIRGIE

It's just not right—he could be your grandfather.

ANNA

He's a very supportive friend.

VIRGIE

If you're taking him for all his money, what're you giving back in return?

Off Virgie's look. Anna beeps the horn several times.

VIRGIE

You better know what you're doing, there's nothing in life for free.

Elaine, dressed to the nines, races out the front door.

ELAINE

Sorry honey. Ray was nagging me. He wants a signed copy. You mind?

Anna relishes in signing her spread. Elaine hops in.

VIRGIE

Don't let this go to your head, you can lose it in a day but you can't get yourself back.

ANNA

God, stop raining on my parade.

VIRGIE

I'm your mother, I look out for you. Who else is gonna do that?

Anna hands the magazine to Virgie and pulls away.

INT. HILL'S GAY BAR - NIGHT

Anna, showing abundant cleavage, dances with Elaine. She's in bacchanal mode and we can feel the eyes on her.

ELAINE

You know this is a gay bar, right?

ANNA

I'm tired of men pawing at me.

Anna and Elaine pile into a booth. Anna pulls out a wad of cash and hands it to Elaine.

ELAINE

Just so we're clear, I'm just here
for the line dancin'.

ANNA

Drinks on me.

ELAINE

We're about to get wasted, huh?

Anna downs a Jaegermeister shot. Elaine does the same.

JUST THEN -- Anna makes eyes with a butch red-head alone at the bar in paint splattered jeans. This is SANDI. Anna is immediately transported.

ON SANDI

The bartender delivers a Jaeger shot to Sandi, pointing to Anna, who had it sent. Caught off guard, Sandi blushes.

ON ANNA

The waitress delivers a tequila shot, points back at Sandi.

WAITRESS

From your "friend" over there.

ELAINE

The one who looks like someone
stole her mullet?

ANNA

What should I do?

ELAINE

Oh shit, you're serious?

The music changes to a slow song. Anna stares at Sandi who's leaving the bar with a group of friends.

Anna hurries to the door. Sandi gestures for her group to go on without her.

SANDI

Are you messing with me?

ANNA

Why?

For the first time we see Anna timid and insecure.

SANDI

I mean, who actually sends a stranger a drink?

ANNA

They do it in the movies all the time.

SANDI

That's adorable. It's just, why me?

ANNA

I don't know. You're the only one not looking at me.

Catching her off guard with her realness.

SANDI

I'm just shy.

ANNA

Oh my god. Me too! I'm probably, like, the shyest person in the world.

Sandi gives her a doubtful look. Awkward silence. Anna struggles—not good with words.

ANNA

Dance with me.

Anna drags her to the dance floor where they join a sweaty group of line dancers.

Elaine, puffing on a cig, watches from the bar mystified at the throng of onlookers.

ELAINE

That girl is crazier than a betsy bug.

A keyed-up COWGIRL approaches.

COWGIRL
Who is she, a porn star?

ELAINE
Not that I know of. She's my niece.

COWGIRL
Can I get you a drink?

ELAINE
I'll take a tequila. FYI -- I'm
only here for the line dancing.

COWGIRL
Sounds kinky.

OUTSIDE BAR

Anna leans against the wall, Sandi next to her.

SANDI
Never seen you here before.

ANNA
I was living in Mexia up until a
few years ago.

SANDI
I did a construction job there.

ANNA
Ever go to Jim's Fried Chicken? We
might have met.

SANDI
Oh no, I would have remembered you.
You don't really seem like you'd
fit in a place like that.

ANNA
Where do you think I fit in?
Honestly.

SANDI
I dunno... somewhere prettier.

It's been so long, Anna can't believe she actually has
butterflies in her stomach. She tries to keep a cool-head.



EXT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's nearly dawn. Sandi's sedan is parked out front.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Anna and Sandi stare awkwardly, hiding pre-kiss jitters. Anna makes the first move and they feverishly make-out.

After a bit, Sandi separates.

SANDI

Gotta be at the job site in a few hours. I'll wait 'til you get inside.

Sandi's care makes Anna even more horny. She keeps her composure and walks to the front door.

FRONT DOOR

Anna turns, flashes a goofy smile and a peace sign, immediately regrets it, and quickly lets herself in.

INT. MARSHALL ESTATE - DAY

The lights twinkle from a large Christmas tree. Daniel sits on a mini-four wheeler with a huge red bow.

ANNA

Thank your Paw-Paw for your present.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD Daniel runs over, wraps his arms around Howard, and sits on his knee.

DANIEL

Thank you Paw-Paw.

ANNA

Now give mommy a little privacy.

Daniel rides his four-wheeler out.

ANNA

Wait here.

Anna steps out and returns carrying two life-sized framed prints of herself naked with red ribbons around each.

Howard pulls the ribbons off.

ANNA

I know it's not sex, but now you can look at my rosebuds whenever you want.

HOWARD

Do you feel pressured about that?

ANNA

Isn't that what you want?

Howard shakes his head.

HOWARD

I want you to be my lady.

He opens a box from Harry Winston's and presents her with a 2-karat yellow diamond ring.

Anna holds it, admiring it. Nervous to turn him down.

ANNA

You know I can't.

Howard deflates.

ANNA

I promised I'd make something of myself first—before I get married.

Bites her lip, worried about his reaction.

ANNA

We can still be friends, right?

He rebounds.

HOWARD

I want you to keep it anyway. I admire you, for knowing what you want. You'll show 'em all, my princess with street smarts.

Relieved, she feeds Howard a piece of left over cherry pie.

HOWARD

Just don't wait too long.

INT. GUESS HEADQUARTERS - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A stack of magazines sits on a glass table. On the wall is a large framed GUESS ad starring Claudia Schiffer.

PAUL MARCIANO, (50s) the Italian designer in a black turtleneck and gold chain, sits behind a enormous desk.

An ASSISTANT stands across from him.

Paul hands the assistant a Playboy magazine—the cover is a black and white photo of Anna in nothing but a bath towel, her smoldering eyes burning bright with a new confidence.

The cover title reads: **VICKIE LYNN SMITH.**

ASSISTANT
The Playboy model?

Paul speaks with a thick Italian accent.

PAUL
She's like Anita Ekberg. An amazon!

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Anna, in her bra and panties, fries eggs while she's on a call, the receiver jammed between her ear and shoulder.

Sandi drinks coffee, reading the want ads.

ANNA
I wear your jeans all the time!
(listening)
I've got 'em on right now.

Anna hangs up. A female gym trainer in boxers plops on the sofa. Remnants of a wild night.

ANNA
(mis-pronouncing)
Paul Marciano wants to see me in
San Antonio this weekend.

TRAINER
How'd some dude get your number?

Anna bounces around, pulling a confused Sandi into a hug. She pulls away with a paranoid thought.

ANNA
What if he sees me and laughs?

SANDI
Who is he?

ANNA
Shit, I hope he doesn't try to
sleep with me.

SANDI
Why put yourself in that position?

ANNA
He could make me famous in a
second.

Anna falls into a daze imagining the possibilities.

INT. SAN ANTONIO STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

A tropical fish tank type of joint. Dim with low ceilings.

Paul and Anna sit at a cocktail table. Anna sips on a frozen margarita. Paul studies her.

PAUL
I believe there is one woman who
defines every generation—the
collective spirit of an era. I
think you might be that woman. Are
you ready to do what it takes to
make it a reality?

A shameless grin. They both know what he means.

ANNA
Sorry, what time is it?

PAUL
You have somewhere else to be?

ANNA
I can't miss my call home.

PAUL
Married?

ANNA
Just my son.

Anna pulls her wallet and shows the same photo of her and Daniel. Paul looks at his watch. Impatient. Rude.

PAUL
You better go.

FRONT RECEPTION

Anna holds the hostess's phone to her ear. The hostess tries to take the phone back from her.

HOSTESS

You can't just call long distance.

ANNA

This is an emergency.
(into the phone)
It's your sweet cheeks.

The hostess relents.

ANNA

(baby-talk)

Yeeeeew know I'd never miss our
call. Talking to you is the
highlight of my day. More than you
even know.

The hostess looks away, trying not to listen.

ANNA

I miss you too lover boy.
(kissing the receiver)
That makes my rosebuds hard.

She actually touches her hard nipples, getting aroused.

ANNA

(eyeing the bar)

I have to go now. Okay? We'll be
thinking of you.

Anna hands the phone to the hostess who hangs up, aghast.

Anna looks into the dining room at Paul. She collects herself then heads back to their table.

BACK AT THE COCKTAIL TABLE

Anna sits with a new calm and focus. She sucks the entire rest of her frozen margarita through the straw.

Paul takes this as a good sign.

EXT. TEXAS BEACH - DAY

Expensive lighting is hooked to a generator. A small crew gathers near a glam trailer, while a photographer shoots a playful Anna, dressed head to toe in Guess.

Next to a crew van, Paul Marciano leans on his parked Jaguar.

The photographer re-fills the camera as the crew re-sets the lighting and props. A STYLIST hands Anna a diet soda.

A pod of dolphins surface and sink back below the waves. Anna points and squeals.

ANNA

I love dolphins. But I hate ocean water -- it's like swimming in their toilet. Once you think about it that way... it's gross.

Anna's escorted by crew to a new marker. An assistant leans into to the stylist to whisper.

CREW MEMBER

Why are they always so brain dead?

Off the stylist's cringe as Paul gives Anna a handsy hug nearby. Anna and Paul walk up to the glam trailer and enter.

INT. MAKE-UP TRAILER - DAY

Behind a partition, Anna changes into her street clothes.

She glances through the cracks, gauging what Paul wants, and, not wanting to lose his interest, she plays along.

PAUL

I think you should come up with a stage name that makes you stand out. Like a brand. Like the Hollywood studio actresses in the era of glamour.

ANNA

Nikki was my dancer name.

PAUL

Nicole is good. I like. I like this a lot. But an iconic name should bounce off the tongue, like Marilyn Monroe. Like Mary Nicole, Lauren Nicole, or Anna Nicole?

ANNA
 (Italian accent)
 Anna Nicole.

And from this point forward Anna is known as: ANNA NICOLE.

Paul touches her face. She makes a silly kissy face to placate him, but pushes him away.

PAUL
 You know, it's true that no one
 wanted me to cast you.

Paul grabs onto her waist. He tries a kiss on her, grabbing her ass. She pulls away.

PAUL
 What are you afraid of--the big bad
 wolf?

A KNOCK on the trailer door. The wardrobe STYLIST enters. The women share a knowing look. Saved by the bell.

STYLIST
 Can I grab her a minute for a
 fitting?

INT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Sandi, in white coveralls, paints the interior wall as part of a construction crew. A few other painters work nearby.

WORKER
 Hey Sandi. Delivery for you.

A delivery man stands in the doorway holding a bouquet of red roses and a department store bag.

FROM YOUR SECRET ADMIRER.

WORKER
 Open it!

Sandi pulls out a magenta pink silk top and matching skirt that screams *Dynasty*.

Her co-workers laugh.

WORKER
 Never seen you in a dress.

Sandi blushes.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Anna, dressed conservatively, for her, in a two piece blazer and mini skirt, sits nervously excited.

Anna enjoys being in the traditional man's role of provider.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

The limo pulls up and Anna pops her head out the moon roof.

Sandi, reluctantly dressed in the silk two-piece, walks out.

ANNA

Happy Anniversary baby.

Anna can't be bothered to see that Sandi's overwhelmed.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Anna checks out the dress on Sandi.

SANDI

You knew my exact size and everything. I mean, I'm flattered. But... you really didn't have to go all out.

ANNA

I never got spoiled growing up. I'm just making up for lost time!

It makes Sandi uncomfortable.

ANNA

You want to see something?

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Anna brings Sandi to the dirty-magazine section.

She grabs a Playboy with her on the cover: ANNA NICOLE SMITH
PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH MAY 1992.

SANDI

Holy shit... my girlfriend is a centerfold.

INT. TATTOO PALOR - NIGHT

A tattoo artist works on Anna's ankle while another artist works on Sandi's arm. There's a torn out page from Anna's Playboy shoot taped up as reference.

Anna's tattoo is done—Sandi's initials inside a heart with vines wrapped around it.

ANNA

Let me see yours!

Sandi's artist moves his hand to reveal a replica of Anna's face on Sandi's shoulder. It gives Anna a tingle.

INT. ANTONIO'S STEAK HOUSE LOBBY - NIGHT

Post-tattoo Anna and Sandi step up to the hostess, who gawks at the handsy couple. Anna grabs Sandi's ass.

The hostess escorts them into the dining room just as Pierce Marshall passes by with a crowd of business men.

PIERCE

Miss Smith, what brings you here?

(re: Sandi)

Who's this?

ANNA

This is... Betty... my cousin...
from Mexia.

PIERCE

Pierce Marshall.

Sandi and Pierce shake hands.

PIERCE

What's the occasion?

Anna hesitates.

ANNA

It's her birthday.

Pierce waves a waiter over.

PIERCE

Please put these ladies on my tab.

ANNA

Thank you, but I can pay for
myself.

Anna pulls out a wad of cash and hands it to the waiter.

ANNA

We'll take the best table with a view.

PIERCE

I'll be sure to tell dad I ran into you.

ANNA

Actually, the truth is I just got back early from my modeling trip and was planning to surprise him.

PIERCE

Oh he's not one for surprises. Enjoy your steaks, ladies.

Anna feels his spite. Pierce leaves as Sandi looks on.

SANDI

I don't know why we had to come here. Hardee's is just as good.

INT. SANDI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clothes strewn all over the bed, Sandi and Anna make-out. Sandi pulls away, a thought nagging at her.

SANDI

If that old timer wants to use his money to help you, then God bless him. But I guess what I want to know is—do you love him?

ANNA

Quit fussin' about Howard. We ain't fuckin' if that's what you need to know. We're friends.

SANDI

Okay. But does he ever get mad that you go out all the time?

ANNA

I talk to him every day. And we see each other once a week for lunch.

The conversation stresses her out. Anna grabs her bottle of prescription pills and takes one.

ANNA
He knows I have my night life
needs. He pays for it.

Anna gives Sandi a pill.

SANDI
Why are you always reaching for
these?

ANNA
They're my superpower.

Sandi doesn't really want one, but she takes it anyway—it's
hard to deny Anna.

ANNA
You better not ever cheat on me.

SANDI
Are you insane? My life sucked
before I met you.

ANNA
Cause now if you do, you know I'll
be watching you.

She licks Sandi's new tattoo of her own likeness.

ANNA
You can't ever get rid of me now!

Already naked Anna pulls Sandi's clothes off.

INT. SANDI'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sandi delivers coffee to Anna who snuggles on the sofa. Sandi
grabs her car keys up to leave.

ANNA
Where you going?

SANDI
(obviously)
Uh, work?

ANNA
Don't leave me.

Anna gives her puppy dog eyes.

ANNA
Purdy pleaaaaase?

Anna grabs Sandi's hands, pulling her back into bed. She pours them Champagne in bed for breakfast. Sandi stays.

Anna lays back on the pillows.

The room SPINS:

Another woman in bed with Sandi and Anna.

The room SPINS again:

INT. PLAYBOY MANSION - BEDROOM SET - DAY

The spinning stops briefly on: an overhead shot of Anna—nude on top of satin sheets—hair curled and tousled—skin tanned except for a pale bunny logo on her hip.

The rooms SPINS again and with every spin: A NEW SET-UP.

Black lace. Yellow gauze. Wet hair. A horse whip.

Until finally we LAND on: Anna in thigh highs, heels, crawling on hands and knees. She flips her hair up and GROWLS like a cat. SNAP!

PHOTOGRAPHER

Alright everybody, that's a wrap on Anna-Nicole.

The crew CLAPS. We see Sandi, looking exhausted but devoted, sitting in a corner nearby. She stands and approaches Anna.

JUST THEN -- HUGH HEFNER, smoking jacket and all, enters the room. Anna shoos Sandi away, but not before Hef clocks their intimate exchange.

HEF

Hope you're enjoying our little Shangri-la?

ANNA

It's a dream come true.

HEF

I've got meetings the rest of the day, but why don't you come down to the Grotto later and meet some of the other Playmates.

Hef winks and walks off. Sandi tries to approach again but this time Mary, the photo editor, heads her off.

Sandi looks around, not sure where she fits in, she mingles with a lightning grip.

MARY

Ready for your interview?

ANNA

Sandeeeee... can you order me some lunch? I'm starving.

MARY

Before Playboy, what were you doing... in Texas?

ANNA

I was an exotic dancer.

Mary doesn't write that down.

MARY

You may be surprised but our consumers like more wholesome fairytales.

The assertion she's not wounds Anna briefly.

MARY

Fantasy is what sells. I bet you had to struggle quite bit as a country girl. All on your own?

Catching on, Anna adapts.

ANNA

I worked at Red Lobster and Jim's Fried Chicken before that.

MARY

That's good. How 'bout a little tid-bit, on how rough it was?

ANNA

It got so bad I had to beg for food stamps just to get a chocolate bar.

Sandi watches as they continue the interview.

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION - GARDEN POOL - DAY

Anna and Sandi walk up to a surprisingly empty pool. Anna strips naked and dives in, breaking their silent tension.

ANNA

Don't be a party pooper, come in.

SANDI

I don't have a swim suit.

Sandi gets in with her shirt and underwear on. Anna summersaults underwater. When she surfaces, Sandi swims over.

ANNA

I just have to act like that in front of everyone.

SANDI

Why am I even here?

ANNA

We're at the Playboy mansion meeting famous people—I'm doing you a favor.

SANDI

I quit my job.

Anna swims to the deep end. Sandi follows her, like a lost puppy looking for an owner. They tread water, face to face.

SANDI

You know how it feels when I have to pretend to be the help?

ANNA

Well you could make it a little less obvious and wear a dress or something. What's wrong with you anyway?

Suddenly, Anna grabs her leg, flailing.

ANNA

Owww. Leg cramp!

She grabs Sandi, who treads water faster, holding Anna's weight up. Anna wraps herself around Sandi. Anna gasps.

ANNA

Help!

Sandi sinks under as she boosts Anna up, allowing her to grab the side of the pool. Anna collects herself.

A black haired bunny, KENDALL, (20s) saucy and mischievous, walks over to the pool with a couple of bunnies in tow.

Kendall notices the skirmish and breaks off from the others to approach Anna, dangling on the pool's edge.

KENDALL
Everything okay over here?

ANNA
Thought I'd take a little pre-game
skinny dip.

KENDALL
I'm glad you decided to stay and
play. We're headed to the grotto.
Come join.

Sandi gasps for air as she finally finds the ledge.

KENDALL
(re: Sandi)
Who's this?

Anna pulls herself out and joins Kendall.

ANNA
My assistant. She was just on her
way out.

Kendall takes note. Anna follows Kendall and they join the other bunnies heading to the grotto.

Sandi watches them flirt in the distance.

MARCH 2001

INT. HARRIS COUNTY FAMILY COURT - HOUSTON - DAY

Hair curled with mini butterfly clips all over, Anna, back on the witness stand, really strains to understand the angle behind Rusty's current line of questioning.

RUSTY
Are you contending that in December
1994, that this man, this business
man you said was totally with it
and was in control of his mind and
his business senses was being kept
from giving you money from his son?

Anna seems sedated but also trying intensely to focus on keeping up with the proceedings.

ANNA

Well, he told me that Pierce would only give him a hundred thousand for my Christmas and I know that and he asked me what I wanted and I said half cash and half --

RUSTY

(interrupting)

Ms. Marshall? What kind of world is it when people start talking about only a hundred thousand for Christmas?

Finally, a question she feels she knows the answer to.

ANNA

(obviously)

My husband spent hundreds of thousands on me, a hundred thousand dollars is not a lot of money.

Playing up his shock in a gotcha way.

RUSTY

Pardon me? A hundred thousand dollars is not a lot of money to you?

Rusty knows she's blowing it in front of the jury.

ANNA

No, sir. My husband, you don't understand, he *threw* money at me, he--it--my--

She tries to find the words that could describe the sheer magnitude of the experience. She can't. Of course she can't.

Instead, she falls into a dreamy smile, a memory of Howard.

RUSTY

Ms. Marshall how do you spend a hundred thousand dollars a week?

ANNA

Well.

(counting with her hands)

You gotta buy shoes. You gotta buy gowns. You gotta have hair and make-up. I mean it's very expensive to be me. It's terrible the things I have to do to be me.

Rusty laughs. The jury laughs.

RUSTY
I would agree.

She laughs, unsure if she's in on it or the butt of the joke.

1993

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - CHANGING ROOM - DAY

A large dressing room suite with seating. Elaine and Virgie watch as Anna tries on a dress. Her girth has grown.

INT. NEIMAN MARCUS DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A store clerk holds a slew of dresses that nearly weigh her down. Virgie and Elaine stand nearby.

Anna steps out of the changing room in a floral dress with way too much cleavage.

ANNA
None of these fit.

ELAINE
Kind of hard when you've got Mount
Rushmore as a chest.

VIRGIE
Hard Copy just did a special on how
those things explode. The Good Lord
made us how we are for a reason.

ELAINE
The Good Lord forgot to give me a
body.

ANNA
Y'all like 'em when they're buying
you things!

Anna sorts through the dresses in the woman's arms, tossing the rejects at Elaine.

ANNA
Pick out whichever ones you want.

Elaine grabs a dress.

ELAINE
Never owned a BCBG before.

ANNA
Y'all better be nice to me now that
I'm rich.

CASH REGISTER

The sales clerk rings up the pile of clothes. Anna hands over her card. The woman slides it. Declined.

SALES CLERK
Do you have another card Miss?

ANNA
That card's fine. Try it again.

She slides it again. Virgie eyes Anna.

SALE CLERK
I'm sorry, it's not going through.

VIRGIE
My daughter is very wealthy.

ELAINE
If that ain't a fact, God's a
possum.

SALES CLERK
That may be true Ma'am but her card
has still been declined.

Virgie steals a concerned glance at Anna.

INT. ANTONIO'S STEAK HOUSE - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Anna walks up to the reception desk. She's nervous.

Anna spots Howard already seated in his usual booth but before he spots her she ducks into the ladies room.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anna shakes her arms, breaths heavily, and generally attempts to get a grip.

Hesitantly, she takes out her pill bottle, fighting the urge, and knowing it's a problem. Still, she downs one.

A WAITRESS pokes her head in.

WAITRESS
Your grandpa is waiting for you.

INT. ANTONIO'S STREAK HOUSE - MAIN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Anna, having somehow gotten her shit together, makes her way through the overpriced restaurant.

She joins Howard, who can't but beam, at a prime booth with a view of the San Jacinto River below.

Howard's about to speak. Anna interrupts.

ANNA
Wait, can I just say something first?

Howard nods, amused by her nervousness.

ANNA
First of all, you are the sweetest kindest person I've ever met. You take care of me and Daniel. You respect my way of life, never look down on me. You teach me stuff all the time, like about World War II and tax write offs. You tell me what I should do, and how I can make myself better. And I just want to say that I can try harder for you. If you give me one more chance, I can be a better person.

Howard is at a loss.

HOWARD
Why would you say this?

ANNA
I know you cut me off because I haven't been around as much. It's just that, I've been real busy with photoshoots and my career taking off.

HOWARD
Haven't I been supportive of your career?!

ANNA

That doesn't mean I haven't been thinking about you.

HOWARD

Did you think I asked you here because I was cutting you off?

ANNA

You're not?

HOWARD

Actually I was thinking, you haven't had a "big kill" in a while.

Anna can't hide her relief.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Orson drives the Rolls Royce up to a two story house on a sprawling ranch.

INT. / EXT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

HOWARD

I figure you and Daniel need a little more room.

Anna sticks her head out the sun roof wide-eyed at the size of the property. All that land is for her.

HOWARD

Now you can get yourself those few horses you want.

Anna lowers and cries.

HOWARD

Why are you crying?

ANNA

I really don't deserve you.

HOWARD

Just think of this as a refund for all the happiness you give me.

She wipes her guilt-tears and plants a red kiss on his lips.

INT. RUSTY HARDIN'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Rusty, on the phone, hands an associate some paperwork.

RUSTY

New will is on the way to you now.
You'll want to be discreet about
the irrefutable language. It'll
raise a red flag.

INT. HOWARD MARSHALL'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pierce Marshall stands with LETITIA, (30s) a sturdy woman in a formal nurse's uniform.

In the background, a series of GUNSHOTS can be heard.

It's jarring to Letitia who tries to remain collected.

Another GUNSHOT. Pierce looks out the French doors. Outside, Howard shoots a rifle from his wheelchair.

EXT. HOWARD MARSHALL'S ESTATE - PATIO - DAY

Pierce, holding a manila envelope, joins Howard on the patio. Howard aims the gun at a bottle set up on his lawn.

HOWARD

It's too long. I like things to be
simple and clear—a one-pager.

PIERCE

If something happened to you, god
forbid, there's room for Howard
Junior to make a claim.

HOWARD

This isn't about Junior.

PIERCE

I'm trying to protect you from what
you don't see coming.

HOWARD

So now I'm not capable of making my
own choices?

Pierce pulls photos out of the envelope. They're intimate shots of Anna and Sandi.

HOWARD

Before you come back here again,
you need to get your pathetic
jealousy of my success with this
beautiful woman in check.

PIERCE

Just looking out for you.

Howard tosses them on the ground. Pierce leaves in defeat.

Once Pierce is gone, Howard looks at the discarded photos
with a pained uncertainty.

2001

INT. LARRY KING LIVE - STUDIO SET - DAY

On the fully lit sound stage, Anna sits across from Larry
King. The cameras roll. Anna's lawyers wait in the wings.

LARRY

You've claimed that you wanted to
have a career first, sort of
proving you weren't just out for
the money, right?

ANNA

Yes, sir.

LARRY

You waited something like four
years. Would you have made him wait
longer had your career not started
to nose dive? I heard you were
broke, is that true?

ANNA

(laughing it off)
Nose dive, who said that? I'm doing
fine, thank you very much.

MAGICALLY, the studio DISSOLVES into --

THE HARRIS COUNTY COURTHOUSE

Anna now on the stand and Larry replacing Rusty. On trial for
the world.

LARRY

I'm not blaming you. This town is
fickle, happens to the best.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

But the boozing and pills didn't help, would you agree?

ANNA

People make that into a bigger thing than it is--I mean--it's not like doing hard stuff. I took prescription medication. Xanax for my insomnia. Vicodin for my migraines. The press just likes the "druggie" story.

LARRY

Would you say you loved him?

ANNA

Oh yes, very much. For what he did for me and my son. I mean I never had love like that before. He didn't care what people thought of me either. And I trusted Howard, which is saying a lot--I didn't really have anyone I could trust.

Larry turns to the jury, as if they were the studio camera.

LARRY

We'll take a break and come back to talk more with the lovely Anna Nicole Smith who is battling in court for a stake in her late husband's estate.

1993

INT. ANNA'S RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

All new furniture. Cricket (the cockatoo) hangs by the doors.

Anna, in a bikini, lays on a chaise with Booger (the cat) curled in her lap. She clutches her diamond necklace with long fake nails.

Elaine reads from the TEXAS MONTHLY.

ELAINE

Anna Nicole Smith is the busty girl on the arm of Houston oil baron J. Howard Marshall II. And God bless Vickie Lynn, the fatherless country girl who finally found her gusher.

Anna hits the magazine out of Elaine's hands.

ELAINE

You need another drink honey?

Daniel races in with a gang of COUSINS and Uncle Ray.

COUSINS

Daddy can we go swimming in
Daniel's pool?

RAY

Last one in is a rotten egg.

They race out and dive into the pool. Anna is focused on the father and son duo play.

Elaine desperately tries to stay in Anna's favor.

ELAINE

I'm not Virgie, ya'know. Who's the
one that told you about Rick's in
the first place?

Anna tunes her out. She's fixated on Ray with the kids.

INT. HOUSTON - BIRTH PARENTS OFFICE - DAY

A kind looking woman, RENEE (60s) sits across from Anna. A poster reads: *"Reuniting families since seventy-two."*

RENEE

Tracked him down living a few
blocks from Grimes Park.

ANNA

Oh my god. That's right near the
house I grew up in.

RENEE

It's the damndest thing. They
usually are just under our noses.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

A HOUSE KEEPER helps Anna put curlers in her hair.

ANNA

Would you dial Sandi again.

She does.

HOUSEKEEPER

No answer.

INT. SANDI'S APARTMENT - DAY

The phone RINGS and RINGS in the empty room.

INT. HILL'S GAY BAR - NIGHT

Anna enters the bar dolled up and slightly crazed. The usual crowd dances and drinks.

Anna scans faces, looking for Sandi, who she spots with a group of friends. Anna approaches with intensity.

ANNA

Where've you been?

SANDI

Was I supposed to be somewhere?

ANNA

I need someone to come with me.
Right now. It's important.

SANDI

I can't.

ANNA

You know how I get when I'm alone.

SANDI

Ask Howard. Or take a pill --

Hitting Anna where it hurts. A friend of Sandi's steps up.

LADY FRIEND

Sandi, come on, let's go.

ANNA

Who's face is on her arm?

ANOTHER LADY FRIEND

Heard you liked 'em older anyway.

FIRST LADY FRIEND

And more leathery.

Sandi waves off her friends. They step aside.

ANNA

You said you'd always have my back.

Sandi lowers her eyes.

SANDI
I miss Vickie.

ANNA
Vickie was nobody.

SANDI
She was fun.

ANNA
Come oooooon. Purdy please.

SANDI
I can't get caught up in your
whirlwind again. There's no room
for me.

ANNA
Then you can have those freaks.

Anna leaves in haughty indifference. In reality, she's
crushed and deeply alone.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Anna paces in the foyer in her heels. She peaks out the
window several times.

Her red Mercedes parked out front. Nearby, Elaine waits with
her. Anna takes her heels off.

ANNA
My back is killing me.

ELAINE
If Virgie knew I was helping you do
this, I swear to God, she'd raise
hell and stick a chunk under it.

Finally, headlights.

ANNA
(*holy shit*)
He's here.

DONALD HOGAN, (40s) Anna's BIOLOGICAL FATHER with a blonde
receding hair-line slicked back and a used car salesman
charisma, walks up to the front door.

Anna opens it. Donald takes Anna in like a tall drink of
water. Creepy as fuck. The odd part, no one seems to care.

DONALD

Well hell, I don't know wether to
shit or go blind!

ANNA

I guess it's been a while since
you've seen me.

Anna leads him into the house.

DONALD

Hoo-Wee. Look at this place!

She awkwardly shows him around. He stops in front of Anna's
framed Playboy cover.

DONALD

When I saw you in the magazines—I
couldn't believe that it was my
little girl. I actually saw them,
the pictures, before I knew...

ANNA

Yep. That's me.

Elaine makes drinks at the wet bar. Donald looks out the
window at her convertible.

DONALD

The whip yours too?

ANNA

Want to take it for a spin? I'm
sick of being at this house anyway.

DONALD

How many houses you got?

ANNA

Two here, one in L.A.

INT. MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Anna and Donald drink milkshakes parked at a McDonald's lot.

DONALD

Me and your mom were teenagers when
we had you.

ANNA

Runs in the family.

DONALD

Virgie don't approve of me. I guess you knew that.

ANNA

I take advice from people I admire.

Anna finishes up her milkshake.

DONALD

I'd love to see how fast this thing can go.

Anna hands him the keys.

DONALD

Who'd a thunk? My daughter, a millionaire...

Anna hangs onto this sliver of happiness.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Donald pulls the car out and speeds off.

EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

A group of preppy third graders play hand ball. Daniel stays on the side lines, a little smaller than the others.

A teacher approaches and points to the parking area. Daniel turns and spots Anna, dressed to the nines in her Jaguar.

She sticks her head up out of the moon roof and waves flamboyantly. He hides from her view.

EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - DAY

Mothers and housekeepers line up in the carpool lane in soccer mom vans and dressed for country club tennis.

Daniel, with his oversized backpack, walks to the Jaguar. Anna steps out of the car and generally makes a big fuss.

Embarrassed, Daniel evades her and quickly hops in the front seat. She clocks this with amusement.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Daniel ducks, mortified that students from the playground will notice them.

ANNA
You want to do the moon roof?

DANIEL
Mom, can we just go please.

ANNA
You used to love sticking your head
out the top with me.

Daniel pulls away.

ANNA
I brought your cowboy clothes to
meet your grandpa.

DANIEL
I already have a Paw-Paw.

As they pull up to a residence, Daniel peeks out the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW:

Donald emerges from a double-wide in a western shirt and a bolero tie.

His son, DONNIE JR. (17), his dad's handsome doppelgänger, stands with a knowing grin as he sees Anna.

Anna sticks her head out of the Limo.

ANNA
There's my daaadaaay!

DONALD
That's my babygirl.

Anna steps out and hugs Donald a little too tightly. Daniel timidly joins them.

ANNA
This is my pride and joy, Daniel.

DONALD
Howdy, cowboy.

DANIEL
I'm an oil man. Not a cowboy.

Donald holds up his hand for a high-five. Daniel shyly shakes his hand instead.

DONALD

A proper gentleman, I can respect that.

ANNA

He's just started the third grade. Honor student, straight As.

DONNIE JR.

Nice dress.

ANNA

It's an Italian designer. Made with a blend of spandex and something called lycra.

When Dolly Parton said, *"It costs a lot to look this cheap,"* she could've been talking about this moment.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Anna welcomes in a small TV DOCUMENTARY CREW through the front door. Inside Daniel, Donald, and Donnie are gathered in their prime-time best.

ANNA

When do we start?

CREW MEMBER

We're rolling right now.

ANNA

Welcome to my ranch. I'm Anna Nicole Smith.

Donald looks thrilled to be there. Anna turns to him and turns back to camera.

ANNA

This here is Donald, my daaaadeey.

CAMERA'S POV:

Inside the ranch house is a life sized blow-up of Anna on the cover of Playboy next to an extravagant Christmas tree.

Anna leads Donald and Donnie Jr. on a tour of the house.

INTERVIEWER

What's it feel like to have your daughter be the playmate of the year?

DONALD

Can't believe she comes from my genes. I can tell you that much.

Donald follows her around like a puppy dog, which she loves.

Anna points at random features of the house as she passes.

INTERVIEWER

Some say you're the most famous centerfold now. Tabloids can't seem to get enough of you.

ANNA

Did you see the one about me going out for a steak dinner alone with a pig? Lies. Rascal's a vegetarian!

INTERVIEWER

Not all of it's that soft.

ANNA

I don't mind as long as they're talking about me.

We follow her out.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Anna touches the counter, gesturing like a game show host.

ANNA

It's real marble. Or granite. One of those.

BACK TO CAMERA'S POV

Donald snatches a Playboy from Donnie whose been peaking at Anna's nude spread.

DONALD

It's illegal to look at yer sister that way. But she is something isn't she?!

INTERVIEWER

Was it really your first time
meeting just a few weeks ago?

ANNA

We met for the first time in Twenty-
four years. That's how old I am
now.

OUTSIDE PATIO

Anna leads the crew to an outdoor pen where a tiny pot-
bellied pig rummages around. Daniel picks the pig up.

INTERVIEWER

Yours is a real rags to riches
story. What was it like growing up
in Texas?

ANNA

Y'all want to know about my child
life? About how I was left to
defend myself... what my mother let
my step-father do to me?

INT. VIRGIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Virgie strides into the house carrying two bags of groceries.
Anna follows after her. Daniel immediately plops on the couch
and plays Zelda on Nintendo.

Virgie whips past Ray, nearly spilling his beer.

RAY

What's got her motor revving?

Anna runs after Virgie who ducks into the bathroom. Anna
leans on the closed door.

ANNA

Mother?

INSIDE BATHROOM

Virgie turns on the shower but leans on the counter,
marinating in her pain.

VIRGIE

You can keep talking but I'm not
listening.

OUTSIDE BATHROOM DOOR

ANNA

Momma, please try and understand. I want to make money and I want to be noticed. So these stories that I tell, momma, it's not about you, it's about me.

VIRGIE (O.S.)

"I was a country girl who had to beg for food stamps. My Momma didn't care if I finished school."

ANNA

You're gonna regret this Virgie.

VIRGIE (O.S.)

"You want to know what my momma let my step-father do to me?"

ANNA

I wish it was a lie. You won't even admit some of it's true.

The whole thing is painful enough to make everyone want to crawl in a hole and die.

INT. THE RED LOBSTER - NIGHT

At the end of a rowdy dinner, Anna, Donald, Donnie Jr., Daniel and Howard are seated the table. Everyone's boozed up.

ANNA

My favorite place with my favorite people. I just want y'all to know that -- y'all are the only people that know the real me.

Anna sleepily feeds Howard a lobster claw dripping in butter.

ANNA

I'm ready to go sleep-sleep.

Anna hooks arms with Donald.

FRONT ENTRANCE

Donald helps Anna through the front door. Orson wheels Howard behind. Daniel and Donnie follow.

EXT. RED LOBSTER - NIGHT

It's a downpour with a pile-up of cars. No way for the Rolls to get to the entrance drive.

ORSON

I'll be back with the car.

Orson races to the lot. In the cold, Anna and Donald race after him, followed by Daniel and Donnie Jr.

Howard is left alone, exposed.

INT. ROLLS - NIGHT

Boozy and pilled out, Anna's head lolls as she nods off on Donald's shoulder.

DANIEL

Mom, we forgot Paw-Paw.

Anna looks up. Orson flips a fast U-Turn.

ANNA

Howard!? Oh my god!

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Orson races back up to a shivering Howard.

INT. ANNA'S BRENTWOOD BUNGALOW - DAY

A small ranch style house—a girly and flamboyant shrine to Anna. A make-up artist and hair stylist work on Anna.

Donald and Donnie Jr. step in wearing suits.

ANNA

Y'all are gonna meet so many celebrities.

DONNIE JR.

You think Hulk Hogan will be there?

ANNA

Probably.

Anna looks at her hair.

ANNA

Bigger.

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION - DAY

In the back garden lawn of the mansion, a lavish ceremony for the "Playmate of The Year" is mid-stream.

Camera crews and a crowd of playmates, b-list celebrities, and tanned plastic surgeons, are gathered at the edge of the patio leading to the infamous mansion.

Hugh Hefner stands next to Anna, in a Marilyn style white halter dress and hair as big as we've seen it.

A banner reads: PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR 1993.

Hefner steps up to the podium holding a laminated plaque with the Anna Nicole cover on it.

HEFNER
(into microphone)
I'd like to present Miss Anna
Nicole Smith with the honor of
Playmate of the Year for nineteen
ninety three.

Anna kisses Hef as she holds a human-sized check for 100K.

The crowd CHEERS. Cameras FLASH. Workers unveil enormous posters of all her covers.

Hefner hands Anna a bouquet of white lilies. She beams as she steps up to the microphone.

ANNA
For a country girl from Texas, you
sure did make my dreams come true.
I gotta thank the two things that
got me everything I am.
(shakes her breasts)
Also, this is extra special because
my daddy is here with me to
celebrate. Hi Daddy!
(waves)
And thanks to all the love from
Playboy and Mr. Hefner, I'm about
to shoot my first movie.

Donald and Donnie Jr., in baggy suits, stand in the crowd.
Donald is boozing heavily not paying attention.

ANNA
Let's get this party started!

The crowd CHEERS awkwardly. The photographers snap photos of Anna and Hefner. Anna eats a giant piece of cake.

HEFNER
(whispers)
You better be careful you don't
blow-up.

PLAYBOY MANSION DRIVEWAY

Parked at the end of a long drive is a brand new Jaguar convertible with a red ribbon wrapped around it.

Anna opens the car door and poses. The press corps fire away.

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

INT. PIERCE MARSHALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pierce sleeps in the dark next to his wife. The phone RINGS.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Hooked up to machines, Howard sleeps. Orson sits in the corner. LETITIA, the house nurse, stands near Howard's bedside. Pierce races in.

ORSON
He just caught a bad cold.

LETITIA
Pneumonia isn't a bad cold. He was
left out in the rain.

PIERCE
Who was watching him?

ORSON
There was a mix-up, Sir. It's hard
to know sometimes who's in charge
of the chair at every moment when
he's with Vickie-Lynn.

PIERCE
That selfish bitch. Letitia you
need to keep Miss Vickie away from
my dad at all cost. Every call
needs to go through me. You got
that?

LETITIA
Yes, sir.

EXT. PLAYBOY MANSION - NIGHT

The Playboy party is in full throttle. Anna takes shots with Hef and his girlfriends. She's falling out of her dress.

Nearby, a PLAYBOY BUNNY on the arm of a Hollywood AGENT type.

PLAYBOY BUNNY

She's a lot fatter in real life.

AGENT

I'd fuck her. All that matters in this town anyway.

The Playboy Bunny gives him dead eyes. Nearby, Donald flirts with a publicity WOMAN. They notice Anna slurring and barely able to walk.

WOMAN

Is she okay?

DONALD

Who?

The woman realizes Donald doesn't give a shit about his daughter. She seizes the opening.

WOMAN

She *is* your daughter, right? I mean, you do look way too young.

With that one compliment, she's got his attention.

WOMAN

Are all the rumors about her true?

DONALD

Don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

WOMAN

Because if even just one or two of them, say, are true, I'm certain my viewers would want to know. And we'd be happy to do whatever it takes to get them that info.

Slowly, Donald's face breaks into a grin.

DONALD

God I love Hollywood.

LATER

Anna rides a mechanical bull which was brought in just for the occasion. Donnie Jr. cheers her on awkwardly.

The bull slows down. Anna steps off, nearly falls. A stranger helps her down. She approaches Donnie Jr. with a young model.

ANNA
Where's Donald?

Donnie barely looks up.

DONNIE JR.
Left a while ago with his "new friends."

Anna hides her hurt with a laugh and more booze. She grabs another drink and downs it.

She turns to find she's surrounded by strangers.

A young STUD eyes Anna. This momentarily alleviates her loneliness.

STUD
What're you doing all alone?

Anna immediately turns back into her sexpot role-play.

ANNA
Who said I'm alone?

She throws her arms around him, kissing him wildly.

STUD
It must be my lucky day.

INT. ANNA'S BRENTWOOD BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Anna and the young stud stumble in. Anna's a hot mess. She turns the lights out before she gets on the bed, lays back, and opens her legs—giving him what she thinks he expects.

Anna and the stud have sad sloppy sex. The guy stops for a moment considering her lack of enthusiasm.

STUD
Do you even like sex?

Anna, wanting to uphold the sex goddess mystique, closes her eyes and emits the saddest most committed FAKE-GROAN you've ever heard.

Feeling more alone than ever and hating that she's pretending, she throws him off and gets on top.

She grinds him, desperate for a good fuck. Encouraged, the stud continues rapidly until he GRUNTS loudly. And, it's over. Her big night ends splayed out in a naked stupor.

MORNING

Nearly dawn, the guy SNORES. Anna, with tear-stained eye liner, sits on the floor with a phone and dials.

INT. MARSHALL ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Letitia picks up a ringing phone. She has a tray of food on the counter.

LETITIA
Marshall residence.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

ANNA
I need to talk to him. It's important.

LETITIA
Ms. Anna? It's not a good time.

ANNA
Howard would want to hear from me no matter what time it is.

LETITIA
I can give him your message.

ANNA
Tell him I love him.

The receiver goes dead.

Letitia hangs up, then dials a number. It RINGS. We HEAR Pierce answer on the other end.

INT. HOWARD MARSHALL'S ESTATE - DAY

Howard is served lunch. He looks over the new will. Letitia stands nearby.

HOWARD
Anyone call?

Desperately hoping for good news. Letitia wants to tell the truth, but remains loyal to Pierce.

LETITIA
Just Pierce, sir.

Howard considers the will. He sets it aside, not ready to sign it yet.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS BUNGALOW - DAY

Anna, in a robe, eats breakfast as a PUBLICIST briefs her on her week of press and meetings.

Entertainment Tonight News comes on after commercials.

ON SCREEN:

ET NEWS ANCHOR
An exclusive source, someone in the immediate family, has confirmed the Playboy centerfold Anna Nicole is bisexual and addicted to pills.

They show a spread of private photos of Anna Nicole looking wasted and out of control.

ET NEWS ANCHOR
Could this Cinderella story be a train wreck waiting to happen? We've got the story after the break.

BACK TO SCENE

Anna shuts off the t.v.

PUBLICIST
My job would be a lot easier if you'd ask your family not to speak to the press.

ANNA
At least they're talking about me.

PUBLICIST

This is not good. It sends the wrong signal to the industry right at the time we're trying to get you real meetings.

Anna's eyes sting with shame. She pats her tears preventing them from ruining her make-up.

ANNA

I even got him and Donnie Jr. back stage tickets to Regis...

PUBLICIST

I'm sorry sweetie.

ANNA

You can't trust no one. Least of all your family.

INT. REGIS AND KATHY LEE - BACK STAGE - DAY

Anna, hungover in a casual t-shirt and jeans, looks gorgeous. She stares at Donald and Donnie Jr.

Anna signs a tabloid magazine and drops it at Donald's feet.

ANNA

Should be able to sell this for something.

Donald realizes he's been caught. On stage, the show starts. The live studio audience APPLAUDS as the cameras go live.

REGIS (O.S.)

They refer to her as the girl next door. So how come none of my neighbors ever looked like her? Here she comes, please welcome Anna Nicole Smith.

An assistant director signals to Anna and she walks onto the stage. Donald picks up the tabloid, probably to sell.

EXT. STUDIO SET - REGIS AND KATHY LEE - DAY

Anna blows a kiss to her screaming fans and sits next to REGIS(60s) and KATHY LEE (40s) classy and petite in tweed.

Regis reads from a note card, doing his nasally best.

REGIS

Something nice has happened with all this publicity. Your biological father and you have been reunited. Isn't that right?

ANNA

After twenty four years. I found him. I went through a place called Birth Parents. It was really emotional. He totally flipped out. He said he had seen me in Playboy.

REGIS

"Oh daddy, I'm home!"

Audience LAUGHS. Anna plays along, the irony not lost on her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Anna lays down on the sofa, alone at home. She watches the interview on T.V.

ANNA'S POV:

The screen blurs in and out from all the pills. Regis tries to get a word in.

REGIS

That certainly is a nice top you have on.

Regis gapes his mouth wide, then playfully slaps his own face. Audience LAUGHTER.

ANNA

I heard you were an octopus.

Anna throws a cheeky wink at the crowd. With all the noise and distraction Regis missed her response.

BACK TO SCENE

Anna looks over at her poster of Marilyn, suddenly aware of a different layer of her idol. Fame isn't love. It's a trap.

MARCH 2001

INT. HARRIS COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAY

A blown-up photo of Howard and Anna sits on a big easel. The age difference is jarring.

Rusty, mid-interrogation, turns to Anna on the witness stand. She's worn down by the process.

RUSTY

Now, he could have been your granddad. Are you saying you were sexually attracted?

ANNA

It wasn't sexual like an "oh-baby-baby give it to me, I love your body" type of thing. It was more of a deep respect for what he did for me. He was my savior.

RUSTY

So what you're saying is you didn't provide wifely duties?

ANNA

That's between me and my husband. Our bedroom life is our business and nobody else's.

1994

INT. ANNA'S BED ROOM - LATER

Outside it storms. Thunder BOOMS. Lighting FLASHES.

Anna lays in bed next to Daniel who's asleep. She can't sleep. She sneaks out of bed and approaches Gizmo's covered cage. The power goes out.

It's pitch black. There's a loud CRACK of thunder.

INT. CAR - MOVING

Anna drives through the pouring rain. Daniel snoozes in the front seat.

INT. HOWARD MARSHALL'S - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark save for a few lanterns. Gizmo's cage sits on a table.

Howard and Anna, with her hair in a towel, sit by the fire place. Mid-conversation.

HOWARD

Sounds like jealousy to me.

ANNA

They don't even know me.

HOWARD

In my day, if a man accomplished
the same as you have, they'd have
called him a swashbuckling
raconteur.

ANNA

A what?

HOWARD

Honey, what you are is a threat.

Anna sits back. The intense pleasure and pain of being seen
fully by someone is new to her.

HOWARD

And you've given this man here
something to live for.

Howard pulls a box out from his sweater pocket.

HOWARD

I'd like to know your answer once
and for all. Will you be my wife?

Anna opens the box to find an enormous diamond ring.

HOWARD

You saved me. And all I want in
life is to take care of you and
Daniel. Forever.

And it's in that moment she knows he saved her too. He places
the ring on her wedding finger.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A lantern and some candles illuminate the large open kitchen.

Anna scarfs a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

ANNA

I'm so hungry I could eat a horse.
(in between bites)
Ever since I got back, I've been on
this starvation diet.

Anna notices framed photos illuminated by the candlelight.

ANNA
(pointing to a photo)
He looks like you.

HOWARD
Howard Jr., my oldest. Haven't
spoken in years. Has a company in
California he built all on his own.
But went behind my back.

ANNA
You still mad?

HOWARD
I still love him, from a distance.

ANNA
I know how you feel.

HOWARD
At least he's his own man.
Independent, like you. My other one
may be loyal, but it's because he
has to be. You understand?

ANNA
More than you know.

Anna nods as she finishes both sandwiches.

ANNA
Rainy nights are great for drinking
games.

Anna pours wine with ice cubes for him, how he likes it.

ANNA
Never have I ever?

HOWARD
How's it work?

Anna drinks.

ANNA
Like, never have I ever been with a
man in a wheelchair.

Anna lays across his chair, holding herself up with the
table. She takes his hands and places them on her breasts.

At last, she doesn't feel like she has to work any
angle—she's just in the moment.

HOWARD
It's been a while.

ANNA
Let me do the thinking in this
department.

HOWARD
Better grab my pills.

Anna wheels Howard out of the kitchen. The door to the
bedroom slams shut.

INT. HOWARD MARSHALL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Howard lays on a mechanical bed. Anna takes two towels and
ties his wrists up to the bannister.

Anna stands naked across from Howard who's tied up—ready to
ravish him. Sensing his vulnerability, she knows what to do.

ANNA
You're so sexy.

Howard reads her sincerity with relief and excitement. Anna
crawls up to his waist and mounts him.

Slow and steady. She enjoys what it does to him. Howard let's
a tear roll down his face.

OUTSIDE BEDROOM

Orson listens to the methodical bed CREAKING slowly.

INT. BURBANK - STUDIO STAGE - HUDSUCKER PROXY SET - DAY

It's a barber shop set from the 1940s. Amidst the bustle of
the big studio production, Anna stands just outside the stage
doors in a corridor on the phone.

ANNA
What do you mean it's not there?
(*listening*)
He always sends me my monthly "pin
money."

Anna, distraught, looks at the set full of extras and crew.

INT. HOWARD MARSHALL - LIVING ROOM - KITCHEN - DAY

Anna storms into the house and enters the kitchen. Pierce cuts her path off.

PIERCE
He's resting.

ANNA
I'll wait.

PIERCE
See you've got yourself a new ring?

ANNA
What do you want from me Pierce?

PIERCE
I wanna know how you sleep at night?

ANNA
Like a baby.

PIERCE
Maybe it's all those pills you've been gobbling. I don't blame you though. If I were living a godless life I might want to fill that void too.

ANNA
You don't know anything about me.

PIERCE
You have your hooks in him, I'll give you that. And you may even hoodwink him into marrying you. Hell, we both know, he'd marry a blow up doll long as it was big and soft.

PIERCE
No matter what he tells you, you won't see a dime. Our wealth stays in our family.

ANNA
I am family.

PIERCE
You're a slut.

ANNA
He respects me more than you, and
you can't stand it.

Check mate. Pierce tucks away his rage with a searing LAUGH.

EXT. HOUSTON - WHITE DOVE CHAPEL - DAY

A Nissan pick-up truck squeals up and parks outside the small white roadside chapel—a Texas institution.

Elaine and Ray, in exhausted t-shirts and tired jeans, jog up to the front door with breathless energy.

The proprietor, PAT WALKER, (50s) a good ol'gal with a beehive, opens the door.

The place is pre-decorated in that kitschy way.

ELAINE
We wanna book a weddin' for
tomorrow.

Pat eyes the two of them.

PAT
What's the hurry?

ELAINE
It's gotta be today, bride's
orders.

PAT
Well, wait a minute. I'm busier
than a one-eyed dog in a smokehouse
right now, booked up through
summer.

ELAINE
Money's no object.

RAY
This is the place where y'all
release the live doves, right?

Off Pat Walker's questioning glance, trying to keep up.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER

INT. WHITE DOVE CHAPEL - DAY

The big day. Inside the staff prepares the chapel with all the finest—tiered cake, flowers, you name it. Pat oversees the activities.

PAT
Not petals. Buds.

Referring to the use of full rosebuds to line the aisles. The staff makes the adjustment. Pat makes her way to the...

BRIDE'S GREEN ROOM

Pat arrives amidst the hub-bub as Elaine helps Anna into a puffy-sleeved extremely low cut gown.

Anna notices Pat's presence and goes on the defensive.

ANNA
I'm not marrying him for his money.
I have my own.

Elaine struggles to apply make-up on Anna who continues in a girlish frantic way.

ANNA
He'd been begging me to marry him
for four years.

Anna flashes a desperate look at Pat.

ANNA
Just please don't call the
reporters.

PAT
Well, who *are* you?

Holding a thick false eye-lash, Anna pauses in disbelief.

ANNA
Well...
(fluttering her eyelashes)
I'm Anna Nicole Smith.

WHITE DOVE CHAPEL

Killing time, Daniel, in a miniature tux, tosses a satin pillow holding the wedding ring into the air over and over. His cousin does the same with the groom's ring pillow.

Under the white arch in his wheelchair and an all white tux, J. Howard Marshall II, waits, deliriously happy.

Letitia and his personal secretary stand by his side. Along with Elaine, Ray, and PIERRE, Anna's new giant bodyguard.

The WEDDING MARCH plays.

Anna, wearing her gown and veil, walks down the aisle with a bouquet of white roses. Like a goddess from Vegas.

When she arrives, Howard and Anna look at each other like joyful teenagers.

The minister turns to Howard whose eyes glimmer.

HOWARD

I've done a lot of things. I've
made a lot of money. If I can make
her happy, and I've made her happy
today, I'll die a happy man.

He blinks, holding back tears. Anna kisses him.

Immediately after, "ANGEL OF THE MORNING," plays from the loud speakers. Everyone CLAPS and CHEERS.

The SONG continues as...

Anna and Howard release two white doves outside the chapel.

Anna, sitting on Howard's lap, feeds him cut cake.

Daniel dances with Anna and Howard. More like a sway, all holding each other close.

The SONG ends.

OUTSIDE WHITE DOVE CHAPEL

Anna steps out in a brunette pageboy wig and a yellow suit. Her wedding party follows behind. She's got an international flight to catch.

She approaches Howard and kneels down to his level.

ANNA

Don't CRWWWWY!

Anna kisses his head.

ANNA

Yew knew about my shoot. I'm
contracted to be in Sweden
tomorrow.

Howard squeezes her hand, pained to see her go.

ANNA

Yew know it's yew that I love.

Anna kisses him all over his face before she gets in a limo.

EXT. MARSHALL ESTATE - PRIVATE LAKE - DAY

On the edge of the lake bed, Letitia stands next to Howard in his chair. Howard flings his fishing rod, casting his line impressively far.

He reels it in, stuttering for best effect.

In the background, Pierce tromps through the thick grass trying not to scuff up his fancy shoes.

He arrives next to Howard, who casts his line again.

PIERCE

Oughta get your land under control.

HOWARD

I like it rough.

PIERCE

Where's your bride?

HOWARD

Out of town.

PIERCE

She's been out of town a lot.

Howard's used to this game, almost enjoys the sparing.

HOWARD

What are you saying now?

Pierce motions for Letitia to leave. She does.

PIERCE

The question of loyalty comes to
mind.

HOWARD

You've always been a jealous type.

PIERCE
She's not faithful.

HOWARD
Others may come and go, but she
needs me and I need her. She's my
golden girl.

PIERCE
That's beautiful. But hear me out.
You've been humiliated once. Lady
Jewel's affair hit us blindly after
her will was read.

HOWARD
And that dadgum leach she let into
her home didn't get a dime. I got
all the assets back.

PIERCE
In court. That's why we should take
precautions now, ahead of time. Why
take any chances?

HOWARD
You wouldn't have a pot to piss in
without the chances I took in life.

PIERCE
(testy)
You can't even listen to my
proposal?

Howard lobs his line back in once more.

PIERCE
We put everything into the living
trust. Name me as executor. Your
wife would be taken care of, just
not in writing. Consider what
protections that allows in the
worst case scenario, while still
providing everything you desire.
You keep your leverage too.

Howard's line yanks, he's caught something. He reels it in.

PIERCE
Think you snagged one of the
trouts.

Howard pulls the fish out of the water and slaps it on the
grass where it flaps and gasps for air.

LOS ANGELES 1994**EXT. MOVIE PREMIERE RED CARPET - DAY**

The exciting BUZZ of the carpet. Anna ambles down the press line, waving and posing for the cameras and a screaming crowd in the rafters. A long haired bodyguard on her arm.

Finally, she saunters over to an entertainment news crew. The REPORTER holds a microphone up to Anna.

REPORTER

Anna, come talk to us! I've just got to ask you a couple questions.

Anna comes in hot with boozy adrenaline. Mic in her face.

ANNA

(slurring)

First I just want to say I love you J. Howard Marshall, my husband. I love yew. I just wanted to say that. And I hope you're watching --

REPORTER

Where's your ring?

She holds up her hand and flashes her enormous diamond ring.

ANNA

(speaking into camera)

'Cause I told you to watch T.V. tonight and I love yeewwww.

REPORTER

Is it past his bed time?

Anna looks for the right answer.

ANNA

He'll probably stay up and watch this. Yeah.

REPORTER

A lot of people are talking about your life right now. A lot of it not great, what do you say?

Anna slurs her words—her eyes are barely open.

ANNA

It's been a wild ride and -- what are they saying?

REPORTER

White trash. Dumb Blonde. Gold digger. Fake.

ANNA

The amount that's written about me,
I can't tell if ya'll love me or
hate me.

Anna pulls away, winks dopily at the camera, nearly trips over her own dress and waddles away.

Anna turns back, blows a kiss to the cameras, gives the finger, mimics shoving it up their ass, and is swiftly whisked away by a publicist.

REPORTER

Anna Nicole Smith everyone.

The reporter looks cheekily into the camera like: DID YOU JUST SEE WHAT I SAW? A live audience APPLAUSE rings loudly.

ON THE TV SCREEN:

David Letterman is in the middle of his monologue. The CLAPPING dies down.

DAVID LETTERMAN

You hear about Anna Nicole Smith?
She recently married a ninety year old. In honor of that we've made a "Top Ten" Anna Nicole Dating Tips. You want to know what number ten is? Number ten: Forget the personal ads--try the intensive care unit.

(crowd laughs)

Nine? Prepare candlelit dinner. If he can blow out candles, you don't want him.

(pausing for more laughs)

Eight. Make sure the valet parkers understand, if he dies in the restaurant, you get the car.

INSIDE THE RECORDING BOOTH OF THE HOWARD STERN SHOW:

Mid-air taping of THE HOWARD STERN SHOW.

STERN

I always find it gross when it's so obvious, you know what I mean? But boy did she ever cash in. Richest bimbo in Hollywood,

ROBYN

Did you see that dress she wore on
the red carpet?

STERN

Let's not mince words. Anna Nicole
is a big fat porker.

They explode with laughter.

INT. CAR - DAY

Anna Nicole drives her Mercedes through Houston while on her
car's speaker phone.

AGENT (O.S.)

Just get back to your diet and keep
your head down.

ANNA

It's like why even try when people
are just gonna talk shit and make
lies anyway.

AGENT (O.S.)

People need to see the real you.
You can't hide in Texas if you want
Hollywood to keep calling.

ANNA

I gotta go pick up my
prescriptions.

She hangs up the phone and pulls up to a pharmacy drive-
through. The Pharmacist appears at the window.

ANNA

For Vickie-Lynn Marshall. Can you
order ice cream from the window?

INT. ANNA'S SECOND HOUSTON HOUSE - DAY

Anna passes out with a tub of ice cream in her bed. Alone.

Daniel, in pajamas, peaks in. He shuts off the television and
gets in bed, cuddling up next to her.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF DIANA MILLER - DAY

A New York Magazine drops with a THUD on a desk. The title reads: WHITE TRASH NATION. A cover photo of Anna-Nicole in jean shorts, cowboy boots, and a bag of cheese puffs.

Anna sits across from, DIANA MILLER, (50s) with a sympathetic nature. No more playing softball. Anna means business.

ANNA

I woulda never have agreed to do a shoot called "White Trash Nation."

DIANA

Then we sue for breach of contract. Possibly defamation.

ANNA

Also, I'm dealing with another thing. I know that Pierce has been manipulating my husband. I know it because Howard told Pierce to start a trust for me but he hasn't. He's lying to my husband. And you want to know something else? He's having me followed. Even on the way here.

DIANA

If it's like you say then Pierce is acting in bad faith. And, we'd have a case.

ANNA

He wants to cut me out.

DIANA

Is there a way to find out if Howard's put you in his will?

ANNA

I can't bother Howard with that right now. He needs to feel loved.

DIANA

There's other ways. It would help if you had something on tape.

MARCH 2001INT. HARRIS COUNTY FAMILY COURT ROOM - DAY

On the witness stand, Anna, in another colorful ensemble, behaves loopy. She touches her cheek with an acrylic nail, trying to focus.

Rusty Hardin stands by a diagram on an easel with a timeline.

The room listens to a tape being played.

ANNA (V.O.)

Paw-Paw now tell everybody back
home what you're leaving for your
wife?

Through the machine, the loud SPLASH is heard. Pierce stops the tape.

RUSTY

Is that you telling him what to
say?

ANNA

Yes, sir.

PIERCE

You're talking and telling him to
say something into the recorder in
regards to leaving you half of his
estate and isn't it true that
sometimes you would record him with
your top off? Is that true?

Always game, Anna smirks innocently. Her effect is endearing.

ANNA

Oh Rusty, you're a pervert.

Hard to tell whose the better actor.

RUSTY

Pardon me?

ANNA

That's not true. I think you're
sick.

Anna sits back with a smirk.

ANNA

I wish there was a tape. 'Cause I wouldn't be here. I shouldn't even be here in the first place.

Rusty continues in a more bull dog manner.

RUSTY

Ms. Marshall, for the record, isn't it the truth that not one single living person can confirm that your husband J. Howard Marshall promised you half of his estate?

ANNA

I don't know.

RUSTY

It's yes or no.

ANNA

Well, I'm sorry, I really can't answer that one Rusty, I told you --

RUSTY

(talking over her)

Your honor can I ask the jury to be removed while I ask for a motion for contempt.

JUDGE

Answer the question yes or no.

ANNA

How am I con-tempting myself?

RUSTY

There isn't one single person who can confirm that your husband ever promised you half of his estate, correct? I need you to answer for the record.

ANNA

Maybe someone in a restaurant overheard us and there's paperwork in California that could --

RUSTY

(screaming over her)

Ms. Marshall!! As of right now, you cannot name one single human person, can you?

ANNA

Well... no.

RUSTY

And isn't it true you cannot provide any documents as evidence that your husband wished you to have half of his estate?

ANNA

No. But that's because Pierce has records shredded and manipulated--

RUSTY

(interrupting/agitated)

Ms. Marshall what evidence can we look at that Pierce Marshall had anything to do with these supposed incidents? None. Because isn't it the truth that all of this, everything you said, relies solely on the question of whether or not you're a truth teller? Is that correct?

ANNA

Well, I guess to the best of it, yeah.

Anna sits back in her seat, defeated and exasperated. Rusty makes eyes with the Jury—they're not on her side.

1994

INT. RANCH HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Elaine frantically packs luggage, coming in and out of the bathroom. Anna pulls unrealistic outfit options out of the closet and tosses them on the bed. We catch them mid-convo.

ANNA

-- And he's been putting things in Howard's head that aren't true.

ELAINE

You better get what you deserve.

ANNA

I really don't want to do it but--
Pierce is a snake.

ELAINE

Fuck Pierce. He's fucking with the wrong bitch.

Ray walks in carrying a Circuit City shopping bag.

RAY

Bali here we come.

EXT. BALI FOUR SEASONS RESORT - PRIVATE POOL - DAY

Anna lowers a magazine. She's laying by a pool in a pink swim suit, her hair being braided. She's sips a tropical drink.

ANNA

Howaaarrrd?

Anna conspiratorially loud-whispers at Elaine.

ANNA

Get the camera out!

Beyond a large tropical hedge, a HIRED MAN snoops on Anna, craning to get a view.

In his electric wheelchair, Howard arrives to the jacuzzi.

WE ARE NOW CAUGHT UP TO THE OPENING TEASER.

When Anna looks up at Howard, he smiles with giddiness.

Anna and Ray delicately help Howard slip into the water.

Already in the Jacuzzi, Elaine points the camera at Anna.

ANNA

I got Howard to swim. No one's ever let him swim back at home.

HOWARD

She's my lady love.

Anna strips her bikini top and tosses it aside. It hits the camera lens, blocking the view.

BLACK OUT.

A RINGING phone.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Middle of the night. Dark and quiet except for the RINGS. Virgie picks it up. Barely awake.

VIRGIE
Vickie-Lynn? I can hardly hear you.

ANNA (O.S.)
I want to talk to my son.

INTER CUT AS NEEDED:

Anna lays in the sun, holding a portable phone. Beads from her braids dangle.

VIRGIE
He's sleeping.

ANNA
Wake him up.

Virgie brings the phone and cord with her.

VIRGIE
The pig went missing.

DANIEL'S BEDROOM

It's dark except for the night light. Virgie taps a sleeping Daniel. Daniel wipes his eyes and holds the phone delicately.

DANIEL
I hope Rascal comes back home.

ANNA (O.S.)
We'll find him. I promise.

DANIEL
Okay. When are you coming home?

ANNA (O.S.)
Soon. Your Paw-Paw isn't feeling well. Send him prayers, okay?

Daniel kisses the receiver.

INT. OFFICES OF RUSTY HARDIN ESQ. - DAY

Pierce paces as Rusty Hardin and his team of junior lawyers look through papers. Pierce is nervous.

PIERCE

I've got someone out in Bali reporting to me that she's been trying to get footage. This has turned into a Goddamn soap opera! I thought we were safe, you said it was irrefutable?!!

(calming)

Let's say there is a tape—then what?

RUSTY

Well, she could make a case to a jury. And there's two ways that could go. The better of the two is she'd only be able to make a claim on half of what was earned during their marriage. The worse is half of the whole shebang.

Pierce looks out the window—thinking.

RUSTY

Tell me something, not to sound grim, but he's nearing the end, correct?

PIERCE

It's not looking good. Weeks or months. Maybe a year—God willing.

RUSTY

There's a way you can keep her away from him until he passes. It wouldn't be absolutely full proof, but it would be *fool-proof*.

PIERCE

I'm listening.

RUSTY

Acquiring legal guardianship for someone in his condition would not be terribly hard at this stage. Can you think of any evidence we could present to a judge?

PIERCE

Their whole goddamn relationship is evidence.

RUSTY

Something that could have put his health at risk perhaps?

Rusty SIGHS. Pierce remembers something.

PIERCE
Pneumonia.

RUSTY
What?

PIERCE
She left him unattended in the
rain. He had to be hospitalized for
Pneumonia. Damn near killed him.

Off Rusty's nod. That'll do it.

EXT. MARSHALL ESTATE - DAY

Two armed guards stand by the front door. Anna walks up.

GUARD
I'm sorry ma'am. Visiting hours are
over.

ANNA
But they're only giving me thirty
minutes every day.

Anna tries to knock on the door, they restrain her.

ANNA
Howard they're lying to you! I've
been trying to see you.

EXT. SIDE PASSAGEWAY - MARSHALL ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Anna tip-toes up to the house and taps on the french doors by
Howard's new make-shift hospice room.

A large T.V. plays the stock market news in the background.

Letitia approaches the window. They speak in a loud whisper.

LETITIA
You can't be here.

ANNA
He needs me. I'm his wife.

LETITIA
Pierce is his legal guardian. I
can't go against his orders.

ANNA

I just want to hold him and touch
him and let him know how much I
care.

Letitia looks at a dozing Howard. She turns back to Anna.

LETITIA

I've seen how he lights up with
you. Just be quiet.

Letitia opens the window and helps her in.

INSIDE HOWARD'S ROOM

Anna approaches Howard. Waking, he warms at the sight of her.

Letitia sits vigil nearby. Anna stares at Letitia.

ANNA

Can we have some privacy please?

LETITIA

I'm not supposed to leave him
alone.

Anna unbuttons her top and removes her bra.

ANNA

Stay if you want.

Anna HUMS a tune as she shakes her cleavage for Howard.

LETITIA

I'll be right outside if you need
me, Mr. Marshall.

Letitia steps outside.

ANNA

They have you all caged up like a
prisoner.

HOWARD

You weren't around.

Howard's breathing is forced.

ANNA

I hate that Pierce is just waiting
for you to die. I'm getting you out
of here.



HOWARD

The bathroom has doors to the garden.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Howard, in his wheelchair, holds a bottle of wine. Anna opens the doors. She pushes Howard out.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Anna wheels Howard across the garden to a shed.

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS -- the two emerge on a four wheeler with Anna at the helm and Howard's arms wrapped around her body.

She holds the handle bar with one hand, her cocktail in the other. Mischievous grins on both their faces.

Letitia runs out the bathroom doors. She stops and watches Anna and Howard speed away. Letitia runs into the house.

ON THE FOUR-WHEELER

They're going so fast Howard's eyes water. Anna turns back to check on him.

HOWARD

Keep going!

INT. PIERCE MARSHALL - BEDROOM - DAY

Pierce has a phone to his ear. He listens calmly.

ON THE FOUR-WHEELER

Flat Texas Plains spread out endlessly. Anna pulls over and turns off the engine.

IN A FIELD OF WILD FLOWERS

Anna runs in circles around Howard on the four-wheeler.

JUST THEN -- Anna sees a movement in the grass. It's a pot-bellied pig. Anna steps off and sneaks up to the pig.

ANNA

Maybe Daniel won't know the difference.

The pig munches on mud. Anna tries to grab it. The pig emits a blood curdling SQUEAL, escaping in a sprint.

The pig runs for what feels like miles. Anna plops in the grass and watches it go.

INT. MARSHALL ESTATE - DAY

Anna carries Howard on piggyback through the french doors into the bathroom. Letitia rolls the wheel chair in with a stern look. Howard flashes a wicked smile.

LATER - NIGHT

The lights are out. Howard, Anna, and Daniel lay asleep snuggled up together in his bed.

Daniel's head resting on her shoulder. Letitia snoozes in her chair nearby.

SIX MONTHS LATER

INT. MARSHALL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Howard Marshall is attached to machines. He starts to gag.

The monitors BEEP. He's choking.

Letitia rushes in with another nurse. They perform CPR. It's unsuccessful. Pierce steps in and watches.

PIERCE

That's enough.

The work stops. The monitors flat line.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - SOUND STAGE - NIGHT

Anna, backstage at a late night show, receives the news from her body guard and instantly turns into a sobbing mess. She's physically in pain. Someone hands her pills.

EXT. FUNERAL HOUSE - HOUSTON - DAY

Anna steps out holding an urn.

INT. CAR - DAY

Anna hands Daniel the urn.

ANNA

That's your Paw-Paw. Half of him at least. Pierce has his other half.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Holding the urn, Daniel and Anna step into the pitch black house. Anna flicks a light on. Nothing. She tries another one. Same thing.

DANIEL

Why is it so dark?

Anna grabs the phone, no dial tone.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Anna holds the phone to her ear. Daniel waits in the car.

ANNA

He won't even give me widow's allowance. How am I supposed to--

(listens)

Fine then. You can tell Pierce I'll be seeing him in court.

Anna slams the phone down. Ironically, across the street, Rick's neon kicking cowboy boot flashes through the dark.

In the car, Daniel has his face pressed against the window.

INT. LAW FIRM - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A long rectangular table. Lawyers and staff on each side.

Pierce sits on one side with the complete confidence of a man who knows he has the best team money can buy.

Anna sits across from him next to Diana. They wait. It's about as tense as it gets.

DIANA

My client believes Pierce manipulated his father.

ANNA

Howard promised me an inheritance.

DIANA

My client is alleging that Pierce, resentful that his very aged father would give that kind of money to a woman barely more than a quarter his age, took steps to prevent the promise from being fulfilled. And the steps he took, my client alleges, were fraudulent and perhaps criminal.

ANNA

He forced Howard to convert the trust to an irrevocable one without his knowledge.

DIANA

Which deprived the recently deceased of the ability to amend it to add her as a beneficiary, terminate it to free up the assets and make her a lifetime gift, or make a bequest to her of the amount promised.

PIERCE

She could've settled for generous gifts and a house.

(directly at Anna)

But you got greedy. Didn't you. The will is clear on who it doesn't include. You should let this go now before it gets ugly.

DIANA

I'm sorry but whose calling who greedy?

ANNA

If I let this go then I'd be admitting that the promise was a lie, when I know that's not the truth.

Howard's estranged eldest, J. HOWARD MARSHALL III, strides in with a casual confidence, the spitting image of his father.

PIERCE

I should have known you'd want to get your grubby hands in on this.

HOWARD III
You really have forgotten the
meaning of family haven't you
little brother.

Howard III sits at the far end of the table—Anna's team.

PIERCE
Drop the case.

HOWARD III
So then everything, all of it, goes
to you? Is that justice?

PIERCE
This is a waste of time and you
know it. Sad how bitter you still
are because dad disowned you.

HOWARD III
What's sad is how much you don't
understand. Mrs. Marshall and I
aren't playing the same game as
you.

Pierce motions for his lawyers to pack it up. Then he struts
off. Anna feels vindicated to have Howard III on her side.

EXT. LAW OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Pierce walks out holding hands with Eleanor. A few PAPS snap
his photo. Not a big crowd but growing.

PAPS
Was Anna named in the will?

PEIRCE
I have nothing to say.

They reach their car. Pierce gets in the front seat.

ELEANOR
Hold on a minute, I left my coat
inside.

She jogs off, leaving Pierce alone. The paparazzi retreat
back to the front door out of sight.

INT. PIERCE'S CAR - DAY

Pierce's eyes tear up. He removes his glasses. Wipes the tears with annoyance. Clears his throat. And generally tries to prevent himself from letting the waterworks flow.

Eleanor opens the door. Pierce starts the car. She notices his emotional state and turns to him.

ELEANOR

Pierce?

Pierce, unable to hide his sobs, let's his body shake.

ELEANOR

You're doing the right thing. You were his protector in life and you're his protector now.

PIERCE

(breaking up)

I--I guess I just miss him.

She looks at him. Now just a son who lost his dad.

Pierce let's out a GRUNT. Clears his throat, putting an abrupt end to it. They drive off.

MARCH 2001**INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Anna, bloated and groggy, wallows in bed. Diana steps in and opens the curtains.

DIANA

I've been trying to get in touch all morning.

ANNA

What time is it?

DIANA

We have to be in court in an hour.

ANNA

I don't want to go. Everyone hates me anyway.

DIANA

If there's one thing you've showed me it's that you refused to settle.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

So don't sit there and tell me
you've come this far to give up.
Get up!

Anna emits a LAUGH of gratitude. She sits up, a little more
fight in her eye than before.

DIANA

Are you going to let Pierce
Marshall take away your legitimate
rights as Howard's wife and hoard
the money for himself? You're just
as deserving of a piece of the pie
as him. You earned that right under
the law.

This revs Anna up. Just thinking about Pierce pisses her off.

DIANA

Pierce just can't stand the thought
of having to share some of daddy's
wealth with a --

ANNA

-- a hussy?!

She flashes a naughty wink. The pep talk seems to have
worked.

DIANA

I'd like to bring in a few more
character witnesses. We could
really use Virgie. I know you said
it's tricky with her, but I think
it would help.

Anna goes quiet.

DIANA

Offer her some form of the
settlement if it comes to that.

ANNA

She's prideful. But I'll try.

From outside, a housekeeper SHRIEKS.

HOUSEKEEPER (O.S.)

Ay, Dios Mío!

A thirteen-year-old Daniel, steps in with a mischievous grin.

DANIEL

The hamster got loose again.

Daniel notices Anna.

DANIEL
You okay mom?

Anna throws the covers off. Naked except for her panties.

ANNA
I'm ready to go kick some butt!

EXT. HAIR SALON - DAY

A black car pulls up. Anna, in a wig, steps out. Virgie steps out after her.

VIRGIE
(re: the wig)
Was this really necessary?

ANNA
They're everywhere.

VIRGIE
I don't know why I agreed to this.

They step in the salon.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Anna and Virgie sit in spa chairs having their nails and hair done by stylists.

ANNA
Give my mother the full treatment.
I want her to come out like a
beauty queen.

VIRGIE
I was a beauty queen once.

ANNA
That was high school.

They sit and stylists go to work on their hair. Virgie turns to her daughter.

VIRGIE
What is it you want from me?

ANNA
Can't I treat you to a beauty day?

VIRGIE
Don't bullshit a bullshitter.

ANNA
Okay. All you have to do is go up
and confirm a few things and make
me look good. Say a couple nice
things about me.

Virgie takes this in.

ANNA
Is it really that hard to say
something nice about me?

VIRGIE
Why don't you ask Donald?

ANNA
'Cause he'd probably hump the
witness stand.

Anna mimics humping.

VIRGIE
I warned you about that. But you
never did listen to anybody but
yourself.

ANNA
And you never believed in me. At
least Howard did...

Anna slumps down, looking away with longing.

VIRGIE
Guess that's why he didn't leave
you a cent?

ANNA
I bet you're happy.

Anna stands in a rage, ripping the curlers out but creating a
giant tangle with her impatience. On the brink of tears.

VIRGIE
Slow down. You gotta be gentle.

Virgie stands and helps untangle her rat's nest. Anna let's
her help, removing one curler at a time.

VIRGIE
It's like cotton candy from all
that bleach.

FINAL DAY OF TESTIMONY

INT. HARRIS COUNTY FAMILY COURT - DAY

On the witness stand, Anna fidgets with a crumpled piece of tissue. Pierce Marshall and Eleanor sit stoically.

Rusty Hardin, mid-interrogation, stalks in front of the jury.

RUSTY

What is it you're saying Pierce
Marshall did now? Did he order
people to let his father choke?

ANNA

No. He ordered for him to not be
suctioned. I know because I talked
to the nurses. That is the same
thing as ordering him to choke to
death on his own vile.

RUSTY

You just go up here and start
making things up now? Where were
you last week? Last month? Did you
fly to California? How can we
believe anything you say?

ANNA

I don't know.

RUSTY

When did you go to California?

ANNA

I'm not good with dates.

Visibly shaken, Anna grips her little tissue and dabs her eyes. Rusty moves in. Incredulous.

RUSTY

Ms. Marshall, have you been taking
acting lessons?

Backed into a corner, she breaks.

ANNA

(tearfully)
Screw you Rusty!

RUSTY
Answer the question.

ANNA
No. I haven't.

RUSTY
Mrs. Marshall what is that written
across your dress?

Anna looks down at her pink velour two piece—the word
"spoiled" embroidered in cursive across her chest.

ANNA
Spoiled.

Rusty looks at the jury with a knowing smirk.

RUSTY
I pass the witness.

EXT. HARRIS COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

A sea of people empty out as Pierce Marshall and his wife
descend the steps. Reporters and cameras hound him.

REPORTER
Mr. Marshall, do you really think
your step-mother deserves nothing?

He waves them off as they pass.

PIERCE
I have nothing to say.

Pierce and his entourage disappear into a waiting car.

MOMENTS LATER

Rusty Hardin emerges. Reporters stick microphones towards
him. Rusty stops. The press gather.

RUSTY
Now. What we saw on the witness
stand over the last six days is a
very self absorbed selfish person
who only cared about herself and
taking his money. A long con, if
you will. What this is really about
is just a son trying to fulfill his
father's wishes.

(MORE)

RUSTY (CONT'D)

And I think the jury understands that. We'll see what they have to say.

Lastly, Anna, led by a large bodyguard, steps out of the courthouse with her team, who wave the reporters away.

ANNA

Wait, I want to say something to the world.

Anna stops. The microphones point at her. She's mobbed.

ANNA

No matter what happens, I'm going to fight to the end. My husband is worth it. He wanted me to have it. People don't understand--my husband--he saved my life and I saved his. He knew me when I was a nobody. And I went out and made a name for myself. He just always promised me that he'd take care of me no matter what, that's what he always promised...

She snuffles, putting her sunglasses on. As she approaches her town car, Pierce's car pulls up.

Anna looks at Pierce in the window. He turns away.

Reporters SHOUT questions as Anna slips into the back seat of a waiting town car.

INT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Anna sits in the back, staring out the window. A little proud of herself.

ANNA

Would you mind making a stop?

EXT. PRIVATE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

The town car pulls up to the front entrance as middle school kids flood out at the end of the day.

Anna rolls down the tinted window to wave to Daniel, standing with a few of his peers. They all spot her. He stalls.

PEER KID

Hey Daniel, is that --

He tenses momentarily, but shrugs off his insecurity.

DANIEL

That's my mom. She's a superstar.

Daniel races to the car with pride.

INT. TOWN CAR - PARKED - DAY

A thirteen-year-old Daniel hops in next to Anna.

DANIEL

Didn't know you were picking me up?

ANNA

I wanted to see my baby.

She kisses him all over, he pulls away in a pre-teen kind of way. She tosses his hair around making him blush.

DANIEL

What happened in court today?

ANNA

I fought for the truth. So even if we lose, we won.

DANIEL

Moon roof?

INT. / EXT. TOWN CAR - DAY

Daniel and Anna stand with their heads sticking out of the moonroof. Wind in their faces. Smiles plastered ear to ear.

FADE OUT.

TITLES OVER BLACK

Anna Nicole Smith spent years fighting Pierce Marshall for a share of her late husband's estate.

In 2006, the case reached the Supreme Court.

In 2007, Anna died of an accidental drug overdose, six months after the death of her son, Daniel.

She was the same age as Marilyn Monroe.

The case is still not settled.

