

FIFTEEN MINUTES... PLUS

Written by

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FADE IN:

**INT. TALENT AGENCY - LOBBY - DAY**

A sign reads: CTD Talent R' Us: If We Don't Know Your Name,  
You Don't Exist.

This space screams shameless opulence. Marble and gold, as far as the eye can see.

DING. Spotless elevator doors whoosh open. Something even more stunning waits inside:

HEIDI LAMOUR (29) - Six inch stilettos. Designer clothes mold to her frame; not an inch of fat underneath. Hair and makeup impeccable - but the grimace on those silicone enhanced lips stands out.

Heidi storms out like her glutes are on fire, bee-lining to studious receptionist BETTY. In the path of hurricane-Heidi, Betty plasters on a smile... quick.

BETTY

Heidi! Er, Susan didn't tell me you were coming.

HEIDI

Where the fuck-wad is she?

BETTY

Excuse me?

HEIDI

Let me see her. Now!

Cringing, Betty's fingers scramble across her keyboard. A DM to "SUSAN MCCAULIFFE."

BETTY

(typing)

Heidi Lamour's here. R U Free?

PING. Susan almost instantly responds.

SUSAN

(typing)

Tell her I'm out of the office.  
Today. Tomorrow. Next week, and  
next year.

Uh-oh. Awwwwwkard. Betty blinks up at a scowling Heidi.

HEIDI

Well?

BETTY

Susan's in the field? It's, uh, an unexpected emergency. One of our talent's face lifts and tummy tucks got reversed...?

Heidi cranes over the desk to spy on Betty's screen.

Betty does her best to block her; grabs the first item she can reach: a Starbuck's coffee mug.

Heidi angles sideways. Betty adjusts the cup to counteract. The back and forth's outlandish. Heidi rips the cup from Betty's hand.

HEIDI

That's horseshit and you know it. I can smell it from here...

BETTY

I'd never lie to you!

HEIDI

Susan and I are Facebook friends. I saw her livestream. She's in her office, doing yoga as we speak!

Heidi pauses mid-rant. Sniffs Betty's Starbuck's cup.

HEIDI

No pumpkin spice? Just black. Ew!

Shoving it back, Heidi uses the distraction to rip a security card lanyard off Betty's neck.

BETTY

Ow!

HEIDI

You think that stings? Try breast implants someday, nerd!

Armed and incensed, Heidi BUZZES into CTR's inner office.

Betty trails helplessly behind her. A futile gesture: nothing's gonna hold THIS bombshell from hell back.

#### **INT. TALENT AGENCY - CUBICLES**

Twisting, narrow corridors. Bland. This is where grunts work.

Heidi storms along; shoves stunned OFFICE STAFF out of her path. A BLONDE INTERN lights up as Heidi roars by.

BLONDE INTERN

Heidi Lamour? OMG, it's a pleasure to meet you!

Heidi doesn't even break stride.

HEIDI

Pleasure? Maybe for you.

A MALE ADMIN with a man-bun approaches next.

MAN BUN

Ms. Lamour? We have a board room with Soul Cycle options available, if you'd like to wait...

Heidi shoves man-bun away by his face.

Then laser focuses on a polished door. The placard reads: Susan McCauliffe, EVP.

Heidi reaches for the knob. A SECURITY GUARD blocks her way.

SECURITY GUARD

Ms. McCauliffe can't be interrupted.

HEIDI

My ass cheeks. She'll talk to me!

SECURITY GUARD

Come with me back to reception, Ms. Heidi. I'm sure Betty would be happy to schedule an appointment...

He glances back towards poor Betty, still warbling in Heidi's wake. Betty shakes her head "no", eyes wide in fear.

HEIDI

(to the guard)

Want an engraved invitation? Here!

Wham! A knee to the family jewels from Heidi sends the poor man to the floor.

For the first time since we've met her, satisfaction floods Heidi's face.

Path cleared, she tears open McCauliffe's door and barges in!

**INT. TALENT AGENCY - MCCAULIFFE'S OFFICE**

Even richer than the lobby.

But gaudy posters of reality shows festoon the walls. One includes Heidi herself in an ensemble shot...

Dirty Debutants of Beverly Hills!

After the posters, the next thing that greets Heidi...

SUSAN MCCAULIFFE's perfect, yoga pant clad behind. In downward dog, Susan peers through her legs at her client.

Then at Betty in the doorway, now tending to the security guard as he groans on the floor.

Still inverted, Susan clears her throat.

SUSAN

Heidi Lamour. This is unexpected.

HEIDI

Me too. I mean, not in the sexual harassment way. But I had to come, after I heard the news.

SUSAN

News? Of what, may I ask?

HEIDI

You don't have to. You already know. My replacement, for the fucking show!

SUSAN

Oh yes. That tiny detail.

Susan sighs and straightens up, one graceful vertebrae at a time. She settles in at her designer desk, gestures to a visitor chair.

SUSAN

Heidi, be a dear and relax.

Heidi refuses, adrenaline racing.

HEIDI

No. I'm not your trained monkey!

SUSAN

Sweetie, no-one said you were.

HEIDI

I'm not going to sit down and pretend everything's OK. As your star, I deserve answers first!

SUSAN

As do I. Who told you? Has CTR sprung a leak?

The blonde intern peeks in. Hearing Susan's question, she pales and slinks away.

HEIDI

I read it on Twitter, for christ sakes! Not even Instagram. And before my smoothie breakfast. Who the fuck cares who leaked the info? What matters is you admit it's true!

SUSAN

Ah. I'll miss that spirit, Heidi. It really gave our show edge. For what it's worth, I planned to call you soon. After Sun Salutation, anyway.

Drained, Heidi collapses in the chair.

SUSAN

Darling, don't take it to heart. It's just business. Per your contract, we're offering a generous bronze - if not golden - parachute...

HEIDI

(wrinkles her nose)  
A golden what? Disgusting!

SUSAN

Honey, that's parachute. Business speak for severance package.

HEIDI

Meaning?

SUSAN

Money as we say goodbye.

Heidi sniffles - the first warning shot of an ugly cry. Susan reaches across her desk with tissues.

SUSAN  
Try one. They're organic  
eucalyptus.

Heidi bawls. Mascara runs. Susan recoils.

And peeks over Heidi's shoulder towards the doorway.

The security guard limps away, held up by a scratched-up Man Bun. Betty lingers; hovering like a bee on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Susan mouths to her: "Coffee and Valium - NOW!" Betty obeys and scuttles off.

Leaving Susan to focus on distraught Heidi. Her mascara's streaking: not a good look.

SUSAN  
Heidi dear, you've got a makeup  
malfunction...

Susan gestures. Heidi gasps.

SUSAN  
Though I pinky swear, once we're  
finished here -

HEIDI  
"Finished"? Never!

SUSAN  
I'll call wardrobe to touch that  
up, pro bono. The paparazzi should  
never see you in *that* state...

She nudges paperwork on the desk towards Heidi.

SUSAN  
Not to be abrupt. But as long as  
you're here, perhaps it's best you  
sign -

HEIDI  
Why are you cutting me from the  
show?!?

Susan blinks, surprised by the direct question.

SUSAN  
Because of your entrepreneurial  
success, of course.

HEIDI

My what?

SUSAN

Your clothing brand at Macy's. The new perfume. The makeup line you debuted.

Susan squints at Heidi's deteriorating makeup.

SUSAN

Speaking of. You should probably add some waterproof options to that inventory.

HEIDI

You... you're firing me because I'm doing well!?

SUSAN

Oh honey, that's too simplistic! It's just your... image has changed so much it's no longer synergistic for the show. No longer are you a "Dirty Debutante". Now you're an empowered Career Woman. That look just doesn't match - well - *Debutante's* holistic vibe.

Heidi deflates, and curls up into a fetal ball on the chair. A sad look for anyone. In mini skirt and high heels: pure despair.

HEIDI

Why can't I be both?

SUSAN

In a perfect world? Honey, of course you could. But in reality - and reality shows particularly - the answer's a firm no.

She hands over a second tissue.

SUSAN

If it makes you any feel better, it's not *just* your success that's forced this executive decision now. Honey-bunch, you've simply grown beyond the scope of what *Dirty Debutant* sells. DD's Raison D'Etre...



HEIDI

Raisons Extra? You want me to sell cereal?

SUSAN

Pumpkin, Raison D'etre is French for what makes us get up in the morning, even after you've partied 'til 3AM. What inspires us to shake off the hangover and drive to work through a traffic jam. You of all people know best our show celebrates being famous for BEING FAMOUS. So when you break the mold and become famous for something else... Let's face it. The meta message gets - er - lost.

Heidi blinks, not following Susan's train of thought. One can almost see the gears grinding in her head. Ears spewing metaphorical smoke.

HEIDI

You - don't want me to be famous for anything specific. Then - what if all my businesses fail? I mean, it's not like it'd be a big surprise. Except for Kim Kardashian, not everyone can stay viral in fashion more than one year!

SUSAN

(sighs)

H-dawg, I beg you - don't. That would be a useless sacrifice. Because you'd still be famous for initial business success, even if you lose it all. If fact, that's an even more indelible legacy... which makes our conundrum worse.

HEIDI

Condom wha?

SUSAN

Never mind. The point is, you've had your fifteen minutes. It's past time for you to fold those cards.

HEIDI

Fifteen minutes - that's all?

SUSAN  
According to Andy Warhol? Yes.

HEIDI  
Who cares what that troll dude  
thinks? Susan, wait!

Heidi holds up meticulously detailed nails; "stop."

HEIDI  
What if... I say something  
politically whack to get the  
spotlight back? You know: like  
Roseanne or Gwyneth Paltrow?

SUSAN  
Those two are complete opposites.  
And what's Paltrow famous for,  
other than selling Goop and Ceramic  
Eggs to tone her vaj?

HEIDI  
She's famous for anti-vaccine  
activism, too! I could be the next  
spokesmodel. For I don't know,  
polio perhaps?

SUSAN  
Sorry, Heidi. Been there, done  
that. Ultimately, it doesn't matter  
what you do. Fame for something  
other than fame itself invokes  
Pandora's Box. Once it's opened, it  
can't be re-toned with a Ceramic  
Egg. No matter how hard you  
squeeze. Or superglued.

Susan nudges the Severance Agreement closer to Heidi.

SUSAN  
Time to face the inevitable. Heidi,  
you're a fragile little  
butterfly...

HEIDI  
Me? You're fucking joking, right?!?

SUSAN  
That's burst her famous-for-being-  
famous cocoon. As much as you might  
wish it true, you can't simply  
regress back into a pupa. Best to  
spread your wings, and just... move  
on.

The two lock eyes over the paperwork.

HEIDI

Can I think about it?

SUSAN

Of course. There'll be a one-month honeymoon phase. In that time, if both of us decide to... well, reconsider our breakup, we can shred this and pretend it never happened. Rendering this whole tragic day null and void!

Susan stands, and strides towards the exit.

SUSAN

No pressure. Take the contract, and the day to think it over. Now, if you'll excuse me - I have a Pilates class to catch!

Heidi watches Susan exit.

Just as: Betty returns with coffee and valium. Heidi grabs and gulps both down.

Betty watches, sad empathy in her eyes.

BETTY

She cut you loose, didn't she?

HEIDI

Were you listening at the door?

BETTY

No, I'd never! But you're not the first celebrity Susan's "parted ways with."

She blinks at Heidi through thick glasses.

BETTY

Remember *Burbank Bachelors*? And Jim - that guy with the rad face tattoo and yummy abs?

HEIDI

You kidding? Jim's the one who made me realize reality TV's where it's at?

BETTY

Well, after the third season...

HEIDI

Jim disappeared. Yeah. And *People Magazine* didn't even explain why.

BETTY

Truth is, Jimbo got hired on a morning talk Show. Susan told the board he "over saturated" the market. She wrote him off the show, same day.

HEIDI

(sighs)

I guess I should be grateful to have enjoyed the spotlight for awhile.

BETTY

I wouldn't wanna be famous. But - I'm sure it beats ordering soy espressos with hazelnut spice for Susan every morning. Then going home to a studio apartment to feed your hamsters and stream Netflix.

HEIDI

You own hamsters?

BETTY

Two. Chip and Dale.

HEIDI

Gee, that's - uh - interesting.

BETTY

Don't get me wrong, they're both nummy yummy cutie pies. But I wish I had the money to reach for something... well, more in life.

HEIDI

(sighs)

\*I\* wish I could find a way to go back to "nothing". Then *Debutantes* would start a bidding war to get me back! But it's probably useless. I don't know *how* to not be famous anymore.

They regard each other cynically: "has been" to "never was".

Then: inspiration sparks in Heidi's eyes.

HEIDI  
If Susan's so into "meta" -

BETTY  
No joke. That's her entire thing!

HEIDI  
What if... I take the logical next  
step, and create a brand new  
industry?

BETTY  
What are you getting at, Heidi? I  
mean, Ms. Lamour?

HEIDI  
Oh, call me Heidi. It's not like  
I'm a celebrity... now. Help me out  
here: If I'm really "famous for  
being famous", what if I take that  
to the next level, and become even  
famous-er for being "once-was"?

She eyes Betty, calculating.

HEIDI  
With the honeymoon clause, I've got  
one month to pull this off. But I  
need a real expert. Can you teach  
me to be supernaturally boring?

BETTY  
It's a stretch. But I'll try.

Heidi jumps up, re-energized.

HEIDI  
We'll do it together. You'll be  
Jekyll to my Hyde!

BETTY  
Uh, Hyde was the evil one.

HEIDI  
Awesome!

She eyes Betty closely.

HEIDI  
What'll it be, Betty? Fame and  
fortune? Or 20 more years of being  
Susan's bitch?

BETTY

Ms. Once Famous? It's so a deal!

Betty grins - demonstrating more spirit than she's shown all day. The two strut out triumphant.

Betty hands the Blonde Intern her Starbucks cup.

Locking arms, she and Heidi trot out the door...

FINAL FADEOUT: