

F*STOP

Roberta Degnore

excerpt

....F*STOP (CONT'D)

INT. LOFT/STUDIO - DAY

The elegant Risa enters just as Cyanne gets rid of Miriam.

RISA
Last shoot today and we're famous.

Risa wants to get a look at her prints. Cyanne tries to block what she thinks are her failures.

Risa sees the defiled photo, controls her anger.

RISA (cont'd)
Cyanne, again? Why can't you own your work?

CYANNE
Because you do. And the magazine it's going to be in.

Risa tries to break the mood she's seen plenty of times before. She's playful.

RISA
No artist angst today. Today's the day we've been working for. And you're going to be late, again.

Cyanne kisses her. Risa objects to her lipstick being smeared.

CYANNE
Never. All packed.

RISA
Liar.

INT. LOFT - DAY

Cyanne watches Risa walk away.

RISA
I'm meeting the reviewer, but I'll be at the shoot later.

CYANNE
(to herself)
Shit.

And as soon as Risa leaves...

INT. LOFT/KITCHEN - DAY

Cyanne searches wildly, throws camera equipment into bags, rolls a joint, lights up.

Joint ash drops into a bag, smolders as she continues to grab lenses, camera bodies.

When she discovers a flaming fire in the bag she freaks, grabs one of her prints to crumple over it.

CYANNE
Story of my life.

Rushed, stoned, Cyanne gets her stuff, leaves.

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - DAY

Cyanne jumps from a cab. She hails Miriam, now a working model wearing a vintage gown under a coat. BILLY(20s+) is a super cool photo editor, pissed-off.

CYANNE
Hey.

BILLY
So glad the world stopped spinning
to save the light for you, Cyanne.
Should I tell your girlfriend why
I'll be clocking overtime?

To atone, Cyanne blows joint smoke slowly into his mouth. Miriam holds Cyanne with her eyes.

Billy sets up as she and Miriam flirt, smoke.

At her look, Billy pours out coke on a lens cap, hands it to Cyanne. She and Miriam do lines.

MIRIAM
It's a funny name, Siam? Like the
continent?

CYANNE
No. Cyan, like the color.

BILLY
Or the poison, cyanide.

Billy exchanges the lens cap for a camera he SLAPS into Cyanne's hand. He drills her with a look she ignores.

BILLY (cont'd)

Sorry to interrupt this edition of IQ gone south, but remember Risa, the magazine?

(in Cyanne's ear)

And don't fuck the help, again.

CYANNE

Hey, we all do what we're good at.

Billy turns away, takes Miriam's coat. She is half-naked in a vertically-cut half-dress.

Cyanne eyes her. Billy nudges her to get to work. Cyanne shoots: Miriam's nude side.

BILLY

Let's see, rich girlfriend, big career launch. Let's play how to fuck your life in ten fabulous lessons.

CYANNE

Can't fuck what isn't worth fucking, Billy.

EXT. STREET - DAY

LOUD REVS of MOTORCYCLES (os). BIKERS ride in. Flipping wheelies, making magical moves. STUNTS.

Their headlights brighten to blinding intensity.

EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - DAY

The bikes slide, SCREECH or speed to stops in beautiful moves and confront Cyanne, Billy and Miriam head-on. Engines off. SILENCE.

Headlights go off one by one. [choreographed]

ON THE LEADER

The leader, WILLA(30s) is rare, serious. She removes her helmet slowly, heads toward Cyanne.

Cyanne puts her camera behind her back, where Miriam also heads. Billy steps up.

OTHER BIKERS dismount, approach. Helmets come off...they are all WOMEN. Beautiful, clear-eyed strong, graceful.

WILLA
(to Cyanne)
Who the hell are you?

CYANNE
Got to care enough to find out.

WILLA
You're the one who should know.

Cyanne chokes at smoke blown in her face. The bikers laugh at her. Flasks appear as they take over.

JEAN(20s), like a puppy, and CORNELIA(30s), darkly gorgeous, cut through other bikers who swarm around Miriam.

Cornelia takes a joint, offers it to Miriam, and puts it between her lips herself. Benign competition, a little swagger for Miriam's attention.

Cyanne tries to get to Miriam. They block her.

Cyanne eye-locks Jean, gets on her bike. Jean guides her hands to the starter, throttle. Cyanne REVS the engine, feels the vibrations, gets into the beauty of the bike.

BILLY
Cyanne, deadline.

Cyanne pretends she can't hear him, shares a drink from Jean's flask.

Bikers turn on MUSIC, dance, drink, mess with equipment, toss it around. Good natured chaos.

Billy tries to keep order, gets angry when they play catch with a camera and break it.

BILLY (cont'd)
I'm not responsible, Cyanne.

CYANNE
Good thing I am.

Cyanne flirts with Jean.

ON RISA'S PRADAS moving past biker boots, bike wheels.

Bikers part like the Red Sea for Risa as she heads for Cyanne. Cyanne sees her. Jean cuts the engine. SILENCE.

RISA
What's going on? How many shots,
Cyanne? Billy, film?

BILLY
We got some--

RISA
Some what?

Billy turns away. Risa gets in Cyanne's face.

RISA (cont'd)
I don't believe you did this to me
again. Not this time. Not today.
The magazine, the best gallery in
the city waiting for you...

CYANNE
I'll do it, babe. Nest time.

RISA
This is our dream.

CYANNE
Yours.

RISA
Oh no. You're not putting this on
me again. You just can't ever do
it, can you? Artist? ...right.

CYANNE
Fuck you.

Risa is shattered. She slaps Cyanne, hard. Leaves
Cyanne freaks. Erupts. Goes off into a rage.

CYANNE
(to herself)
Right. Liar. Loser. Never
fucking enough.

Cyanne starts to fling her camera. Billy grabs her arm.
Willa steps in. Drills her with a look.

WILLA
When are you going to try? Open
up.

Willa's gaze leads hers to the bikers. Cyanne scans over the bikers...and her vision changes as she sees and feels their courage.

BIKER VOICES (V.O.)

When I rode, I knew...
 I knew...
 When I crashed and walked away...
 I knew when I wanted to feel...
 I knew what I needed... I knew...
 When I stopped listening to
 everyone...

INSERT

The bikers wear gowns under leather jackets. Cyanne sees each biker revealed like this, choreographed, in slides that SCREECH and SLAM into view-- like JAIL DOORS OPENING.

BACK TO SCENE

Cyanne raises a camera to her eye.

Willa speaks close in Cyanne's ear (MOS).

LENS SHOT OF BIKERS

MARIA(40s) is gowned like the Virgin in the Pieta. She caresses BETTINA(20s) in a gown across her bike.

CYANNE (V.O.)

Jesus.

INSERT

Quick reveal of the Pieta as Cyanne sees it.

BACK TO SCENE

Cyanne freaks at her vision.

Willa moves closer to her ear, talks to her (MOS). Encourages her.

LENS SHOT OF BIKERS

JANET(30s), weighted in blinding jewelry and little else, plays cards for baubles on a gas tank with Jean (gowned) and Cornelia (gowned).

INSERT

Quick reveal of Caravaggio's Cardsharks as Cyanne sees it.

LENS SHOT OF BIKERS

Terry (gowned) dances over bike seats, others vamp.

INSERT

Quick reveal of Lautrec's LaGoulue as Cyanne sees it.

LENS SHOT OF BIKERS

Each biker is explosive, ethereal, piercing-eyed in Cyanne's lens. (No gowns)

BACK TO SCENE

Cyanne works deftly. Billy responds to her new energy, barely keeps up with her need for lenses, reloaded cameras...

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