

Frenemy

*Based on A True Story &
The Lies Told About It*

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A lot of this shit happened.

Most of it is on tape.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - DAY, 2006

An inferno of paparazzi. Cameras flash haphazardly.

Under the strobing lights is LINDSAY LOHAN (20, clearly past her *Mean Girls* glow and desperate for a friend.) She dodges past the crowd to her car.

INTERCUT WITH ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE OF THIS EVENT.

SUPER: HOLLYWOOD, 2006

PAPARAZZI RAT

Hey, Lindsay! You wearing underwear
tonight, Lindsay?

ANOTHER PAPARAZZI

Partying with Paris tonight?

LINDSAY LOHAN

Paris is a cunt.

Gasps. Lindsay casually slides into her BMW. As she stares back at the cameras, a wicked grin overtakes her face.

PAPARAZZI RAT

I'm sorry-- What did you say?

LINDSAY LOHAN

Just kidding!

Lindsay hangs her greasy head out the tinted window.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

I love Paris Hilton!

Paparazzi thrust their hands into the car. Lindsay giggles. Then panic floods over her face.

BITCHY PAPARAZZI

Why's Paris a cunt?

LINDSAY LOHAN

(convincingly)

I never said that.

PAPARAZZI RAT

We got it on tape.

BITCHY PAPARAZZI

Like when you wore the see-through
top to the homeless shelter!

LINDSAY LOHAN

Paris is my friend.

PAPARAZZI RAT

Do you normally show up 5am and
hide in your friends' bushes?

LINDSAY LOHAN

She's my friend. I love her.

BITCHY PAPARAZZI

Sure, Lindsay.

PAPARAZZI RAT

We're your friends, too.

ANOTHER PAPARAZZI

Why won't you smile for your
friends?

PAPARAZZI RAT

Just show us you love us, like you
love Paris!

LINDSAY LOHAN

Paris is my friend. You'll see.

Lindsay drives away. Determination pierces her hangover.

INSERT TITLE CARD: FRENEMY

INT. NICOLE RICHIE'S MANSION - NIGHT, 2004

SUPER: NICOLE RICHIE'S MANSION, TWO YEARS EARLIER

A party. Everything is French-themed: there are balloon
Eiffel towers, macaroons, even drunk socialites wear berets.

Guests head into an elaborate:

MOVIE THEATER

A packed audience watches PARIS HILTON on all fours. A
dirtbag penetrates her in HD. The rich kids snicker.

RICH BITCH

Well, it is a French-themed party.
And that's definitely the most
famous film about Paris.

SLUT SHAMER

Skinny bitch's got a wiiide pussy.

A STILETTO FLYS over their heads and pierces the screen. It hits the dirtbag's groin. Dangles in front of his dick.

All eyes turn to the real PARIS HILTON, (23, the cold, calculated, 2000s style-icon.)

You'd think she's too calm to be the culprit. If she weren't missing a pink Louboutin.

Whispers ripple through the crowd. NICOLE RICHIE (22, the Microsoft to Paris' Apple) stands. The color drains from her face. Paris shoots her a grin.

PARIS HILTON

Nicki! I was wondering why I didn't get an invite to your big party.

NICOLE RICHIE

It's...not a big party.

PARIS HILTON

Well, thought it'd be empty. Who'd show up to your shitty condo unless I was there?

This house could make Gatsby feel poor.

NICOLE RICHIE

Wait--

PARIS HILTON

As usual, everyone came to see me.

NICOLE RICHIE

Paris, come back--

Paris storms out to the:

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The pool is lined with gold and littered with alcohol. Rich skanks give each other head under cabanas.

Nicole chases Paris outside.

NICOLE RICHIE
(saccharine)

I just didn't think you'd mind! Who makes a sex tape for no one to see?

PARIS HILTON
I didn't make it.

NICOLE RICHIE
Don't be humble. The title "One Night in Paris?" Brilliant. You're the only one smart enough to come up with something so on-brand.

PARIS HILTON
We're the same brand, Nicki.

NICOLE RICHIE
No, you're waaaay more famous now.
You don't even need me.

Realization strikes Paris.

PARIS HILTON
That's why you did this.

NICOLE RICHIE
What?

PARIS HILTON
You want me to kick you off *The Simple Life*, don't you?

NICOLE RICHIE
I would never--

PARIS HILTON
Why? So you can play a hooker on CSI, maybe - if you're lucky - overdose on SVU?

NICOLE RICHIE
OMG, it was just a joke, Paris.

Paris grabs a cocktail off a ledge and gulps it.

PARIS HILTON
Why didn't you just ask? You're my friend.

NICOLE RICHIE
(rolling her eyes)
Friend? You only have pets!

On cue, Paris' Chihuahua, TINKERBELL, pops out of her Hermes purse and Laps up booze.

NICOLE RICHIE (CONT'D)
And, your pets...look at that
thing, it's a fucking accessory!

PARIS HILTON
Tinkerbell is a her, not an it.

NICOLE RICHIE
It's greasier than a slice of pizza
before someone dabs it with a
napkin.

Paris is VERY insulted.

PARIS HILTON
Well it's a good thing I don't need
to be your friend to play her on
TV. Unlike you, I actually can act.

NICOLE RICHIE
Then act like you don't know me.

PARIS HILTON
Nicki--

NICOLE RICHIE
I'm really sorry, Paris. I just
don't hang out with sluts.

Tinkerbell vomits on Nicole, who screeches.

NICOLE RICHIE (CONT'D)
My Juicy velour!

PARIS HILTON
You were going to get vomit on it
anyway, Nicki. Next time, I won't
be there to hold your hair back.

She throws her glass into the pool and marches away.

NICOLE RICHIE
Where are you going?

PARIS HILTON
To recast you, bulimia for brains.

EXT. CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT, 2004

Lindsay (now, 17 and perfectly PG) finishes up a red carpet interview. She glows in a knee-length dress and pearls.

LINDSAY LOHAN

I am so happy being able to play roles for people my age. Once you do something really mature there is no turning back. I'm just glad to be I'm so close with the rest of the cast...

Behind her are the posters for 2004's MEAN GIRLS plus RACHEL McADAMS and AMANDA SEYFRIED, who no one cares about. Gosh, why did they even get their names capitalized?

RACHEL MCADAMS

(whispering)

I'm just glad Lindsay's people were freaked that playing the "mean girl" would screw her reputation.

AMANDA SEYFRIED

Isn't that Mommy and Daddy's job?

They snicker. Lindsay overhears. She speed-walks to a HANDLER, embarrassed.

LINDSAY LOHAN

I'm ready, if that's okay.

HANDLER

Of course, Ms. Lohan.

The HANDLER walks her to a row of roped off seats.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

I hope this is enough for all of your friends!

LINDSAY LOHAN

My mom's only 5 minutes away!

Lindsay grimaces.

MATCH CUT TO:

Lindsay grimaces on-screen. The audience is half-way through MEAN GIRLS.

GRETCHEN WEINERS
(onscreen)
Make sure you check out her mom's
boob job. They're hard as rocks.

The real Lindsay sits in an aisle of empty seats. Her real eyes dart around the room, ashamed.

Lacey Chabert (who plays Gretchen) mouths every line. The guy who played hottie Aaron Samuels is getting handsy with Damion, who played the fat gay kid with the pink shirt.

Alone, Lindsay holds back tears.

I/E. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Surrounded by bodyguards, Paris ugly-cries. Her DRIVER lowers the partition.

DRIVER
Do you need anything, Ms. Hilton?

PARIS HILTON
My best friend not to be a
backstabbing bitch!

DRIVER
Um...anything else?

PARIS HILTON
For you to fucking drive, Derek.

The partition shoots up. Tinkerbell licks the heiress' tears. Paris cradles the pup as she snorts cocaine.

INT. BATHROOM, CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

Lindsay walks in. Inside, a BRUNETTE snorts also cocaine.

BRUNETTE
OMG! You're like, I-- Freaky Friday
fixed my relationship with my mom!

LINDSAY
Wow! That's amazing.

Lindsay pulls out her pink razor phone. There's a text from **Wilmer <3**. She calls him.

BRUNETTE
OMG! I'm so rude. You want a line?

Lindsay politely shakes her head no.

WILMER VALDERRAMA (V.O.)
Hey Lindz.

LINDSAY
Hey baby...

She shuffles into a stall.

I/E. CAR - NIGHT

Lindsay's boyfriend WILMER VALDERRAMA (24, the foreign exchange student from THAT 70S SHOW) ALSO snorts cocaine. He speaks in a breathy Venezuelan accent.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

WILMER VALDERRAMA
When are you coming home, babe?

LINDSAY
I don't know how long the premiere will be. Your ticket's in the glove box, in case you change your mind--

WILMER VALDERRAMA
I'm not into chick flicks.

LINDSAY
Totally, I get that.

WILMER VALDERRAMA
I can't stop thinking about you.

LINDSAY
Well, just come here and I will--

WILMER VALDERRAMA
You come here.

LINDSAY
What?

WILMER VALDERRAMA
You're on the phone during the movie. It clearly bombed. Ashlee keeps texting me--

LINDSAY
You said you hated the Simpsons.

WILMER VALDERRAMA

I meant the show. I'm giving up a lot for you Linz. You can't spend an evening with me?

LINDSAY

...See you soon.

She leaves the stall. The brunette gives her a pitying look.

EXT. LOBBY, CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT, 2004

Lindsay leaves the bathroom. Movie's over. It's a smash.

AUDIENCE MEMBER ONE
We wear pink on Wednesdays!

AUDIENCE MEMBER TWO
That's so fetch!

Reporters crowd Rachel, who stands beside her glowing mom.

RACHEL MCADAMS
I'm just so glad to have such a supportive family that came out--

This sight stabs Lindsay. She ducks through the theater. Opens up a side door to the:

EXT. RED CARPET, CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

Devoted fans wait outside. The second the crowd spots Lindsay, they hurl into a frenzy.

Relieved Lindsay signs autographs. Crazed fans at grab her hair, hands, dress, anything they can.

I/E. PARIS' LIMO - NIGHT

Paris drives by the red carpet. The car slows in traffic.

PARIS HILTON
What's taking so long?

She pulls down her window. Spots Lindsay in the clutches of rabid fans.

LINDSAY
Guys, not all at once!
(fans yank her hair)
OW! Thank you--

The out of control admirers have all the control. Fans trample down the protective guards and invade the red carpet.

Watching how easily Lindsay is bossed around, a twinkle swells in Paris' heavily made-up eye.

EXT. RED CARPET, CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

Paris' bodyguards charge through the crowd. One snatches Lindsay. He carries her to a LIMO at the curb.

Tinkerbell trots on the ground. Another armed guard picks up her shits with a Louis Vuitton pooper-scooper.

Paris rolls down her window.

Lindsay's POV: *A manicured finger beckons her to the car.*

I/E. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT, 2004

Lindsay gets in. Paris extends a hand to her.

PARIS HILTON
I'm Paris--

LINDSAY
I know who you are.

The car speeds away.

INT. PARIS' PATIO - DAY, 2020

SUPER: PRESENT DAY
Title Card: Paris Hilton, Reality Star & Actress.

Paris (now 38, with her face, wardrobe, and attitude frozen in 2004) sits for an interview around her elaborately groomed dogs. She knows her angles perfectly.

PARIS HILTON
It was my mistake. Not even Oprah could save Lindsay Lohan.

CUT TO:

OPRAH, ON HER JET, SHRUGS AND EATS HER LOBSTER.

INT. STUDIO - DAY, 2020

Lindsay (now 33, puffy and desperate to look put-together) also sits for an interview.

LINDSAY LOHAN

I wish I watched the movie. Then I would've recognized Regina George's backseat.

Title card: Lindsay Lohan, Actress & Reality Star.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

I figured Paris could be like a big sister who taught me how to party. But I already had one. My mom.

I/E. HOOTERS - DAY, 2020

Oh yes, we're interviewing DINA LOHAN (56, Long Island trash who starts fights in Bagel Boss.) She eats wings.

DINA

Are ya guys doing title cards? Mine's gotta say Former Radio City Rockette. I was a person before I was Lindsay Lohan's mother.

Title Card: Dina Lohan, Lindsay Lohan's Mother.

INT. ROCKETTES' PRACTICE STUDIO - DAY

A clean cut, ultra-twink DANCE COACH looks to camera.
Title Card: Baruch Witter, Radio City Spokesperson

DANCE COACH

The Radio City Rockettes have no record of a Donata Melina Nicolette Lohan.

I/E. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT, 2004

SUPER: HOLLYWOOD, 2004

LINDSAY LOHAN

Oh my god. You're-- why are you here?

PARIS HILTON

I was asking myself that. That's why we're leaving.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Wait, can you make a stop? My
boyfriend is at the--

PARIS HILTON

I'm not picking up the old dude
from That 70s Show.

LINDSAY LOHAN

He's only 24.

Paris hands Lindsay a drink.

PARIS HILTON

You legal?

LINDSAY LOHAN

(turning it down)

17.

PARIS HILTON

Look at you, Disney kid. I remember
when Britney was like that.

LINDSAY LOHAN

You know Britney Spears?!

PARIS HILTON

Who doesn't know Britney Spears?

LINDSAY LOHAN

No-- I mean-- Are you guys friends?

PARIS HILTON

(defensive)

Um, are you kidding? Of course! How
could I not be? I thought you knew
who I was.

LINDSAY LOHAN

That's so cool!

PARIS HILTON

No, that's hot.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Who else are you friends with?

EXT. PARIS HILTON'S MANSION - NIGHT

KIM KARDASHIAN (23, with significantly less plastic surgeries
and followers) carries shoe boxes to the limo.

Lindsay gets out. A Gatsby-level party is raging.

KIM KARDASHIAN

Paris, you didn't tell me you were going out! I totally would've came to make sure the Olsens weren't--

PARIS HILTON

Shoes.

Paris extends her feet (she's still missing a stiletto from the screening.) Kim gets on her knees and changes Paris' heels like a handmaid.

KIM KARDASHIAN

Those were your, uh, Manolos, right? I can call Jerry to go--

PARIS HILTON

No.

KIM KARDASHIAN

You're right. We can't trust Jerry. I can go to the party and get them myself, so they're in the hands of someone you trust, because everyone knows you trust me.

PARIS HILTON

I need a car at Wilmer Diorama's--

LINDSAY

Valderrama--

PARIS HILTON

--house. Bring him here.

(to Lindsay)

Happy?

Lindsay nods in shock.

KIM KARDASHIAN

That's hot.

PARIS HILTON

What did I say?

KIM KARDASHIAN

Sorry. That's cool.

There's a moment of silence. Kim rushes back into the house. Lindsay stares at her enormous butt.

PARIS HILTON

I asked my contractor to make my
doorways smaller so her fat ass
can't fit through.

INT. PARIS' BACKYARD - NIGHT

Paris leads Lindsay through the real life Barbie dream house. An Olympic-size pool overlooks the beach. Teen queens in low-cut jeans and graphic tank-tops crowd the patio.

They pass by ASHLEE SIMPSON (21, emo for a rich pop star), who fixes the eyeliner on Fall Out Boy's PETE WENTZ (27, every scene kid's crush.)

PARIS HILTON

You know Ashlee, right?

Lindsay nods, tense.

ASHLEE SIMPSON

Paris, we're so hungry.

PETE WENTZ

We have hunger. Can you hear it?

He puts his ear to Ashlee's stomach.

ASHLEE SIMPSON

I want to be hearing Toxic. You
said Britney was coming!

PARIS HILTON

She said she was coming.

PETE WENTZ

Aren't we all coming and going or
going to be coming?

ASHLEE SIMPSON

We're gonna dip.

PETE WENTZ

Heh. Cumming.

PARIS HILTON

Wait one second. It'll be so hot.
(to Lindsay)
Tell Kim we want Pizza.

Kim appears practically out of the bushes.

KIM KARDASHIAN

I already called it, Paris. I'm
always thinking about you, Paris.
You know, Paris?

Lindsay shifts her weight, uncomfortable. Paris rolls her eyes. Suddenly, a gust of wind hits them.

PETE WENTZ

MY BANGS!

A HELICOPTER flies in and airdrops pizza on parachutes. The crowd chases the goods like kids after a broken piñata.

Lindsay holds back with Kim.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Hey Kim, what's the deal with Paris
and Britney?

KIM KARDASHIAN

Paris really needs a BFF and she
really wants it to be Britney.

LINDSAY LOHAN

It doesn't sound like Britney is
all that reliable a friend.

KIM KARDASHIAN

You don't have to be when you're a
superstar.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Isn't Paris one?

KIM KARDASHIAN

Well, Paris is famous.

LINDSAY LOHAN

There's a difference?

KIM KARDASHIAN

Cause Britney's a star, she can
fuck up without being a fuck-up...I
guess Paris is like that. Sort of.
But not really.

LINDSAY LOHAN

What are you talking about?

KIM KARDASHIAN

She's famous because she fucked up.

Jolted by Kim's assessment, Lindsay heads back to Paris.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Thank you so much for saving me.

Paris taps haphazardly on her Blackberry.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)
I don't know what I'd have done
without you!

PARIS HILTON
Shhh...I gotta get a hold of
Britney.

Paris calls. She's sent to voicemail. She calls again,
helpless. Desperate. Consumed.

Ignored, Lindsay goes into a silent panic.

LINDSAY LOHAN
You want me to get you some pizza?

PARIS HILTON
Do I look like I eat pizza?

Lindsay grabs Paris' phone.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
Do you have a death wish?

LINDSAY LOHAN
You aren't going to get Britney's
attention this way.

Paris snatches back her Blackberry.

PARIS HILTON
Shut up. You don't know her.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Of course I know her. I am her. You
said it yourself.

Paris looks up.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)
I'm a traumatized Disney star cut
from the same sequin cloth.

PARIS HILTON
Yeah right.

LINDSAY
Right? With Disney, you're never
right.

(MORE)

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
Mickey Mouse wouldn't let me get a
cat because I'm "a hamster person!"

PARIS HILTON
Britney went through that?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Worse, I'm sure.

PARIS HILTON
Okay.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Okay?

PARIS HILTON
Spill. What do I need to know?

Lindsay glows.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Brit never chose her clothes
growing up. The thought of getting
dressed alone probably gives her
the runs.

PARIS HILTON
Do you dress yourself?

LINDSAY LOHAN
You think I picked this out?

Paris takes in Lindsay's dress. It's so sweet...the last
thing a horny 17-year-old starlet wants to look like.

PARIS HILTON
Perfect. I'll get her the best
stylist in North America!

LINDSAY LOHAN
What? No. You're Paris Hilton.
Everyone wants to be styled by you.

Paris likes hearing this.

PARIS HILTON
You hear that Nicole?

LINDSAY LOHAN
My god, is she here too?!

PARIS HILTON

No. She's never coming here again.
Unless she sneaks in with the dogs.
Think Britney likes dogs?

LINDSAY LOHAN

I dunno. Dogs are a luxury. Like
vacations. Halloween, Christmas,
Amusement Parks, camping...that's
for unemployed kids.

PARIS HILTON

Wait, you've never been camping?

LINDSAY LOHAN

I've been on 9-5 since I was three.

PARIS HILTON

If I'm going to be seen with you,
you need to be able to act normal.

(calling out to the pilot)
Ravi, how much gas is left?

EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - DAWN

In a helicopter, Lindsay and Paris fly through the trees.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Rustic nature views are in every direction. Lindsay sits with
a live BABY BEAR crawling in her lap.

Paris roasts a marshmallow in the fire place.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Look, you don't need to make up for
my non-existent childhood.

PARIS HILTON

No, your parents do. What do they
do, anyway?

LINDSAY LOHAN

Well, my dad's in finance.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Lindsay's dad, MICHAEL LOHAN (40, douchebag) masturbates to a Calvin Klein ad. His CELL MATE peers over.

Title Card: Michael Lohan, Lindsay's (Alleged) Father

CELL MATE
Isn't that your daughter?

MICHAEL LOHAN
I'm looking at the other one!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

PARIS HILTON
So, are you like your Dad? Break
any laws lately?

LINDSAY LOHAN
...Well, not...lately.

PARIS HILTON
I knew you were no Britney. She
snorts her coffee because it takes
less time than drinking it.

Paris loses interest. She turns on the TV. Lindsay squirms,
desperate to keep Paris interested.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Well, actually...I broke into a
sound stage once after hours with
this producer--

PARIS HILTON
KINKY! What did he look like?

INT. STUDIO - DAY, 2020

Lindsay's eyes are bloodshot.

LINDSAY LOHAN
He wasn't cute but he told me I was
and that was enough.

INTERVIEWER
What did you guys do?

LINDSAY LOHAN

Listen, Vice ranked every famous
dick I've sucked. This didn't even
make the list.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Is that what happened?

LINDSAY LOHAN

No. I-- I didn't-- It was my first
time.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

How old were you?

LINDSAY LOHAN

13.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

How about him?

Lindsay sips her water.

LINDSAY LOHAN

What am I supposed to say? Some old
rich guy did something shitty to me
and it's fucked me up for life?
Congrats, you've met an actress.

BACK TO THE CABIN:

PARIS HILTON

That's not funny, Lindsay.

LINDSAY LOHAN

It's not like it was rape or
anything.

PARIS HILTON

That's almost worse.

LINDSAY LOHAN

What?

PARIS HILTON

Not worse, but, like, there's no
word for it-- Sometimes I wish that
stuff had a gross name like rape.
That way people would know how
fucked up it is.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Paris can we--

PARIS HILTON

You know what happens instead?
Everyone blames you for "letting
some asshole take advantage of you"
like you were supposed to fucking
know! And then...and *THEN*--

Paris catches her breath. A baby bear swats at Tinkerbell.
She growls back. The bear scuttles away.

LINDSAY LOHAN

...I've never seen the sex tape.

PARIS HILTON

Quit sucking up.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Paris--

PARIS HILTON

I don't like liars.

LINDSAY LOHAN

I don't lie to my friends.

The air is tender.

PARIS HILTON

(wiping her mascara)

Well, you also don't make a sex
tape for nobody to see, right?

LINDSAY LOHAN

I'm nobody.

PARIS HILTON

No...You're not nobody anymore. Not
with me.

(looking at a clock)

Shit, we're late!

LINDSAY LOHAN

For what?

PARIS HILTON

Your bat mitzvah.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - NIGHT

The cast of *Fiddler on the Roof* does an elaborate dance
routine at the entrance of the temple. A bald, irritated old
man sits at the podium by the Torah.

Paris hands Lindsay a prayer book.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Is that Larry David?

PARIS HILTON
Adam Sandler was on set in Hawaii.

LINDSAY
Paris, I'm not Jewish.

PARIS HILTON
Aren't you from New York?

The two are lifted onto chairs, encircled by the hora.
Everyone raises glasses.

CUT TO MONTAGE:

- GLASSES RAISED AS LINDSAY AND PARIS PARTY ACROSS TOWN
- THEY DANCE ON A YACHT
- THEY DRINK ON A PRIVATE PLANE
- THEY CRY IN A CLUB
- THEY VOMIT IN A VIP SECTION, EACH HOLDING EACH OTHER'S HAIR

LINDSAY LOHAN
(sobbing and puking)
Paris, you're the best friend I've
ever had!

INT. PARIS HILTON'S MANSION - NIGHT

Lindsay lays her head in Paris' lap. Tinkerbell sleeps in
hers. She's on the phone with Wilmer.

LINDSAY LOHAN
I'm sorry, Wilmer-- I told you we
were having a girl's night.

WILMER VALDERRAMA (O.S.)
Well, I love girls.

Lindsay gets another call from her AGENT. She hesitates.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Baby, I need you to hang up.

WILMER VALDERRAMA (O.S.)
Why?

LINDSAY LOHAN

Because you told me that it's
disrespectful to your manhood when
I hang up first.

WILMER VALDERRAMA (O.S.)

No, I said that *Ashlee* wouldn't
disrespect my manhood by--

Paris grabs the phone, hangs up on him, and answers the call.

PARIS HILTON

Have fun at the senior citizen
home!

LINDSAY LOHAN

Paris!

PARIS HILTON

(taking the call)

Yeah, she's right here!

Lindsay takes her hot pink razor.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Hello?

AGENT (O.S.)

Your co-star Meryl Streep's gonna
need more enthusiasm.

LINDSAY LOHAN

What? WHAT!

AGENT (O.S.)

Rob Altman called. You're his Lola!

Looking at her phone, Paris SQUEALS.

AGENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

How could he not cast you? You're
on the cover of the New York Post
every three days. Whatever you do,
keep doing it in public and as
drunk as possible, you hear me?

The call ends. Lindsay presses the phone to her chest, in
bliss. Paris is beaming.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Can you believe it?

PARIS HILTON

No, I can't.

She holds up HER phone. On it is a text from Britney--
Hey bitch. Need help picking a dress 4 Grammys. U down?

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
You, Lindsay Lohan, are a fucking
genius. Britney hasn't picked out a
dress since she was seven, just
like you said.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Oh...that's amazing, Paris. I'm so
happy for you.

PARIS HILTON
Me too!

LINDSAY LOHAN
I'll miss you so much when I'm
shooting in Atlanta--

PARIS HILTON
OMG, what if we wear matching
snakeskin? US Weekly will--

EXT. ATLANTA - NIGHT

Hot, sweaty, ready to snatch off your wig if you try
something. Georgia.

INT. LINDSAY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Lindsay paces in a cowboy hat as Dina sips spiked sweet tea.

DINA
Lemme fix ya a drink to calm down.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Mom, I don't need a drink. I need a
break. It's been months since I've
seen someone my age and if I have
to learn another script I'll--

DINA LOHAN
If ya don't want the part, I'll
call Fox.

LINDSAY LOHAN
You're kidding.

DINA LOHAN
Of course not. There's nothing I
won't do for ya, Linz.

LINDSAY LOHAN
OMG, thank you so much mom--

DINA LOHAN
I've already given up my career,
not just an ordinary one, but as a
Radio City Hall Rockette. I've
neglected my husband and other
children, who don't even know who I
am. So, what's another 7 million
dollars?

LINDSAY LOHAN
(pleading)
Mama...I love you.

DINA LOHAN
I love ya, too. Would I give ya all
this attention if I didn't?

LINDSAY LOHAN
...I need some alone time to
rehearse.

DINA LOHAN
(calling out)
TOMMY! Whatever my baby needs, ya
get.

TOMMY (21, and the only assistant fucked up enough for this gig) stands at attention as Dina leaves.

INT. REHAB - NIGHT

Tommy (33, and in recovery) sits on his hospital-like bed.
TITLE: Tommy Verdes, Lindsay Lohan's Former Assistant

TOMMY
I did everything I could to keep
her sober.

INT. LINDSAY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Tommy lays out a line for Lindsay, who lays out her scripts.

LINDSAY LOHAN
You really think this will work?

TOMMY
Bitch, with enough of this, you'll
memorize scripts that haven't even
been written yet.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Trust me, this part isn't even
written. I've done Disney Channel
originals with more mature themes.

She hovers over the cocaine. Could she really?

TOMMY

Paris does it all the time.

Lindsay snorts.

INT. KITCHEN, MERYL STREEP'S COTTAGE - DAY, 2020

MERYL STREEP (70, flawless) sits proudly. Her cocker spaniel
uses an old Oscar as a chew toy.

Title: Meryl Streep, Messiah

MERYL STREEP

Lindsay Lohan is a professional.

Subtitle: Meryl really fucking said this.

Meryl looks to camera, lifts her eyebrows and nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILD WEST SET - NIGHT, 2005

Meryl is in full Western garb and perfectly lit. The crew
scrambles, searching for Lindsay.

Title: Prairie Home Companion Set, 2005

MERYL STREEP (V.O.)

When they say, "Action!" Lindsay is
completely, visibly living in front
of the camera.

Subtitle: And this too.

INT. LINDSAY'S TRAILER - DAY, 2005

Lindsay lies limp on the ground. Blood rushes from her
nostrils. She's possessed by an overdose.

MERYL STREEP (V.O.)

She's in command of the art form.
She is a terrific actress.

SUBTITLE: Hell, even this.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Michael Lohan stumbles outside. He's on the phone. He's not sober. Not even fucking close.

Title: Long Island, New York, 2005

MICHAEL LOHAN
Which assistant drugged my baby up?

He rushes to his car and pulls a gun out of the glovebox.

MICHAEL LOHAN (CONT'D)
Which gay one?

I/E. MICHAEL LOHAN'S VOLVO - NIGHT

Michael speeds with the gun in his lap.

His car sways off the road and into a telephone pole. CRASH!
It slams on the Volvo as Michael stumbles out.

The downed power lines spark flames.

Two other poles topple like dominos.

SIRENS BLEED INTO:

INT. ATLANTA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lindsay recovers in bed. There are no cards or signs of visitors. Her face is puffy from crying.

YAP! YAP! Like a tiny deity, Tinkerbell appears. Paris appears in like Jesus with a really great nose job.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Paris?

PARIS HILTON
This is what you get for trying
blow without me.

Lindsay laughs hysterically, but her giggles slide into sobs. Paris climbs into the hospital bed.

LINDSAY LOHAN
I can't believe you came.

PARIS HILTON
It's what friends do.

Lindsay falls into Paris' arms. They're not just friends. They're family.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Police drag Michael Lohan into jail. As he goes inside we hear Lindsay's voicemails.

REPORTER (VOICEMAIL)

Hi, Maya from TMZ. We've received confirmation that Lindsay's father is suing her for \$3 million in alimony. We'd like to give her a chance to comment before--

I/E. YACHT - DAY

Lindsay sobs on Paris' yacht. Paris pours her a glass (not even a shot) of vodka, which she downs.

Paris gets drunk Lindsay to skinny-dip.

Back at the pier, trashed Lindsay climbs out of the boat. PAPARAZZI snap photos of her crotch. *Where's her undies?*

REPORTER (VOICEMAIL)

We're running a story on Lindsay's newest panties mishap--

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

Britney is in her underwear. Paris presents her with a denim miniskirt and Von Dutch cap (couture for 2005.)

REPORTER (VOICEMAIL)

Can you confirm that Britney Spears is now in a relationship with her back-up dancer?

Britney ignores Paris. Instead she flirts with her new boyfriend **KEVIN FEDERLINE** (30, white trash, durag-included.)

Paris tries to get Britney's attention. Kevin blows raspberries on her exposed belly button.

INT. DRESSING ROOM, SNL - NIGHT

Paris and Dina toast in Lindsay's dressing room. Linz looks over her monologue.

AGENT (VOICEMAIL)

Lindsay, SNL tonight is an audition
for your next movie and we want
there to be a next movie--

When it's time to go on stage, Dina is passed out cold.

Paris gives Lindsay a hug. Fixes her hair. Pushes up her
boobs. Sends her off to perform.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

After the show, Dina dances in a stripper cage. She motions
for Lindsay to join in. Wilmer dances too closely to Paris.
Grope her non-existent ass.

WILMER VALDERRAMA (VOICEMAIL)

All I was saying is that I think a
threesome would bring us closer
together...

To get away from Wilmer, Paris dances up on:

**Title: STAVROS NIARCHOS (20s, the preppy asshole grandson of
a Greek shipping tycoon.)**

They make out. Meanwhile, one of Dina's breasts falls out of
her shirt. Lindsay tries to help Dina, who shoves her. Hard.

Everyone stares. Then sneers.

Holding back tears, Lindsay downs every drink she can find.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Lindsay shows up to set. She's obviously beyond late.
Producers scowl.

PRODUCER (VOICEMAIL)

Since the commencement of principal
photography of Georgia Rule, you've
failed to arrive on time to set.

However, JANE FONDA and FELICITY HUFFMAN, who are ready to
go, look at Lindsay with kind eyes.

EXT. PROTEST - DAY, 2020

JANE FONDA (now, 81 and mid-protest) talks to camera while
getting arrested.

Title: Jane Fonda, Lindsay's GEORGIA RULE Co-Star

JANE FONDA
When Lindsay was there, she was
fully there.

She gives a cop the finger.

JANE FONDA (CONT'D)
She draws on her emotions like no
actress I've ever seen.

Subtitle: This is a real quote.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY, 2020

FELICITY HUFFMAN (56, grim) gets her mushy prison lunch in
her fresh yellow jumpsuit.

Title: Felicity Huffman, Another Co-Star

FELICITY HUFFMAN
I think she's phenomenally
talented. She's fantastic in the
movie, and she's a complete delight
to be with. So I love her.

INT. LINDSAY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT, 2006

Lindsay sits on the toilet and listens to her voicemail.
She's dressed for the red carpet.

AGENT (VOICEMAIL)
Sorry, Lindz. It's just not about
talent.

She takes a swig of a vodka bottle.

AGENT (VOICEMAIL) (CONT'D)
Georgia Rule and Just My Luck just
didn't do well enough for
Universal. They're going with
Hilary Du--

Lindsay cuts off the message. She calls her mom. No answer.
She calls Paris. None either.

She looks hard in the mirror. Tries to fix up her smeared
makeup. Pins back a few of her stray hairs.

Then, Lindsay PULLS OFF HER PANTIES.

She gags a little in the sink.

EXT. RED CARPET - NIGHT

Lindsay clumsily gets out of her limo backseat. Everyone can see her bare crotch.

The paparazzi squeal and shower her in photographs.

Lindsay inhales the attention like a line of cocaine. She blows her friends a kiss.

INT. WEALTHY HILLBILLY HOUSE - NIGHT

Britney and Kevin smooch at a last-minute altar.

PARIS HILTON (VOICEMAIL)

Lindsay, she didn't even invite me to her wedding. This is the second time this happened this year and--

INT. PARIS HILTON'S MANSION - NIGHT

Paris sobs. She watches TMZ, which airs Britney's wedding party leave the affair.

They wear Juicy sweatsuits that read "MAIDS" and "PIMPS."

INTERCUT WITH ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE OF THIS SHIT.

Lindsay comes over with ice cream. Paris sobs in her arms. Lindsay is more consoled by this than Paris.

They eat the ice cream and snort a snowman of cocaine.

INT. PARIS HILTON'S MANSION - DAY

The next morning. Lindsay wakes up with her head inside the empty ice cream tub. She's a mess. Paris is gone.

Deflated, Lindsay pulls on one of Paris' microscopic dresses.

AGENT (VOICEMAIL)

Listen, I tried Disney but you're just too...mature for--

INT. STAGE - DAY

Lindsay goes up to accept a Nickelodeon Kids Choice Award. Her borrowed dress hikes up. She moons a crowd of children.

INSERT FOOTAGE OF THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENING, TOO.

WILMER VALDERRAMA (VOICEMAIL)
Me. It's not you. It's me.

INT. PARIS HILTON'S MANSION - NIGHT

Lindsay barges in. She's lost 15 lbs and aged 5 years.
Tinkerbell YELPS at her.

Paris grooms her new pet pig.

PARIS HILTON
What the hell?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Wilmer...he--

PARIS HILTON
Smells like cheap axe?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Paris...he left me!

She bursts into tears.

PARIS HILTON
Oh...

LINDSAY LOHAN
Oh?

PARIS HILTON
Oh...sorry?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Paris, he's the love of my life.
You gotta help me get him back
before Ashlee--

Paris puts down the pig and grabs Lindsay's shoulders.

PARIS HILTON
Lindsay, that creep is
embarrassing.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Maybe for you. But no one else
would be seen with me.

PARIS HILTON
I will. Eventually, maybe Britney
will too.

Lindsay sniffles, hopeful.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
As soon as I get back from my book
tour we can--

Lindsay's face drops.

LINDSAY LOHAN
That's not enough.

PARIS HILTON
What?

LINDSAY LOHAN
I need...love. You don't know what
it's like to be in a relationship.
If you did, you'd understand.

PARIS HILTON
I've dated more guys than you.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Sure, dated. But you've never had
something as serious as Wilmer and
I do.

PARIS HILTON
At least I can afford underwear.

Lindsay storms off. She then comes back and steals the pig.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
Do not get back with him!

EXT. WILMER VALDERAMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wilmer leaves his mansion. Bodyguards barricade his car.

WILMER VALDERRAMA
I didn't hire you.

He unlocks his Mercedes. The bodyguard shakes his head.

BODYGUARD
If you're going to contact Ms.
Lohan, I suggest getting back into
your home.

WILMER VALDERRAMA
Okay, prank's over.

He reaches for the door and the Bodyguard SNAPS off the
handle. Wilmer backs away.

INT. WILMER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT, 2020

The walls are lined with snapshots of Wilmer with Demi Lovato, Mandy Moore, and Jennifer Love Hewitt. Wilmer, in a recliner, takes a sip of his drink.

Title: Wilmer Valderrama, Every Starlet's Low Point

WILMER VALDERRAMA

No one said taking Disney stars' virginities was an easy calling.

INT. PARIS HILTON'S MANSION - NIGHT, 2005

PARIS HILTON

(on the phone)

Thanks, Diego. I don't think you need to slash his tires, but do it just for fun.

I/E. LINDSAY'S CAR/SUNSET BLVD - NIGHT

CU on Lindsay's tires, which move at a glacial speed.

Paparazzi cars blockade her path. Some get out to take photos. She smiles and theatrically HONKS.

It...works.

The car in front of her moves. Just as she's about to drive away, she sees it pull up in front of and block another clearly famous person's car.

Not any famous person. The most famous person.

It's Britney, bitch.

BRITNEY SPEARS

(rolling down her window)

Guys-- guys-- I have to pee like a pregnant horse.

PAPARAZZI RAT

Pee on me, Britney!!

The cameramen swarm like teenage girls to their first push-up bra. Britney glows under camera light.

Entranced, Lindsay lets go of her brake.

BUMP! She smacks her car into the van blocking Britney.

LINDSAY LOHAN
SHIT!

Stunned, the cameramen snap photos of Lindsay again, who basks in the flashing lights.

Britney sprints into Lindsay's passenger seat.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)
What about your--

BRITNEY SPEARS
I'll get another one. Just get me
to a can!

They speed away.

INT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lindsay paces back and forth. We hear the WHIZZZZZ of a pop princess urinating.

IN THE BATHROOM

Britney sighs with relief.

BRITNEY SPEARS
Thanks for saving my bladder! I
can't believe you'd do that for
someone you don't even know.

LINDSAY LOHAN
(from outside)
Well...we've all been there, right?

BRITNEY SPEARS
One of these days, those paps are
gonna drive me over the edge.

LINDSAY LOHAN
No, never.

CUT TO:

BRITNEY, WITH A SHAVED HEAD, SWINGS HER UMBRELLA AT A
REPORTERS' FORD EXPLORER LIKE KING ARTHUR WIELDING EXCALIBUR.

BACK TO:

INT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Britney, still on the toilet, wipes.

BRITNEY SPEARS
I can't hear you. Come here!

Lindsay obeys and stands over the queen on the can.

BRITNEY SPEARS (CONT'D)
You know that feeling when you hold
your pee in so long that when you
finally go, it feels better than
being fucked?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Um, well..sure, absolutely!

BRITNEY SPEARS
I've been doing that A LOT.

LINDSAY LOHAN
How does K-Fed feel about that?

Britney rolls her eyes.

BRITNEY SPEARS
He feels weird about having sex
with the mother of his children.

LINDSAY LOHAN
That motherfucker.

Britney pulls up her pants.

BRITNEY SPEARS
I wish. Speaking of motherfuckers,
I can't believe Wilmer hasn't
begged for you to come back.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Why would he do that?

BRITNEY SPEARS
Like, who paid attention to him
before you did?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Mandy Moore, Jennifer Love Hewitt--

BRITNEY SPEARS
Um, he's a human nipple piercing.
No one would notice him unless he
was in some hot girl's tits.
(MORE)

BRITNEY SPEARS (CONT'D)
(off Lindsay's look)
Kevin and I are different.

LINDSAY LOHAN
I get it. You have a baby--

BRITNEY SPEARS
Meh. Olga has a baby. It's
just...I've done the whole power
couple thing. Every time I got
something shiny he didn't, he
pissed himself and cried. Talk
about an infant.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Don't take this the wrong way, but
you peed a little on my car seat.

BRITNEY SPEARS
So? I'm sure that's not a first for
your BMW. I've seen you party.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Not up close.

BRITNEY SPEARS
OMG! Let's fix that.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Britney sips a shot glass out of Lindsay's cleavage. They're so drunk they don't see people filming them on their phones.

BRITNEY SPEARS
Where have you been all my life?!?

LINDSAY LOHAN
LONG ISLAND, MOSTLY!

INT. STUDIO - DAY, 2020

Now, Lindsay's breasts are faker yet somehow saggier.

LINDSAY LOHAN
That's when she asked me to be her
date at the Grammys.

She takes a drag of a cigarette.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)
Cunt.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Lindsay and Britney flop in drunken bliss.

But all eyes are on Brit. Everyone's desperate to dance with or at least near her.

Lindsay is acutely aware of this. She drinks. And drinks. And snorts. Until she pathetically grinds against a chair.

Then, a man notices her. Finally.

Flip phones remain up as Lindsay makes out with STAVROS.

INT. NAIL SALON - DAY

The next day. Paris reads a story about *herself and Stavros* in a tabloid while getting a pedicure.

BUZZ. A Text:

You won't believe who Lindsay was with last night.

Paris gets a VIDEO MESSAGE.

She slams the phone down and shoves off the manicurist.

She glances back down at her phone, outraged.

ONSCREEN: It's Lindsay & Britney dancing like BFFs.

Paris stands. This is war.

INT. STAVROS' BED - DAY

Lindsay wakes up undressed and next to Stavros. Her eyes make it clear she has no clue how she got there. Stavros reaches for her chest.

STAVROS
I can't believe these are real--

Lindsay jolts away.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Get the fuck off me.

STAVROS
Sorry, the fuck already happened
inside you. BOOM, ROASTED!

Trembling, Lindsay shoves him off. Throws on her party dress.

LINDSAY LOHAN
(peering out the window)
I don't see any paparazzi.

STAVROS
You want me to call some?

LINDSAY LOHAN
You kidding? You're Paris'
boyfriend!

STAVROS
She's friends with a lot a boys.

He gets up and kisses her neckline from behind.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Shit. SHIT! This never happened,
you hear me?

STAVROS
What's your problem?

LINDSAY LOHAN
You! Obviously.

STAVROS
Well, you're a bitch in morning.

LINDSAY LOHAN
And you're a mistake.

She hightails out of there.

EXT. SNOOTY STREET - DAY

Lindsay hobbles to the curb, whining into her phone.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Yeah, okay. I get that you quit.
But could you just grab me--

The phone cuts off.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)
Dick.
(dialing)
Tommy...I need a ride. No. I can't
call a cab!

INT. THE POLO LOUNGE - DAY

A restaurant with tables reserved just to make sure non-famous people don't sit there.

Tommy (the drug-delivering assistant from before) brushes Tinkerbell while talking on the phone.

TOMMY

I don't work for you anymore,
Lindsay.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Apparently no one works for me
anymore. What the hell is going on?

TOMMY

It top secret.
(beat)
Paris poached us!

LINDSAY LOHAN

Why?

EXT. THE POLO LOUNGE - DAY

Lindsay, after wobbling there on foot, walks inside. The HOST (40s, beefy but very flamboyant) pulls her back.

HOST

Private event, miss.

LINDSAY LOHAN

You know who I am.

HOST

Raggedy Ann?

LINDSAY LOHAN

In five minutes, TMZ will be dying
to report that I'm here.

HOST

I think "Lindsay Lohan thrown out
of The Polo Lounge" is a better
headline. Honestly, the monkey that
started the AIDS crisis is
embarrassed for you.

LINDSAY LOHAN

The fuck's your problem?

HOST

Parent Trap convinced my parents to
get back together.

LINDSAY LOHAN

That's great!

HOST

Bitch, I wanted two Christmases!

LINDSAY LOHAN

I'm...sorry? Just let me in. I'm
with Paris.

HOST

Password only.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Oh. Tinkerbell, right?

The bouncer considers and then lets Lindsay pass.

INT. THE POLO LOUNGE - DAY

Lindsay shuffles to the Paris' heavily guarded table. Paris
spots her and nods. Her bodyguard blockades Lindsay.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Paris, just let me explain.

BODYGUARD

Miss Hilton requests that you leave
the premises.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Please.

He stares back at her, dead eyed.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

(whimpering)

Can you just tell her I was blacked
out and had no idea it was Stavros?

BODYGUARD

Miss Hilton is not looking for an
explanation, she would like you...

(checks notes)

To have a painful cyst seal your
freckled ass cheeks together.

Lindsay's face cracks like a plate.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Paris! Please, Britney just invited
me to the Grammys and I need you--

Paris sits up straight. She glides over to Lindsay.

PARIS HILTON

I misheard you. What did you say?

LINDSAY LOHAN

I ran into Britney. We really hit
it off so now she wants to take me
to the Grammys as a fuck you to
Kevin. I'm going to put in a good
word for you so--

PARIS HILTON

I don't need the praise of a 22-
year-old has-been.

LINDSAY LOHAN

I deserve that. You're my best
friend and what I did was...I
didn't even know I was doing it.

Paris rolls her eyes.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

Stavros found me so wasted--

PARIS HILTON

I always felt bad for you. But my
pity is reserved for cute animals.
Skunks, not skanks.

LINDSAY LOHAN

I-- I didn't-- fuck you.

PARIS HILTON

Actually, you fucked my boyfriend
instead.

She walks off.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Paris, please. You... you said-- I
can't be nobody again--

Paris looks back at Lindsay, incensed. The bodyguard drags
Lindsay away.

TOMMY

Didn't you dump Stavros because his
dick smelled like shakshuka?

PARIS HILTON
I'm just giving her enough rope to
hang herself.

EXT. THE POLO LOUNGE - DAY

Lindsay walks to the curb. She holds her stomach. Gags.

INT. HYDE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Paris cozies up next to BRANDON DAVIS (26, has enough oil in his hair to join OPEC, which is ironic because he is the grandson of an oil tycoon.)

She looks up at him through her fake eyelashes. Brandon laughs. Presses a finger to her lips.

INT. YACHT - DAY, 2020

Brandon Davis (now 40 and still wearing Ed Hardy) has an Instagram model on his lap.

Title: Oil Heir Brandon "Greasy Bear" Davis, Smells Like Pee

BRANDON DAVIS
I'm not some misogynist. Lindsay Lohan is just a bitch who can't take a joke!

EXT. HYDE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT, 2005

THIS IS REAL FUCKING FOOTAGE. INTERCUT IT AS NEEDED.

A swarm of PAPARAZZI stampede after Brandon. He's sandwiched between Paris and her sister.

Hiding behind her Blackberry, Paris whispers to Brandon and giggles. He takes a drag of his cigarette.

BRANDON DAVIS
Lindsay Lohan has the stinkiest, fucking sweaty, orange vagina anyone has ever seen.

Paris doubles over in laughter.

BRANDON DAVIS (CONT'D)
I haven't seen it. She wants me to see it, but it shits out freckles.

A HONK of a laugh escapes from Paris. She skips forward. Hysterically cackles as security guards rush her ahead.

Paris' PR man, ELLIOTT MINTZ (40s, would be a personal injury lawyer if not doing this) hovers ahead.

INT. PR OFFICE - DAY, 2020

The PR goon sits proudly and calmly at his desk.
Title: Elliott Mintz, Paris' Publicist

ELLIOT MINTZ
It is unfair to characterize
Brandon's statements as being
reflective of Paris' feelings about
Lindsay.

INTERCUT HIM INTO THIS MESS, TOO.

EXT. HYDE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT, 2005

We jump cut between insults, excuses, and Paris snickering.

BRANDON DAVIS
Lindsay tastes like my Turkish
father's ass.

Snicker.

ELLIOT MINTZ
We're dealing with two different
people.

BRANDON DAVIS
Lindsay Lohan's clitoris is 7-feet
long!

Snicker.

ELLIOT MINTZ
I'm sure it's nothing personal.

BRANDON DAVIS
I hear she's worth about 7 million,
which means she's really poor. It's
disgusting.

Snicker.

ELLIOT MINTZ
It was BRANDON who was speaking.

Snicker.

ELLIOT MINTZ (CONT'D)
Of course there are moments when
Paris was laughing, but she never
said anything.

PAPARAZZI RAT
Paris, are you and Lindsay still
friends?

BRANDON DAVIS
Yeah, really good friends.

Snicker.

PAPARAZZI RAT
Would you like to say anything
about Lindsay, Paris?

Brandon leans over and kisses Paris on the cheek.

INT. LINDSAY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

PARIS HILTON (O.S.)
I love you, Brandon.

Lindsay wipes her tears as she watches the paparazzi tape.

She wets her razor and takes it to her crotch.

INT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE - DAY

The next morning. The paparazzi swarm like never before.

Lindsay peers out of the curtains. She's blinded by flashes.

Buzzzzzz. Lindsay picks up her phone.

BRITNEY SPEARS (O.S.)
I'd love to see you, but I can't
wait any longer!

LINDSAY LOHAN
They won't let me leave! Any chance
you could come here?

I/E. BRITNEY'S CAR - DAY

Britney drives with her baby in her lap. He's dressed like a
pimp who isn't making a lot of money.

BRITNEY SPEARS

You don't fly in a giraffe to get
people out of your petting zoo.

LINDSAY LOHAN (O.S.)

I've had this on my calendar for
weeks! Just go to the cafe. I'll
find a way to get there.

BRITNEY SPEARS

Fiiiine.

She hangs up. Feeds gummy worms to herself and the baby.

I/E. PARIS' LIMO - DAY

Paris sits next to Tommy, dressed to kill.

PARIS HILTON

Are you sure this is the place?

Tommy examines LINDSAY'S CALENDAR, which is loaded on his
bedazzled hot pink razor.

TOMMY

It says so right here in her
calendar. Unless this is part of a
plot. What if our plot is part of
her plot? DRAMA!

Paris gets out of the car to a cafe. She spots Britney
waiting for Lindsay, and smirks.

INT. LINDSAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lindsay needs a shower, badly. It's clear she hasn't left the
house in days. She's on the phone.

DINA (V.O.)

Sorry Lindsay, Ali's working on her
Christmas album. I just don't have
time for ya drama.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Just come by for an hour? Please?

DINA (V.O.)

Call ya Dad. He's got time.

LINDSAY LOHAN

You can't call an inmate. They have
to call you!

DINA (V.O.)
It's like showbiz! Ya can figure it
out, kiddo.

Lindsay dials Paris. The number is disconnected. Shit.

INT. STUDIO - DAY, 2020

Lindsay continues her confessional.

LINDSAY LOHAN
I needed to reach Paris somehow.

INT. DA SILVANO RESTAURANT - DAY

Upscale, unlike Lindsay, who sits in front of a ELLE REPORTER (30s, a stylish vulture) in a wife-beater and a microscopic pair of Limited Too denim shorts.

INT. ELLE MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY, 2020

The Elle Reporter has pictures of the Kardashians plastered all over her desk.

ELLE REPORTER
Lindsay needed a good manicure and
an even better therapist.

INT. DA SILVANO RESTURANT - DAY, 2006

Lindsay eats a cucumber. That's it.

ELLE REPORTER
It seems that when somebody famous
starts dating someone unknown,
there's an immediate feeding frenzy
among young Hollywood girls.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Um yeah, they're like vultures!

ELLE REPORTER
Those Greek shipping heirs, for
example, seem to be popular now. I
wonder....

LINDSAY LOHAN
You mean Stavros?

The reporter shrugs. Of course that's who she means.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

He's not being fought over. I would never fight with a girl over a guy.

ELLE REPORTER

Then why did Paris--

LINDSAY LOHAN

They say I date all these people, that I'm a slut. But I would never steal anyone's boyfriend.

ELLE REPORTER

Can you really deny that men who are dating are more appealing than available guys? Don't you think....

Lohan glances outside and notices that the paparazzi are shoving mammoth lenses on the windows.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Sorry, they're so distracting.

ELLE REPORTER

Wanna move to a table in the back? They can't photograph you there.

LINDSAY LOHAN

(adjusting her shirt)

No...I can handle it.

CUT TO ELLE MAGAZINE OFFICE:

ELLE REPORTER

She fucking needed it.

BACK TO RESTURANT:

ELLE REPORTER (CONT'D)

This Brandon Davis video....

LINDSAY LOHAN

I still have not seen it. I will never see it.

She sips her wine.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

But obviously, Paris' very comfortable making videos.

INT. PARIS' PATIO - DAY, 2020

Paris rolls her eyes.

PARIS HILTON
Lindsay wanted me to call up and
yell at her.

INTERVIEWER
Did you?

PARIS HILTON
I was too busy getting ready for
the Grammys with Britney to care.

She smirks, proud of her answer. We wait a beat too long, and
see doubt crawl onto her face.

EXT. SET OF BOBBY (2006) - DAY

Lindsay radiates in her 1960s costume. She's in the middle of
a scene. ELIJAH WOOD (25 and not a leading man yet) co-stars
but all eyes are on Lindsay, who dazzles.

ELIJAH WOOD
I can't help but think I'm taking
something away from you. Something
sacred...

LINDSAY LOHAN
Look, I'm okay with this.
(darting to his arms)
I'm okay with it. In my heart and
in my head. And you're not talking
anything away from me. This is my
choice--

DIRECTOR
CUT!

Lindsay drops, deflated.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Is something wrong?

DIRECTOR
Yes. Elijah, you need to keep up.

Lindsay glows.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Linz, you go grab some food. You
look like you can use a sandwich.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Oh, thank you.

DIRECTOR

No. Thank you.

LINDSAY LOHAN

(whispering)

...I can't wait for people to see
what we're making.

DIRECTOR

Oh, honey. If you wanted people to
see you on screen, you shoulda kept
workin' with talking cars.

Lindsay grimaces and flutters away. She dips into the:

CRAFTY TENT

Lindsay doesn't eat. Instead, she sips a wine too expensive
for a screenwriter to know off the top of her head.

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT gives her a phone.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

You have a text, Ms. Lohan.

Lindsay reads.

**This is an automated message from Chase Bank to let you know
your balance is below your designated \$75.**

The PA holds back laughter. Lindsay downs her drink. She peers
at the TV. E! News is on.

A picture of Paris and Nicole pops up on the screen. Lindsay
turns up the volume.

E! NEWS

While Paris and Nicole feud,
producers are scrambling to save
the new season of *The Simple Life*.
The girls refuse to shoot together.
Sources close to Hilton say she's
on the search for a new cast-mate
who will make her life more simple.

INT. NICOLE RICHIE'S KITCHEN - DAY, 2020

Nicole Richie (now 37 and a mom) packs gluten-free lunches.
Title: Nicole Richie, Paris' Former Best Friend

NICOLE RICHIE

Lindsay and I used to be on this no solid food diet together, so she gave me a call. She asked me to do the show with her instead of Paris.

INT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT, 2006

Lindsay waits. Chews on ice. In the darkness, she spots a blonde starlet strut to the table.

Nicole--no, prettier-- taller-- PARIS.

Lindsay freezes as Paris sits down.

PARIS HILTON

(ordering)

One Cosmo. She'll have water.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Paris...I--how are you?

PARIS HILTON

Aren't you waiting for someone very important?

Lindsay quivers.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)

I have to thank you, Nicole and I haven't spoken in so long. Who knew you'd bring us back together?

LINDSAY LOHAN

What do you want?

PARIS HILTON

I have what I want. This is about what you want.

LINDSAY LOHAN

I was just throwing around an idea.

PARIS HILTON

It's a brilliant one. You, replace me on my show? Genius. The new blood would really amp up the viewers. Plus, you'd have no problem shooting with Nicole.

LINDSAY LOHAN

...I could use a new friend, okay?
Nicole could be--

PARIS HILTON

You think Nicole could be anyone's friend? Look what she did to--
(collecting herself)
Nicole didn't tell me about your little scheme because she likes me. It's because she hates poor bitches like you.

LINDSAY LOHAN

You use that word like you know what it means.
(off Paris' look)
I can barely pay people to hang out with me anymore.

PARIS HILTON

Who's fault is that? Try showing up to set instead of partying.

LINDSAY LOHAN

You party all the time.

PARIS HILTON

Because it's my job. Apparently yours is stealing people who don't belong to you.

LINDSAY LOHAN

...You're right. What I did with Stavros was so fucked up, but I was FUCKED UP. I don't even remember what happened, I just woke up the next morning and got the hell out.
You-- you-- I--

Lindsay whimpers. Paris spritzes her with branded perfume.

PARIS HILTON

Don't do that.

LINDSAY LOHAN

What do you want me to do?

Paris doesn't have an answer.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

Can I at least apologize? I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm everything they write about me. I'm a whore--

PARIS HILTON

I don't need that.

She hands Lindsay a napkin.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
Stavros is a whore, not you.

LINDSAY LOHAN
What do you mean?

PARIS HILTON
I can't stand that idiot.

LINDSAY LOHAN
But all of this--

She motions between the two of them.

PARIS HILTON
You're the one who said a boy
wasn't worth being fought over.

LINDSAY LOHAN
...Then why are we fighting?

PARIS HILTON
Come on.
(off Lindsay's shock)
You know what Britney means to me.

LINDSAY LOHAN
What?

PARIS HILTON
You just swooped in and charmed--

LINDSAY LOHAN
No, what? As in, are you serious?
You ruined my life cause I hung out
with Britney Spears without you?

PARIS HILTON
You got in close so you could take
your best shot at me. Like everyone
else in this fucked up town.

The waiter delivers Paris' Cosmo. She takes a long sip.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
Too bad you missed.

Lindsay stares in disbelief. Paris pets Tinkerbell.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
Just so you know, I'm doing Season
4.

(MORE)

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
Then Britney is taking *me* to the
Grammys. We're better friends than
you and I ever were.

Lindsay sneers.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Because she knows SO much about
you.

PARIS HILTON
And you do?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Now who's playing dumb?

PARIS HILTON
This was an arrangement. I
got...too generous. Your job was to
get me close to Britney. Now I am,
just like you promised.

Lindsay stands.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Promise me something?

PARIS HILTON
Like what?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Remember when you told me that the
second it hurts when I pee, I need
to see a doctor?

PARIS HILTON
God, you've had so many UTIs.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Promise me you'll stop hiding
what's really wrong until it can't
be treated.

INT. FOX STUDIOS - DAY

Paris sits in front of an EXECUTIVE. *The Simple Life's* poster
hangs behind him.

EXECUTIVE

(chewing gum)

Okay, so we're thinking that you and Nicole will strap on 35-pound pregnancy suits and then help each other give birth. We have the electric shock and--

PARIS HILTON

I can't.

EXECUTIVE

We could do without the shock.

PARIS HILTON

No, I can't shoot with her.

EXECUTIVE

Whatever check I need to write for you to get over your girl drama--

PARIS HILTON

No.

EXECUTIVE

Paris--

PARIS HILTON

I'm not just a perfume line, okay? I have boundaries!

EXECUTIVE

...Okay.

PARIS HILTON

The mom thing, that's hot. We can rotate being mother figures for the same families. See who's a better housewife.

EXECUTIVE

Wait. That's actually a really good pitch. You're pretty smart when you're emotional.

PARIS HILTON

You're not.

INT. BATHROOM, LINDSAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Lindsay's new assistant JEROME (20s, chubby and not in a cute way) piles box dye on her head. She sits on the toilet.

JEROME

I don't think this is smart. Sure
you don't want to go to the salon?

LINDSAY LOHAN

The bleach is seeping in to my
brain cells and killing them.

She grabs the bottle and dumps all the dye on her head.

Lindsay washes her hair out. Brown dye splashes down.

Brown-haired Lindsay puts on her robe.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

Jerome, get me my ceviche!

It's oddly quiet.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

JEROME? JEROME!

Lindsay trots downstairs. Jerome throws on his jacket.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

Are we out of ceviche?

JEROME

I can't stay overtime tonight.

LINDSAY LOHAN

But it's Sunday! I need you too--

JEROME

I told you last week, I have my
grandpa's funeral.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Do you think he is going to further
your career?

JEROME

(opening the door)

See you tomorrow.

Beat. Terror overcomes Lindsay. She lowers her robe.

LINDSAY LOHAN

You won't see this tomorrow...

JEROME

I think you missed some dye.

He leaves. Lindsay watches him walk down her driveway. A BORED PHOTOGRAPHER ignores Jerome. Plays a game on his phone.

EXT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE - DAY

Lindsay gallops over to the photographer.

LINDSAY LOHAN
(overdramatic)
Get off my lawn, pervert, I'm
practically naked!!

BORED PHOTOGRAPHER
Oh, yeah.

He snaps a quick photo and returns to his game.

LINDSAY LOHAN
How dare you! I hope those hundreds
of dollars are worth my dignity!

BORED PHOTOGRAPHER
Eh, this will be like \$50 if my
editor's feeling generous.

LINDSAY LOHAN
What, you need full frontal to make
a buck?

BORED PHOTOGRAPHER
Well, we've already got that so
unless you have a pee-pee tape--

LINDSAY LOHAN
Where is everyone?

EXT. PARIS' PATIO - DAY

Paparazzi swarm the deck, which has been transformed to a lush cherry blossom garden. Stuffed animals line carefully curated spreads of gourmet food (that no one will eat.)

Paris grins next to Britney, who waves her baby's hand to the flashing cameras.

BRITNEY SPEARS
I don't get it. Why have a baby
shower if you're not having a baby?

PARIS HILTON
Well, I'm going to have lots of
other people's babies on the show.
(MORE)

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
(off Britney's look)
...it's fun.

BRITNEY SPEARS
Seems expensive.

PARIS HILTON
That's the point.

Britney's baby sobs. She gives it a bottle. Meanwhile Paris steals Brit's phone and blocks Lindsay's number.

BRITNEY SPEARS
I spend my money on fancy cheese.

PARIS HILTON
Aren't you lactose intolerant?

BRITNEY SPEARS
I'm in an abusive relationship with dairy! It was like totally my whole inspiration for Toxic.

PARIS HILTON
I thought it was about drinking or dick or drinking dick...

Britney snatches her baby's bottle.

BRITNEY SPEARS
Speaking of, I need some tequila.

Brit suckles on the bottle. Weirded-out, the heiress shoots the cameras a cringing smile.

INT. BACKSTAGE BRITNEY'S LAS VEGAS SHOW - NIGHT, 2020

Dancers stretch out-of-shape Britney (now 37, went through some bad shock therapy and even worse botox.)

Title: Britney Spears, Not A Girl - Not Yet A Woman

BRITNEY SPEARS
Paris is like Parisian Paris. You can drink fancy wine there, but you get like tired stepping in dog doodies, you know?

INTERVIEWER
And Lindsay?

BRITNEY SPEARS
I haven't heard from Linz in ages. Like, I see my kids more than her!

INT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT, 2006

Lindsay snorts coke off a tabloid with a picture of Britney dropping her baby.

Looking at articles of ultra-thin Olsen Twins, Lindsay tosses out all the food in her fridge.

Linz highlights the names of the clubs and bars that Nicole Richie has been seen vomiting in.

Lindsay studies a picture of Ashlee Simpson and Wilmer. She puts on nearly the same slinky dress as Ashlee.

Finally, Lindsay spritzes on some Paris Hilton-brand perfume.

INT. PARIS' TRAILER - NIGHT

Paris sprays on Chanel perfume and goes onto set.

INT. STUDIO - DAY, 2020

Lindsay reminisces.

LINDSAY LOHAN
So what if Paris was ignoring me?
Everyone else wasn't.

MONTAGE: PARIS ON SET / LINDZ SETTING UP PHOTO-OPS

In each scene, reality cameras trail Paris. Lindsay attracts more paparazzi with each of her escapades.

- Paris straps on a 35-pound pregnancy suit
- Lindsay straps on a push-up bra

CUT TO: HOOTERS

DINA
(eating a wing)
Why would I worry if Lindsay goes out late? The girl is photographed everywhere she goes! She gets more supervision than most kids.

- Paris learns about the marvels of breastfeeding
- A guy tries to honk Lindsay's breast
- Paris changes a diaper
- Lindsay craps her pants
- Paris takes kids camping, bestowing them with baby bears
- Lindsay falls asleep in someone's backyard

CUT TO: HOOTERS

DINA (CONT'D)
(mouth full)
Ya know that ad, "It's 10 P.M. Do
you know where ya children are?"
Well, I know where my daughter is!

- Paris mows the lawn in her heels
- Lindsay wakes up on a lawn as paparazzi grab at her shoes.

CUT TO: HOOTERS

Dina chokes a little.

INT. STUDIO - DAY, 2020

Alone, Lindsay is choked up.

LINDSAY LOHAN
The paparazzi loved it.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
I don't know if they loved it but
it certainly got their attention.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Is there a difference?

INT. PARIS' TRAILER - NIGHT

Paris sits in her trailer, done for the day. She checks her phone. Texts Britney, who hasn't responded to her last text from two days ago.

EXT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE - DAY

A pack of wild photographers wait for Lindsay, who parades in her front yard in a neon bikini.

They furiously squeal her name.

PAPARAZZI RAT
How are you Lindsay?

ANOTHER PAPARAZZI
When are you doing another movie
Lindsay?

PAPARAZZI RAT
We need to see you on screen!

Self-assured Lindsay prances to a lawn chair. She pulls out a a tanning reflector board.

Basking in the sun, she watches the crowd of paparazzi in the reflection like a TV show. She's in bliss.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Lindsay browses through the tabloids. Her face graces every one. A swarm of paparazzi capture her every move.

LINDSAY LOHAN
(on the phone)
I swear Ma, they can't ignore me
now. No producer would toss up the
publicity. I'll need you back in LA
as soon as I get cast again...Love
you too.

Just above, Lindsay spots Elle Magazine with her on the cover. She grabs it, thrilled.

INT. SLEEK OFFICE - NIGHT

Stavros sits with the magazine open in front of him. He grunts into his Blackberry.

STAVROS
You think I wouldn't find out that
you lied, Lohan?

EXT. BATHROOM, CLUB - DAY

Timbaland roars in the background. Lindsay sits on the toilet in a barely-there dress. Someone tries to take a photo of her from under the stall. She kicks it away.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Lied about what?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

STAVROS

You told them nothing happened
between us. What, am I not good
enough for your fuck of the week?

LINDSAY LOHAN

This isn't about you, Stavros.

STAVROS

It's about my name in this town! I
told everyone I banged Firecrotch.
Now I'm a poser.

LINDSAY LOHAN

You have the same name as every man
in your family.

STAVROS

You screamed out all of our names
when I fucked your brains out.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Well, you must have fucked my
brains out of my head, because I
can't even remember any of it.

STAVROS

This jog your memory?

BEEP. A text. Lindsay opens it. It's a video.

ONSCREEN: Lindsay lays sprawled across the bed, her dress
pulled up. She slips in and out of consciousness as Stavros
(who records) pulls her breasts out and flicks her nipples.

Wherever this is going, it's going to get worse.

Lindsay slams her phone shut. She straightens, composed.

It's okay. She's okay. It's going to be--

Lindsay vomits, barely making the toilet.

RING! She declines the call. BLOOP.

1 new voicemail.

INT. STUDIO - DAY, 2020

Lindsay smokes a cigarette. She's distracted.

INTERVIEWER

Why didn't you go to the police?

LINDSAY LOHAN
It wasn't a crime.

INTERVIEWER
How about your mom?

LINDSAY LOHAN
She told me there's a lot of money
in porn.

INTERVIEWER
There had to be someone--

EXT. PARIS HILTON'S MANSION - DAY, 2006

It's 5am. Lindsay huddles by the doorway in her backless dress from the night before.

INSERT ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE OF THIS HAPPENING.

Paparazzi snap photos as Lindsay grabs the knob.

PAPARAZZI RAT
We tried, it's locked!

Lindsay bangs on the bell haphazardly. She then retreats into the shrubs. Underneath the leaves, Lindsay blinks out tears.

INT. PARIS' BEDROOM - DAY

Paris peers down at Lindsay from her Rapunzel-worthy view.

PARIS HILTON (V.O.)
Lindsay was a total mess.

A BUTLER walks up to her.

BUTLER
Shall I send her off?

Paris locks her eyes with Lindsay.

The former-redhead looks like a stray dog - mangy, tangled, and desperate...and slightly cute.

Paris' eyes soften.

PARIS HILTON (V.O.)
But she was a mess I made.

INT. PARIS' PATIO - DAY, 2020

Paris clings onto one of her dogs.

PARIS HILTON

Guess that's why I kept trying to
clean her up.

EXT. PARIS HILTON'S MANSION - DAY, 2006

Lindsay gets ready to leave when-- CREAK.

A stone-faced bodyguard opens the door. Lindsay wobbles in.

INT. PARIS HILTON'S MANSION - DAY

Tinkerbell licks Lindsay's face as Paris plays the voicemail.

STAVROS (VOICEMAIL)

...Everyone will know I fucked
Lindsay Lohan just like every other
guy in this town. I'm not special!

Paris is genuinely disgusted.

LINDSAY LOHAN

They're going to think I wanted it.

PARIS HILTON

Do you?

LINDSAY LOHAN

What? You saw it, I couldn't even--

PARIS HILTON

No, the tape. Do you want it out?

LINDSAY LOHAN

How could you even ask that?

PARIS HILTON

Lindsay--

LINDSAY LOHAN

The girl in that tape isn't
someone's wife. She isn't a movie
star. She's alone. My dad already
told TMZ he thinks I'm a slut--

PARIS HILTON

Lindsay, you won't be alone.

Paris stretches out her hand. Lindsay takes it.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
If it comes out people will follow
you everywhere you go, care about
everything you do--

Lindsay's eyes light up.

Kim eavesdrops from the shadows of the doorway. Her pupils
sparkle even brighter.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
People will want to know what
you'll do next.

LINDSAY LOHAN
You really think so?

PARIS HILTON
I know so. You don't need a hit at
the box office for your sex tape to
be one.

Lindsay's face cracks like a plate at the word sex.

LINDSAY LOHAN
But...that wasn't...
(whispering)
It wasn't sex...it wasn't--

Her voice cracks. Paris takes her into her arms.

PARIS HILTON
...I'm sorry.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Me too. But there's nothing I can
do. I'm just screwed, right?

PARIS HILTON
I sued.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Did it work?

PARIS HILTON
I got some of the tape's sales.

LINDSAY LOHAN
So they'll pay me for my work like
I'm a cheap whore.

Paris stands.

PARIS HILTON

Well, if you don't want to be a
cheap whore like me, stop copying
my clothes, stealing my friends
then showing up at 5 AM begging for
my help--

Lindsay also stands.

LINDSAY LOHAN

That's not what--

PARIS HILTON

So you know, I'm an expensive
whore. My dog's house has marble
countertops!

LINDSAY LOHAN

I know. I know. Please. I-- I don't
have anyone, Paris.

PARIS HILTON

Will you shut up? I let you in,
didn't I? I let paparazzi see I let
you in.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Why?

PARIS HILTON

Because I'm a good friend.

Lindsay blinks.

LINDSAY LOHAN

...Would you let them see me here
after the tape comes out?

PARIS HILTON

The tape's not gonna come out.

LINDSAY LOHAN

OMG, Paris. Thank you. I knew it. I
knew you could stop it. You think
he'll ask for a huge bribe?

Paris takes Tinkerbell back, uncomfortable.

PARIS HILTON

Stavros doesn't need a bribe.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Well, no one needs a bribe.

PARIS HILTON

Lindsay, he has more money than I do...For now, at least.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Are you serious? Now is all that matters.

Kim Kardashian barges in.

KIM KARDASHIAN

Paris...the Tease Fragrance launch is in like four hours. The makeup artist is on site--

PARIS HILTON

I have to go.

LINDSAY LOHAN

You can be late. It's your perfume.

PARIS HILTON

That's exactly why I can't be late.

LINDSAY LOHAN

So you're going to leave me?

PARIS HILTON

I'm going to leave.

LINDSAY LOHAN

What if he posts it while you're gone?

PARIS HILTON

Stavros is going to sleep until 1pm. You should get some too.

LINDSAY LOHAN

How? Everyone thinks I'm a friendless skank and I'm about to prove them right.

PARIS HILTON

That's not true.

LINDSAY LOHAN

You told everyone so!

Silence. Uncomfortable, Paris grabs her purse.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)
I'm such an idiot. You're not a
good friend. There are no good
friends. Just friends and enemies.

Lindsay pulls up her falling neckline, frazzled.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)
You're not going to help me. The
only reason you'd help anyone is if
they can help you. And this tape--
it helps you and Brandon...

Paris takes a long, irritated exhale.

PARIS HILTON
Get over it, Lindsay.

A vindictive laugh bursts out of Lindsay.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Maybe you can live a life with no
one who really cares about you, but
I can't.

Paris rings a bell. The butler enters to escort Lindsay out.

PARIS HILTON
Oh, Lindsay...you already do.

EXT. PARIS HILTON'S MANSION - DAY

Lindsay stumbles outside. Cameras shutter.

INSERT ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE OF THIS.

She reaches into a trash bin. Presses a dirty pizza box to
her face. Uses it as cardboard shield.

Paparazzi trot after her.

BITCHY PAPARAZZI
You're looking so pretty tonight,
come on!

LINDSAY LOHAN
IT'S FUCKING DAYTIME!

PAPARAZZI RAT
The sun is good for ya face!

ANOTHER PAPARAZZI
Just a couple of shots, baby!

The photographers circle Lindsay.

FLASHES bombard her.

She scrambles to her car. Tosses the box. Pizza oozes out.

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

Exposed, Lindsay jams her keys into an SUV. Her hands shake.

BITCHY PAPARAZZI
Are you okay to drive Lindsay?

ANOTHER PAPARAZZI
You should stay here with us.

Lindsay opens the door. He keeps recording.

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

BITCHY PAPARAZZI
We'll take care of you.

PAPARAZZI RAT
Shhhh. Let her drive. THE SHOTS!

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

Lindsay grabs an energy drink and hurls it at the camera men.

She slams the door. Roars her engine.

They crowd in front of her car.

BITCHY PAPARAZZI
Be careful, Lindsay!

She speeds away.

INT. MIDDLE AMERICA MALL - DAY

Paris Hilton grins at the helm of a massive mob. At her pixie pink station, she gives chubby teens her autograph.

Tommy presses Tinkerbell's paw into ink so they can get the Chihuahua's autograph too.

A SUPER FAN (15, juicy sweatsuit) trots up to the counter.

PARIS HILTON
What's your name?

SUPER FAN

Annabelle. But I want people to
call me Venice. Like the city. Like
you. Because you're like the city.

PARIS HILTON

That's hot.

The fan squeals. Paris signs a perfume box.

SUPER FAN

Omigod, Paris, I loveyousomuch!!!

PARIS HILTON

Aw, I love you too!

The fan cackles.

SUPER FAN

No you don't.

PARIS HILTON

I just said I did!

SUPER FAN

You don't have to fake it with me.
I get it.

PARIS HILTON

Get what?

SUPER FAN

That you're a bad bitch. And bad
bitches can't waste their time on
poor hoes.

She snatches Paris' perfume and spritzes it on herself.

PARIS HILTON

I don't think your parents would
appreciate that kind of language,
Annabelle.

SUPER FAN

It's Venice. And if my parents
cared about my language, they
wouldn't be me buying a perfume
called Tease.

PARIS HILTON

Oh, well....I...

SUPER FAN

It's no biggie. One day I'll be as rich as you and I won't have to care about them or anyone else.

The fan moves ahead in the line. PISSED, Paris follows her.

PARIS HILTON

You know, if you don't care about anyone, they don't have to care about you either.

The Super fan stares back at Paris, defiant. Paris takes in her own words.

Paris grabs Tinkerbell from Tommy.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)

I'm going to make a call.

TOMMY

There are a gazillion people here!

PARIS HILTON

They can wait. This can't.

She pulls away, dialing a number in her phone...

I/E. LINDSAY'S CAR - DAY

RING. Lindsay drinks boxed wine in her parked car. Her neighbors pass by and shoot her judgmental looks.

LINDSAY LOHAN

(calling out)

I'm not drinking and driving. I'm drinking and parking, okay?

RING! RING!

Lindsay sloppily answers her phone.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

WHAT, SLUT?

KIM KARDASHIAN

OMG, Lindsay?

LINDSAY LOHAN

Who is this?

INT. KIM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kim, in her underwear, tests out her angles with a camcorder. She's in preproduction for her sex tape.

KIM KARDASHIAN
It's Kimberly.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Who?

KIM KARDASHIAN
Paris' friend.

LINDSAY LOHAN
I'm sorry...

KIM KARDASHIAN
I'm her stylist.

LINDSAY LOHAN
How did you get this number? Paris
only hires gays.

Kim poses in the mirror, scrunching up her cleavage. Sighs.

KIM KARDASHIAN
I clean -- organize -- her closet.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Oh! You're--

KIM KARDASHIAN
Kim Kardashian.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Kim...

KIM KARDASHIAN
I'm calling because there's
something else you might not know.

INT. PRIVATE JET - IN THE SKY - DAY

Paris hands Stavros champagne.

STAVROS
I would have sent you the tape
directly if I knew it would make
you so jealous.

PARIS HILTON
You know I don't like to share.

STAVROS
Then why'd you stop answering my
calls?

Paris leans over him, her breath on his neck.

PARIS HILTON
(seductive)
It was a break, not a break up.

STAVROS
Oh?

PARIS HILTON
I'm thinking about buying a
tropical island and I need you to
help me decide which beach looks
the best with my eyes.

STAVROS
Sounds a little lonely.

PARIS HILTON
We can keep each other company.

She sits in his lap. Stavros wraps his arm around her. Gropes
up and down her torso.

Paris gyrates on him as he grunts.

She carefully grinds on Stavros, clearly trying to GET HIS
PHONE OUT OF HIS POCKET.

Just as she grabs for it he shoves her off.

STAVROS
What are you doing?

Paris stands up straight. Sigh.

PARIS HILTON
Um, I just need your phone for a
sec.

STAVROS
Chill. You never sent me any nudes.
(off her telling look)
Unless you're looking for someone
else's nudes.

He sips his champagne. Paris sips hers.

STAVROS (CONT'D)
Why do you want Firecrotch's tape?

PARIS HILTON
Do you really care?

STAVROS
Don't you two hate each other?

PARIS HILTON
Yes. Of course-- I just don't want
anyone to go through what I
did...not even a skank like her.
Gimme the phone.

STAVROS
No.

PARIS HILTON
Are you serious?

STAVROS
It's mine.

PARIS HILTON
Yeah, makes total sense.

Paris lunges at him. He pulls the phone out of her reach.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
Are you seriously not going to give
it to me?

STAVROS
What am I getting in return?

Paris rolls her eyes. She unzips her Juicy sweatsuit.

STAVROS (CONT'D)
Ugh, no. Been there, done that.

PARIS HILTON
If you don't want to fuck me, why
are you even here?

He smirks.

STAVROS
I want the world to think I fucked
you.

INT. PARIS' PATIO - DAY, 2020

Paris sits in front of camera.

PARIS HILTON
The nicest thing I ever did for
Lohan was make her hate me.

I/E. LINDSAY'S CAR - NIGHT

Lindsay and Kim rip through a tabloid prominently featuring snapshots of Paris and Stavros canoodling in a club.

Headline: Paris and Stavros Get Hot In Miami Beach

KIM KARDASHIAN
Now do you believe me?

Lindsay grabs the tabloid. Crumples it. Screams.

KIM KARDASHIAN (CONT'D)
Lindsay--

LINDSAY LOHAN
AHHHHHH!

KIM KARDASHIAN
Lindsay, you need to stop--PLEASE--

Lindsay's eyes water over. She bangs her head on the dashboard, furious. Kim watches in horror. Then irritation.

She grabs Lindsay and straightens her up.

KIM KARDASHIAN (CONT'D)
Stop it!

Lindsay wrestles her. They jerk around, until SLAP! Lindsay stops. Kim slaps her again.

KIM KARDASHIAN (CONT'D)
Listen you crazy bitch, get your
shit together. Britney Spears does
not hang out with maniacs.

FLASH TO BRITNEY LAUGHING MANIACALLY WHILE SHAVING HER HEAD.

LINDSAY LOHAN
You don't know what I'm going
through.

KIM KARDASHIAN
OJ Simpson is my fucking godfather.
Try me.

Lindsay pauses. Kim has a point.

KIM KARDASHIAN (CONT'D)
Listen, all we have to do is walk
into Britney's hotel, get a few
photos coming in and out, and
everyone will think she's hanging
out with us.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Even Paris?

KIM KARDASHIAN
Most importantly Paris. She's never
going to take you seriously if you
don't even try to get back at her.

Lindsay nods. Kim hands her a tissue.

KIM KARDASHIAN (CONT'D)
So hurry up, fix your mascara.
Unless you want them to misidentify
you as a raccoon or Avril Lavigne.

LINDSAY LOHAN
We have to go now?

KIM KARDASHIAN
It's 7. We want them to think she
had us for dinner, not drinks.
Drinks are for BFs. Dinner is for
BFFLs.

Lindsay nods. Kim grins.

KIM KARDASHIAN (CONT'D)
You and I can be Brit's BFFLs!

LINDSAY LOHAN
You really think so?

KIM KARDASHIAN
You totally got this.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Could you...hit me again?

KIM KARDASHIAN
What?

LINDSAY LOHAN
I don't know. It centered me.

Kim gets out of the car.

EXT. LOBBY, ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT

Camera lights strobe. Cheering fans hold up Britney Spears regalia. Lindsay and Kim strut through paparazzi.

Kim works it. Lindsay does too.

INT. LOBBY, ROOSEVELT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is classy and elegant and relevant. Lindsay and Kim don't fit in at all.

LINDSAY LOHAN
What floor is Britney on?

KIM KARDASHIAN
Who cares?

IN A PHONE BOOTH

It's secluded. Lindsay and Kim camp out.

LINDSAY LOHAN
I'm tired.

KIM KARDASHIAN
Fine, go back out. They'll think
Britney Spears got bored of you and
she's alone with me eating
tiramisu.

LINDSAY LOHAN
You're being ridiculous.

KIM KARDASHIAN
You're right. Brit doesn't eat
things she can't pronounce.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Do you even like Britney?

KIM KARDASHIAN
I like being seen with her.

LINDSAY LOHAN
You're diabolical.

KIM KARDASHIAN
I'm a businesswoman.

INT. PARIS' PATIO - DAY, 2020

Paris reapplies a Kim Kardashian brand lipstick.

PARIS HILTON
I don't have regrets, but saying
Kim's ass looks like cottage cheese
stuffed in a trash bag...was a bad
business decision.

I/E. LOBBY, ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT, 2006

Lindsay looks at Kim, disgusted. This...*she* is not who she wants to be.

LINDSAY LOHAN
You know what? I'm not a
businesswoman. Hell, I'm not even a
celebrity.

KIM KARDASHIAN
What are you then?

LINDSAY LOHAN
A star.

Lindsay rushes out of the phone booth, leaving Kim behind.

She skids to THE ELEVATOR. Slams the penthouse button.

INT. PENTHOUSE, ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT

Lindsay charges out of the elevator to the entrance of the presidential suite. Just as she's about to knock on the door, Britney, in a ratty bra and basketball shorts, opens it.

LINDSAY LOHAN
BRITNEY!

She bear hugs the pop star.

BRITNEY SPEARS
You're not Popeye's.

Lindsay follows Britney in. This is the nicest hotel room she's ever seen. RIIIIING! Britney answers her cell.

BRITNEY SPEARS (CONT'D)
How'd it go? --Uh-huh. I don't care
what it takes, Meredith, I'm not
splitting the kids.

She puts her hand on the phone and turns to Lindsay--

BRITNEY SPEARS (CONT'D)
Get comfortable.
(in terrible Spanish)
Mi caca es tu caca.

Lindsay pours herself vodka. Peers out the window. A mob of photographers hold up telephoto lenses like telescopes. She does a sexy pout.

BRITNEY SPEARS (CONT'D)
This is my first divorce and we're
going to do it right!

Britney hangs up. Lindsay remains entranced by the crowd.

BRITNEY SPEARS (CONT'D)
Hun, can you close the blinds?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Come on, they love you, Britney!

BRITNEY SPEARS
That's what you call chasing me
into Rite-aid?

Britney shuts the blinds herself.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Seriously, how many hours did they
camp out to take your picture?

Britney rolls her eyes. Grabs a tabloid from a coffee table.

BRITNEY SPEARS
For a rag that says I dip flamin'
hot Cheetos in dog food?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Haha, real good one.

Linz grabs it. Reads through.

BRITNEY SPEARS
First of all, it was cat food and
it was only one time!

LINDSAY LOHAN
Wait...you're not kidding?

BRITNEY SPEARS
You only read when they trash you?

LINDSAY LOHAN
They're trashing me?

BRITNEY SPEARS
STAR said that you slept with a
bouncer for a bag of Tostidos...Do
these guys have a deal with Frito-
Lay or something?

Lindsay flips through the magazine. The BOUNCER FROM EARLIER (who was mad that THE PARENT TRAP got his parents back together) grins with his thumbs up.

LINDSAY LOHAN
I'm so confused.

BRITNEY SPEARS
Oh sweet pea...you can't read, can
you? I have trouble since my Disney
tutor replaced English with exotic
animal jazz--

LINDSAY LOHAN
No, I can read!

BRITNEY SPEARS
You don't have to lie. Like I said,
mi caca es--

LINDSAY LOHAN
I am fully literate, Britney! I
just-- I only bother to see if I
look hot in the photos.

BRITNEY SPEARS
While they destroy your life?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Don't be melodramatic.

BRITNEY SPEARS
Aw, honeycakes, you'll read the
damn article after CPS uses it to
try to take your kids away.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Maybe they're just worried. Didn't
you almost drop Jayden?

BRITNEY SPEARS
I didn't want my almond latte to
spill, sue me.

LINDSAY LOHAN
That's not exactly great
parenting...

BRITNEY SPEARS
It's great Mississippi parenting.
I'm country. We drop our kids. Bush
got dropped plenty and now he's
President!

LINDSAY LOHAN
Britney, they're just looking out
for you and their safety--

BRITNEY SPEARS
Just cause Dina sold your baby
teeth on E-bay doesn't mean that I--

LINDSAY LOHAN
I wasn't saying--

BRITNEY SPEARS
You just want to think I'm just as
shitty as your parents so you feel
less fucked up. Everyone does.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Please stop making this about me?

BRITNEY SPEARS
Sorry, Lindsay. I'm just starving.
I miss my boys. I just don't have
it in me today to be America's
goddamn sweetheart!

LINDSAY LOHAN
You can be real with me, Britney!
Let's be real! I can tell you about
my problems and--

Britney laughs, pulls on a t-shirt, and grabs her purse.

BRITNEY SPEARS
What problems?

Now Lindsay laughs, in disbelief.

BRITNEY SPEARS (CONT'D)
Girl, I'd kill a Backstreet Boy to
go back to the days when I could
just go out the back alley without
being tailed by TMZ.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Paparazzi follow me too.

BRITNEY SPEARS
Because you want them to.

Britney puts on her sunglasses.

BRITNEY SPEARS (CONT'D)
I just want to get my Popeyes
delivered while I watch the OC.
Have a fucking family, maybe? Keep
the one I have?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Where are you going?

BRITNEY SPEARS
My butterfly shrimp's gotta be
somewhere down there.

Britney leaves.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The back stairwell - secluded and empty. A window reveals the crowd waiting in the front of the hotel.

Defeated, Lindsay walks down to the back alley. Then, she passes the window. Stops. Takes a longing look.

The mob ripples.

Britney breaks into it. A WHIRLPOOL OF CHAOS ERUPTS.

From Lindsay's view, it's violent. A tsunami collapsing inside itself, screeching--

CU: hundreds of HANDS reach for Britney, exposed by flashes.

They blow kisses.
Grab her hair.
Rip at her shirt.
Steal her sunglasses.
Prop up adoring signs.

The war zone flashes in Lindsay's pupils. Then jealousy.

Lindsay sprints back up the staircase.

INT. LOBBY, ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT

Lindsay darts out of the elevator. Her eyes go straight to the crowd waiting outside, which Britney just escaped.

She races into the mob.

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT, 2006

As soon as they spot Lindsay, the paparazzi loses it.

PAPARAZZI RAT
Lindsay! How are you Lindsay?

ANOTHER PAPARAZZI
How's Britney?

BITCHY PAPARAZZI
You look beautiful, Lindsay.

Lindsay shoots a smile at the cameras.

PAPARAZZI RAT
What about Paris?

ANOTHER PAPARAZZI
Partying with Paris tonight?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Paris is a cunt.

The second the words leave her mouth, the mob metasizes. Invigorated, Lindsay slides in the car.

For the first time in this movie, she feels powerful.

We rewatch the 1st scene of this film through Lindsay's eyes.

Her words are a blur. Their faces, a blur. The car, the noise...are background music.

But the hands -- they're clear, vivid, vibrant-- reaching out. They're reaching for her.

I/E. PARIS' MANSION - DAY

Paris grabs a shoe box from a shelf and lays it on a stack that Kim struggles to balance.

PARIS HILTON

You got the coffee suede and the
black patent?

KIM KARDASHIAN

It's like Lindsay knew you had a
shoe launch coming up, Paris. Or
someone--no some *genius* knew to
manufacture drama to help you
promote it.

PARIS HILTON

Your voice is like really grating
when you talk in complete
sentences.

Paris trots to the paparazzi outside.

Bitter, Kim lugs the shoes.

PAPARAZZI RAT

Paris, why did Lindsay call you a
cunt?

ANOTHER PAPARAZZI

Are you a cunt?

BITCHY PAPARAZZI

How are you feeling?

PARIS HILTON

Well, I feel totally amazing.

Kim starts handing out shoes.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)

I'm wearing my new Joy Black
Leather ballet flats and I feel
like I could stand up to anything!

A paparazzi inspects the shoes. They look pretty damn nice.

BITCHY PAPARAZZI

What about Lindsay? You gonna stand
up to her?

PARIS HILTON

I know you all have been out here
for a long time, so I just wanted
to make sure you had the absolute
best shoes...

A little star struck, people start putting them on.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
...which will be available this
Thursday at Macy's!

FLASH. FLASH. FLASH. FLASH.

Paris poses with her shoes and struts back inside. Kim bats her eyelashes then follows Paris back into the house.

The men take a second look at Kim's ass. DAMN.

PAPARAZZI RAT
She should get that insured.

CUT TO:

A BANKER HOLDS UP AN INSURANCE DOCUMENT.

BANKER
Kris Jenner ensured Kim's backside for \$21 million. That's double the amount of followers Paris has on Instagram.

INT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lindsay waves at the paparazzi outside and slowly closes her door. She snorts coke out of her locket.

DINA
Ya gonna share?

Lindsay finds Dina, drinking in a chair.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Mom?

DINA
Dahling!

Dina gives her a bear hug. Lindsay doesn't embrace her back.

LINDSAY LOHAN
What are you doing here?

DINA
What are you talking about? I'm ya manager!

LINDSAY LOHAN
I don't have anything to manage.

DINA

Lindsay, ya gotta release the tape.

LINDSAY LOHAN

WHAT?

DINA

I wasn't finished. Ya gotta release
the tape first. Get ahead of it.
Own it.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Own what?

DINA

That you're a sex symbol!

Dina sits down, self-satisfied.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Mom--

DINA

It's my fault. I listened to Disney
and tried to keep ya girls too
young too long. You're a beautiful,
grown 19-year-old woman and--

LINDSAY LOHAN

What about Ali's Christmas album?

DINA

Producers don't think Lohan is a
wholesome name for the Christian
demo. Like those Jews know
anything. But honey, I've been
talking to Playboy and--

Dina trails on. She doesn't notice that Lindsay is quivering.

LINDSAY LOHAN

What do you want, Mom?

DINA

Well...if ya gotta be so direct...I
think 30 percent. I know it's a
little bigger than standard yet--

LINDSAY LOHAN

I need you to leave.

DINA

What, ya don't want my help?

LINDSAY LOHAN

Can you just go? I have things to
do and I need to be alone so--

DINA

Lindsay, why are ya pushing me
away?

LINDSAY LOHAN

Because I fucking hate you!

DINA

That's not how ya talk to your
mother.

LINDSAY LOHAN

You're not my mother.

DINA

You're high.

Lindsay paces, rabid.

LINDSAY LOHAN

You're NOT MY MOTHER! You're just
my-- my manager. And you're--
you're fired.

DINA

I flew across the country to clean
up ya mess, and this is how ya
repay me?

LINDSAY LOHAN

I've already paid you. I've been
paying you since I was three.

DINA

That's some big talk coming from
the girl who managed to throw away
the career I built for her.

Lindsay grabs Dina's cigarette and puts it out.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Get up.

DINA

Where did my beautiful, talented
girl go?

LINDSAY LOHAN

Get up.

DINA
Have ya seen my little Lindsay?

LINDSAY LOHAN
GET UP!

Lindsay pulls Dina to her feet.

DINA
I tried to come by her house but
all I see is this lonely, ugly
tramp--

Lindsay shoves Dina, who stumbles on a beer bottle and
crashes into the glass coffee table. It shatters around her.

Lindsay lunges onto the ground to help Dina.

LINDSAY
Ma! Mama--

Dina stirs.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Mommy, I'm so sorry Mommy, I just--

Dina SLAPS Lindsay.

DINA
Ya wanna be a whore? Fine. I'll
treat you like a pimp!

INT. STUDIO - DAY, 2020

Lindsay shoots the camera a plastered on smile.

LINDSAY LOHAN
I'm glad I'm so close to my mom.
She's the only person I really can
be myself in front of.

INT. PARIS' PATIO - DAY, 2020

PARIS HILTON
The thing is...I was the closest
thing Lindsay had to a mom. And her
mom was like the closest thing she
had to a friend. And we both
fucking hated her.

INTERVIEWER

You think her wires got crossed?
That she lashed out at you when her
mom--

PARIS HILTON

It doesn't matter what I think.
Lindsay Lohan is a pathological
liar. And she was making me rich.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY

Paris beams in front of the suits behind her empire.

They watch the sales number projected on screen.

The shoes are flying off the shelves and the **Dollars Sold** are well into the millions.

The crowd cheers as **SOLD OUT** overtakes the screen.

Paris holds up a glass.

PARIS HILTON

To Lindsay Lohan!

CORPORATE STAFF

TO LINDSAY!

EXT. GARAGE, SECOND RATE CLUB - NIGHT

Lindsay wanders on foot past cars. Cameramen call out to her.

INSERT REAL FOOTAGE OF THIS HAPPENING.

PAPARAZZI RAT

Lindsay, can I just get one
picture? Please?

Lindsay stares into the faceless flashes. She paces towards them like a moth to light.

LINDSAY LOHAN

JUST VIDEO!

She weaves through incoming cars.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

VIDEO!

Lindsay holds up her elbow, too close to the camera.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

This is a video that Paris Hilton--
and I'm saying this on tape. She
hit me last night, for no reason
apparently at my friends house and
I didn't know she would be there--

BITCHY PAPARAZZI

Are you upset? How do you feel--

LINDSAY LOHAN

And she hit me. She hit me with a
drink and poured it all over me and
it hurts it's not okay--

BITCHY PAPARAZZI

Not cool.

LINDSAY LOHAN

And I'm sorry for everyone that
thinks I'm crazy. I'm not.

BITCHY PAPARAZZI

I'm so sorry to hear that.

Lindsay savors the sympathy. She moves a little closer. She can see the paparazzi now. Bright eyed, she stares at him with true affection.

Then she realizes he's not looking at her. Just her image on his viewfinder.

Lindsay backs away.

LINDSAY LOHAN

I'm just trying to act...

She turns and darts into the distance.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

I was just trying to act--

INT. STUDIO - DAY, 2020

Lindsay sobs.

LINDSAY LOHAN

I was the supporting actress to a
car.

(blowing her nose)

Not even a good car. A
Volkswagen...

I/E. PARIS' MERCEDES, BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

Paris pulls up in her very good car. Britney's face is puffy from crying.

BRITNEY SPEARS
\$20,000. What kind of kid needs 20
Gs in child support a month?

PARIS HILTON
Um, I need \$23,000 for my morning
routine.

Britney gives Paris a judgmental look.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
(backtracking)
I was like, totally kidding.
(beat)
Listen, you're going to write some
killer break up songs and when we
go to the Grammy's you're going to
clean that shit up.

BRITNEY SPEARS
I don't fucking clean! I just want
to get drunk.

Pissed, Britney gets out of the car. Paris trails behind her.

PARIS HILTON
Wait-- I didn't mean--

DOWN THE STREET

Lindsay watches the paparazzi mob Paris and Britney on their way into the bungalows. She follows them.

INT. PARIS' PATIO - DAY, 2020

PARIS HILTON
When are you going to ask me about
the Holy Trinity?

INT. BUNGALOWS - NIGHT, 2006

Lindsay watches Paris and Britney from the shadows. To her, they look like true friends.

Paparazzi hold their cameras up behind a hedge just to get a blurry snapshot.

We see Britney through Lindsay's eyes: serene, soft, and in perfectly flattering slo-mo. She's a goddess.

INT. REHAB - DAY, 2020

TOMMY

The Holy Trinity was only the most homosexual moment of 2006-- no the entire 2000s.

I/E. BUNGALOWS - NIGHT, 2006

Paris and Britney get up to leave. Lindsay follows them outside to the mob of photographers.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Britney--

Her voice is drowned out by the mob.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

BRITNEY!

Paris turns around. She shoots Lindsay a menacing look.

PARIS HILTON

What do you think you're doing?

LINDSAY LOHAN

...Spending time with my friends.

PARIS HILTON

We both know you don't have friends.

BRITNEY SPEARS

OMG! Lindsay, why didn't you say hi?

The color leaves Paris' face.

LINDSAY LOHAN

That's what I'm doing now!

PARIS HILTON

She was just leaving--

*

*

BRITNEY SPEARS

(to the valet)

Where's the Mercedes?

It pulls up. Paris bolts for the car. Lindsay grabs her shirt. Still clinging to Paris, she forces herself into the middle of the two-seat sports car.

I/E. PARIS' MERCEDES - NIGHT, 2006

Now it's as if the paparazzi are the ones on cocaine. The mob is wilder than ever before.

TOMMY (V.O.)

You had the world's biggest pop star, next to the world's most famous actress, in the car of the world's skinniest socialite.

They shove their cameras in front of the windshield. Some even climb on the hood of the car.

The three bask in the attention. They smile with each other like lifelong friends.

TOMMY (V.O.)

It was the most important moment in American history. The War of 1812 could never.

Paris puts on her windshield wipers and spritzes the cameramen who fall off the car.

They chase her as she drives into the night.

BRITNEY SPEARS

Can we go to Wendy's?

PARIS HILTON

As soon as Lindsay gets out.

Lindsay doesn't say anything.

LINDSAY LOHAN

So, Britney-- how's the new album?

PARIS HILTON

Do you want me to actually hit you?

LINDSAY LOHAN

Beat the shit out of me. It'd feel better than this, Paris.

Britney's eyes go wide.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)

I asked you-- no fucking begged you to stop Stavros from releasing the tape and you went out and fucked--

PARIS HILTON

The only one who's fucked anyone is
you! You fucked your career, fucked
your hair, and now you're in here
trying to fuck me!

Paris makes a turn.

BRITNEY SPEARS

Are you guys having sex?

PARIS HILTON

(saccharine)

No. Lindsay's just mad I stopped
her sex tape from getting released.

BRITNEY SPEARS

You got a sex tape?
(off Lindsay's look)
Why haven't I seen it?
(to Paris)
I've seen like the seven re-makes
of yours.

Paris tries to hide her heart.

PARIS HILTON

(under her breath)

Because I pretended to be screwing
Stavros so he'd sell it to me.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Don't you ever get tired of lying?

PARIS HILTON

Do you ever get tired of being a
fat freckled freak?

Paris pulls over. Lindsay lunges for her.

Paris claws back. Grabs her hair.

Lindsay bites Paris' hand. Paris bitch-slaps her.

Britney sits between them, struggling in middle of their
catfight.

INT. BACKSTAGE BRITNEY'S LAS VEGAS SHOW - NIGHT, 2020

Britney slurps a big gulp.

BRITNEY SPEARS
As Vanity Fair's Lily Anolik wrote,
When stars collide one of two
things happens. They form a larger
star or they fall into a black
hole.

Silence. Did-- *CAN* Britney read?

Britney belches.

BRITNEY SPEARS (CONT'D)
Why do my burps always smell like
farts?

I/E. PARIS' MERCEDES - SIDE STREET - NIGHT, 2006

Paris gets out of the car. She makes a call.

PARIS HILTON
Elliot, I'm on Robertson and
Burton. Get here now...um, of
course it's Lohan related!

In the car, Lindsay sobs under her shaggy hair.

BRITNEY SPEARS
Darling, are you okay?

Lindsay sniffles and sits up.

LINDSAY LOHAN
I don't know what okay feels like.

Elliot Minz's car pulls up. He darts out and to Lindsay's side of the car. He knocks on the window.

ELLIOT MINTZ
Don't make me drag you out.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Elliot and Lindsay walk down the block from the car.

ELLIOT MINTZ
That was a cute stunt you pulled
last night.

LINDSAY LOHAN
I don't know what you're talking
about.

ELLIOT MINTZ
(in a bitchy voice)
Oh no! Paris Hilton hit me!! Am I
relevant again?

LINDSAY LOHAN
I was upset.

ELLIOT MINTZ
You know why Paris Hilton is my
favorite client?

LINDSAY LOHAN
Because she's rich?

ELLIOT MINTZ
Because every time she fucks up she
gets richer. It doesn't matter what
the news is, as long as she's in
it, more people want to buy her
crap. So thanks for your little
trip to crazy town.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Why are you here then?

ELLIOT MINTZ
Paris wanted me to show you this.

He pulls out a laptop and plays Lindsay's sex tape. She goes pale and shuts it.

ELLIOT MINTZ (CONT'D)
Now don't get freaked out. Although
Paris bought the complete rights to
your porno, she would never release
it to harm you.

The SHUTTER of cameras crescendoes.

ELLIOT MINTZ (CONT'D)
But I would.

Lindsay turns around.

The paparazzi have caught up. They pull up around Paris' car. Paris and Britney get out of the car and pose.

LINDSAY LOHAN
...What do you want me to do?

EXT. PARIS' MERCEDES - NIGHT - 2006

THIS IS ALL REAL FOOTAGE.

Paris and Britney continue to pose for the photos when she spots Lindsay walking back to the car with Elliot.

Paris guides Britney back to the car.

PAPARAZZI RAT
Paris, Lindsay says you hit her
last night. Is that true?

Paris opens the car door and lets Britney inside. She makes her way to the driver's seat.

ANOTHER PAPARAZZI
So Paris, did you hit Lindsay?

PARIS HILTON
Ask her! She's right there!

She points to Lindsay who, head hung low, walks arm in arm with Elliot.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
Lindsay! Tell them the truth.

BITCHY PAPARAZZI
Lindsay, what's going on?

LINDSAY LOHAN
(monotone)
Paris never hit me. She's my
friend. Everybody lies about
everything. She's a nice person--

Elliot stares down at her, ice cold.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)
(getting into the car)
Please leave us alone. We're
friends.

PAPARAZZI RAT
So that video statement before--

LINDSAY LOHAN
I made it all up. We're all
friends. She never did that.

Elliot looks at Paris, who grimaces. It hurts her to watch Lindsay like this.

He whispers into Lindsay's ear.

ELLIOT MINTZ

So you know, Paris doesn't give
warning shots. She must really like
your wasted ass.

LINDSAY LOHAN

(to the cameras)

...She's a good girl. I've known
her since I was fifteen.

(voice cracking)

Please. Stop trying to make us hate
each other.

She slides into the car. Stares at Paris. Paris looks back
with real, sincere pity. She helps Lindsay into her seat.

The paparazzi snap more photos, gasping in awe until Paris
drives off.

INT. PARIS' PATIO - DAY, 2020

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

So what happened next?

PARIS HILTON

We went back to Britney's place and
I slept over.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

And Lindsay?

Paris smirks.

PARIS HILTON

I wouldn't know.

I/E. PARIS' MERCEDES - NIGHT, 2006

PARIS HILTON

Do you still want Wendy's?

LINDSAY LOHAN

A frosty would be nice, right
Britney?

PARIS HILTON

I've always wondered what a chicken
nugget tastes like!

BRITNEY SPEARS
Y'all bitches are batshit.

LINDSAY LOHAN
What are you talking about?

PARIS HILTON
Britney, we just needed to settle
something. We're moving on now.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Are you ready for the Grammy's?

Britney unbuckles.

PARIS HILTON
Why would it matter to you? It's
not like you were invited--

LINDSAY LOHAN
You're only invited because I got
uninvited!

BRITNEY SPEARS
Stop the car!

PARIS HILTON
Britney, don't let this psycho--

BRITNEY SPEARS
STOP BEFORE I CRACK A WINDOW OPEN
YOU CRAZY CUNTS!

Paris obeys. Britney climbs over Lindsay and out of the car.

PARIS HILTON
I'll see you tomorrow?

Britney slams the door shut and wobbles off in her miniskirt.

Paris and Lindsay sit in silence. They stare at each other.
Then burst out in laughter.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
Someone forgot to give that bitch
her medicine!

LINDSAY LOHAN
Well, she did marry a guy in her
living room.

The girls laugh more. There's a warmth in the air.

LINDSAY LOHAN (CONT'D)
I'm really fucking sorry, Paris.

PARIS HILTON
I know.

Lindsay pauses, waiting.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
What? I don't need to say I'm
sorry!

LINDSAY LOHAN
Are you serious?

PARIS HILTON
Hanging out with Stavros was
punishment enough.

LINDSAY LOHAN
What did he want?

PARIS HILTON
A weekend in the press with yours
truly. I almost died.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Paris...

PARIS HILTON
Of alcohol poisoning! You know how
drunk you need to be to put up with
that sleaze-ball for 48 hours?

Lindsay takes Paris' hand. She squeezes it back.

PARIS HILTON (CONT'D)
I'll never forgive him for what he
did to you.

Tears glaze Lindsay's eyes. There's a silent thank you.

LINDSAY LOHAN
...How do we start over?

PARIS HILTON
I don't think we can.

LINDSAY LOHAN
Paris, I need somebody. One fucking
person.

PARIS HILTON
I know. But I can't be her.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Why not?

PARIS HILTON

Lindsay, after all of this--

LINDSAY LOHAN

This feud has been the best thing
to happen to your career.

PARIS HILTON

What, you want to keep fighting?

LINDSAY LOHAN

Hear me out. Every time I'm having
trouble getting a movie or you need
ratings on your show, we'll just
trash each other.

PARIS HILTON

You're insane.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Exactly. You want to keep being the
hero? You need a crazy villain.

PARIS HILTON

That's really what you want?

LINDSAY LOHAN

(shrugs)

Any actress would kill for a role
like this.

INT. STUDIO - DAY, 2020

Lindsay pleads with the camera.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Okay, so that's the story of Paris
and me. That's it. We can end it
there.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

PARIS HILTON (O.S.)

Lindsay was arrested six times and--

Cut back to Lindsay.

LINDSAY LOHAN

Paris was arrested twice! After her DUI they kept pulling her over for continuing to drive without a license until--

INTERCUT LINDSAY & PARIS' INTERVIEWS.

PARIS HILTON

They sent her to jail and then--

LINDSAY LOHAN

Rehab.

EXT. CELEBRITY REHAB - DAY, 2006

Establishing shot. It's more glamorous than most hotels.

INT. CELEBRITY REHAB - DAY, 2006

Paris sits in her posh room crying.

PARIS HILTON

I just...when I drink, I feel like no one can hurt me anymore.

Paris' mom pats her on the back and holds her as she sobs.

EXT. AVERAGE REHAB - DAY, 2006

Establishing shot. This place is a lot worse.

INT. AVERAGE REHAB - DAY

Lindsay (who is the one in rehab) sits stone-faced while Dina dramatically cries.

DINA

I just...when I don't drink I feel like I'm gonna hurt people.

LATER

Lindsay spills no tears. She just lays on her bed, empty.

LINDSAY LOHAN (PRELAP)

Just so you know, this story isn't some campy tragedy.

She's haunted.

INT. STUDIO - DAY, 2020

LINDSAY LOHAN

I'm not the tragic Lindsay Lohan. I booked two TV shows this year. One of them got a second season, and my new song Xanax gets played. I've heard it at the club and people danced. Hard. The way I used to and they weren't even that drunk. That might not be a lot to you, but I did that. I did that completely alone, like I've done everything.

(beat)

And without a sex tape.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY, 2020

Surrounded by sisters, KIM KARDASHIAN (39, if you need a description for her, you live under a rock and should stop reading this movie) sits as her glam squad gets her ready.

KIM KARDASHIAN

Paris had the money. Lindsay had the talent. But I had the one thing they didn't...

INT. PARIS HILTON'S MANSION - DAY, 2006

KIM'S ENORMOUS ASS appears in her sex tape. Paris watches, her eyes bulging out of her head. She's on the phone.

EXECUTIVE (O.S.)

Paris, *The Simple Life* was so fresh when it came out. But it's been seven seasons and--

Outraged, Paris just hangs up on him. Dials another number.

KIM KARDASHIAN (VOICEMAIL)

Hi there, it's Kim. Sorry I can't come to the phone right now, I'm busy filming my new reality show about my family and--

The color leaves Paris' face.

CU on the computer to the title of the sex tape:

Kim Kardashian, Superstar.

FADE OUT.