

IT'S BRITNEY, BITCH

Written by

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Based on the hairy life of pop princess Britney Spears

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INT. ESTHER'S HAIRCUTTING SALON, TARZANA - NIGHT

SUPER: 2007

Lights shine brightly on a shorn scalp.

A clipper glides bumpily over the rounded dome and long brown locks fall onto the grimy tiles.

Lined, manic eyes peer at the reflection in the mirror. The eyes of someone who knows we're here for her, and only her.

We zoom out to see a 26-year old pop star BRITNEY SPEARS.

Her head is shaved except in places where it's still patchy. She tugs on the bizarre rattail left on the back.

Flashes us that superstar smile that has had millions fall for her.

When she speaks, there's a tinge of Louisiana sugar cane in her drawl.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
In the Bible, we read the story of
Samson and Delilah.

The humming of the clipper grows.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
Delilah betrayed Samson and shaved
off all his hair in his sleep.

More locks fall to the ground.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
When she did that, Samson lost all
his strength and was captured by
the enemy.

The clipper shakily follows the curve of her skull and leaves uneven patches in its wake, like a drunk father mowing the lawn.

As she speaks, the sound of the clipper grows louder and louder.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
At least, I think that's what
happened. To be honest, I didn't
pay that much attention in Sunday
school.

(beat)

(MORE)

BRITNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But. I kind of felt a little like
Samson on that day. Betrayed. Like
I had no one to turn to. Like I
didn't have any more strength to
keep on going.

(beat)

Maybe God can put a new part in the
Bible. "And she did shave her head
bald. For she was tired. Fucking
sick and tired of everything and
everybody and wasn't having any
more of their bullshit."

(beat)

And when they ask who...who the
hell is this verse about? You can
tell 'em.

The drone of the clippers is now a jaw-clenching loudness.

The salon is completely dark save a spotlight on our lone pop
star and her soliloquy.

Then--a sudden hush.

Britney looks at us intently. We hear the pulse of the cymbal
that starts "Gimme More."

BRITNEY (V.O.)
It's Britney, bitch.

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH IN KENTWOOD, LOUISIANA - DAY (1990)

The cymbal turns into anxious foot tapping. The foot belongs
to EIGHT-YEAR OLD BRITNEY.

She's dressed in choir robes. Sits in front of a mirror as
her mother, 35-year old LYNNE SPEARS, curls her hair.

Lynne is petite Southern mom, with an outdated fringe better
suited to someone younger.

Nearby, 38-year old JAMES SPEARS is on the phone. Also known
as JAMIE, Britney's father is permanently taciturn. The sour
to Lynne's sweet.

One-year old JAMIE LYNN plays. Yes, Jamie and Lynne combined
their names and gifted it to their other daughter. It's
confusing.

Jamie Lynn is watched by Britney's aunt SANDRA BRIDGES.
Sandra looks like Lynne, but is a bit more homely. Sweeter.
Doesn't really care about her appearance as much.

Britney looks anxiously at her reflection.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
Like I said, I never paid much
attention in Sunday school. All I
really cared about was singin' in
the choir.

Young Britney fidgets with her bangs. Jamie wanders over and bats his daughter's hand away.

JAMIE
Now, don't do that, you're gonna
mess up your hair.

Britney scrunches her nose up in response.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes, hello, Felicia. I wanted to
talk to you about Britney goin'
over there next week...

Lynne fluffs up her daughter's hair and rests her chin on
Britney's shoulder. A moment of tenderness.

BRITNEY
Mama, do you think--

She is interrupted by Jamie barking out Lynne's name.

JAMIE
Lynne, c'mere!

Lynne rolls her eyes.

LYNNE
I'm doin' Britney's hair.

JAMIE
Get Sandra to do it. We gotta talk
to Felicia.

Lynne sighs.

LYNNE
I'll be right back, sweetie.

She gives Britney a tender kiss on the forehead and heads
over to Jamie, turning to Sandra as she does so.

LYNNE (CONT'D)
Sandra, could you please finish her
up?

Sandra goes up to Britney and picks up a big black bow from the dresser. Juggles to carry Jamie Lynn and pin the bow to Britney's head at the same time.

Clearly used to taking over for the parental duties when Jamie and Lynne neglect their roles in favor of their managerial ones.

The ribbon is a bit lopsided, so Sandra reaches over to straighten it out.

SANDRA
You look like an angel, sweetheart.

BRITNEY
(smiling shyly)
Thanks, Aunt Sandra.

Jamie finishes up his conversation with Lynne and the woman on the phone.

JAMIE
Britney! C'mon, hurry up, we'll be late!

Britney gets up and looks at Sandra hesitantly.

SANDRA
What's wrong, Britney?

BRITNEY
Auntie Sandra, d'you think God will get mad if I mess up?

Sandra chuckles and shakes her head.

SANDRA
Oh, honey, no. He'll be so proud.
And don't you worry. I'm so tone-deaf the Good Lord won't be able to hear any of your mistakes over my voice anyway!

Britney laughs, a bit more relieved. She turns to the mirror again and fixes some errant strands.

INT. BRITNEY'S MICKEY MOUSE CLUB DRESSING ROOM - DAY (1994)

MATCH CUT:

Britney, now TWELVE, gets her hair straightened out in front of a larger, slightly more glamorous mirror.

She's in adorable overalls.

This time, her hair is being done by a stylist, instead of her mother.

Lynne isn't there, but Jamie talks to talent agent NANCY CARSON while Britney gets ready. Nancy is sallow-skinned and grandmotherly, the visual opposite of the bright young stars she represents.

The hairstylist brushes a stray hair and inspects Britney's reflection.

HAIRSTYLIST

So. First time with Justin, right?
How're you feeling?

Britney gets visibly flustered at the mention of the Justin. You know which one. Tweenage awkwardness.

BRITNEY

Fine! I feel fine. I mean, it's not like it's a big deal or anything. And we've rehearsed a bunch of times, so I think we got the choreography down pat.

The stylist smiles warmly at her bright-eyed anxiousness.

Jamie and Nancy overhear and wander over.

NANCY

You're not nervous having to share the stage now, are you?

Britney chews on her lip.

BRITNEY

I don't know. I guess I'm a little nervous.

NANCY

Don't be. You're a brighter star than him. He's all flash and style--no substance.

Jamie frowns at this assessment, clearly disagreeing.

JAMIE

But that flash dazzles. Listen, Britney.

He stoops down to look at Britney with a ruthless look.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

There's no question that Justin is
a better singer than you.

(beat)

Better dancer too.

(beat)

More good looking.

Nancy protests and Jamie waves her off.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Just talking facts.

(to Britney)

So. It's very important that you
work twice as hard to outshine him
onstage. Amp up your energy. Flirt
with the crowd a little. Show 'em
that classic Southern charm. You
got it?

Britney nods.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Good. Now go out there and show 'em
you're not just some nobody from
Louisiana. Let the world know your
name.

Britney, with a renewed sense of determination, turns to her reflection. Stays as still as a mannequin as they finish up her hair.

INT. BRITNEY'S TOUR DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (1999)

Britney again in front of a mirror. This time, she's SEVENTEEN and glitzy and glamorous.

One hairstylist has turned into a TEAM OF WOMEN, fluttering about the princess in her throne.

One braids Britney's now bleached hair into pigtails. Ties them up with ribbons reminiscent of Britney's church days.

Gone are the modest outfits for a hot pink sparkly crop top and tight white pants.

Britney closes her eyes as a make-up artist puts on thick eyeliner.

In the background, Lynne watches the whole affair with disapproval and argues with Jamie.

LYNNE

I mean--does she have to show so much skin? Do you know how embarrassing it is to have the other Moms talking about how--how my daughter is turning little girls into sluts?

Jamie shakes his head in exasperation.

JAMIE

Now c'mon, you're making a big deal over nothing. So she's turning into a woman. That doesn't make her a slut.

(beat)

Plus, everybody knows that sex sells.

Lynne purses her lips at the inarguable adage.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Lynne, what did you expect? It's show business. We all gotta sacrifice a little.

The two then wage a hushed war while Britney watches them from the corner of her eye.

From the expression on her face, this is not the first time she's heard this argument.

Sandra enters with a now 13-year old Jamie Lynn. At the sight of her aunt, Britney brightens.

Sandra wraps her up in a big hug. Britney leans into the warmth.

SANDRA

Just thought we'd come wish you luck before we took our seats.

She looks at her niece affectionately.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

How you feelin'?

BRITNEY

Good. I think. I don't know.

Sandra doesn't let go, gives her another squeeze.

SANDRA

You're going to be so great, honey.
But no matter what, just go out
there and have fun. Okay?

She pulls back and looks at Britney, who smiles back slightly.

BRITNEY

Okay.

EXT. CONCERT STAGE - NIGHT

Backup dancers in matching outfits. Fireworks explode onstage to the rhythm of the intro to Britney's "...Baby One More Time."

We hear her famous, filtered "Oh Baby Baby" come on the speakers. The crowd roars.

Britney struts out, gloriously fit and tan, belly button piercing glinting.

Her fans are practically feral, their screaming a wild crescendo.

The scene freezes. We zoom out to see the scene is on the television in--

INT. BRITNEY'S MANSION - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY (2004)

The living room of the young and rich. A marble fireplace and a beautiful chandelier swings from the ceiling.

TWENTY-TWO YEAR OLD Britney hits pause on her TV remote. She's sitting on a leather white couch while she sips red wine. The courage of a woman in her 20s.

She's in a velvet track suit, her platinum blonde hair in a messy bun.

She looks at her 17-year old counterpart on the TV intently. Then pinches the minuscule amount of flab on her arm to compare.

Frowns at the results.

Takes another sip of wine.

On an impulse, she sets it down on the coffee table and wanders over to her grand piano.

She sits and plays an acoustic version of "...Baby One More Time."

When she's not onstage, Britney's sexy baby singing voice is a contralto.

Instead of sappy melancholy, she's sincerely forlorn.

BRITNEY

*My loneliness is killing me
And I must confess
I still believe
When I'm not with you, I lose my
mind
Give me a sign
Hit me, baby, one more time*

Suddenly, children's voices come from the window.

KID #1 (O.S.)
Britney! Let us see you! Please!

Britney, curious, scurries over to her balcony and draws the blinds. Steps out and squints at the glinting sunlight.

She sees a group of teenage GIRLS down below waving at her.

KID #2
Oh my God! There she is! Britney!

The teens cheer and wave. Britney smiles and waves back. Suddenly, she notices that amongst the teens are a group of men with cameras.

She blinks and suddenly sees them everywhere. They're pointing their lenses at her and snapping photos.

She backs away from the window and peeks out.

Spots one of the men hand money to the group of girls who had called out to her. Nothing but paid props to lure her out.

The joy at seeing fans quickly dissipates and she retreats back into her living room. Shuts the blinds and locks the slide door.

Takes a few panicked breaths. Looks at her glass of wine. Fuck this.

Reaches out to the table where the bottle of wine sits. Uncorks it and drinks straight from that instead.

A faint electronic ringing. Quickly gets up to locate her hot pink Razr phone and answers it.

BRITNEY

Hello?

INT. PARIS' HOUSE - DAY

On the other line is famed heiress PARIS HILTON. Valley Girl vocal fry personified. She's coiffed and petting her precious Chihuahua in her mansion.

INTERCUT - BRITNEY'S HOUSE/PARIS' HOUSE

PARIS HILTON

Brit, what are you doing tonight?

Britney sighs. Looks at the bottle of wine.

BRITNEY

(to phone)

A date with Mr. Cabernet. We've started making out already.

PARIS HILTON (O.S.)

Oh my god are you still not over that guy from *Seinfeld*?

BRITNEY

Different Jason Alexander, Paris.

(beat)

And I'm really sad. We said we were gonna be forever.

MONTAGE

- A completely wasted Britney and her childhood friend JASON ALEXANDER in Las Vegas, downing shots and partying.
- The two now in a chapel, blitzed out their goddamn minds in front of an altar.
- Britney in bed with Jason, hungover as fuck, on the phone.
- Britney and Jason having to sign annulment papers in front of a furious Jamie and Britney's lawyers.

BACK TO SCENE

BRITNEY (V.O.)

It lasted fifty five hours. So we didn't quite make it to forever.

PARIS HILTON (O.S.)
 Nothing lasts forever. So let's get
 fucking wrecked, bitch.

Britney grimaces.

CUT TO:

INT. LES DEUX - NIGHT

Britney is smoking hot amidst a sea of other good looking celebrities.

Paris is there, complaining about LINDSAY LOHAN, who is with a posse of her own. They glare daggers at each other.

Britney barely pays attention as she is plied with drink after drink.

The music is nauseatingly loud and head-pounding.

Across the club, Britney makes eye contact with tall and chiseled KEVIN FEDERLINE. He smiles warmly at Britney. He knows who she is.

The music stops, time slows.

The mob of people parts and Britney and Kevin walk towards each other like Moses through the Red Sea.

The electro-robot-techno-laser music stops and changes to the sweet piano intro to Britney's "Now That I Found You."

BRITNEY
 (singing)
*On a shameless night
 In a nameless place
 I forgot love was a hopeless case
 'Til I found you
 'Til I found you*

The two draw closer and closer.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
*Lived a wasteful life in a hateful
 city
 There was no love, just pain and
 pity
 'Til I found you
 'Til I found you*

The two embrace. Cradle each other's faces in each other's hands.

It's love at first sight. The people in the club are now a part of their choreography.

Background dancers to Britney singing the bridge.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

*And you don't know how you saved me
And you don't know what you gave me
And you don't know how you saved my
life
Now that I found you
Now that I found you.*

The two lean into a passionate kiss. We are swept away into a fairytale.

VIDEO FOOTAGE OF BRITNEY AND KEVIN'S REALITY TV SHOW *CHAOTIC*

We see a stoned Kevin peering into a video camera. It's aughts reality TV. Slightly grainy and with absolutely no care in the world for direction.

KEVIN

(to the camera)

I care about you. And if you ever
watch this tape. I care.

Cut to Britney in a trailer, smoking.

BRITNEY (V.O.)

This is my journey.

BRITNEY

I'm real. And I'm just gonna tell
it like it is.

Cut to, Kevin and Britney sitting on a couch staring at each other.

KEVIN (V.O.)

This is my journey.

KEVIN

I think you're scared to love me.
And that makes me...scared to love
you.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
Our journey.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Our journey.

Cut to a close-up of the two of them making out. Then to Britney getting ready in front of the mirror.

BRITNEY
(to the camera)
The kisses are really good.
(beat)
The sex is really good.

Cut to Britney talking into her video camera as her Chinese hairstylist LORENCEZ works on her do. He speaks with an accent.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
(to the camera)
Right now, we're talking about commitment and when's the timing right for marriage. What do you think, Lorencez?

LORENCEZ
I'm into committed relationship, but I don't believe too much in marriage.
(beat)
Unless it means free health care then--
(he snaps)
--YES!

Britney roars with laughter.

BRITNEY
Honestly? Okay. I don't believe in marriage either.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Britney retire to bed, watching TV and snuggling. Kevin's a little drunk and a little high, flipping through channels mindlessly.

Suddenly, the channel lands on MTV where Eminem's "Slim Shady" music video is playing.

Right at the part where Eminem sings-

EMINEM (ON TV)
But *Slim what if you win
wouldn't it be weird?*
(MORE)

EMINEM (ON TV) (CONT'D)
*Why, so guys could lie just to get
me here?
So you guys can sit me here next to
Britney Spears?*

Onscreen, Eminem is dressed as Britney in "Hit Me Baby One More Time," twirling his pigtails in mockery.

The real Eminem turns away.

EMINEM (ON TV) (CONT'D)
*Christina Aguilera better switch me
chairs.*

Britney turns to Kevin and says--

BRITNEY
What do you think about Eminem?

KEVIN
(without hesitation)
I think he's a genius.

Britney says nothing for a moment.

BRITNEY
'Cuz it's cool when guys complain
about what women have done to them.
Like making music that's more
appealing to his daughter.
(beat)
But whatever. It's what gets you in
the game. It's controversy. That's
what they all want.

She pauses here thoughtfully.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
It's what they all want from me
too.

Kevin looks up at her solemnly. He reaches out to touch her cheek tenderly.

KEVIN
Not me.

Britney smiles at him and leans over to kiss him on the nose.

BRITNEY
Alright, well I better go to sleep.
I have to be up early for the shoot
tomorrow.

Kevin furrows his eyebrows in concern.

KEVIN

What? I thought you were supposed to be resting your knee.

BRITNEY

Oh, honey. It don't matter if I got my leg chopped off. As long as I can sing and dance they're gonna make me work.

She gestures broadly at everything: the messy opulence.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

That's what pays for all this.

Kevin looks at her for a moment. There's a calculated glint that Britney misses as she blinks drowsily.

KEVIN

Well, try to take it easy.

BRITNEY

I will.

(beat)

I love you, baby.

KEVIN

Love you too.

He kisses her good night and they bury in the sheets.

INT. "OUTRAGEOUS" SET IN QUEENS, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Britney in a gold and slinky top with baggy jeans. A wet stripper look.

The set has a "what white people think the word 'urban' means" vibe.

Surrounded by a mob of fans and curious onlookers.

Video director DAVE MEYERS cues the backup dancers to get ready.

Britney takes a deep breath. Shakes off her right leg and grimaces. The lights are blinding.

DAVE

Britney, what's wrong? You look constipated, that's not what we want.

BRITNEY
I'm fine--sorry. Just a slight
cramp.

Hurrying to her side is Britney's cousin and longtime
assistant ALLI SIMMS.

ALLI
Brit, do you need to take a break?

Britney smoothens her face into a smile.

BRITNEY
I'm good.

ALLI
Are you sure?

BRITNEY
Yeah, thanks, Alli.

DAVE
Alright, let's get ready then.
Remember. Sexy. Outrageous.
(beat)
Let's take it from "In my sexy
jeans." And...action!

The music starts and Britney starts to lip sync to
"Outrageous."

Everything is fine until she has to do a pirouette-like spin.

Suddenly, her leg collapses and she goes down with a cry.
Britney's face twists in pain. The moment she falls, her
expression telegraphs it all: Fuck, fuck-

BRITNEY
Fuck!

The crowd of people gasp and murmur.

Close on her injury. Knee bent at a grotesque angle. Leg limp
and useless.

Chaos as various assistants flock to her side in concern.
Alli is immediately there, unstrapping her high heels.

DAVE
Cut! Cut! What happened?

BRITNEY
My knee--

DAVE
Christ.

ALLI
We're getting an ambulance,
Britney, okay? How are you feeling?

BRITNEY
It hurts like a bitch...

Alli grimaces, looks up and notices a cameraman still rolling, focused now on the wincing Britney, zooming in on her knee.

ALLI
(to camera)
Stop rolling! What the fuck is wrong with you?

She turns to attend to Britney. The cameraman zooms into Britney's face, twisted in pain.

INT.HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Britney laid up in bed while Jamie talks to a doctor. Britney is exhausted, while Jamie is irate.

DOCTOR
Well basically, she has a lot of cartilage floating in her knee and she's going to need surgery to clear it. Then she'll need to recover for a few weeks--

JAMIE
Weeks? She's in the middle of a tour!

The doctor glances over at Britney, who looks back nervously.

DOCTOR
Well, you're going to have to cancel it.
(to Britney)
Don't worry, Dr. Brunson is the best at this kind of surgery. After you heal and rehab, you'll be back on stage as your normal self again in no time.

BRITNEY
Okay, thank you, Doctor.

The doctor smiles at her.

DOCTOR
I'll be back to check on you later.

He leaves. Jamie turns to Britney in anger.

JAMIE
I can't believe this.

He shakes his head and glares at Britney's leg as if doing so could make it heal faster.

BRITNEY
Well, I could still do the tour--
maybe, I'd just sing and not dance.
You know, play the guitar or the
piano and just sing, like Alicia
Keys does.

JAMIE
You think you're Alicia Keys?

Britney draws back, hurt.

BRITNEY
No, but--

JAMIE
Sugar, no one wants to watch you
without the dancing. It's why
people come to your concerts. The
dancing and the lights and the--you
know--

He wiggles a bit in pantomime of a sexy dance. It's
nauseating.

BRITNEY
I know, Dad, but--

They are interrupted by Kevin knocking and peeking into the room.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Baby!

Kevin swaggered in and goes over to give Britney a hug. As usual, he is a little high.

Jamie lifts his eyebrow and wrinkles his nose at him.

Britney twists her mouth in anger at her father. Kevin is unbothered.

KEVIN
Hello to you too, Jamie.
(to Britney)
How you doin', babe?

BRITNEY
The doctor said I'm gonna need
surgery.

KEVIN
Oh, man. That's awful.

He sits on the bed and wraps an arm round her. Britney looks at Jamie like: Get out.

Jamie frowns at them, but takes his leave.

When he's gone, Britney sighs sadly.

BRITNEY
Sorry about him.

KEVIN
It's alright. I know he hates me.

BRITNEY
He hates all my boyfriends.

She stares at her hands with an empty expression.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
It's so fucked. He cares more about
this stupid tour than his daughter.

Kevin shakes his head and holds Britney closer.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
He still treats me like a child. I
wish I could...

Her voice fades. She doesn't quite know what it is she wants. She thinks for a long moment, then suddenly looks up at Kevin.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Hey, Kevin?

Kevin is a little surprised by how serious she sounds.

KEVIN
Yeah, Britney?

BRITNEY
You wanna get married?

Kevin's stoned brain takes a moment to process this. He frowns.

KEVIN
I don't know if I'm ready for that.

Britney's face falls.

BRITNEY
Oh.

Kevin's frown twists up into a smile.

KEVIN
Psych! I got you!

Britney's devastation turns into relief. She laughs along. Punches him on the arm.

BRITNEY
Oh my god! You asshole!

KEVIN
Come here. Of course I'll marry you, baby.

He grabs her hands and kisses them sweetly.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
You're my princess.

BRITNEY
And you really are my prince charming.

They kiss.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
Gag me with a fucking crawfish.
(beat)
But y'know. I was in love. I really thought I was living the fairy tale I always wanted.

INT. COLFAX MEADOWS HOME IN STUDIO CITY - NIGHT

Guests filter into a gorgeously decorated home. Bouquets of roses and candles everywhere.

A small gathering to celebrate Britney and Kevin's engagement party.

Of course the paparazzi are out front, clicking away as those deemed important enough to attend the event check in.

They are handed big white envelopes, presumably the wedding invitations.

Kevin and Britney peek from behind another room, listening in as guests are encouraged to open their envelopes.

Kevin in a white tank top and holding a glass of champagne. Britney's hair in curlers.

We see Sandra, Lynne, and Jamie together, opening their envelopes.

Lynne reads the invitation out loud. Her eyes widen in shock.

LYNNE
...to our wedding ceremony tonight.

She pauses. Looks around as if she's being punk'd.

LYNNE (CONT'D)
No. What the...?

Jamie is equally stunned, staring at the fancy script on the invitations, which declares that what they thought was the engagement party is actually BRITNEY AND KEVIN'S SURPRISE WEDDING!!!

When the reality sinks in, the two have wildly different reactions.

Lynne is excited and overjoyed. Looks around for her daughter.

Jamie's face is pinched in anger. Turning the color of boiled shrimp.

Kevin and Britney pop up from their hiding place to laughter and cheers.

FELICIA CULOTTA, Britney's assistant, corrals the guests towards other parts of the house.

FELICIA
Now, if I can get the bridesmaids to come with me, we have your dresses to change into...

The mob disperses.

Lynne embraces her daughter, then her future son-in-law.

LYNNE

Oh my gosh, I just can't believe this.

KEVIN

C'mon, Mama. Let me show you the set-up for the reception.

They wander off, chattering excitedly. Britney reaches over to Sandra and tugs on her arm.

BRITNEY

Auntie, come help me get ready.

Jamie places a hand on her shoulder.

JAMIE

Ah, Britney. Hold on.

Britney turns to her dad with a cloying smile.

BRITNEY

Yes, Daddy?

JAMIE

Don't you think we should talk about this?

BRITNEY

Talk about what?

Jamie waves incredulously at...this. The glittering candles that look like a fire hazard waiting to happen. The roses everywhere. Britney in a robe and curlers.

When Britney raises her eyebrows in question, he grabs her arm and pulls her away.

JAMIE

Excuse us, Sandra.

He tows her to a random empty room while she tries to shake him off.

BRITNEY

Ow, Dad, what the hell--?

JAMIE

Sh! In here.

They stumble into the room and Jamie shuts the door.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Now just what the hell is this,
Brit?

BRITNEY
What do you mean? I'm getting
married.

JAMIE
I thought your wedding was supposed
to be in a month.

BRITNEY
Yes, but the press found out where
we were going to have it and I
didn't want them there. I just
wanted it to be us. Friends and
family.

Jamie gestures to a random window, where paparazzi mill on
front of the house, ants drawn to a picnic.

JAMIE
They're here anyway!

Britney bounds to the window and draws the curtain.

BRITNEY
Well--whatever! At least this way I
get to have a say in how I get
married.

Jamie shakes his head.

JAMIE
Don't you remember what happened
the last time you got it into that
fool head of yours to get married?

BRITNEY
Yes, but this is different.
(beat)
This time I'm sober.

A thought suddenly occurs to Britney that bursts out of her.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Plus--the earlier we get married,
the earlier I can start building a
family.

Jamie's horrified expression worsens.

JAMIE
 Excuse me?
 (beat)
 Children? With...with...

He points to what he presumes is Kevin's general direction.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 That idiot?

BRITNEY
 He is not an idiot, Daddy. And he
 loves me. He'd make a great father.
 And I can't wait to be a Mom.

The idea warms her and her eyes light up with excitement.

JAMIE
 Now hold on one second, Britney. I
 don't think you're thinking this
 through. You've always been
 impulsive, but this is just beyond
 reckless.

The excitement fades and Britney starts to stew, first in confusion then anger.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 You've got a *career*. You can't just
 have children out of nowhere.

BRITNEY
 Why the hell not? I'm an adult,
 aren't I?

JAMIE
 Think of how much money you've
 already lost from cancelling your
 tour, having kids will just--

BRITNEY
 Is that all you care about? How
 much money I'm making you?

Jamie pauses. Takes a deep breath to collect himself.

JAMIE
 I guarantee you that's all that
 cornrow wearing bastard cares
 about.

Britney clenches her jaw. She's had enough.

BRITNEY

Kevin has never once relied on me for money. But you? You're the one who's obsessed over how much you can make out of me. It's been like this ever since I was a kid. You don't give a shit about me except for the fucking checks you collect just from being my dad.

Jamie reels from this, hurt. Something of a father figure emerges.

JAMIE

Now that's just not true, Britney. I'm your father. Of course I care about you. I love you very much.

(beat)

The man you're about to marry was just engaged to another woman. He just had *two children* with that woman. And what did he do?

(beat)

Left her.

Snaps his fingers.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Like *that*.

Britney falters, the gravity of the truth penetrating past the anger.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I just don't want the same thing to happen to you.

She bucks up.

BRITNEY

It's different with me, Daddy. He really loves me.

JAMIE

He loves all the fancy vacations he's been getting.

The mention of how she spends her money draws Britney's ire again.

BRITNEY

Like you haven't taken a few on my dime.

She draws close, spits out her next words viciously in his face.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Listen. I don't care whether you walk me down that aisle or not, but I'm walking down it. And when little Britney and Kevin Jr. come out of my tee-hiney, you better spend all my hard-earned money being a good grandpa.

(beat)

Now, excuse me. I have to get ready for my wedding.

Jamie's jaw drops.

Britney shoves past him and leaves, slamming the door in her wake.

LATER

Britney now in full wedding regalia, surrounded and cramped as she and Kevin take their vows.

As the priest drones about in sickness and in health, Britney talks to the camera.

BRITNEY

This is a story about a girl named "Lucky."

Music starts.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

During the montage, Britney sings "Lucky" to the camera as she goes through various events.

- INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY - Britney and Kevin fly off to Fiji their honeymoon, sipping champagne.

BRITNEY

*Early morning
she wakes up
knock, knock, knock on the door.*

- INT. BEACH - DAY - Britney tans with Kevin on blue floaties. The waters are pristine.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
*It's time for make up
 perfect smile
 it's you they're all waiting for
 Baby*

Photographers hiding from a seaside cliff shoot photographs of the pair.

- EXT. BILLBOARD MUSIC AWARDS - NIGHT

Britney and Kevin walk through a throng of celebrities.

Britney is done up in a lacy black dress and diamond earrings. She cradles a white chihuahua.

Kevin is wearing a fedora, brim so low you can't see his eyes.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
*Isn't she lovely? This Hollywood
 girl
 And they say
 she's so lucky, she's a star
 But she cry, cry, cries in her
 lonely heart, thinking
 if there's nothing missing in my
 life
 then why do these tears come at
 night?*

Her song is interrupted by an ET REPORTER. Britney stops singing for the interview.

ET REPORTER
 How have things changed since your wedding? It seems like you've been more grounded.

BRITNEY
 I mean, this is my dream to be married and to start a family...

She glances at Kevin.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
 But, I don't know! I'm still the same girl.

ET REPORTER
 Now I understand you're making roast beef at home. I read your website.

(MORE)

ET REPORTER (CONT'D)
 (to Kevin)
 Is she a good cook?

Britney cringes.

KEVIN	BRITNEY
Definitely.	It's not good. It's not great.

Britney makes a face and leans into the mic.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
 It's getting better.

The reporter laughs and Kevin shares an affectionate smile with Britney. She turns back to the camera. Her song starts up again.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
*Lost in an image
 in a dream
 but there's no one there to wake
 her up*

- EXT. HOLLYWOOD CLUB - NIGHT

Britney walks into a club arm-to-arm with Kevin while paparazzi mob them and take photos. Security guards have to shield her as they enter.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
*And the world is spinning
 and she keeps on winning
 but tell me what happens when it
 stops?
 They go
 Isn't she lovely, this Hollywood
 girl?*

- INT. HOLLYWOOD CLUB - NIGHT

In the club, the scene mirrors the scene from earlier when Kevin meets Britney. But the choreography is starkly different.

She sings alone, packed in by dancing clubgoers. Spotlight on her. Nearby, Kevin dances with various women. Britney watches him.

For a moment, the music quiets to a hush and she asks the camera imploringly in a key change. Tears roll down her face and smear her make up.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

*She is so lucky
but why does she cry?
If there is nothing missing in her
life
why do tears come at night?*

BACK TO SCENE

INT. BRITNEY'S HOME IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT (2005)

A visibly pregnant Britney sits on the couch and stares at an unread message she sent to Kevin.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

"When r u coming home? Baby Sean has really been kicking 2day."

BACK TO SCENE

When staring at the screen doesn't produce any texts back, she snaps her phone shut and tosses it aside. Rubs her belly absentmindedly.

Looks around, fidgety with boredom. Pads over to her grand piano.

She plays a few chords from a new song she's writing for her baby. Tries out some lyrics.

Stripped down of make-up, she glows. Without the overwrought techno her voice glows too.

BRITNEY

*Someday
I will understand
in God's own plan
and what he's done to me
Oh, but maybe someday I will
breathe
and I'll finally see
I'll see it all in my baby*

She tries out a couple of other notes, but is interrupted by her ringing phone. Leaps to answer it, thinking it's Kevin.

It's her father.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?

JAMIE (V.O.)
Britney, just calling to check up
on the new song.

BRITNEY
Um, what new song?

JAMIE (V.O.)
Sam was saying you were writing a
new song? For the baby?

He's referring to SAM LUFTI, Britney's manager. We'll meet
him later.

Britney looks confused, then increasingly annoyed.

BRITNEY
Uh, yeah, how do you know about
that?

JAMIE (V.O.)
Well don't get upset now, he just
mentioned it in passing.
(beat)
So how's that going? Because we can
schedule a day in the studio if you
want--

BRITNEY
I'm not recording it. It's just
something I'm doing for fun, like a
little tribute for the baby.

There's a pause. We can't see him, but Jamie is clearly
disappointed. Tries to go for a soft persuasion this time.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Really? I think you should release
it. It's been a while since you've
released new music and your fans
miss you...

He knows how to appeal to Britney. She ponders for a moment.

JAMIE (V.O.)
We can have the new song, a music
video...make it really beautiful
and everything.

(MORE)

JAMIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Think of it as an announcement to
the world that you're finally a
Mom. A celebration.
(beat)
What do you think?

Britney relents.

BRITNEY
I mean that doesn't sound so bad.
I'll think about it.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Great. And listen, honey. I didn't
mean to pry about your process.
It's just Sam said it and...well,
you know he's kind of got a big
mouth.

BRITNEY
Daddy, c'mon, Sam is not like that.

JAMIE (V.O.)
I don't know.
(beat)
To be honest with you, I think he's
getting paid for tipping off the
pap about your schedule. Did you
notice he bought that new Cadillac?

BRITNEY
Sam wouldn't do that.

She sighs and looks around at her empty home.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Listen, I gotta go, okay? I'll talk
to you later about the song.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Alright, honey. You have a good
night.

BRITNEY
You too.

Hangs up and takes a deep breath. Checks her text messages
again. Still nothing.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Britney is in a recording session for her song "Someday."

Sam Lufti watches. He has deep, sunken eyes and a thin strip of hair that barely qualifies for a goatee. Charismatic. You nod along when he speaks.

Suddenly, there's a commotion and the door to the studio is thrown open by an irate Jamie.

JAMIE

Now what the fuck is going on, Sam?

Lufti is confused. Britney and the PRODUCER pause recording.

Jamie is screaming at Lufti, wagging an angry finger in his face. His words are slightly slurred, eyes unfocused.

As he gets louder and louder, Britney runs out of the recording room to stop the fight.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You conniving son of a bitch. If you thought you could just freeze me out like that, then you've gotta be some kind of idiot because--

BRITNEY

What the hell is going on?

Jamie pauses for a moment.

JAMIE

You wanna know what's going on? Why don't you ask him?

(to Lufti)

Go ahead. Explain what the hell you're doing.

Lufti remains calm, becomes even less confrontational.

LUFTI

(to Britney)

I assume this is about the new system for your finances.

BRITNEY

What are you talking about?

LUFTI

Well, we just wanted to make sure you were protected from...

(looking pointedly at Jamie)

(MORE)

LUFTI (CONT'D)

...anyone taking advantage of you, so we decided to allow only your accounting and management team view your finances right now. I think Jamie's upset because he's barred from spending your money at the moment.

JAMIE

Bullshit! I'm her father, you fucking rat son of a--

He's getting in Lufti's face now.

Britney, distressed, tries to pull them apart.

BRITNEY

Dad, stop!
(to Lufti)
Why didn't I hear anything about this?

LUFTI

Brit, I'm just trying to keep you safe. I'm your manager. That's my job.

(to Jamie)
You may be her father, but you don't have the right to pry into her business dealings. Just take your monthly check for being her sperm donor and stay out of it.

This is the last straw for Jamie, who promptly SOCKS HIM IN THE FACE.

They get into an awkward brawl. Two not very tough dudes tussling.

A shocked Britney stands by helplessly.

INT. CAR - DAY

Britney drives with her father in the passenger seat. He holds a bag of ice to a cut on his face.

Her face is stormy. He's a little more mollified. The fight has sobered him up.

BRITNEY

I don't care what the hell is going on with you and Sam, but you do *not* just barge into the studio and start a fight!

JAMIE

I'm sorry, sweetheart, but Lufti is scum. You need to cut him loose.

Britney is silent. She's considering it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Remember that photo of you in *Star*? With the soda? The one that made you look...hefty?

Britney's eye twitches at the mention.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

That was Lufti's doing.

BRITNEY

What?

JAMIE

Yep. He tipped off the pap when you were comin' out of that Koo Koo Roo and even got Alli to give you that soda cup. Make you look extra sloppy.

(beat)

She's another one you gotta watch. Just another disloyal bitch.

Britney defends her cousin, but the cracks show.

BRITNEY

Dad, I was thirsty and she handed me my soda. That's all. You're being crazy.

JAMIE

Alright, if you say so. But I'm telling you to always watch your back.

Jamie settles down. The two drive in silence.

INT. CEDARS SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Britney being wheeled into a surgery room for her caesarean. Kevin accompanies. Both are in hospital regalia.

As she rolls through corridors, she hears the howling of a woman in labor.

She turns her head and cringes at the sound.

BRITNEY
I'm so glad I don't have to deal with labor pains.

KEVIN
There'll be a scar though.

An awkward pause.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
How you feelin', baby?

BRITNEY
Which one? Me or him?

KEVIN
Both.

BRITNEY
I'm nervous. Excited. He's...

She rubs her swollen belly expectantly.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
More fidgety than usual. I think he knows he's finally getting kicked out of there.

They arrive at the operating room. Kevin kneels in front of Britney and grabs her hands.

KEVIN
I'm going to be with you the whole time, okay? It's gonna go great. And when it's finished, you'll be a Mommy.

Britney nods, takes a deep breath.

BRITNEY
I can't wait.

INSERT - PHOTO OF PEOPLE MAGAZINE COVER

A beautiful, glowing Kevin, Britney, and BABY SEAN with the caption "Exclusive Photos: Baby Love!"

Underneath the photo: "Britney and Kevin at Home with Sean Preston."

INT. BRITNEY'S HOME IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

MATCH CUT:

Britney, Kevin, and Sean posing for the cover photo on the couple's luxurious king-sized bed.

Photographer MARK LIDDELL directs them.

MARK

Okay, great. Now let's do one where
you two are looking at the baby?
Like you really love it, you know?

BRITNEY

Him. The baby's a him. And we do.

MARK

Do what?

BRITNEY

Love him.

MARK

Sure, yeah.

As they arrange themselves on the bed, a faint ringing is heard. Kevin reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his cellphone.

Checks the Caller ID and then puts back in his pocket. Britney eyes him suspiciously.

BRITNEY

Who is it?

KEVIN

No one.

Britney is not convinced.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Just my manager. Probably wants to
talk about the new album.

Mark clears his throat and Britney turns her attention back to the camera.

MARK

Alright, that's it. We're happy,
we're smiling, the baby never cries
or poops itself--

Kevin and Britney do various cheesy poses with the baby.
Kevin's cellphone rings again.

He checks it.

MARK (CONT'D)

Kevin, you need to take that?

Kevin looks over at Britney and notices she is getting
PISSED.

KEVIN

Uh--no, sorry, I'll turn it off--

Suddenly, Sean starts to cry. Britney is instantly concerned,
fussing over him and rocking him.

Mark rolls his eyes at an assistant.

MARK

Well it seems the baby has decided
we need to take a break. Let's come
back in five? Ten? How long do
tantrums last?

Britney is aggravated at his tone. She's snappy.

BRITNEY

He's not used to so many people.

MARK

Well, his Mom is Britney Spears, so
he better get used to it.

Britney continues to rock Sean. Kisses him on the forehead
wistfully. Kevin steps away and goes on his phone.

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Britney comes out of a Starbucks holding Sean. In oversized
sunglasses and the definitely-not-getting-enough-sleep look
of all new moms everywhere. Her bodyguard follows.

The minute she exits, about twenty PAPARAZZI are immediately
ON her, up close, in her face, asking questions.

PAPARAZZO #1

Britney, has it been hard to get
rid of the pregnancy weight?

PAPARAZZO #2

Britney, is it true K-Fed cheated
on you with a stripper?

And more questions like this. Britney is stoic, but hurries to her car. They follow her like flies to honey.

She straps Sean into the backseat and then makes her way into the driver's side.

As she buckles up, the paparazzi are peering into the window, trying to get photos of Sean. One bangs on the window to get a reaction.

Sean starts crying.

Britney twists in her seat and screams out the window.

BRITNEY

Hey! Get the fuck away from my
baby!

The paparazzi instead snap away. They are pressed up against her car, giving her no space to even back out.

The crying grows louder.

Britney, desperate, gets out and opens the back. She grabs Sean and jumps back into the driver's seat.

She drives away, dislodging the paparazzi.

They quickly get into their cars in pursuit.

One of them gets the shot that will soon be aired all over the country:

Baby Sean in Britney's lap.

INSERT - TV SCREEN - DAY

JAY LENO in a suit and tie, on *The Tonight Show with Jay Leno*. He's doing his monologue.

JAY LENO

But in her defense, the baby had to sit on her lap because her husband Kevin was asleep in the child seat.

The audience laughs.

Someone with a remote pauses the video.

We zoom out to reveal--

INT. BRITNEY'S HOME IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

The hand that holds the remote belongs to JEFF RAYMOND, Britney's publicist.

He is tall and slim, with a receding hairline and a sharp jaw. Serial killer vibes. The charming kind, not the backwoods kind.

Britney and Kevin on the couch. Kevin has his arm around Britney.

Lufti and Jamie on opposite sides of the living room.

On the coffee table are tabloids with the infamous shot of Sean in Britney's lap.

All are in various states of discomfort over the punchline from Leno.

KEVIN

I mean. It was kind of funny.

JEFF

No, Kevin. It wasn't.

(to Britney)

We just went on a whole PR thing about how your music is going to be so much more mature now that you're a Mom. You think anyone's gonna buy that shit now?

Britney chews gum, agitated.

BRITNEY

I had no choice! They were scaring him and banging on the car windows...they went over the line, Jeff. How did they even know I was there? I was just gonna get some coffee. I didn't fucking tell anyone where I was gonna be.

Jamie snorts.

JAMIE

I wonder how indeed.

He glares at Lufti, who ignores this.

LUFTI

Britney, it's what the paps do.
They're little rats, scurrying
around. And when they sniff you
out, you better say cheese.

JEFF

How they found you is not the
issue, Britney! This image is now
what people think of when they hear
Britney Spears. Not Britney Spears,
loving Mom and wife. Not Britney
Spears, sexy global icon. They
think: Britney Spears? Oh yeah,
that lunatic who drives around with
her kid in her lap.

Britney looks like she's about to cry. Swallows it down.

BRITNEY

I just didn't want Sean to get
hurt.

The group, as a collective, turn to the tabloids on the table.

INSERT - TABLOID COVER

The photo of Sean in Britney's lap with a giant caption: "IS BRITNEY ABUSIVE?"

BACK TO SCENE

Jamie turns back to Britney and Kevin.

JAMIE

America was alright with you
getting drunk off your ass and
doing dumb shit until you became a
Mom. Now that you are, all we
should see in the press is Britney
being cute with her baby and doing
Pilates to get rid of the...

He gestures at Britney's figure.

Kevin looks down at her and doesn't come to her defense.

JEFF
 Exactly. Now listen up so we can
 try and fix this mess.

He starts explaining the plan.

Britney stares off into space, barely paying attention.

Wounded.

INT. SET OF WILL AND GRACE - NIGHT - (2006)

The set is decorated like a late night show with Jack McFarland, played by SEAN HAYES talking to Britney Spears' character Amber Louise.

Sean plays a stereotypical gay guy so well you won't believe he's straight.

In the scene, they are in the middle of an argument.

SEAN
 Forget it, A.L.! No changes. *Jack*
Talk will remain the beacon of
 integrity it's always been.
 (beat)
 And now, if you'll excuse me, I
 have to prep for tomorrow's
 segment: "Photographing Your Dog's
 Junk."

The live audience laughs. Sean starts to walk away, but Britney stops him.

BRITNEY
 Jack! You're making a huge mistake!
 If you wanna get to the top, you
 gotta compromise like me.

Sean looks her up and down. Britney in a tight, blood-red dress. Charming kerchief 'round her neck. A vision of Southern blonde bombshell.

SEAN
 What are you compromising?

BRITNEY
 Okay. I'm gonna...
 (she looks around)
 ...let you in on a little secret.
 I'm not who you think I am.
 (pause)
 (MORE)

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
 My real name is Peg. And I'm a
 hardcore lesbian.

Sean gasps. The audience laughs uproariously.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
 I'm into leather play. Butch black
 girls. Skunkin'. Pullin' the
 blinds. And poodle ballin'.
 (beat)
 Whatever you got, I'll eat it,
 snort it, or ride it, baby.

Sean covers his mouth in shock.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
 Look. Go along with this and it
 will work for you. Look at me! I
 make \$165 a week. I moved out of my
 storage unit. I'm on TV!
 (emphatic)
I'm the freakin' dream.

The scene pauses. Again, we zoom out and return to-

INT. BRITNEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The "Save Britney Spears' Image" cabal of Jeff, Lufti, and Jamie have gathered once again with Kevin and Britney.

This time, the mood is much happier.

JEFF
 Amazing job on *Will and Grace*,
 Brit. America loved it. Ratings
 were through the roof for your
 episode.

Britney smiles shyly.

BRITNEY
 I had so much fun. The cast was so
 nice, and-

LUFTI
 (interrupting)
 But it's not over yet. We want to
 make sure people really forget
 about the baby in your lap mishap.
 So, Jeff and I were thinking...

He and Jeff look conspiratorially at each other. Jamie frowns.

JEFF

How about you and Kevin having
another baby?

At this, Kevin freezes.

BRITNEY

What? How's that supposed to help?

LUFTI

There's nothing more effective at
making people forget about the
first baby than a second baby.
Trust us on this.

BRITNEY

But just having a baby to fix my
image, I mean that seems wrong...

JAMIE

I agree. This is ridiculous.
Another baby? For what? So she
could get caught by the pap abusing
a different child?

BRITNEY

Dad, I did not abuse Sean. That's--

At this point, a small argument between the men ensues. They
all talk over Britney.

JEFF

The press is still bashing her,
Jamie. And the rumors that this one-

He jabs his finger towards Kevin.

JEFF (CONT'D)

--can't keep it in his pants and
their marriage is falling apart are
very loud. We can quell those
rumors with the story of domestic
bliss.

LUFTI

In other words, another baby.

KEVIN

Now, hang on. We don't even know if
we want another baby. Britney, you
don't want another kid, do you?

All eyes on her now, Britney hesitates.

BRITNEY

Well, I--I mean...of course I want another baby. But I don't want to do this just because of PR.

LUFTI

See? She wants another one. It's settled.

He does a vague hand gesture towards Kevin and Britney.

LUFTI (CONT'D)

So get to the baby-making ASAP, you two.

At this, Britney looks towards Kevin anxiously. Seeks out some comfort from her partner.

He doesn't look at her. Remains stone-faced.

BRITNEY

(to Lufti and Jeff)

Are you sure about this?

LUFTI

Oh, absolutely. Don't worry, Brit. America loves babies. This is gonna fix everything.

INSERT

An image of *People* magazine with a smiling Britney gracing its cover. The headline: Britney Files for DIVORCE!

BRITNEY (V.O.)

Spoiler alert. It didn't.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY - NOVEMBER 2006

Britney Spears with her lawyer LAURA WASSER as they discuss divorce paperwork.

LAURA

Thank God your father made you sign that pre-nup. Remember when you were insisting that you didn't need it?

She snorts with laughter. Britney does not find the humor in the situation.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Anyway, the money situation is pretty straightforward. The most important thing is custody.

Laura rummages through the piles of papers on her desk. Finds the tabloid with the photo of Sean on Britney's lap. Tosses it towards Britney.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You know this is gonna be the first thing they'll use against you.

Britney takes the tabloid and looks at it wordlessly.

Laura dives under her desk and gets a stack of magazines with one thing in common: The covers are all about Britney's failure as a mother.

One declares "BRIT'S BABY FRACTURES SKULL!"

Yet another screams "RISKING THE BABY" and underneath "Her dangerous diet and out-of-control partying--when will she stop?"

And so on.

LAURA (CONT'D)

They have a lot of ammo if Kevin wants custody. So we have to prep for that.

Britney throws the magazine back into the pile.

BRITNEY

These are all lies. I'm a good Mom.

A slight hesitation in her voice.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

I know I'm a good Mom.

(beat)

Kevin parties even harder than I do. Why aren't there magazine covers about him?

LAURA

Because he is not Britney Spears.

(beat)

But don't worry. He's not exactly...discreet.

She picks up a manila envelope and pulls out a stack of Polaroids. They're of Kevin, with various women at clubs.

The photos aren't shocking, but they are demoralizing. Britney just stares at all the shit on Laura's desk.

Evidence of a broken family.

BRITNEY
Please. I just want my kids.

LAURA
Then, we got a lot of work to do ahead of us. The first thing we need to do is-

She is interrupted by Britney's phone ringing. Britney quickly hangs up.

LAURA (CONT'D)
So the first thing we need to do is-

The phone rings again. Laura raises an eyebrow as Britney checks caller ID.

BRITNEY
It's my Mom. Sorry, I have to take this.

Britney answers the call and steps out of Laura's office.

EXT. LAURA'S OFFICE - DAY

Britney by the door.

BRITNEY
Mama? What's going on?

We don't hear the conversation, but we watch Britney as she reacts to what Lynne is saying.

Sudden fear and concern flood her face.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sandra lays in a hospital bed, sleeping. Lynne by her side. A knock at the door and Britney enters.

She stops dead at the sight of her unconscious aunt.

LYNNE
(whispering)
She was working on the garden and then just suddenly collapsed. They're running tests now.

Britney leans over and holds Sandra's hand.

BRITNEY
Heat stroke?

Sandra stirs. Her eyes flutter open.

SANDRA
Britney?

BRITNEY
Aunt Sandra? How are you're
feeling?

SANDRA
Goodness, I don't know. What
happened?

LYNNE
Alli found you unconscious in your
garden. Good thing she checked on
you--

A knock at the door and DR. MYERS enters.

DR. MEYERS
Oh, I didn't realize you have
visitors. Hi, Sandra. I'm Dr.
Myers.

She looks at them and glances at Sandra.

DR. MEYERS (CONT'D)
I have some news. Do you want them
to stay?

Britney tightens her grip on Sandra's hand.

SANDRA
They can stay.

Dr. Meyers nods. Breathes deeply. It never gets easier, even
as a doctor.

DR. MEYERS
We ran some blood tests and we
noticed that you have an abnormally
high amount of CA-125.

BRITNEY
What does that mean?

DR. MEYERS

We'll have to run more tests to confirm, but...it's usually a sign of ovarian cancer.

A leaden silence.

Britney and Sandra look at each other.

Sandra sees the helpless look in Britney's eyes and squeezes her hand in comfort.

SANDRA

Okay, thank you, Doctor.

(beat)

Brit, it'll be alright. I've taken down bigger than this.

Britney nods and gives her a slight smile, but the fear never leaves her eyes.

INT. SET OF THE VIEW - NIGHT

ROSIE O'DONNELL jubilantly crowing on *The View* with co-hosts ELISABETH HASSELBECK, SUSIE ESSMAN, and JOY BEHAR.

ROSIE

I never expected anything like this. I'm over-the-moon excited.

The audience cheers.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

(to the other co-hosts)

How about you? How about you, Essie?

ESSIE

Shocked. Just totally shocked. Never in a million years did I think this would happen.

ROSIE

How do you feel, Elisabeth?

ELISABETH

I am both shocked and devastated.

ROSIE

I know, I know. But it's the biggest news of the country, ladies and gentlemen. Britney Spears is leaving K-Fed!

The audience claps and cheers.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
CONFETTI!!!

Indeed, the confetti drops. The audience is going nuts. A scene of total celebration.

INT. BRITNEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Britney stands alone in her kitchen, sorting through empty alcohol bottles strewn across the counter.

None of them have anything left in them.

Her phone rings. It's Paris Hilton. Britney answers.

BRITNEY
What is it, Paris?

PARIS (V.O.)
Bitch, you're getting a divorce!
Let's fucking celebrate.

Britney looks at the empty bottle in her hand.

BRITNEY
Ok.

PARIS (V.O.)
Really?

BRITNEY
Yes. Yes. You know what? Yes. Let's go out. Let's just go crazy.

PARIS (V.O.)
Now that's what I like to hear.
There's a party in Beverly Hills I
really want to go to, I think
Stavros is gonna be there and--

Her voice fades into muffled static.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Britney, now done up and in a little black dress. Paris has abandoned her to flirt with STAVROS NIARCHOS.

A neat line of cocaine on the table.

Britney snorts it.

Someone offers her a shot.

She takes it and holds it high in a toast.

BRITNEY

Tonight, I'm celebrating finally
getting rid of that fucking
deadweight-cheating-asshole-wannabe
rapper-son-of-a-bitch husband of
mine. So, here's to you, K-Fed! I
hope your stripper girlfriend gives
you STDs.

She takes the shot.

Partygoers whoop and applaud.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Britney in the studio to record her latest album *Blackout*.

But she's fucked up on amphetamines and babbling incoherently
at her producer DANJA.

She paces frantically in front of the mic while an
exasperated Danja watches her.

BRITNEY

I can't do this, my jaw hurts. My
jaw hurts.

DANJA

Do you need to take a break?

Britney doesn't speak for a moment. Just looks down sadly.

BRITNEY

(apropos of nothing)

I'm ugly.

DANJA

No, you're not.

The door to the studio opens and LUFTI enters. Britney waves
happily behind the glass.

BRITNEY

Hi, Sam!

DANJA

(to Lufti)

Oh good, you're here.

LUFTI
Brit, you okay?

BRITNEY
Yeah, I'm perfect. My jaw hurts.

Lufti and Danja look at each other.

LUFTI
Come on out, Brit. Let's take a break.

[LATER]

Just Britney and Lufti sitting in the studio. She's still pacing and keyed up.

LUFTI
I thought we had a deal.

BRITNEY
What are you talking about?

LUFTI
I told you I won't work with you if you keep using drugs, Britney.

Britney looks guilty for a moment, but recovers valiantly.

BRITNEY
It's not what I'm using, okay? It's what Dad's got me taking that's messing me up. There are side effects.

LUFTI
What are you talking about?

BRITNEY
I talked to my Dad about feeling like shit lately, you know? With Aunt Sandra and my divorce and everything, so he got me this doctor. And he prescribed, like, a bunch of drugs. To help.

Lufti is aghast.

LUFTI
What the fuck? What the hell is wrong with Jamie, seriously? He keeps doing shit behind my back like this.

He is fuming.

LUFTI (CONT'D)
He's even drugging you now?
Britney, you need to cut that
psycho out of your life.

Britney's tenses. She's already anxious and this is not helping.

BRITNEY
No, no. It's prescribed by a
doctor. I just...I don't think I
was supposed to mix it with other
drugs.

Her sheepishness is almost adorable if it weren't so concerning.

LUFTI
No fucking shit, Britney.

He sighs.

LUFTI (CONT'D)
You're obviously in no condition to
work. Just go home for the day.

This directive causes a panic.

BRITNEY
No. No, no, no. I can't do that.
I'm here. I have to record. I can't
waste Danja's time like that. I can
do this. I can do it.

Lufti is doubtful. Britney grits her teeth.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Sam, I can do it.

[LATER]

This time, Britney is determined and focused. The beat starts up.

BRITNEY
It's Britney--

CUT TO INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - JANUARY 2007

Sandra in bed while Britney sits by her side.

The round-faced Southern mother has been replaced with a gaunt figure. But she's still as tender as ever.

SANDRA
I don't have long, honey.

Britney shakes her head violently.

BRITNEY
Don't say that. We're getting you the best care, you'll pull through this, I know--

SANDRA
Britney.

Britney quiets.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
The cancer has spread too far. I know I don't have long.

She reaches out to hold Britney's hand. They sit in silence for a moment.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
There's nothing more I want in this world than for you and Jamie Lynn to be happy.
(beat)
Are you happy, Britney?

Britney doesn't have an answer to this. She's crying now.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Don't cry, honey. I love you very much, you know that right?

Britney nods.

BRITNEY
(choked up)
I love you too, Aunt Sandra.

SANDRA
Now, listen. This body of mine may go eventually, but I'll always be with you. You believe that, don't you?

Britney nods. Tears streaming uncontrollably.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
 I'll be with you and Sean and
 Jayden, so you just keep going
 alright? No matter what happens,
 don't let it trap you. Just keep
 moving forward.

BRITNEY
 Okay. I will.

Sandra sighs tiredly. Closes her eyes.

SANDRA
 Can you sing me something, honey?
 To help me sleep.

Britney obliges. Quietly, almost reverently, she sings "Amazing Grace" as a lullaby.

BRITNEY
*Amazing Grace
 how sweet the sound
 that saved a wretch like me
 I once was lost, but now am found
 Was blind, but now I see...*

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The burial of Sandra Bridges Covington. "Amazing Grace" continues.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
*T'was Grace that taught my heart to
 feel
 And Grace, my fears relieved
 How precious did that grace appear
 the hour I first believed*

The entire Spears family is there.

Her song is accompanied by a choir as Britney watches the casket lowered into the ground. Her aunt's final words still resonating.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
*Through many dangers, toils and
 snares
 We have already come
 T'was Grace that brought us thus
 far
 And Grace will lead us home
 And Grace will lead us home*

The choir silences and it is once again only Britney's voice and the scene fades to black.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
*Amazing Grace
how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind, but now I see*

INT. SANDRA'S HOUSE - DAY

While guests mingle during the funeral reception, Jamie nurses a whiskey.

He spots Britney and pulls her aside.

JAMIE
What's this I hear about you
showing up at the studio high off
your ass?

BRITNEY
Who told you that?

JAMIE
Never mind that. You can't be doing
that shit, Britney. Every day I'm
seeing tabloids with photos of you
partying like you're fucking Mick
Jagger.

He takes a sip from his glass.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You have a problem.

Britney almost appreciates the irony, but it's too tragic of a day for that.

BRITNEY
In case you haven't noticed, Dad, I
have several problems. But I don't
think Aunt Sandra's funeral is the
time or the place for this
conversation.

JAMIE
Well when else can I talk to you?
Lufti keeps blocking my calls. He
won't let me see you. So when,
Britney?

BRITNEY
I don't know! But I know this isn't
it.

Jamie pauses. Takes another sip.

JAMIE
What about rehab?

BRITNEY
What *about* rehab?

JAMIE
I think you should go.

Irritated, Britney starts to turn away.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Hey, where are you going?

BRITNEY
I'm leaving. I don't need to be
told to go to rehab from someone
who probably needs it more than me.

JAMIE
Britney, I'm just trying to help
you. Don't you have that custody
battle coming up?

BRITNEY
What?

JAMIE
You know they won't let you keep
the kids if you test positive for
drugs.

Britney falters.

BRITNEY
Well, for your information, I've
been sober for the past couple of
weeks, so that won't be a problem.

Jamie points to his scalp.

JAMIE
They can test your hair.

BRITNEY
What?

JAMIE

There are still traces of drugs in
your hair for up to 6 months.
They'll know.

She's horrified for a moment, but then balks.

BRITNEY

Like I'm gonna trust a word you
say.

(beat)

If you're just gonna be like this,
then I'm glad Sam's blocking your
calls.

She stalks off. An infuriated Jamie downs the rest of his drink.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Britney with four-year old Sean and two-year old Jayden at the park, enjoying some ice cream. A NANNY is in tow, along with several BODYGUARDS.

We catch glimpses of paparazzi snapping photos from their cars.

BRITNEY

(to Sean)

How's your ice cream, baby?

Sean looks up with bright eyes. A bit of ice cream on the corner of his mouth.

SEAN

It's yummy, Mommy.

Britney smiles and wipes the ice cream off with her thumb.

She leans over and kisses Sean on the forehead. He continues to eat happily. Then--

SEAN (CONT'D)

Do we go home with Daddy today?

Britney stops.

BRITNEY

Why, baby? Do you want to leave
Mommy already?

SEAN

No. I want to stay with you.

Britney giggles at this. Turns to Jayden.

BRITNEY
How about you, sweetie? Do you want
to stay with Mommy?

Jayden, mouth full of ice cream, nods eagerly. Britney is overjoyed.

INT. BRITNEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

She holds a few pills in one hand while pouring a shot of vodka into a glass with the other.

Swallows the pills and takes a gulp of the alcohol.

Stares at her reflection.

The Nanny calls her from outside the door.

NANNY (O.S.)
Kevin is here to pick up Sean and
Jayden.

Britney takes a moment to process this.

BRITNEY
But they don't want to go with him.
They want to stay with me. So tell
him to go back.

INT. OUTSIDE OF THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Nanny stops for a moment. This is not in her paygrade.

She'd much rather not deal with parental custody battles when her shift's about to end, thanks.

NANNY
Um...

The door explodes open and an infuriated Britney comes out. The cocktail of substances she's taken has kicked in and she is OUT OF IT.

Slurred words and red-eyed.

BRITNEY
I told you! They don't want to go
with him! They told me themselves.

NANNY

Uh--I'm sorry. I don't--

BRITNEY

Whatever. I'll go tell him myself.

She stomps down the hallway, yelling the whole time.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Why does he even get custody of the kids when he doesn't do shit for them? Those kids came out of *me*. *I'm* their mother. I'm the one who raised them while he was off partying and fucking strippers--

During her diatribe, we follow her down the hall and towards--

I/E KIDS' ROOM - NIGHT

She opens the door to see Kevin on the floor with Sean and Jayden while they play with toys.

The three of them stare in shock at the beyond-fucked-up sight of Britney, breathing hard and glaring.

BRITNEY

The boys said they want to stay here. So you can go.

She makes a shooing motion with her hand. Teeters dangerously.

KEVIN

Uh...Brit, what the hell?

She dives forward and gathers the kids in her arms.

BRITNEY

They said it themselves. They want to stay with me. Right, Sean?

Sean, terrified, freezes at the question. He looks at Kevin, who is now on his feet and approaching Britney.

KEVIN

Britney, you're scaring him. And what are you on? You look so fucked up right now.

BRITNEY

Like you aren't high off your ass.

KEVIN
Britney, you're hurting them.

Britney hugs the boys more tightly, backs away from Kevin. The boys hug their mother back, but are also confused as to what's happening.

BRITNEY
No. They're *my* kids. They're
staying here.

She's quickly becoming hysterical at this point.

KEVIN
(raising his voice)
Britney, I'm fucking serious.
You're acting crazy.

Jayden starts wailing, clings on to his mother.

BRITNEY
No, no, no. Get away. Get away.

She books it with the kids in tow. Carrying little Jayden in her arms while Sean runs along behind them.

Drags them to a nearby bedroom and locks it.

Kevin follows after and starts banging on the door.

KEVIN
Britney, open the fucking door!

No response.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Open the door right now or I'll
call the cops.

He pulls out his phone, starts to dial 9-1-1.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
9-1-1, what is your emergency?

Kevin starts to explain the situation. Curious staff peek their heads and stare.

Inside the bedroom, Britney starts to hyperventilate. The children turn to their mother, trusting her, but knowing something is very wrong.

JAYDEN
Mommy, are you okay?

BRITNEY

Yes, baby, I'm okay. How you doin'?

JAYDEN

I'm scared.

BRITNEY

Don't be scared. Come here, come here. Don't worry.

Hugs them tight.

She closes her eyes.

Time slows.

EXT. BRITNEY'S MANSION - NIGHT

A scene of total chaos outside of Britney's house. The entire cavalry has arrived: the fire department, police cars, a police helicopter.

POLICE OFFICERS knock on the door.

I/E KIDS' ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin paces outside of the door, when he sees police officers barreling down the hallway.

FIREFIGHTERS pushing a medical gurney.

Inside, the room, Britney hears the sudden commotion. She squeezes the kids tight.

INFERNAL BUZZING surrounds her, suffocates her from the inside.

We see things from BRITNEY'S POV.

Suddenly, the door is kicked down.

Police run in and grab Sean and Jayden away. Britney screams and tries to hang on. They push her down onto the floor.

Britney struggles helplessly and is lifted up onto the gurney.

She sees Kevin run in and grab the boys, turning them away.

She thrashes against the straps, as the firefighters and police officers secure her.

BRITNEY
No! Fuck! Let me go, let me go!

Sean and Jayden cry as their mother is wheeled down the hallway.

EXT. BRITNEY'S MANSION - NIGHT

Pulled out of her opulent home and into the driveway, Britney now in complete hysterics as she continues to writhe in the gurney.

Red lights flashing all around her. Sirens loud and drowning out her cries.

Everything is hazy and in strobe.

Alternates from laughing manically to weeping and screaming out Jayden and Sean's names.

The mix of drugs she took completely kicking in. Barefoot and covered with a white blanket. Looks around wildly.

BRITNEY
Sean! Jayden! My babies--!

Sobbing, she turns to the PARAMEDICS lifting her up and into the ambulance.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Please--! My children--!

Anguish. Tries to reach out but she's paralyzed in the gurney.

Sees Kevin running out of the house with the kids, watching her.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Jayden! Sean!

The ambulance doors shut in her face.

Blackness.

INSERT

The front cover of the *Daily News*. Britney on the gurney with the headline "BRIT TO BE TIED: Pop star princess in psych ward"

We zoom out to see we are in -

INT. LOS ANGELES COURTHOUSE - DAY

Britney on one side, dressed in her Sunday best and accompanied by Laura. Looking at the magazine on the table in front of her.

Kevin in a suit and tie with his own lawyer.

They stand before a JUDGE, who calmly announces her verdict of the child custody battle.

JUDGE

On February 5, 2007, Defendant Britney Spears was arrested for refusal of abiding by the custody order arranged between her and Plaintiff Kevin Federline. Ms. Spears has also exposed her children to immediate harm due to her persistent drug and alcohol use while in care of the children. I hereby remove all of Ms. Spears custody and visitation rights for Sean Federline and Jayden Federline and grant Mr. Federline sole custody of the two children. This order is effective immediately.

Kevin celebrates with his lawyer, while Laura looks at Britney with disdain.

Britney is unseeing.

The judge's voice fades into a deep-in-your-bones chainsaw loud buzzing of shears.

INT. BRITNEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

SUPER: FEBRUARY 16, 2007

Britney stirs awake. The buzzing is a quiet hum in the background.

She's wrecked. Hasn't showered in days. Hungover in jeans and a gray hoodie.

Bleary brown eyes smeared with eyeliner stare as the ceiling comes to focus.

She breathes deeply.

Looks at her phone on her bedside table. Considers it for a moment.

Reaches out for it. Dials her mother's number.

It rings. Lynne picks up.

LYNNE (V.O.)
Brit?

Britney's voice is hoarse. Cracks from unuse.

BRITNEY
Hi, Mom.

LYNNE
Honey, I've been so worried about
you. How are you doing?

BRITNEY
Not good.

Her voice breaks. The tears start.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Not good at all.

LYNNE
Oh, Brit...
(beat)
I wish I could be there with you,
honey.

Britney bites her lip to stop herself from full on bawling.

BRITNEY
You could. I mean...nothing's
stopping you.

A pause.

LYNNE (O.S.)
Britney, you know I can't be there.
I can't be around your father, he's-

BRITNEY
You don't even have to see him!

Lynne sighs.

LYNNE (O.S.)
 Brit, I left L.A. for a reason. I want to be there for you...I am here for you, but I hope you can respect my decision to leave.

This does nothing to quell Britney's growing anger.

BRITNEY
 You're a bad mother.

A pause.

LYNNE (O.S.)
 You're obviously not in a good place to talk, so I'm hanging up. You can call me when you're ready to have a conversation.

She hangs up. Britney glares at her phone and then chuckles it across the room.

INT. LYNNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Lynne is done up, her perfectly highlighted bangs framing a prim expression. She looks at her phone in concern.

A beat and then-

She dials Jamie's number.

LYNNE
 It's me.
 (beat)
 Yeah, yeah, I saw.
 (beat)
 She called me. Asked me to come.
 (beat)
 Listen. Jamie. I think it might be time for the big guns.

Looks off in the distance. There's an ugly combination of pity and determination in her face as she listens to Jamie speak.

LYNNE (CONT'D)
 Mm-hm. Mm-hm. Listen, let's talk more later.
 (beat)
 I gotta go to church.

Hangs up and frowns. Fixes an errant strand of hair. It is oddly reminiscent of her daughter.

INT. BRITNEY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Britney leans her head back on the couch. Suddenly, she hears shouting from her window. A growing commotion.

Gets up out of bed and opens her curtains. Light floods in and blinds her for a moment.

Blinks at the scene below her. A *horde* of paparazzi teeming outside of her home.

At the sight of Britney, they shout. Point-and-click their cameras.

Britney stares at them. Something begins to unravel.

She whirls around and stomps out of her bedroom.

We follow her as she walks through the hallway and bounds down her staircase.

She sweeps across her living room to her foyer and throws open her front door.

EXT. BRITNEY'S MANSION - DAY

Britney bears down on the paparazzi surrounding her home. They mob her with recorders, yelling questions.

Some are about losing custody of her kids. Some about the drug use and partying. Some about K-Fed.

All intrusive. All shouted like an interrogation.

BRITNEY

Get the fuck away! Stop following
me! Just leave me alone!

The paparazzi ignore her and continue asking questions and taking photos.

She shoves one camera aside that's gotten particularly close.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

I said leave me alone or I'm
calling the police. This is
trespassing.

Britney's bodyguards have gathered now to try and shield her away from the paparazzi.

They press in from all sides, demanding answers.

They grab at parts of her they can reach. Her clothes. Her arms. Her dyed black hair.

Her bodyguards do their best to corral away the crowd, but they are persistent.

PAPARAZZO #1
Britney, do you really hit your kids?

PAPARAZZO #2
Is it true Sean got ahold of some of your pills?

Britney is panicking now. Looks around desperately.

Runs to her car parked in the driveway with her bodyguards in tow.

She wrestles with the locked door until one of them unlocks it for her. Hops in and slams the door.

BRITNEY
(to bodyguard in the driver's seat)
Just--just get me the fuck out of here. Now.

DRIVER BODYGUARD
Where?

BRITNEY
Anywhere! I don't care! Just drive!

The bodyguard puts the car in drive. Peels out of the driveway--barely misses some of the mobbing paparazzi.

A pity.

As they speed off, the paparazzi get into their own cars and follow.

INT. BRITNEY'S CAR - DAY

Britney looks out the window at the cars following after them.

She turns to her BODYGUARD next to her.

BRITNEY
Can you call Sam? Please?

He nods, takes out his phone and dials Lufti. Hands her the phone.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Sam? Hello? I need help.

LUFTI (O.S.)
What? What is it? Are you okay,
what's going on?

BRITNEY
I can't fucking take this anymore,
Sam. I can't do this. I can't. I
just--

LUFTI (O.S.)
Hang on, hang on. Brit, calm down.
Take a deep breath.

Britney inhales. Exhales a shaky breath.

BRITNEY
The fucking pap are after me again.
I just wanted to go outside. But
they were there asking me questions--
about the kids and--I can't do
this anymore, Sam.

She starts to sob.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Please. I can't.

A long silence from Lufti.

LUFTI (O.S.)
Where are you right now? Are you
safe?

BRITNEY
I'm in the car, Damon is driving--

LUFTI (O.S.)
(impatient)
Where?

BRITNEY
I don't know, I--

She looks frantically around.

DRIVER DAMON
(from the front seat)
We've just gotten onto the 405
North.

BRITNEY
We're on the 405.

LUFTI (O.S.)
Okay. I'm in Calabasas right now,
so have Damon drive you to my
office alright? I'll meet you
there.

BRITNEY
Uh-huh.

LUFTI (O.S.)
Listen, babe, it's going to be
okay. Everything's gonna be
alright. You hear me?

Voice still shaky, but starting to calm down a bit, Britney
coalesces.

BRITNEY
Okay. Thank you, Sam.

She hangs up the phone.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Damon, please take me to Sam's
office.

INT. KARDASHIAN MANSION IN CALABASAS - DAY

Lufti has taken his phone call inside the kitchen, looking
out large French doors to KRIS JENNER, 51, sitting poolside.

After hanging up with Britney, he dials another number.
Speaks in hushed tones.

LUFTI
She's on the 405. On her way to my
office in Tarzana. Yeah. Black
Cadillac, license plate:
(beat)
No, I don't fucking know where on
the 405. Aren't you the paparazzi?
Here I am, giving you the info on a
silver platter, and you still can't
figure it out on your own? Jesus.

(MORE)

LUFTI (CONT'D)

(beat)

Just go to my office, she'll be
there.

He hangs up the phone. Makes his way through the French doors and re-joins Kris by the pool.

LUFTI (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Just had some
business to take care of.

Kris arches a brow, curious.

KRIS

What business?

LUFTI

Nothing for you to worry about.
Anyway, as I was saying, Kim's
little mishap is the best thing
that could have ever happened to
you. You need to strike while the
iron's hot.

KRIS

I'm listening.

Lufti leans in to talk.

INT. BRITNEY'S CAR - DAY

Britney leans forward desperately.

BRITNEY

Are we almost there?

DAMON

Just about at the exit, ma'am.

Britney jiggles a leg impatiently.

BRITNEY

I'm so done with this shit, Damon.
I swear to god when we get to Sam's
office I'm just going to--

She's suddenly struck by a revelation.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

I'm going to quit! That's what I'm
going to do.

She laughs, loud and frenzied.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

I mean, what's Sam gonna do? Stop me? What's anyone gonna do? People quit their jobs all the time. Why can't I?

(beat)

Yeah. Fuck this. I'm done.

She laughs again. Then falls silent as she hears an approaching noise overhead.

A thunderous *THWOK! THWOK!* of helicopter blades.

She opens the window and sticks her head out of the car to look. Spots the helicopter.

EXT. THE 405 NORTH - DAY

Rush hour in Los Angeles. Bumper-to-bumper traffic. We go up into the sky to the helicopter Britney is looking at. We zoom out to see a helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The helicopter manned by a PILOT being ordered around by a DOUCHEBAG PAPARAZZO.

DOUCHEBAG PAPARAZZO

There she is! There she is!

INT. BRITNEY'S CAR - DAY

Britney looking up at the helicopter.

Bile in her throat, she can't believe this.

BRITNEY

Jesus Christ.

She glances around her. Sees men in cars behind her and beside her start snapping photos.

Quickly sticks her head back inside the car and rolls the window shut.

Keeps frantically looking out the window, eyes rolling up and scanning the sky, a la Ray Liotta in *Goodfellas*.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

What the fuck. What the fuck.

(to Damon)

(MORE)

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Can't you--can't you lose them or
something?

She looks around the car, scrambling to find something to protect herself. As if there will be the ingredients to a Molotov cocktail in here.

There aren't. Spots the next best thing. A bottle of vodka.

Opens it right up and downs a shot of that.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Back to the helicopter with Pilot and Douchebag Paparazzo.

DOUCHEBAG PAPARAZZO
There! Right there! Don't you dare
lose her. Don't you fucking dare.
You know how long I've been camping
out in front of her house for these
photos?

The pilot says nothing, concentrates on navigating the helicopter.

DOUCHEBAG PAPARAZZO (CONT'D)
Two liter bottles worth of piss.
That's how long. Whoa--!

The helicopter has tilted slightly, knocking the paparazzo off-balance. He falls on his ass and the pilot just shakes his head.

PILOT
I suggest you take a seat, sir.
Would be safer.

The helicopter whirrs loudly. Orange and purple hue the sky.

INT. BRITNEY'S CAR - NIGHT

The vodka has Britney feeling woozy. She can't keep up.

BRITNEY
Damon, do you think we can stop and
get a coffee or something?

DAMON
Sure thing, Brit.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Britney has her gray hoodie up, enters the convenience store. Her bodyguard tells the paparazzi to back up, back up.

They're not backing up.. Snap, snap, snap go the cameras.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Britney grabs a Red Bull off the shelf. The CASHIER is in awe.

BRITNEY
Just this, thanks.

It takes a second for the cashier to register her request.

CASHIER
Uh...sure. Yeah, of course.

He rings her up.

Britney grabs her drink. Escorted out of the convenience store and into her car.

INT. BRITNEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Britney opens the Red Bull and chugs it down. Grabs the leftover bottle of vodka she was drinking from earlier.

Takes another swig.

Stares out the window. White lights dot her pupils as it darkens. Like the flash of a camera.

Warped images and voices come to her. People pressing in.

FLASH.

LAURA (V.O.)
They have a lot of ammo if Kevin wants custody.

FLASH.

Paparazzi grabbing her clothes. Grabbing her hair. Screaming inane questions.

PAPARAZZO #1
Britney is it true you're so drunk
that Jayden blew above a 0.08 after
you breastfed him?

FLASH.

JAMIE (V.O.)
(looming)
They can test your hair.

FLASH.

Back to Britney, hyperventilating in the car. Eyes darting back and forth.

She can't lose her babies, she can't she CAN'T SHE CAN'T--

FLASH.

Paparazzi's hands touching her, grabbing her hair--

Suddenly something catches Britney's eye. A glowing sign at a strip mall that says:

"ESTHER'S HAIRCUTTING SALON."

BRITNEY
Wait! WAIT! Stop the car! STOP THE
CAR!

She pounds desperately on the door and window as it screeches to a halt right in front of the strip mall.

Britney spills out of the Cadillac and almost falls onto the ground. A bodyguard helps her out and she makes a beeline for the salon.

The paparazzi that have managed to stay in pursuit hop out of their vehicles, cameras at the ready, foaming at the mouth with questions.

They press in, bodyguards telling them to back up, back up--

Britney in her dirty gray hoodie--

The eponymous proprietress ESTHER (40s) looks up from sweeping hair from the floor as the bodyguards file in with Britney--

ESTHER
Holy shit.

Britney collapses in a chair. Shock on Esther's face as she struggles to comprehend what's happening.

Blinks wordlessly in glee.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Hi. Britney.

Britney smiles politely. Esther removes her hoodie. Fluffs up her hair. Combs it gently through her fingers.

Muscle memory overriding the surrealness of the moment.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
So. What would you like?

Britney stares at her reflection. She looks at the row of hair grooming tools in front of her.

A hair clipper looks back.

Outside, the paparazzi are snapping away. The flashes of the camera are nonstop.

The buzzing of clippers begins to sound low and insistent, a **humming** in Britney's mind she can't hush--

INT. ESTHER'S HAIRCUTTING SALON, TARZANA

Britney sits on a stool in the dark.

The spotlight shines on her. She holds a hair clipper.

Looks at it.

Deep breath.

All at once manic and forlorn. Addicted and in withdrawal. Has lost her husband. Has lost her children.

Looks at us.

Then, she turns on the clipper.

With no accompaniment but the buzzing, sings a part of "Gimme More" and shaves her head.

BRITNEY
*A center of attention / Even when
I'm up against the wall / You've
got me in a crazy position*

As she shaves, she smiles at the weight she sheds. Cries at the loss she suffers.

Smoothens out the last bits of patches. Stands.

Everything turns into a blur around her. Turns dreamlike.

Britney walks as if she is on water. She crosses the waves of people like the people of Israel crossing the river Jordan.

She walks out of the salon and into the tattoo shop next door.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Gimme, gimme (more)
Gimme (more)
Gimme, gimme (more)
Gimme (more)

Everyone follows her, disciples trailing after their Messiah.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - NIGHT

Britney enters the tattoo parlor and sits in one of the chairs.

A bodyguard closes the blinds to block the view of the paparazzi. Makes eye contact with another bodyguard. Nods.

Re-opens the blinds.

Britney on the chair finishes her request to the TATTOO ARTIST.

Leans her head back and stretches out her right arm for the artist to take.

Turns her head to see that cameras are pointed into the windows.

Whips her face away.

BRITNEY

Close the blinds, Jesus Christ.

The bodyguard by the window complies. For a moment. Then opens the blinds again.

Britney doesn't notice. She stares up at the ceiling.

She continues to sing "Gimme More" as she gets her tattoo. Focus on her face, grimacing in pain.

The whining of the needle and the clipper in dissonance with her voice.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

I just can't control myself
Oh... (more)
They want more?
(MORE)

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
Well I'll give them more
Ow! (More)

The tattoo artist draws the needle away.

All of the noise stops.

Britney sits up in the chair. Swivels to face the world.

On her right wrist are a pair of red lips.

She blows us a kiss.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. CELEBRITY REHAB - DAY (MARCH 2007)

A circle of chairs. Britney sits in group therapy with LINDSAY LOHAN, MARY-KATE OLSEN (20), and HALEY JOEL OSMENT (19) while a counselor in his 40s, STACY, listens to them.

Stacy has the well-worn squinting eyes, tilted head, "this is my listening face" of every therapist everywhere.

LINDSAY
She's nothing but a fake tanned, back-stabbing slutty bitch who wants to use me!

Britney, who has zoned out and is just now tuning back in, smirks at this.

BRITNEY
Who, Paris?

LINDSAY
No. I'm talking about my Mom.

STACY
You've mentioned that before, Lindsay. This feeling of being used. Would anyone else care to share more about that? Britney, we haven't heard from you yet. What do you think?

The patients all look towards Britney. They're all A-listers, but she's THE A-lister-est of them all.

Of course her mental breakdown beat out all of theirs for the most coverage in the media.

It's a bit of a sore point they'll never admit to.

Haley, Lindsay, and Mary-Kate stare unabashedly at her baldness.

Fuzziness is starting to set in, her naturally brown hair peeking through like sprouts in spring.

Britney blinks.

BRITNEY

Oh, honey. I've been used and
abused my whole life. I ain't
special for that.

She shrugs and leans back in her chair.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

That's how I made all the money to
afford this fancy rehab.

Haley Joel snorts.

HALEY JOEL

Right.

(in somber tones)

"This bond doth give thee here no
jot of blood; The words expressly
are a 'a pound of flesh.'"

Everyone looks at him: Um, what?

LINDSAY

Um, what?

HALEY JOEL

It's Shakespeare!

Blank looks again.

HALEY JOEL (CONT'D)

Mary-Kate, Lindsay, you're actors
for god's sakes. *Merchant of*
Venice? Where Antonio can't pay
Shylock what he owes, so he has to
pay him a pound of flesh?

LINDSAY

Ew.

HALEY JOEL

You know what! Never mind. The
point is. All this money and fame
come at a cost.

He exhales. Looks afar off. It's theatrical, yes. But it's genuine too.

CUT TO:

INT. HALEY JOEL'S STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Drunk as a skunk, all senses are gone.

Passes out behind the wheel and crashes into a tree.

BACK TO SCENE

HALEY JOEL
A pound of flesh.

The silence sits heavy for a moment. Britney considers this.

BRITNEY
Well, that doesn't sound so bad.

Everyone looks at her. She shrugs and smiles.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
My agent usually takes an arm and a leg.

Awkward silence.

INT. THERAPIST ROOM - DAY

Britney in individual therapy with Stacy. Nervous energy, restless legs and bouncing knees.

STACY
I wanted to talk with you some more about what you said during group this morning. About how being exploited feels like a normal part of your life?

BRITNEY
I mean, yeah.

Gestures at herself.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
This. Me. I'm just a product for consumption.
(beat)
(MORE)

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Everything I do is for the sake of this product. A product everyone else owns. I don't fucking own anything y'know? Not my music, not my clothes, not my personality, not my kids, not even my fucking hair.

She touches her head. A mixture of self-consciousness and bravado. Gives a wicked smile.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Ever since I was a kid, people always touching my hair--pulling at it--putting shit in it--bleaching it--dyeing it--God--!

Agitated now. Years of resentment and anger no longer held back in this quiet, clinical space meant for this kind of confession.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

What if I don't want it in fucking pigtails? Or dyed blond? Maybe I wanted a mohawk! They never even asked me!

Here her voice breaks.

The realization of what she has been crying out for all along hits her all at once and her heart breaks.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

They never even asked me what I wanted. What I needed.

She begins to weep.

She weeps for the Britney who was never allowed to be a child because she was too busy being a child star.

Stacy looks on gently.

STACY

Then let me ask...what is it that you need, Britney?

For a moment, Britney allows someone a peek into her heart.

Leans in close and sings the first few lines of "Overprotected."

BRITNEY

*I need time
joy
I need space
love
I need...me.*

Stacy smiles. Reaches a hand out to Britney, who takes it after a moment of contemplation.

Stacy leads Britney out of the room and into the-

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Stacy and Britney pass by individual rooms with large windows where they see into individual sessions of the other patients.

It's a fantastical scene. Surreal and strange.

In Mary-Kate's room, she and her therapist talk to some ghoulish figure.

Lindsay screams at a blonde reflection of herself.

Haley Joel tries on various theater masks: happy, sad. Happy, sad.

They continue out into the-

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the center of the living room where group therapy was earlier is now a grand piano. Stacy leads Britney to the seat of honor.

Britney takes a breath. Plays the sweet simple melody of "Overprotected."

Sings directly to us.

Her voice is its natural alto. Not the affected higher pitch she uses for Pop Princess Britney.

It turns the song from being autotuned pop into something that appeals to our hearts.

(https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NJUKvJl5z_g)

BRITNEY

*Say hello to the girl that I am
You're gonna have to see through my
perspective*

(MORE)

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

*I need to make mistakes just to
learn who I am
And I don't want to be so damn
protected.*

As she sings, she is surrounded by figures in her life
pantomiming.

A slow, hallucinatory daze. Like a broken bulging TV screen.

Her father Jamie, grim and yelling.

Her mother Lynne, shaking her head disapprovingly.

Her aunt Sandra, smiling with a kindness that breaks her
heart.

Then hands offering drinks, drugs, anything to make the pain
go away.

Kevin, picking up Sean and Jayden and turning away to leave.

Then paparazzi pressing in, leering, shouting, cameras
flashing, flashing, flashing.

We spin around her, dizzy and overwhelmed with the same
emotions Britney is feeling as she sings to a rising
crescendo.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

*I don't need nobody telling me just
what I wanna
What I, what, what, what I'm gonna
do about my destiny
I say no, no, nobody's telling me
just what I wanna do, do
I'm so fed up with people telling
me to be someone else but me*

And the fall to quiet once again.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

*I need time
I need love
I need space*

Looks at us directly.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

I need...me.

We see only determination on her face.

CUT TO INT. COURT - DAY

A JUDGE declares to a triumphant Jamie and attorney ANDREW WALLET.

JUDGE

I hereby grant full conservatorship
of Britney Jean Spears to James
Parnell Spears.

Jamie gives a little gesture of celebration and relief.

Triumph. He's finally won it all. The rights to Britney Spears herself.

BRITNEY (V.O.)

Well, fuck me.

INT. CELEBRITY REHAB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bodyguards surround Britney as she gets loaded up in her Cadillac.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jamie is the only person there to greet Britney after she gets out of the hospital. He's a touch inebriated.

JAMIE

Well. You sure threw one big hissy fit now didn't you, Brit.

Britney buckles up and ignores this.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We got a lot of work to do to clean all this mess you made.

Britney lolls her head around. Lifeless.

A beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You know *How I Met Your Mother*?

Britney perks up.

BRITNEY

Oh, I love that show.

JAMIE

Good. 'Cause you're gonna be on it.

Confusion at first. Realizes he's serious. Despair sinks in. Then resolve.

It's Britney, bitch, she reminds herself.

BRITNEY

No. No. I'm not doing it. I'm tired. No more TV shows. No more appearances. No more interviews. No more photo shoots.

She takes a deep breath.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

No more albums. No more music videos. No more tours. No more Britney Spears.

Dead silence in the car.

Then Jamie turns around with a rictus grin. It's pure malice.

JAMIE

Well now, honey, I don't think you understand the full scope of your situation. As of yesterday, you are no longer in charge.

He's still Britney's father, somewhere in there, so his voice seems loving.

But the words he uses are incomprehensible. How can a father be this full of glee while being so cruel?

BRITNEY

What are you talking about?

JAMIE

You see. The judge doesn't seem to think you're capable.

BRITNEY

Capable of...what?

JAMIE

Making decisions on your own. So. They've given me the power of making decisions *for you*.

Oh Jamie is living for this.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

And what I've decided is not that you are no more.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 But, in fact, you're is going to
 continue bigger and better than
 ever before.

He has a full smile now. Beatific if he weren't demonic.

Britney's face falls. She's even lost custody of herself.

BRITNEY (V.O.)
 This is part two of a story about a
 girl named Lucky.

Music starts.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

During the montage, Britney sings a reprise of "Lucky." This reprise is darker. Rock and metal. She is dressed in leather and punk. Eyeliner, grunge, rebellious rage for us audience. (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CF24Nxe_B6k)

As she sings, she takes her place in various scenes.

BRITNEY
*Early morning
 she wakes up
 Knock, knock, knock on the door
 It's time for makeup, perfect smile
 It's you they're all waiting for...*

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Britney playing an optometrist's assistant on *How I Met Your Mother*, crushing on the main character. Kills it. Headlines about how she brings up the ratings of a nearly cancelled show.

BRITNEY
*She's so lucky
 she's a star
 But she cry, cry, cries in her
 lonely heart thinking
 If there's something missing in my
 life
 Then why do these tears come at
 night?*

INT. MTV VMAS - NIGHT (2007)

Britney on stage performing at the VMAs. She's lush and gorgeous and not rail-thin.

Sees herself dancing on a camera meant to help her correct mistakes.

When the performance ends, she runs off stage. A gaggle of assistants are upon her.

Sullen and glaring.

BRITNEY
I'm a fat fucking pig.

Headlines about how fat Britney bombed her performance and her career is over.

INT. BRITNEY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jamie overseeing as Britney runs on the treadmill.

Britney is exhausted, clearly pushed beyond her limits. Stops the treadmill for a moment.

Turns to her father, pleading look in her eyes. He reaches over and taps her chin, like: Are you kidding? You want to stop with this?

She goes back to running.

INT. THE AXIS (LAS VEGAS, 2015) - NIGHT

Britney in her trailer before she goes on stage for her Las Vegas residency. Jamie is there with various pills in hand.

He's a looming figure over her hunched one.

JAMIE
I don't understand why it's such a fucking struggle every time. These are supposed to *help you*.

BRITNEY
They just make me feel so--sick.
Dad, I don't know. I feel like I can't even talk properly when I'm on them.

JAMIE
Oh I'm sorry, did you go to medical school and get a fucking medical degree?

BRITNEY
No, but--

JAMIE

No, you didn't go to school.
 Because you became *this*, remember?
 And then you had a little freakout,
 so now you have to take these lil
 babies to get back to normal, hm?
 And they've *been* helping you so
 much. Look--look at all this--

He gestures at the opulent trailer with its gorgeous vanity and all the trappings of a Superstar making the Axis millions of dollars.

She gets Froot Loops, Pop Tarts, Cap'n Crunch, Gatorade, Doritos, and potato salad.

In-n-Out cheeseburgers without buns, a life coach on call 24/7, and 200 fresh towels everyday.

The pills are a small price to pay. Britney sighs. Pops them in her mouth and sips her Gatorade.

Red as blood.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

A curtained stage lit in blue. Screaming fans. The curtains open. The screams grow louder.

Smoke rolls in. Spotlights flood the stage.

Britney steps into the light and the audience falls silent. We pan out to see the seats are empty.

The rock version of the song turns quiet and sweet. No music to accompany. Just Britney's voice. Echoing in the vastness of the theater.

BRITNEY

*Isn't she lovely, this Hollywood
 girl?
 She is so lucky, but why does she
 cry?
 If there is nothing missing in her
 life
 Why do tears come at night?*

Abused, battered, ashamed, and hopeless.

Tears.

INT. SET FOR SLUMBER PARTY MUSIC VIDEO - DAY (2016)

Britney is hot in a hot red dress not at all appropriate for a slumber party--more for a club set in this giant mansion with other hot people.

But the Main Hot Guy of the hour is SAM ASGHARI, 22, in a grey suit and hair in that sides faded top thick and luscious fashion of 2016.

Britney is immediately drawn to him. Something about his eyes. They're not looking at her like she's someone to use.

A spark of mutual admiration. The beginnings of a crush. She goes up to him to say hello.

BRITNEY

Hi, I'm Britney.

When Sam speaks, he's got a slight accent (just like her), more soft-spoken, but there's something similar about the way they talk.

Honey-sweet, soothing to listen to, but not cloying.

Sam tries to crack a joke.

SAM

I'm sorry, who are you?

The set screeches to a halt.

Everyone's reaction: What the fuck?

Even Britney looks like she's about to sock him in the face.

Then, after a beat, she snorts.

BRITNEY

You're funny. What's your name?

Relief floods Sam's face. Britney! Thinks! I'm! Funny! I could die happy now.

SAM

Sam.

He reaches out a shaky hand and shakes her hand.

Britney smiles warmly at him.

LATER

Between takes, the two strike up a conversation.

BRITNEY

Oh my God you have to try Sushi Samba if you're ever in Vegas. I'll get you tickets to my show. Don't even worry about it.

SAM

What? Are you serious? No, you can't--I'll pay--

BRITNEY

Hang on, you're a personal trainer, right?

SAM

Um, yeah.

BRITNEY

I got it. Why don't you pay me back with some sessions?

Britney's got a glint in her eye. She hasn't done this dance since K-Fed really, but she still knows some of the steps.

Sam's too starstruck to notice that she's even flirting. Just so excited to be talking in such a familiar way with Britney

Doesn't even realize he's falling more and more by the minute.

SAM

That...could definitely work for me.

BRITNEY (V.O.)

After Kevin, I kind of stopped believing in fairytales.

MONTAGE OF THE BRITNEY AND SAM FAIRYTALE

INT. BRITNEY'S MANSION - DAY

Music starts. Britney's "When I Found You" starts to play.

Pan over rumpled sheets on a bed, a messy room. We hear Britney's moans and pants.

BRITNEY

Sam, I can't--I can't take it
anymore!

SAM

You can, baby. I'm with you. I'm
here with you.

The camera reveals:

Britney doing sit-ups as Sam holds her legs down.

SAM (CONT'D)

Alright, 29, one more, 30!

Britney pushes herself to do one more and makes it. Sam
cheers.

SAM (CONT'D)

Yes! Great work, Brit!

They high five. Hands and eyes linger for a moment.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - NIGHT

Sam and Britney enjoying wine and eating sushi together,
dressed to the nines in matching outfits.

BRITNEY (V.O.)

Forgive the matching outfits. We
were in love. I mean, can you blame
me?

SAM

You look so beautiful tonight.

BRITNEY

BRITNEY (V.O.)

Stop.

Stop.

SAM

I'm serious. You are the most
beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes
on.

Britney giggles. Takes a sip of wine.

BRITNEY

And you're one of the most handsome
men I've ever seen.

Sam does a little jaw-drop, "Aw shucks, me?" routine.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

Bashful, but proud of himself too, Sam lifts his wineglass.

SAM
Well, a toast. To beautiful and happy people.

Britney grimaces.

BRITNEY
Happy.

Sam's eyebrow furrows. Looks at her for more information.

Britney sighs. "When I Found You," which has been playing in the background to this point, fades away.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
This is a story about a girl...

She stops herself. Looks down and fights as something surges up.

All of the fucking shit she's been holding down for so long.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
A girl named...

She shakes her head. Tears start to come.

Sam covers a hand with his own. Britney looks down and sees the comforting gesture. Gains courage from it.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
A girl locked away in a dungeon by her evil sonofabitch father.

She takes a deep breath in. Starts to sing "Man on the Moon." Not to us this time. To Sam.

Soft and sweet, voice breaking at times, but holds steady and true.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
*Dark mascara dripping down my face
Only fools could ever feel this way
Send my message into outer space
Wonder if it's gonna float your way*

She stands. Servers come and clear away the tables, the chairs. The patio becomes empty space for the two of them to slow dance.

Sam twirls her and she laughs. Voice growing stronger.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
*Darkness comes and love comes alive
 I've been right here dreaming of
 you
 Waiting for my man on the moon
 Moon*

They press close. And Sam sings back. Same melody as the pre-chorus and chorus. Just the lyrics are slightly changed.

SAM
*Darkness comes and love comes alive
 I've been right here dreaming so
 far
 Waiting for my girl of the stars
 Stars*

Britney stares at him in wonder, glitter in her eyes. No one has ever heard her lyrics and sung them back to her before.

They sing in harmony.

BRITNEY <i>Man on the moon / Moon</i>	SAM (CONT'D) <i>Girl of the stars / Stars</i>
--	--

They kiss.

The kissing leads to--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A loving sex scene. No need to be explicit. It's soft touches and light kisses on collarbones. It's tasteful nudity.

It's Britney tipping her head back and smiling in pleasure as Sam takes his time down the length of her body.

It's watching Britney looking satisfied and at peace for the first time in a long time, and then tasting herself on his mouth after some moments where the audience has been left guessing what he's been up to.

It's her nodding her consent as they join together in a physical, but in a spiritual sense too. You can see it in the way they look deeply into each other's eyes: I love you, they say to each other silently.

Maybe not out loud--yet. But soon. And they do love each other already and forever.

The fairytale.

BRITNEY (V.O.)

Maybe Prince Charming was really out there after all. And that he had an ass that won't quit. Damn. Lucky indeed.

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY (2018)

Britney stands before her father, clammy hands and reminiscent of a disciplined kid even though she is at this point 37 years old.

JAMIE

Absolutely not.

BRITNEY

But--

JAMIE

Your third marriage, Brit? You'd be married as many times as Hugh Hefner and he has his pick of the Playboy mansion.

BRITNEY

Well you know what they say. Third time's the charm.

Jamie levels her a look.

JAMIE

I don't know about this Sam.

BRITNEY

Oh here we go.

JAMIE

Hey, I'm just saying. I told you about K-Fed and I was right, wasn't I?

BRITNEY

He's not--he's not so bad. We just weren't right for each other. I mean, I get visitation rights with Jayden and Sean now. And he's really a good dad with them and--

JAMIE

Britney, please. That man almost ruined your career. No more marriages for you.

Britney huffs in discontent.

BRITNEY

I fucking do everything you say.
Just your little fucking puppet
running around while you pull the
strings, you sonofabitch--

Jamie stands. Slams his hands on the desk. Britney starts.

JAMIE

In case you forgot, the last time
you had your way, you came out
looking like a cracked out Vin
Diesel. No. Weddings.

Britney seethes.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Britney at Sandra's grave. She lays down a bouquet of roses. Dressed simply, a small bow in her hair. Something Sandra may have affixed onto her hair as a child.

BRITNEY

Hi, Aunt Sandra.

She sits cross-legged in front of the gravestone.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

How are you? I'm...I'm doing okay.

(beat)

I fell in love. With a really great
guy.

She looks down on her hands. Not really sure what to say.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

I bet you're God's favorite angel.

(beat)

I wish you were here right now,
Aunt Sandra. So you could meet Sam.
See everything I've accomplished.

Britney reaches over and touches the gravestone gently.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

I just don't know what to do about
Dad.

The wind blows by and lifts some strands of her hair. As it does, an echo of the melody of "Overprotected" sounds.

She pauses, tilts her head.

She lays down on the grass by the gravestone. Closes her eyes.

FLASHBACK

SUPER: LOUISIANA, 1991

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Sandra helping ten-year old Britney get ready for a choir performance. Jamie and Lynne nowhere to be found.

Britney wriggling in her chair nervously while Sandra tries to fix her crimped side ponytail.

SANDRA

Now hold still or your hair will be crooked.

BRITNEY

It's already crooked.

SANDRA

Now are you trying to sass me, Miss Britney Jean?

Britney giggles, front teeth flashing adorably.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Are you feeling nervous?

BRITNEY

A little.

She shrinks in her chair, pep evaporating.

SANDRA

Oh, honey. What about?

Britney shrugs a shoulder.

BRITNEY

Just. I don't know. What if I mess up my solo?

SANDRA

Oh, sweetheart.

She leans down and kisses her on the forehead.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
 Even if you open your mouth and the
 squawkin' of a chicken comes out,
 you just stand tall and proud. Tell
 the world: It's Britney. And I'm
 here to stay, so you better listen
 up! Ba-kaw!

The image is so ridiculous, Britney giggles again. Sandra laughs along with her.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO PRESENT

Britney opens her eyes and sits up.

She turns to the camera, ferocious and angry and liberated as hell.

INT. STAGE - DAY

Britney takes the stage. A lone microphone. A spotlight shines on her.

On the stage with her is Los Angeles Superior Court JUDGE BRENDA PENNY, Black and in her 70s.

Britney starts reading off her testimony. The adrenaline has her reading quickly, angrily. Her accent is punch heavy moonshine.

BRITNEY
 This is a story about a girl named
 Britney Jean Spears.

Takes a deep breath.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
 Once upon a time, there was a
 little girl whose dream it was to
 sing. And not just sing to herself.
 No.

She takes the microphone off the stand and moves about the stage. Forever a performer.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
 She wanted to share her voice with
 the world.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

She had written so many songs that she wanted for them to hear and sing and dance along to.

(beat)

And her beloved father helped her make that dream come true. And little miss Britney Jean turned into a pop princess.

A glowing expression on her face. She's recalling the tours, the hits, the adoring fans.

Then, her expression turns dark.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

But then, Britney's father became...greedy. One day, when she told her father she didn't want to sing for him in Vegas, he...

Here, her voice fills with emotion.

She blinks and the stage is gone. We are now in-

INT. LOS ANGELES COURTHOUSE - DAY

Britney on the witness stand in front of Judge Penny.

A transcriber frantically typing as Britney reads her testimony.

She reads without breaks. Like if she stops, someone would come drag her away and tell her to shut her up.

But this is Britney now, in her own words. Determined to speak the truth.

BRITNEY

There was a week period where they were nice to me. They said, if I don't want to do the new Vegas show, I don't have to. And it was like lifting literally 200 pounds off of me because I was really, really hard on myself and it was too much.

Then, resentment and bitterness at the recollection of betrayal.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Three days later, my therapist sat me down in a room and said he had a million phone calls about how I was not cooperating in rehearsals and I haven't been taking my medication. He immediately put me on lithium. It made me feel drunk. I told my Mom and Dad I was scared. But...

Her eyes harden. Venom now. Hell hath no fury like Britney Spears who has had enough.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Not only did my family not do a goddamn thing, my dad was all for it.

She is quiet for a moment.

Thinking of being treated as if she were nothing but chattel by her own parents almost breaks her.

But the moment at the grave with Aunt Sandra stays with her. It pushes her to keep going.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

When he told me I had to go back to rehab and that I couldn't see my kids or my boyfriend I cried on the phone for an hour and he loved every minute of it. The control he had over someone as powerful as me as he loved the hurt his own daughter, 100,000%. He loved it.

(beat)

Right now I'm not even allowed to get married. They forced me to get an IUD. I can't make decisions over my own body.

(beat)

But no more. I deserve to be able to live my own life. I deserve to be married. Have kids. Have my own family. I feel ganged up on and I feel bullied and I feel left out and alone. And I'm tired of feeling alone. I deserve to be free and have the same rights as everybody else. And that's all I wanted to say. Thank you for letting me speak today.

MONTAGE

- News chyrons of bits and pieces from Britney's bombshell testimony
- Podcasts about Britney's fight against her conservatorship
- Viral tweets with the hashtag #FreeBritney
- Epic YouTube breakdowns of the timeline of Britney's conservatorship
- Britney posting TikToks of herself dancing. A comment in one of the TikToks tells Britney to wear yellow if she needs help. Britney wears yellow in her next TikTok. The Internet explodes.
- Celebrities like Mariah Carey, Christina Aguilera, Paris Hilton liking Britney's Tiktoks, #FreeBritney tweets, and showing support for Britney
- Headlines about Judge Penny granting Britney the right to have her own attorneys for the conservatorship case; a follow-up that she chooses Mathew Rosengart for representation
- Millions all over the world watch the documentary *Framing Britney Spears*
- Online news being shared and retweeted about various actresses (Abigail Breslin, Olivia Holt) in discussion to star in the newest Britney biopic, *It's Britney Bitch*

SUPER ON BLACK: SEPTEMBER 29, 2021

INT. BRITNEY'S ROOM - DAY

Britney in a bathrobe and getting her hair ready in gentle waves in front of a mirror.

No more buzzing. Just the light tsss! of a curler working its way through sectioned off pieces.

Lines her eyes. Adorns herself for battle.

BRITNEY (V.O.)

Do you know what happened to Samson? The Philistines tied him up between these two pillars. And they thought they had him. Had a party and everything to celebrate his downfall.

(beat)

(MORE)

BRITNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But the thing about hair is it
grows back. And when Samson's hair
grew back, he regained his
strength. And he pulled down the
pillars and killed every single
bastard who betrayed him.

(beat)
Well guess what? My hair's grown
now.

(beat)
And so am I.

She finishes curling it and tosses it over her shoulder.
Gives a triumphant smile. A ding on her cellphone.

A message from Mathew Rosengart:

"You ready for today?"

This is it. Her do or die moment. Samson in front of the
Philistines. She breathes in.

Out.

She texts back one word:

"Ready."

EXT. LOS ANGELES COURTHOUSE - DAY

SUPER: SEPTEMBER 29, 2021

Britney's car pulls up to the courthouse.

INT. BRITNEY'S CAR - DAY

Britney and Sam in the back of their car. Britney in an all-white suit. With her platinum blond hair, she looks regal.

Not a princess, but a queen.

She moves to open the car door, but Sam stops her.

SAM
How are you feeling?

BRITNEY (V.O.)
Like throwing up.

BRITNEY

Good. Good.
(beat)
I feel good.

SAM

You feel like throwing up, don't
you.

BRITNEY

(beat)
Ah. Yep. Yes. Yes I do.

Sam laughs. His smile helping to ease the wriggling worms in
Britney's belly.

SAM

Just tell your truth, Brit.

He takes her hand.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm with you every step.

(beat)

*You are the only star in my sky
You're so visible, so visible
I open the window to clear up my
mind*

Britney sings the last part in harmony.

BRITNEY

And it's doable, so doable

SAM (CONT'D)

And it's doable, so doable

Sam leans over and gives her a light kiss. Britney breathes
him in for a moment.

A salve for the nerves.

It works. She smiles at him.

Opens the car door.

FANS greet her with signs and cheers.

Her eyes brighten at the sight.

INT. LOS ANGELES COURTHOUSE - DAY

Judge Penny again presiding over the case. This time, it's
Britney v. Jamie in court.

Britney with her lawyer Mathew Rosengart, 50s, bookish but in a handsome way. An aged Clark Kent-type.

Has been Britney's Superman, moving faster than a speeding bullet through LA's sluggish court system--greased, of course, by Britney's millions.

Jamie looks old and dour. He has had some health issues the past couple of years and has been vilified by the media. Being the Bad Guy sucks the beauty out of you.

Next to him is his lawyer ALEX WEINGARTEN, 50s, exactly who you envision when you are asked to think of the personification of fat cat who ate the cream.

Sam is in the crowd, wearing a #FreeBritney shirt.

Jamie on the stand, mid-testimony while being questioned by Mathew Rosengart.

JAMIE

Well, you know, she just went nuts that one time. Shaving her head and getting that tattoo. She had to go to rehab and when she was out of rehab, she was absolutely psycho and out of control--

Suddenly, Mathew Rosengart stands and interrupts Jamie's testimony. He points a finger at Jamie on the stand.

MATHEW

Those are lies!

The courtroom is filled with gasps.

A sudden outburst of excitement at this interruption by Mathew.

Judge Penny bangs on her gavel.

Jamie, furious at the interruption, resumes speaking.

[LATER]

JUDGE PENNY

I now call to the witness stand,
Miss Britney Jean Spears.

Britney takes a deep breath and walks up to the witness stand.

Before she speaks, she catches Sam's eye.

He mouths, "You got this."

She nods.

In contrast to her June 21 testimony, she is more confident this time. Calm.

She shoots her father a hard glare. Fuck you, Jamie Spears.

BRITNEY

I am here to speak my truth. The whole truth. And nothing but the truth. So help me God.

(beat)

For years, this man has controlled my life all for his own financial gain. Instead of being a caring and loving father, he has treated me as nothing but the source of his paychecks. I can never get back the lack of humanity I've felt all of these years, but I want to start rebuilding myself piece by piece. Please give me a chance by giving me back Britney Spears.

Suddenly, the courthouse blacks out. Spotlights come on.

Only Britney and her father remain onstage.

Music starts.

"Womanizer" begins to play.

Britney crosses the stage. Approaches her father with menace. For the first time in his life, he is frightened of her.

The years of fear and anger wrapped up in her finally showing her power and control to her pathetic father.

She looks at Jamie.

On the verge of tears. A break in her voice, but not faltering.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Give me my life back.

There. She's done. Has said everything she's needed to say.

Goes back to join Mathew.

Jamie has this look: a mix of shame and defiance.

Everything she said is true. I did all of it. But none of it is wrong. It's all evidence of me being a good father.

Britney doesn't look at him again.

JUDGE PENNY

Alright, I think now will be a good time to take a short recess, and when we come back I can give my judgment on this case, counselors, please approach the bench for a moment...

Britney's eyes widen. Mathew leans over and whispers something to her. Gives her a reassuring smile. He stands and pats her shoulder.

[LATER]

Everyone files back into court. Stands as Judge Penny finds her way back to her bench. Sits as the BAILIFF announce for them to be seated.

JUDGE PENNY

In the case of *Britney Spears v.*

Jamie Spears...

(beat)

I hereby end the conservatorship of Jamie Parnell Spears over Britney Jean Spears, effective immediately-

Cheers, applause from Britney's team. Britney turns to Mathew and shouts as they hug. Joy and disbelief.

EXT. LOS ANGELES COURTHOUSE - DAY

Britney being hustled out of the courthouse and into her car as fans wave signs and erupt in cheers.

She slams the door shut after her and begins to roll up the window.

As she does, she catches a glance of her father, who is hurrying into his own car.

Their eyes meet for a second. Britney looks at him with a mix of triumph and resignation.

She rolls up the window completely.

A moment's respite alone. Just breathes as everything hits her at once.

The years of captivity, the results of the trial.

Finally realizes she is truly free.

The tears come.

Sits and weeps at the knowledge that she is her own person at last.

She smiles.

EXT. BRITNEY AND SAM'S THOUSAND OAKS HOME - DAY (JUNE 9)

Scenes from Britney and Sam's wedding. It is the veritable who's who of people who care about Britney and whom Britney cares about.

Britney's sons are there in classy suits.

Jamie, Lynn, and Jamie Lynn are noticeably absent. Sitting at home regretting their life decisions.

Britney in an elegant Versace gown with a tasteful leg slit that hearkens to her 2000 MTV VMAs outfit.

Sam handsome in a tuxedo with a rose boutonniere.

MADONNA and DONATELLA, looking regal, though it's sometimes hard to tell what their expressions are these days.

SELENA GOMEZ looking fresh and young, DREW BARRYMORE somehow looking fresher and younger.

Paris Hilton, talking about her resurgence on Peacock. Various other celebrities mingling.

At one point, Britney's ex-husband Jason Alexander CRASHES THE WEDDING, needing to be restrained by police.

At long last, Sam and Britney finally get to say their "I dos" at the altar.

A beautiful kiss that's just this side of raunchy, but stays classy.

Dancing and partying. We pan out to see Sam and Britney the center of attention of all the revelry.

After the long years of living in a nightmare, look at her: Britney's livin' the freakin' fairytale, y'all.

INT. BRITNEY'S MANSION - DAY

Britney pads softly into the living room. Opens a window and looks out into her front yard.

For once, there are no paparazzi.

Quiet.

She shuts the window.

Walks past a mirror. Catches her reflection and sees a new peacefulness in her warm brown eyes.

BRITNEY
(to her reflection)
My lips will shout for joy when I
sing praise to you--I whom you have
delivered.

Soft lights on a smiling Britney as she approaches her baby grand piano.

Plays a chord. She takes a deep breath. Opens her mouth to sing.

THE END.