

Blue Fields
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FADE IN:

EXT. JAMAICA/BLUE FIELDS BEACH - PRE-DAWN

Rain is pouring down heavily. There is a winding road that follows the coastline. A car is driving and then suddenly careens out of control. The car goes sailing into the air and then crashes into the tumultuous ocean water below.

Under the water's dark surface we can not see the face of the driver of the vehicle. The driver pounds on the window frantically. We hear their muffled cries for help.

INT. SHARON BROOK'S HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

A kettle's whistle is BLOWING, SHARON JAMES (60s, God fearing Jamaican with an accent) enters and turns off the stove. She rinses a cup out with hot water, puts in a tea bag and then refills it with hot water. The landline phone rings, Sharon answers, it's her daughter INGRID (30s, the pretty one, noticeably pregnant).

SHARON

Hello?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

INGRID

She's going to be on in a few minutes are you going to watch?

SHARON

What for?

INGRID

Forget it.

Ingrid hangs up.

INT. SHARON BROOK'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sharon enters, the lights are off. She turns on the TV and flips through the channels until she gets to the Grammys. A promo clip is playing of MARCIA pronounced Mar-cee-uh a.k.a. "M.J." JAMES (beautiful Jamaican/American, early 30s). She is answering questions while giving a tour of her not so modest home, Sharon watches in silence.

INT. GRAMMY AWARDS/AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A CELEBRITY is at the podium. The place is packed and the audience is hyped.

CELEBRITY

... and here she is, the multi-platinum
selling, multi-Grammy winning-

The crowd roars. Several AUDIENCE MEMBERS jump to their feet
rush to the stage. The Celebrity waits a moment so that the
anticipation builds.

CELEBRITY

She's so extraordinary and so talented,
she goes by only two letters, M.J.!

Marcia enters from a staircase center stage. She is wearing
a white low cut dress that leaves nothing to the imagination.
As she sings her latest song, she descends the stairs and
when she gets to the point where she is supposed to hit a
high note, her voice falters. The audience notices, but
Marcia continues to sing and at the end of the song where she
is supposed to hit the last high note she pauses
dramatically, the audience goes wild. Marcia hits the note
stronger than ever. She waves and blows kisses.

INT. SHARON BROOK'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sharon turns off the TV, sets her alarm for five o'clock,
says a silent prayer and then settles into bed.

INT. MARCIA'S MANSION - PACIFIC PALISADES - LATER THAT NIGHT

There is a wild party going on at Marcia's huge, multi-
million dollar mansion which overlooks the ocean. There are
Beyoncé calibre CELEBRITIES everywhere and people are dancing
and drinking like a modern day bacchanal. Marcia is weaving
through the crowd with a bottle of champagne in one hand and
two glasses in the other. She looks drop dead gorgeous in a
midnight blue backless number that barely skims her thighs.

PARTYGOER 1

Don't you look incredibly delectable?

MARCIA

Tell me something I don't know love.

She kisses Partygoer 1 on both cheeks and then continues to
wind her way through the crowd.

INT. MARCIA'S MANSION/BATHROOM

Marcia enters to find her hot boyfriend JERRY (23, a
talentless leech) doing a line of coke, she snorts a line,
her eyes water.

MARCIA

Damn, that's good.

JERRY

Only the best baby, only the best.

He hoists up her dress and they have sex all over the bathroom.

INT. MARCIA'S MANSION/BEDROOM - MORNING

Marcia and Jerry are lying in bed asleep. Marcia's cell phone rings, she reaches for it without looking, it falls to the floor, she answers it.

Marcia

This better be fucking good.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

EXT. LEMON YELLOW BMW ROADSTER

Marcia's stylist, BUDDHA JONES (late 60's) has Marcia on speakerphone.

BUDDHA

Good-morning to you too bish!

MARCIA

Oh, fuck!

BUDDHA

That's right, the *Vogue* shoot and we can't cancel again because I don't think they're going to buy another cramps bordering on a miscarriage story.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DOWNTOWN L.A. - AFTERNOON

The CREW has been waiting for several hours and they are not happy. Jerry is lying across a couple of chairs sleeping. Marcia is dressed in a beautiful flowing Versace gown. Buddha is doing her make-up. The PEOPLE ON SET are casting furtive glances her way and whispering.

ARDEN, (late 30's, Latina, tightly wound) Marcia's publicist rushes over with a forced smile on her face.

ARDEN

Let's cut to the chase. It's getting increasingly hard to do damage control M.J. Last night's performance was piss poor and-

MARCIA
 (unbothered)
 And if I were you I'd watch what the fuck
 I say.

ARDEN
 M.J. anyone with a set of functioning
 ears-

MARCIA
 Do you like your job? Do you enjoy riding
 my ass for fifteen percent of every
 dollar I make?
 (off look)
 I thought so.

Buddha puts the finishing touches on Marcia's make-up. The
 VOGUE PHOTOGRAPHER walks over, Marcia strikes a pose.

VOGUE PHOTOGRAPHER
 Words can not describe.

As the photographer leads Marcia away she leans into Arden.

MARCIA
 Don't come to me with problems, come to
 me with fucking solutions.

Marcia and the photographer walk away, AD LIB small talk.

INT. KURASAWA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Marcia looks fantastic in a sheer floral print top, her
 nipples are erect. She is seated with Jerry and her manager
 HUGO (70s, in great shape).

HUGO
 I hate to say this but you really fucked
 up this time kid.

JERRY
 Ah, that's a load of crap.

HUGO
 (to Jerry)
 I don't believe I was talking to you.

JERRY
 (mimics Hugo)
 I don't believe I was talking to you.

HUGO
(to Marcia)
Either tell your little moppet to shut up
or tell him to leave.

MARCIA
(to Jerry)
Why don't you go outside for a smoke?

Like a petulant child Jerry stomps outside.

HUGO
He's only after your money.

MARCIA
Don't forget the good- no great sex.
She downs her glass of wine and pours another.

HUGO
The last two movies you headlined tanked,
your last album moved slower than hot
lava. You need "Hearts End" to open big
next week, and I mean fucking huge.

MARCIA
Don't worry it will.
She smiles at DINERS at another table.

Marcia
See, my public loves me.

HUGO
Not with the recent BS you've been
pulling. You're becoming the fucking
laughing stock of this industry and the
sad thing is that either you don't know
or you don't care.

Marcia yawns.

HUGO
Goodbye M.J.

MARCIA
Oh for Pete's sake Hugo relax.

HUGO
Call me when you're serious.

Hugo leaves, the DINERS stare at Marcia. She raises her
glass and smiles.

INT. MARCIA'S MANSION/BALCONY - EARLY AFTERNOON

Marcia and Jerry are sunbathing naked, Jerry goes inside. Marcia lights a cigarette, her cell phone rings, she looks at the screen. The display reads: "Your Mother"

MARCIA
Nope, not today, Satan.

The phone pings because a message was left, Marcia looks at the phone, she doesn't want to check the message, she puts on her robe and starts pacing while still staring at the phone.

MARCIA
(to voice assistant)
Siri.

SIRI
Uh, huh?

MARCIA
Play voice message.

SIRI
You have one message from, Your Mother.

SHARON (V.O.)
Marcia? MJ? Or whatever you call yourself nowadays, I hate to do it this way but I have no other choice. Ms. Ella has died, her funeral is this weekend in Blackriver.

Marcia stops pacing, she's completely gutted, and starts to cry. Jerry walks out on the balcony he's wearing shorts, when he sees her crying he rushes to her.

JERRY
Babe, babe, babe hey what's wrong?

MARCIA
My grandmother is dead.

EXT. MARCIA'S MANSION/POOLSIDE - THAT NIGHT

Marcia is lying on a floating lounge chair drinking. Jerry opens the sliding door to the backyard for Hugo. Jerry stays inside and watches as Hugo walks over to Marcia.

MARCIA
I haven't seen or thought about Ms. Ella for years, but all of a sudden I can remember everything about her.

The way she smiled, the way she smelled,
when I hugged her she was so squooshy.

HUGO

I think you should go to the funeral.
Actually I'm ordering you to go, before
you get canceled.

MARCIA

Me? Canceled? Never, besides I'm not
using my grandmother's funeral as a
publicity stunt.

HUGO

Honey, your whole life is a publicity
stunt.

MARCIA

Nope, no way in hell am I going. My
family hates me, Jamaica's too fucking
hot and did I mention that my family
really doesn't like me? No- I'm not
going. I'll pay for her funeral, burial,
make sure she goes off in style but I
won't be there.

HUGO

Yes you will and you'll be sober.

MARCIA

Ha! Now you know I'm not going.

HUGO

You need to lay low until the premiere of
"Hearts End". People need time to forget
about what happened at the Grammys.
Also, it will give me time to do damage
control.

MARCIA

Damage control? You think it's that bad?

HUGO

Have you been online? Have you seen the
memes?

MARCIA

Fuck online.

HUGO

If you leave town and go "back to your
roots", we can convince everyone that
you've temporarily lost your way.

MARCIA
It's not that bad.

HUGO
Arden's quit.

MARCIA
Her loss.

HUGO
Actually it's yours, she's the best
publicist in the business. Look, the
first step in diffusing this debacle is
to have you gone from sight. That way by
the time the premiere rolls around,
everyone will be clamoring to see you.

MARCIA
Fine, I won't leave the house.

HUGO
Look if you're not serious-

Hugo turns to leave.

MARCIA
No, no wait. Just give me a chance to
think it over.

HUGO
You've got forty eight hours and
(re Jerry)
The village idiot stays here.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE SUNSET BOULEVARD - AFTERNOON

Marcia and TWO GIRLFRIENDS are having a boozy brunch. There
is a huge billboard of her latest movie "Hearts End" across
the street. Marcia is already drunk.

MARCIA
(re: billboard)
God, where are my tits? Do you think I
need a BBL? Be honest?

GIRLFRIEND 1
Your back does run to the floor.

They laugh.

GIRLFRIEND 2
(to Girlfriend 1)
Oh, be quiet.
(to Marcia)

You must be so excited about the premiere. "Hearts End" is getting a lot of good buzz.

MARCIA

Those things are all the same.

(mimics paparazzi)

M.J., M.J., Ms. James over here, M.J.!

Marcia waves like British Royalty. They laugh. Marcia notices the PAPARAZZI a few feet away taking pictures.

Marcia

I swear, these guys never let up. You want a picture, snap this!

She rips her shirt open exposing her bare breasts.

INT. MARCIA'S MANSION/KITCHEN - MORNING

Marcia is standing in front of the open fridge, wearing shades and smoking, Hugo enters.

HUGO

Great going. I ask you to tone it down and you end up as TMZ's headline. Your ticket to Jamaica.

Hugo places the airline ticket on the counter.

HUGO

Make sure that your shit is packed and you're ready to go in an hour. If you are not on that plane all bets are off and I'm throwing you to the wolves.

Marcia doesn't turn around. Hugo leaves. Marcia takes a bottle of water out of the fridge and then closes the door. She sits down at the kitchen counter.

The ghost of MS. ELLA (90, petite and round like a grandma) enters wearing her Sunday best, hat included. She stands a few feet from Marcia who looks up; she senses something.

MS. ELLA

Everyday one carries a bucket to the well one day the bottom will surely drop out. Look like your bucket about to lose it's bottom.

Ms. Ella leaves. Marcia turns around but doesn't see her go.

EXT. MARCIA'S MANSION - ONE HOUR LATER

The LIMO DRIVER is loading Marcia's bags into the trunk. LEVI, her house manager, is orchestrating the whole event.

LEVI

I'm getting too old for this shit.

Marcia walks out of the house dressed in cocoa brown leather hip hugger jeans a low cut top, fur coat and shades.

LEVI

Isn't it hot in Jamaica?

MARCIA

I either wear this or I'm not going.

Marcia angrily walks over to the car and waits for the Limo Driver to open her door. When he does, she gets in with a flourish.

LEVI

Poor child, they are going to eat her alive.

INT. AIR JAMAICA/FIRST CLASS CABIN - LATER

Marcia bumps into FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1, (Jamaican Woman, 35). Marcia takes off her fur coat and passes it to the flight attendant. As Marcia takes her seat, her cell phone rings.

MARCIA

What?

INT. HUGO'S OFFICE

Hugo's office is very posh with a great view of Sunset Boulevard, he's on his cell phone.

HUGO

I hope you're on the runway.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MARCIA

Like I had a fucking choice, this is such a big mistake.

HUGO

Look, just have a good time, relax on the beach and don't come back until you've gotten your act together. Did I mention that I got you the cover of *Vanity Fair*?