

-- Babe, in bra and panties, riding a stuffed zebra under the sparkling disco ball on the dance floor.

-- Babe, naked, standing on top of the Hollywood sign. Road flares SHOOTING from each hand, her purse TUMBLES down the cliff below. Police helicopter's spotlight on her. She raises her arms in victory, words slurring.

BABE

Babe Walker will live forever!!

CUT TO:

EXT. WALKER ESTATE - DAY

A hand lies limp on the manicured grass. Is it a dead body?

Nope. Just Babe, a tiny figure on a palatial lawn, passed out drunk. Tequila bottle still in hand. Rumpled dress.

In the background we see a grand mansion, the kind that doesn't have guest bedrooms, but guest wings.

Mabinty strolls up, pops open an umbrella over Babe seconds before the sprinklers turn on.

SUPER: **WHITE GIRL PROBLEMS** in pink cursive letters.

Mabinty kicks her awake.

MABINTY

Get off the gardenias.

INT. WALKER ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mabinty lounges on the couch, engrossed in the film "Desperado" on TV (The shoot-out scene where Antonio Banderas fights on top of the bar counter.) She mouths along with the dialogue, she's seen it that many times.

In between quotes, she eats huge bites of a decadent breakfast: Belgian waffles with whipped cream and fudge. A birthday candle lies on the edge of the plate.

Babe, hungover as hell, trudges in the room.

BABE

Are you eating my birthday waffles?

**START**

MABINTY

Please girl. Like you're gonna let any of these carbs near your mouth.

e

BABE

Still wanted to blow out the candle...

MABINTY

Don't worry. I wished for Antonio on your behalf.

Babe plops on the couch next to Mabinty, nods at the TV.

BABE

Mmmm, it's too early for sexy gunplay and Mexican banditos.

MABINTY

Then go watch something on one of the other twenty-three TV's.

BABE

There's an interview I can't miss--

Babe grabs the remote, flips to an LA live morning show.

INSERT: LA Morning HOSTS interview a peppy DONNA VALEO, 43, an adorable socialite wearing an apron that matches her statement necklace. She holds up a plate of cookies for the camera while the Host holds up her COOKBOOK.

TV CHYRON reveals "FORMER MODEL PUBLISHES FAMILY RECIPES"

DONNA VALEO (ON TV)

I'm just so freakin' excited about sharing all my family recipes! Passed down from my mother, from her mother, and so on... These are super easy to make with the kids.

Mabinty changes the channel back to Desperado.

MABINTY

Why you do this to yourself? She's not following your dumb antics.

BABE

She could be.

MABINTY

I'm sure she'd be real proud of her little miss Sunset Strip.

Mabinty holds up her cellphone, showing that she's seen Babe's Insta photos from the night before.

BABE

You weren't supposed to see that...

Babe angrily flips the TV channel back to the interview.

DONNA VALEO (ON TV)

I can't wait to get these comfort foods in your kitchen. So, reach out, follow me, let me know how you like 'em!

(looks directly in camera)

I'm dying to hear from you at home.

BABE

Do you think that's a generic 'you,' or like, a coded message? Because she did specifically say to 'reach out.'

MABINTY

That woman's no good. Trust me, Babe. You were too young to remember, but the day your mother left was the best day of your life.

TV HOST (ON TV)

It's not every day a model decides to trade-in glamour shoots for down home cooking? Why the change?

DONNA VALEO (ON TV)

Modeling requires a singular focus, no time for anyone else, and I missed out on what's really important...

BABE

Come on! That's clearly about me! She wants me back!

Babe's dad JAMES WALKER, 50, stuffy British but a total fox, hurries by, arguing with his Bluetooth headset.

~~MR. WALKER~~

~~(into bluetooth)~~

~~well of course I'm taking marketing costs into account, but the box office gross was still--~~

~~He stops when he sees Donna on TV, face scrunched in disgust.~~

~~MR. WALKER~~

~~(into bluetooth)~~

~~Can you hold a moment, Simone?~~

~~(MORE)~~

~~MR. WALKER (CONT'D)~~

~~(to Babe)~~

~~What is that bloody gold-digger  
doing on my TV? Turn it off.~~

~~Mabinty flips back to Desperado, removes the remote's  
batteries. No more channel flipping.~~

Mr. Walker gives Babe a kiss on the forehead.

MR. WALKER

Happy Birthday, my sweet pea! Now,  
while I have you both here...

Mr. Walker pulls an envelope from his suit's inner pocket,  
clicks a pen, hands them to Mabinty.

MR. WALKER

Purely a formality, but your  
contract needs a re-up. Babe's made  
it another year without pregnancy,  
jail time or dating Shia Labeouf.

MABINTY

And that shit wasn't easy.

BABE

Ugh, one kiss! It was dark and I  
thought it was Jake Gyllenhal!

~~MR. WALKER~~

~~(to Mabinty)~~

~~You've more than earned your bonus.  
I cannot fathom how this family  
would function without you.~~

~~Mabinty takes a bite of Babe's birthday waffle.~~

~~MABINTY~~

~~You wouldn't.~~

~~Mabinty unclicks the pen, sets the contract aside.~~

MABINTY

Can I get this to you tonight?

MR. WALKER

Not a problem, just deliver it when  
you deliver Babe. Which reminds me-  
(to Babe)

Please see that you're on time for  
your party tonight and at least  
fifty percent sober. Otherwise,  
your annual birthday car gets sent  
right back to the dealer.

BABE  
Daddy, I'll be on my best behavior,  
promise.

MR. WALKER  
You're simply the best and everyone  
adores you.

BABE  
Awww! Love you, too--

Mr. Walker shakes his head, points to his bluetooth.

MR. WALKER  
(to Simone)  
--That's what I told Meryl and she  
finally agreed to the deal. Now if  
you could put a call into her  
agent--

Babe's smile falls as she realizes that the nice words were  
not meant for her.

BABE  
(calling after her dad)  
Any chance we could like, schedule  
a power lunch or--?

~~But her father is already gone.~~

~~Babe pulls out her phone, live-streams the last moments of  
the Donna interview. Donna holds up a frosted cake, the  
picture perfect mother.~~

~~DONNA VALEO (ON PHONE)  
--doesn't this look delicious? Made  
from scratch, baked with love. Just  
for you.~~

~~Mabinty shakes her head as Babe seems transfixed by Donna.~~

~~MABINTY  
More like baked with ego and  
indifference, but I guess that shit  
don't sell books.~~

~~INT. WALKER ESTATE - BATHROOM - DAY~~

~~Babe settles into a tub full of bubbles. She gingerly sets an  
old Cosmo magazine with Donna on the cover at the edge of the  
tub where she can "talk" with her mom.~~

Away from the bustling gang activity, sits Julio, playing on Babe's phone. 32.

<sup>e</sup>  
**START**

Babe excitedly slaps Mabinty on the arm.

BABE

That's him! Bastard's probably looking up porn. Bet you it's free porn, too. Filling my phone with malware. Ugh. Gonna be dealing with texts from Estonian sex<sup>e</sup> slaves for months.

(beat)

So what's our plan?

MABINTY

We're going home and forgettin' about this whole damn thing.

BABE

What?! No, are you crazy--

MABINTY

These aren't some dumb kids, Babe. These are gangbangers!

BABE

But my mom's waiting to hear back from me! I don't want her thinking I'm ignoring her.

Babe looks unimpressed at the Reapers.

BABE

Besides, how scary can they be? Look, that one's crying.

MABINTY

Those are teardrop tattoos! For how many people he's killed. I'm not gonna be the next tattoo for some damn phone!

BABE

I know the lyrics to every Kanye West song, so I've picked up Yeezy-level street smarts.

(starts rapping)

"Doctors say I'm the illest / 'cause I'm sufferin' from realness / Got my N-words in Paris and they going--"

Mabinty holds up a hand to cut her off.

MABINTY

Girl, when we get home, we're having that talk again.

BABE

(rote memorization)

"Cultural appropriation is not the same as cultural appreciation."

(beat)

There, I've learned my lesson. Can we go now?

MABINTY

~~Ok, fine. But you stay here. And the first time someone pulls a gun, we're outie. Mabinty don't mess with guns.~~

~~Mabinty sighs, surveys the room through the window. We see her making her calculations in her head.~~

MABINTY

~~I'll climb the fire escape, slip in, grab the phone, and get back out without anyone noticing. When I was a poor kid in Jamaica, I used to steal food from restaurants by going through the bathroom air vent and then--~~

~~Mabinty turns to Babe... who's no longer there.~~

~~INT. SHADY WAREHOUSE -- DAY~~

~~An empty concrete room. Two bored GANGSTER GUARDS sit on metal chairs, protecting the door to the back supply room.~~

~~Babe marches right up to them, confident as hell.~~

GUARD

~~Whoa. Who the hell are you?~~

BABE

~~Me? I'm, uh...~~

~~(thinks fast)~~

~~The skinny rich girl product tester! Disposable income and--~~

~~(taps her nose)~~

~~an indestructible septum.~~

~~Babe attempts to go through the doors. The Guards stop her.~~

GUARD

~~Nah. We're told no one goes back there.~~

~~Kanye stands on one of the tables, a makeshift stage, addressing the throng of fans.~~

~~KANYE~~

~~I can make this work.~~

~~BABE~~

~~He actually came...~~

~~KANYE~~

~~You know it's the real shit when a secret show is a secret to the performer, too! Thanks for the hot tip, Babe Walker!~~

~~CHEERS from the crowd as he kicks into one of his SONGS.~~

~~Babe turns to see Mabinty ESCAPE out a side door, and Babe moves through the crowd to follow her.~~

EXT. SHADY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Babe creeps up to find Mabinty crouched down below the wheel of the white van. She's touching wires, brown to red. A little SPARK each time.

MABINTY

**START**

Go back inside and enjoy the show while the rest of us clean up your mess.

BABE

Despite what you think of me, I do care whether or not everyone I love gets viciously murdered.

MABINTY

So there's a heart under there after all. Coulda fooled me.

BABE

Don't think you can just walk away and hot-wire a van like we're done discussing how you betrayed me!

MABINTY

What more can I say? You made up your mind the second that woman texted you.

BABE

'Cause she's my mom!



MABINTY  
 Legally. Biologically. But trust  
 me, Babe. She's nobody's mom.

Mabinty hits the right combo of wires and VROOOM! The van  
 comes to life, Mabinty gets in.

BABE  
 Wait, you're not gonna let me help?

MABINTY  
 How could you possibly help anyone?

Mabinty drives off without her.

BABE  
 (yells after)  
 Because the Reapers got a ten  
 minute head start and I have a  
 "fast pass!"

The white van SCREECHES backwards, window down. Mabinty  
 glares at her as Babe pulls it out of her purse.

MABINTY  
 Stupid rich people gettin' their  
 own damn lanes.

Babe looks at her expectantly.

MABINTY  
 (shakes her head)  
 Get your ass in. But we ain't  
 talkin'.

BABE  
 Fine. I have nothing to say to you  
 anyway.

Mabinty rolls her eyes as Babe stomps up and gets in. ^

~~EXT. LA FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER~~

~~Chopper, Donna, and a posse of junker cars, bumper to bumper,  
 at a stand still.~~

~~CHOPPER  
 Goddamn LA traffic, man.~~

~~In the left lane, under a big sign stating: "FAST PASS ONLY"  
 ZOOM by luxury BMW's, Porsche's, and Mercedes...~~

~~And one WINDOWLESS WHITE VAN.~~

START

e e

BABE

107.

So I guess this is it, huh? The end of Babe and Mabinty.

MABINTY

Eh, I always saw it as Mabinty and Babe.

BABE

Don't worry, I'll still come visit you in the retirement home.

MABINTY

How am I going to retire now? You took a bullet for me.

BABE

In the leg, too! Goodbye bikini selfies. That one's for you.

Mabinty pulls out the contract, clicks a pen, and signs.

MABINTY

Seriously... You gotta stop actin' out on every little impulse that flits through your brain.

BABE

You know the only reason I do all this irresponsible shit is to keep you around, right?

MABINTY

Aww. I only let you do all this stupid shit so that you'll need me.

Mabinty, hugs Babe. More emotion than either was expecting.

MABINTY

Sorry about your mom. You deserve to have someone who's gonna love you no matter what.

BABE

I think maybe I already do.

Babe looks down, notices the heels Mabinty is sporting.

BABE

Did you stop home to put on my Jimmy Choos!?

MABINTY

Actually Julio picked 'em up. While you were out, your father hired him to be my personal assistant.

Mabinty nods out the window. Babe leans over, sees Julio in the parking lot, in a black suit and chauffeur cap. He leans against Babe's new Range Rover, the hood all dented to shit.

BABE

Yay! Now he can drive us around...  
Do not let him make you a smoothie.

Mabinty grabs a plate of smushed cake, with a single candle stuck in the middle of the crumbles.

MABINTY

It wasn't baked to survive a gang war. But I know how much you like blowing out the candles.

BABE

Awww!

Mabinty lights the candle. But Babe hesitates to blow it out.

MABINTY

What's wrong?

BABE

Nothing. Just had to come up with a new wish. 'Cause everything I want is right here in this room...

A sweet moment, until--

BABE

J/k. I want a pony. And a trip to Fiji. And I think I'm back to dating celebrities so have Daddy put in a call to Chris Pine's agent.

~~Babe blows out the candle and leans back in the hospital bed, content for once, eating the cake. Hands the fork, with a bite of cake, over for Mabinty to enjoy, too.~~

~~BABE~~

~~(notices spot on plate)  
Uh, is that blood?~~

~~MABINTY~~

~~Cherry icing? Maybe?... I'd eat around it.~~

~~FADE OUT.~~

~~THE END~~