

"Joseph Holtz"

8 EXT. PARADISE PICTURES LOT - NIGHT - LATER 8 *

Tom parks. Sees a STAGE DOOR cracked open, a light on inside.

9 INT. SOUND STAGE 1 - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 7/13/15 9 *

Tom finds a man in his late 60s, in a sharp suit. A lion in winter. This is JOSEPH HOLTZ, founder of Paradise Pictures. A KLIEG LAMP on a tripod fills the space with bright light. *

I
START →

TOM

Joe. I thought you'd be at the premiere. Sneaking in when the lights go down, like you always do.

HOLTZ

I wasn't feeling great tonight. In fact, I should be going. Blanche will be wondering where I am.

Holtz tries to walk off, but Tom catches his arm, stares...

TOM

What's going on? Something wrong with Blanche? Or one of the kids?
(a beat, off Holtz)
The studio...

A long beat, then Holtz makes a decision to tell Tom... *

HOLTZ

Tom... I don't know how to say this, but... it won't be ours much longer. *

TOM

What the hell are you talking about?

HOLTZ

I've sold the studio. *

TOM

What? *

HOLTZ

I had no choice. *

A long moment as this registers with Tom. A ton of bricks. *

TOM

I don't understand. Joe, we made so much money the last five years. *

(CONTINUED)

1/4

Paradise Pictures
Pilot

HOLTZ

Probably too much...

(a long beat, and then)

I invested a huge chunk with Boeing.
They had a government order. It was
a surefire thing. Until...

TOM

Until we won the war. Jesus Christ,
Joe, what the fuck did you think you
knew about airplanes? Did you think
you were Howard Hughes -- ?

HOLTZ

(heated)

I needed something, Tom. The
studio's been better in your hands
than it ever was in mine. I was
looking for something --

TOM

I can't believe this.

HOLTZ

Try standing in my shoes.

Tom takes a moment to compose himself, to calm down. Then...

TOM

I've seen the books, Joe. This
wasn't in them. You hid this from
me.

HOLTZ

I've always known how to make the
numbers look right. I thought I
could pull us out of this mess.
But...

(a beat)

You really didn't know?

Tom thinks about that, searching his memory. Admitting...

TOM

Maybe I sensed something was going
on... but I don't know, I pushed it
out of my head.

(a beat, and then)

Joe, forget "Heart of Darkness." We
don't have to make it.

(CONTINUED)

2/4

HOLTZ

My problems cost a lot more than
the price of that movie. No.
That's my gift to you. For
everything you've done.

*

Holtz's heart is breaking. And Tom is reeling right now.

TOM

Who you'd sell us to?

HOLTZ

RKO. The paperwork will take six
months. So we can make the movies
we have in the pipeline, but then...

TOM

There won't be a Paradise Pictures
anymore. And this will be the last
movie we produce.

Holtz gives Tom a defeated smile, then walks out. Off Tom...

*

END OF ACT ONE

STOP

3/4

CHARLIE

That Colt wasn't designed until
1872. If we're not gonna do it the
right way, why do it all?

Charlie Sanders holds Tom's gaze. Birds of a feather. *

TOM *

I think we're gonna have a good
time together, Charlie. *

CHARLIE

I hope so, but I don't know.
Cohn's an asshole and doesn't like
to share with others. *

TOM

Let me worry about Harry Cohn.

14

EXT. PARADISE PICTURES LOT - DAY - LATER

14

Tom parks. He sees Holtz climbing into the back of a Chrysler
Crown Imperial Limo. Tom approaches the open back window.

TOM

Hey Joe, I wanna get your
permission on something.

HOLTZ

If you're asking for permission, it
must be something bad.

TOM

I plan on pissing off Harry Cohn
like no one's ever pissed him off
before. You okay with that?

HOLTZ

Harry Cohn and I came up in this
business together. So... if you
piss him off so much he has a heart
attack? Make sure I don't miss
that prick's funeral.

STOP

15

INT. NATE REYNOLDS' WRITER'S BUNGALOW - DUSK - LATER

15 *

Writer NATE REYNOLDS (40s) is typing when he sees, through his
blinds, Tom approaching. Shit. He grabs his jacket -- *

16

EXT. ROW OF WRITERS' BUNGALOWS / INT. NATE REYNOLDS' BUNGALOW

16 *

-- and opens the door, intercepting Tom. Tom regards him. *

(CONTINUED)

4/4