

Ray Aberdeen 6/10/15
2nd Revised Script / Network 6/10/15 '23.

INT. HOLLYWOOD BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Two STUDIO-EMPLOYED NURSES are tending to someone on the bed. Seeing Tom, they part, revealing LUCIANA DELGADO, the girl from Marfa, Texas, white with fear, makeup smeared, dress ripped.

LUCIANA

Mr. Kirby... are you here to take me home?

INT. HOLLYWOOD BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Time has passed. Aberdeen leads Tom through this seedy place.

ABERDEEN

Good news is she didn't call the cops. The girl locked herself in the bedroom, dialed the front gate and asked for you.

Tom kneels, sifts through the sex paraphernalia on the floor. FRAYED ROPES, A DILDO. He picks up LEATHER STRAPS. Jesus.

TOM

How many women has he brought here?

ABERDEEN

Too many. My guys pounded on doors. These neighbors have seen a lot of shit, heard a lot of strange noises. Guy's a fucking pervert, Tom.

TOM

He's also the only director who can make my movie. The neighbors, they gonna talk?

ABERDEEN

No. Because I'm gonna make shutting up worth their while.

TOM

And what about this place?

ABERDEEN

I'll do what I always do. I'll make it disappear.

INT. TOM KIRBY'S PACKARD CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT - LATER

Tom drives. Luciana Delgado sits in the passenger seat. She's been cleaned up, face and hair washed, wearing a coat.

(CONTINUED)

1/5

I
START

Paradise Pictures

GRETCHEN

We don't have a fire. And I don't want to rewrite one of your romances, or some melodrama --

TOM

It's "Heart of Darkness."

A beat. This gets Gretchen's attention. She looks at Tom.

GRETCHEN

Nate Reynolds is on that.

TOM

Nate Reynolds told me he had writer's block but really he was trying to become the next John Steinbeck.

GRETCHEN

Poor old Nate. So I guess he doesn't work for you anymore.

TOM

Gretchen, I know you love the book. I know you begged Odlum to keep the rights when Orson had them.

GRETCHEN

"Heart of Darkness." Goddamnit. You're a real fucking bastard, you know that?

INT. LOS FELIZ APARTMENT - DAY

A knock on the door. A GREASY-HAIRED PHOTOGRAPHER opens it to find Aberdeen standing outside. Inside, the place has been converted into a photography studio. Soft glows and strategically placed silks. Props. Facade backdrops against the walls. A Kodak Retina I camera is set up on a tripod.

GREASY PHOTOGRAPHER

You Aberdeen?

ABERDEEN

Lemme see the girl.

GREASY PHOTOGRAPHER

(calls out)

RITA. Hey Rita, we got a visitor.

A moment later, a TALL, VOLUPTUOUS REDHEAD (early 20s) enters. WE ONLY SEE HER FROM BEHIND, wearing a flimsy robe.

(CONTINUED)

II
START

2/5

ABERDEEN
Lemme see everything.

The Photographer nods at the Redhead. She drops her robe.

ABERDEEN
The resemblance is uncanny.

GREASY PHOTOGRAPHER
Yeah, right, you just needed a legit
reason to keep staring at her tits.

Another KNOCK. Aberdeen looks at the Photographer -- "I got
this." He opens the door and finds Aldo Boyd out front.

ALDO
What are you doing here?

ABERDEEN
Supervising.

ALDO
That wasn't part of the deal.

ABERDEEN
I gotta make sure Tom gets what he
wants, then make sure I'm the only
person leaving here with the photos.

Aldo takes a beat. Steps toward Aberdeen. In his face...

ALDO
Like I said, this wasn't part of the
deal. And if you don't walk out
that door, Ray, there won't be any
photos. You hear me?

A long beat. Then Aberdeen decides to let it go this time.

ABERDEEN
Aldo, this is your lucky day. 'Cuz
I got other places I need to be.

Aberdeen gives Aldo one last hard stare... and then he exits.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET IN HOLLYWOOD - DAY

A row of Spanish-style bungalows. Gretchen and Stanley walk.

GRETCHEN
You understand Tom can only do so
much.

← STOP

3/5

(CONTINUED)

Tom approaches. Wyatt straightens. Tom hands Wyatt a script. Wyatt looks at the script. It's "The Lazarus Doctrine."

WYATT
What's this...?

TOM
You wrote something pretty good.
Needs work but you have talent.
Let's see what you can do with that.
Needs a rewrite. Shoots in a week.

As Wyatt processes this, Tom continues on, saying...

TOM
There's an empty office at the
writers' bungalows. Used to belong
to Nate Reynolds. It's yours now.

Tom walks off. Wyatt doesn't quite know what the hell just happened. A beat. He drains the bottle of soda. Then leans against a sound stage wall. Exhales. Huge grin on his face.

INT. SMALL HOUSE IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT - LATER

Aberdeen enters to find the pregnant starlet Isabelle Yates on the couch, signing a STACK OF PUBLICITY PHOTOS. Aberdeen sits on a chair, sets down a paper bag, pulls out CARTONS OF FOOD.

ISABELLE
How do you spell "bonjour"?

ABERDEEN
You're asking the wrong guy.

ISABELLE
Useless. Fine, then...
(scribbling)
"Greetings from Paris. Hugs and so
many kisses. Love, Isabelle."

ABERDEEN
Great. Now, give that a break and
have some food. Romanoff's.
Tomatoes and crab, eggs Benedict,
filet mignon, chocolate souffle...

ISABELLE
Jesus, does Tom think I'm a cow now?

ABERDEEN
I don't think cows eat filet mignon.

III
START

ISABELLE

Oh, you're a riot, Ray. I bet Mitch told Tom I was going stir crazy, didn't he, that little prick.

ABERDEEN

Mitch told Tom he caught you walking halfway down Kirkwood. And that you haven't been eating.

ISABELLE

So, what, you're here to shackle me to this couch and force-feed me?

ABERDEEN

I forgot my handcuffs. C'mon, be a good girl and eat some food.

ISABELLE

But I'm not a good girl, Ray. That's how I got into this mess in the first place. Look at me.

Isabelle stands up and shows off her full figure to Ray.

ISABELLE

I used to walk into a room and know every guy in there wanted to fuck my brains out. I took it for granted. But now... I'm not sure I'll ever know that feeling again.

(a beat, and then)

Would you fuck me, Ray? I know you would've before, but now? Shit, I'm so bored I might just let you.

A beat. Aberdeen slowly stands. Approaches her. Then...

ABERDEEN

I'm not gonna be one more guy telling you how gorgeous you are, okay? I'm here to make sure you eat. So, Isabelle, I'm counting to three... and then you're gonna eat this goddamn food.

INT. STANLEY WHALON'S HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT - NIGHT

STOP

Stanley, the old silent film star paces, practicing his lines. He puts the script page aside, tries it from memory.

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5/5