

WYATT OSBORNE

6/10/15

EXT. PARADISE PICTURES LOT - THE NEXT MORNING

The STUDIO LOT in the daylight. A city unto itself. High fortress walls. A dozen sound stages. Hundreds of employees.

(We'll dramatize this more later, but for reference's sake Paradise Pictures is kind of a second-tier version of MGM Studios, mostly making prestige pictures, with a few other genres thrown in, particularly spy and police thrillers.)

Tom parks his Packard and climbs out. A beat. He takes off his sunglasses, paying special notice to everything as he walks the lot this morning. The actors and actresses dressed as SOLDIERS, SPIES, EXPLORERS, DANCERS. (But let's not overdo this.) His eyes drift over the Costume Department, the Writers' Bungalows, Studio Hospital, Commissary. POSTERS for their hits: "Rogues Gallery" (police thriller), "Sing a Song for Sue" (musical), "Love Thy Neighbor" (romance).

Tom reaches the EXECUTIVE BUILDING and pauses on the front steps. He turns and look back one more time over the studio lot. This place is his empire. But for how much longer?

INT. SCREENING ROOM - PARADISE PICTURES - DAY - LITTLE LATER

A young man, a kid really, sits alone in the dark theater, watching "Stagecoach" on the big screen. He's captivated, scribbling ideas in a notebook. This is WYATT OSBORNE (22).

**I
START →**

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You're not supposed to be in here.

The lights go on, and a Security Guard named CARL enters.

WYATT

I got permission from Mr. Kirby...

CARL THE SECURITY GUARD

Bullshit. You expect me to believe Tom Kirby said some kid I've never seen before can watch movies in --

TOM (O.S.)

He's Wyatt Osborne. Works in cutting. I said he could be here.

Wyatt and Carl the guard turn, stunned to see Tom entering.

CARL THE SECURITY GUARD

Mr. Kirby, I'm sorry, I was just --

TOM

You were just doing your job, Carl.

(CONTINUED)

1/6

Paradise Pictures

Chastened, Carl exits. Wyatt sips from a bottle of soda.

WYATT
You know who I am?

TOM
I know everyone on this lot. But I don't know why you're in my screening room at nine in the morning. Tell me the truth.

A beat. Wyatt comes clean.

WYATT
I get in at five every day and watch two movies before anyone's here. But I overslept today.

TOM
Whose movies do you watch?

WYATT
Ford, Hawks, Chaplin, Cukor --

TOM
You wanna be a director.

WYATT
Yes, sir. That's the plan.

A beat. This kid is self-assured. Tom respects that, but...

TOM
How about for today you focus on your duties in the cutting department.

WYATT
Okay. And hey, I heard about your new movie. I have something maybe you could look at. I was gonna ask Olive but since you're here.

Wyatt reaches into his satchel bag and pulls out a script: "HEART OF DARKNESS". He hands it to Tom, who's puzzled.

TOM
You wrote a script for "Heart of Darkness"? Why would you do that?

WYATT
Billy Wilder, John Huston, Preston Sturges, all started out as writers.

TOM
I have Nate Reynolds on this.

WYATT
You mean Nate Reynolds the novelist?

TOM
What are you talking about?

WYATT
Word around the lot is Nate's been writing a novel and not your script. So I took a shot myself, in case you ever got a chance to make it.

Tom appraises Wyatt once more. This little cocky bastard.

TOM
You didn't oversleep today. You wanted me to find you when I came in to watch the rushes.

WYATT
Would I be in trouble if that was the case?

TOM
No.

WYATT
Then, okay, yeah, that was the case.

Wyatt exits. PRE-LAP: The DRONE OF AN AIRPLANE ENGINE...

EXT. METROPOLITAN AIRPORT - VAN NUYS - DAY

~~Tom squints into the sunlight as a PIPER CUB AIRPLANE banks into a turn, then touches down and stops 20 yards away. The cockpit opens. Movie star CHARLIE SANDERS (30s) climbs out, puckish grin, leather bomber's jacket, goggles on his head.~~

~~CHARLIE
Is it true? Did Holtz finally give you the keys to the big car?~~

~~TOM
Whattaya say, wanna go for a spin?~~

~~CHARLIE
I thought Braddock Loman was the guy at your studio.~~

STOP

GRETCHEN

He was unhappy for a long time.
Missed being the man he was, and
couldn't accept the man he'd become.
Like you said, we're all two people.
But he only wanted to be one.

Gretchen stubs out her cigarette. Exhales. Looks at Tom.

GRETCHEN

But if this is what he wanted, we
can't be upset with him for leaving
us.

(a beat, and then)

And you want to know if I'm still
going to write your movie for you.

TOM

Gretchen, I'm sorry. But yeah, I
gotta get out of bed tomorrow and
keep a studio up and running. I
need this, Gretchen. I need you.

GRETCHEN

That's what I'm afraid of.

(a beat)

If you don't mind, Tom, I think I
need to be alone right now.

Tom nods. Understands. On his way to the door, he spots a
BIG SILVER SHERIFF'S BADGE. He picks it up, stares at it.

GRETCHEN

You should take that.

TOM

No, I couldn't...

GRETCHEN

He would've loved for you to have
had it.

And off Tom, staring at the silver Sheriff's badge...

EXT. PARADISE PICTURES LOT - "CITY STREETS" BACKLOT - NIGHT

Wyatt and Luciana are walking around the studio... and they
reach the "CITY STREETS" in the backlot. His eyes light up.

WYATT

Now it might not seem like it, but
this is the most amazing street in
the whole world.

II
START →

LUCIANA

How so?

WYATT

Last week, it was New York. Two weeks ago... Buenos Aires. Next week, it'll be London. The week after that, Paris.

LUCIANA

So you can go anywhere you want... and never have to leave the studio.

WYATT

That's the magic of the movies.

LUCIANA

You lied to me, Wyatt. You said you know every inch of this lot... but you know every centimeter.

WYATT

I've worked here since I was fifteen. Started as an office boy. Now I'm a writer. Before too long, I'm planning on being a director.

LUCIANA

You've got it all mapped out.

WYATT

Don't you? I mean, it's clear, you were born to be on the big screen.

LUCIANA

What? Oh, please, stop. ...So, what city should we be in? Barcelona... Rome... Casablanca?

WYATT

I'm pretty good with where we are.

She smiles, but then drops it as she sees... FREDDIE ZIEGLER exiting the Studio Hospital, cuts and bruises on his face.

LUCIANA

Wyatt, why don't we go back to --

But Wyatt is distracted by Freddie Ziegler, one of his idols.

WYATT

Mr. Ziegler, Wyatt Osborne. Don't
wanna bug you, sir, but wanted to
say congratulations on "Heart of
Darkness."

FREDDIE

Thank you, young man.

WYATT

What happened to your face, if you
don't mind me asking?

FREDDIE

Oh, just a little accident. They
happen from time to time, I find.
(a beat, to Luciana)
Look who it is... it's you.

WYATT

You two know each other?

An awkward beat, and then Luciana quickly covers, saying...

LUCIANA

I escorted Mr. Ziegler at the
premiere the other night.
(a painful beat, and then)
So... you're still directing the
new movie?

FREDDIE

Now, why would that have changed
since we last saw each other?
(winks at Wyatt)
You're a lucky young man.

Freddie walks off. Wyatt watches him go, grinning, oblivious.

WYATT

Freddie Ziegler, huh? He's gonna
be one of the greats. Hey, let's
head to props, I can show you how --

LUCIANA

I'm sorry, Wyatt, but I'm feeling a
little tired all of a sudden. I
think I'd like to go home now.

END OF ACT FOUR

STOP

6/6