

POISON PEN

By
Marina K. Charalambides

Never let truth get in the way of a good story.

{2nd draft, unfinished and unedited}

Set in the golden age of Hollywood, two infamous gossip columnists decide to settle their rivalry with a bet: the first to ruin the reputation of Hollywood's sweetest actor, loser leaves town, in this comedy caper Inspired by Hollywood's first gossip columnists Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper.

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Sunset. Desert highway in southern California. Cans hanging from the back of a white 1941 Cadillac Convertible rattle along the road. A just married sign hangs off the back. In the front seat a bride and groom are arguing.

In the passenger seat is HILARY (30s, classic beauty, wedding dress and veil). Driving is GEORGE (30s, classically handsome, superman hair).

GEORGE

Now, I say, I say, just don't panic darlin'.

HILARY

Panic? Oh George, you could lose your job!

GEORGE

Loretta will understand. All that matters here and now is you and me—

HILARY

(interrupting)

Shut it! Look! Payphone!

Hilary points to a payphone at a rundown gas station. George makes a hard swerve for it. The moment the car stops, Hilary rushes out, veil, gloves, and all. She dials a number, pays, and waits, anxious.

George hurries over and presses his ear to the other end of the phone. We wait with them as the phone rings over and over, but NO ONE PICKS UP...

HILARY (CONT'D)

It's no use!

GEORGE

Now darlin', take a breath, try again.

Hilary dials the number again, and pays. They wait. NO ONE PICKS UP. Hilary tries a third time as George looks over his shoulder at the sunset. The sun dips below the horizon, and the landscape turns an ominous cold blue. George is TERRIFIED.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Here, let me try.

George takes the phone from her, and does the exact same thing for a fourth time.

HILARY

Oh George! How's that gonna change a thing!?

GEORGE

She's not picking up. Don't worry darlin', we'll call Ronnie!

George dials a different number.

INT./EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Foyer. Well kept, but not overly fancy. The telephone on the foyer table starts to ring. From off screen runs a young boy, this is RONNIE (13, missing tooth, sandy hair, baseball cap).

Ronnie picks up the phone with a smile.

RONNIE

Hello!? Is this on!? ... It's good to hear from ya mister! Just married? Mister, that's swell! Uh, huh. Uh, huh. Sure!

Ronnie grabs a pencil and paper beside the phone. From down a hallway comes THE COOK (40s, frazzled hair, towel over her shoulder).

The cook's about to ask him who's on the phone when Ronnie holds up his hand to silence her.

From the hallway opposite comes THE BUTLER (60s, friendly, apron on.) He looks to the cook for clarification, but she just shrugs.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Uh, huh. Loretta Highcastle. Got it! You enjoy your honeymoon sir! ... Oh, why not? ... I'll get it to her right quick then! You can count on me! No, I'll go right now!

(Ronnie slams the phone down)

He got married!

The Cook and The Butler start clapping as Ronnie runs out the front door, and into THE STREETS OF HOLLYWOODLAND.

The world of Hollywood is colorful and bright, there's some vaseline on the lens, a few too many stars in the sky, and everything looks a bit too clean to be real; SO NOTHING THAT HAPPENS NEXT SHOULD BE TAKEN TOO SERIOUSLY.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Ronnie grabs his bike.
- Ronnie rides out of a glitzy midnight-lit neighborhood into Beverly Hills.
- Ronnie passes vintage cars and pretty homes.
- A truck almost runs Ronnie over, almost, so Ronnie flips THE DRIVER THE BIRD.
- Ronnie bikes past palm trees lining the road.
- The Hollywood sign drifts past in the background, all under lit and romantic (it currently reads HOLLYWOODLAND).
- Ronnie stops at the entrance of a fancy gated community, a guard tips his hat to him, and the gates open.
- Ronnie rides up, up, up a winding road.
- Ronnie slows to watch massive glittering houses roll past him.
- Ronnie climbs off his bike at the sight of a dusty pink house with palm trees, lanterns, and a big glass front door.

INT. LORETTA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Chandelier, curving staircase, a baby grand in the corner: it's everything a mansion should be. THE DOORBELL RINGS, playing a chirping rendition of Clair de Lune.

Across a massive checkered floor marches TONY (50s, balding, dressed as a butler). He opens the heavy glass door to crickets and warm night air, he sees no one, then looks down into the face of little Ronnie.

RONNIE

I'm here to deliver a message to
Miss Highcastle!

TONY

Mrs. Highcastle.

RONNIE

Mrs. then, it's urgent! Outta my way, mister!

TONY

Very well, enter.

Ronnie steps in, Tony closes the door, and leaves to get Mrs Highcastle. Ronnie takes off his baseball cap and clutches it to his chest as he looks around the foyer, IT'S ALL A BIT MUCH FOR LITTLE RONNIE.

Cautiously, Ronnie steps further in. He stops beside a tall vase of peonies, reaches out, and-

TONY (CONT'D)

Don't touch.

Ronnie jerks back.

TONY (CONT'D)

Mrs. Highcastle will see you now.

RONNIE

Thanks, mister!

Ronnie tries to run past Tony, but Tony grabs him by the collar and leads him out like a dog.

INT. LORETTA'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

We enter in time with Ronnie and Tony.

Silhouetted by the fireplace is a feminine figure wearing a long flowing pink robe, feathers on the sleeves and neckline, her back to the camera.

Above the fireplace is a **MASSIVE** OIL PAINTING OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

Tony leaves, and closes the door behind him with a heavy sort of click that makes Ronnie nervous all over again.

The figure by the fireplace turns around, this is LORETTA (late 60s, your grandma from hell).

LORETTA

Oh my! What a sweet little boy you are!

Loretta strides over, and crouches down to Ronnie's height.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

What, pray tell, my delightful and exuberant youth, did you need to see auntie Loretta for?

RONNIE

Well miss, Mrs. it's Mr. Mosley, George that is. Gee, you must really love your husband...

Loretta follows Ronnie's line of sight to THE OIL PAINTING.

LORETTA

That's my boss. Now, out with it! Auntie Loretta's a busy woman.

RONNIE

Well, beggin' your pardon, but he says you might be a tad angry when you hear of it is all...

LORETTA

Oh?

Loretta crouches beside him, and smooths back the hair on Ronnie's head like a loving grandmother would. She stands to her full height, a surprising NEARLY SIX FEET TALL, and puts a playful hand on her hip.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Do I seem all that scary to you?

RONNIE

No! Well, only minutes ago Mr. Mosley called you see, he called to tell me, to tell you that he... Well, he got married to that pretty lady in the pictures.

LORETTA

(being censored)

*!#&

RONNIE

Beggin' your pardon miss?

LORETTA

It's Mrs! AND THAT'S CALLED ELOPING!

RONNIE

I don't know what do-losing means.

LORETTA

E-lope-ing, you CRETIN, it's a sudden marriage. They absconded, fled, escaped, ran away!

RONNIE

What's a cretin?

LORETTA

It's what you are.

Loretta crouches again. Ronnie backs away, but Loretta grabs him and SHAKES HIM A LITTLE.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Who else knows? Now! Out with it!

RONNIE

Uh, he said they tried to invite you, other journalists made it, cuz he...he...he said that, well he said...

LORETTA

Are you crying!?

RONNIE

(crying)

No...

Loretta stops shaking Ronnie, and quickly fixes an expression of concern to her face. She pulls Ronnie into a big bear hug and coos some soothing things into his ear as she holds him by the back of the head.

Ronnie stays RIGID in her arms, terrified of this TWO FACED FREAK. She pulls back, their faces upsettingly close together.

LORETTA

Now, how many other journalists did they invite to their elopement?

RONNIE

And you won't get mad?

LORETTA

Of course not, my darling! I'm so very sorry for the way I reacted. Just tell auntie Loretta who else knows about the marriage.

EXT. LORETTA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ronnie steps out, and Tony slams the door on him. Ronnie adjusts his cap as he gets on his bike. Only eagle eyed viewers will notice THE BRUISE BLOOMING ON RONNIE'S CHEEK as he bikes away.

INT. LORETTA'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Loretta stands by herself at the fireplace. She pours herself some gin, and gives a cheers to the painting of Hearst.

LORETTA
(to the painting)
I'll call Marge in the morning sir.
Don't you worry, no one disrespects
us like that.

POISON PEN

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

A house in Beverly Hills. The backyard has a glamorous pool, sun loungers, and some of those cone shaped bushes that make a garden look like Versailles. The inescapable sunshine ripples across the water.

From the house out steps a beautiful young woman in a swimsuit and RICKY in a pair of swimming trunks (30s, actor, a little too smooth and shiny to look normal).

Ricky and the woman share a kiss. THERE'S A BRIGHT BULB FLASH. Ricky and his lady cover their eyes.

From the bushes jumps up MARGE (early 40s, she looks like the kind of person that could pass out from talking too fast.) Marge is dressed up like a bush, even has a stupid tiny fascinator hat covered in plastic leaves.

Marge starts running away, chunky camera under her arm. Ricky CHASES AFTER HER. Marge trips over her costume and falls in the pool, but it's okay, SHE HOLDS HER CAMERA HIGH ABOVE THE WATER as she paddles to the edge like a dog.

Marge jumps out of the pool, Ricky's gaining on her. Marge starts climbing his fence. Ricky reaches for her ankles, but it's too late, MARGE IS GONE.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - CONTINUOUS

Marge jumps down from the fence, and runs down the road (while sloshing water everywhere). Ricky comes from round the corner dashing after her in his swimming trunks. He can't catch up, she's honestly too fast, even in her water soaked bush costume.

RICKY

MARGE! Don't you dare print those!

MARGE

I didn't make you cheat on your wife!

RICKY

Come baaaaccckkkkk!!!

We watch Ricky chase her down at least two more streets.

INT. THE DAILY HOLLYWOODLAND - 5TH FLOOR - DAY

At first THE DAILY HOLLYWOODLAND seems like LA'S finest newspaper, but in reality this is the USA's first GOSSIP MAG.

The floor is bustling with staff in the early morning. Some are scarfing down pastries, others chugging coffee.

JAMES (20s, mousey, big glasses) rushes in from the stairwell out of breath.

JAMES

She's on her way!

EVERYONE SCREAMS. The men fix their ties. The women apply lipstick. James runs the length of the office to a fancy coffee maker contraption, it huffs and puffs, then produces a small cup of coffee.

James grabs the coffee, runs the length of the office again, and skids into place at the elevator doors with the rest of the staff.

James turns to his right, does a double take and knocks a tiny fascinator hat off an intern's head.

JAMES (CONT'D)

NO! SHE HATES LITTLE HATS!!!

The elevator doors open. A man steps out, this is BECK (20s, dark hair, a little stupid). Beck thinks they're there for him... Everyone DEFLATES, then the elevator to the right of that one DINGS, out steps A FURIOUS LORETTA.

Everyone mutters a good morning to Loretta.

James and Beck quickly match Loretta's march down the length of the office. Loretta holds out her hand, James hands her the coffee. Loretta takes a sip.

LORETTA THROWS THE COFFEE ON JAMES. James holds in a scream and keeps walking like a pro.

LORETTA

Next time don't serve it piping
hot! I could hurt myself! Honestly!

Loretta slaps her big patent leather pink handbag into Beck's face as she pulls open the door to her office.

INT. THE DAILY HOLLYWOODLAND - LORETTA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Loretta's office is an extension of her home, bigger than it has any right to be, pink, grand, over-decorated. She has a lot of doilies, and artwork of cats to soften the place up.

Loretta walks in to see a dripping wet Marge-bush costume still on-sitting on her big cushy sofa. Loretta slumps into the office chair at her desk.

LORETTA

You get 'em champ?

MARGE

Ricky Delany caught in the act!
After it, during, and right before!

LORETTA

Attagirl! You'll be paid as soon as
they're printed, sweetness.

MARGE

Letta! That'll be a week!

LORETTA

New rules from the boss man
himself, nothing I can do kiddo.

MARGE

(slaps her knee)
Gosh darn it!

LORETTA

Take that damned thing off. You
look like you're auditioning for a
school play, and ya already tried
acting, sugar plum.

MARGE

I ain't got nothing but a slip on underneath, Letta. I didn't get a chance to change, ya see.

LORETTA

Well I never, how come?

MARGE

Ricky chased me all the way here, the athletic scamp!

LORETTA

Did he now?

MARGE

He surely did. Say, Letta, I'm not sure I can keep running from these guys, I ain't twenty no more.

LORETTA

Nonsense darlin' you're as fresh as a summer peach. Now, I've a new job for you. A very *important* job for you. Pictures of this man.

Loretta slides a photo across the table of a man in his 40s.

MARGE

All righty, what's his name?

LORETTA

David McMahon.

MARGE

Okey dokey. Any reason?

LORETTA

Hilary and George!

MARGE

Gosh, that's right! They got married! How wonderful!

LORETTA

It is not *wonderful*. Oh, we tried to tell you! Didn't try hard enough boy-oh! The file cabinet over there, look for McMahon, David.

Marge gets up—trailing pool water—and does just that, she pulls out David's file and flips through it.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

What's it say, sugar?

MARGE

At a dinner party some friends of the family let slip he might be doin' the dirty with someone other than his wife, they also said he might be taking part in some insider trading?

LORETTA

We'll run with the affair.

Marge keeps reading.

MARGE

The inside source says she was under age. Oh we got 'em Letta!

LORETTA

That's great!

Marge closes the file, slots it back, closes the drawer.

MARGE

Say, Letta, if she's under age, shouldn't we contact the police?

LORETTA

You're a hoot! Now, I want you to follow the fella, and get pictures of him with that little girl so we can blackmail him into forcing George and his hussy out of the industry. Off you go.

MARGE

You got it!

Marge takes the photo of David, folds it up, and sticks it under her little hat. Marge is about to leave, when she stops at the handle of the door.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Say, Letta, this stuff ever bother you?

LORETTA

Why on Earth would it, sweetness?

MARGE

Well, gee, the way I see it, it's
awful sad all these folk doin'
awful things. I guess you could say
it gets me down in the dumps!

LORETTA

Oh chin up, honey bee! People like
that'll always exist, least we can
do is make a buck off 'em.

MARGE

I guess you're right!

Marge walks out.

INT./EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marge sits in her car, a worn out MINT BLUE 1938 BUICK
SPECIAL. She's in the parking area for a rundown LA motel.
It's a seedy place for sure, a stark contrast to everything
else we've seen so far, it's frankly depressing.

With her MASSIVE CAMERA ready to go, DAVID MCMAHON appears
(Late 40s, white, brunette, totally nondescript) walks into a
motel room. Marge raises the camera waiting for a girl to
follow him, BUT NO ONE DOES.

SUPER: four hours later

Marge is fast asleep, the camera in her lap. David exits the
motel again, and locks the door behind him. Marge jumps up
awake, she snaps a picture of him leaving, then waits for a
girl to follow again, but there's still NO ONE BESIDE HIM.

David gets in his car and drives away. Marge waits a little
longer, still nothing. She puts her camera away, starts her
car, and drives off.

INT. THE DAILY HOLLYWOODLAND - 5TH FLOOR - DAY

Marge strides with gusto to Loretta's office.

INT. THE DAILY HOLLYWOODLAND - LORETTA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Loretta's in the middle of a call when Marge walks in and
slumps onto the sofa.

LORETTA

(on phone)

Uh huh, yeah, no, no, no...no.

(MORE)

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah, yeah...yeah...no.
Right. Yeah. Talk to you soon.
Yeah! Bye now.

Loretta puts the phone down, and looks to Marge expectantly.

MARGE

Nothin' boss. He walked in, no
girl. He walked out, no girl. I
watched all night, NOTHIN'!

LORETTA

You couldn't catch him!? Honestly
Margie, this is your one job.

MARGE

Well gee, Letta I feel like you
ain't listenin'. There was no girl.

LORETTA

Come now, Margie, you just missed
her.

MARGE

What if he ain't doin' the dirty
with a kid? Ain't it possible he's
just a nice fella in need of some
alone time?

LORETTA

In a seedy motel? I taught you
better than that!

Loretta shakes her head at Marge, then gets up and sits
beside her. Marge leans her head on Loretta's shoulder.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

It's okay, pookie. We'll go watch
him together.

MARGE

All right. Sorry I couldn't catch
him, Letta.

LORETTA

It's ok, peaches.

INT./EXT. - MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Loretta and Marge sit in the 1938 Buick Special, Loretta has
the camera this time.

Again, we watch David walk into the motel at a distance. This time A YOUNG WOMAN GREETES HIM AT THE DOOR. Loretta rolls down the window and snaps some pictures while Marge deals WITH A MIX OF EMOTIONS.

LORETTA

See. Can't trust em'. Oh come on, Margie cheer up. Oh she did look very young, didn't she?

Loretta snaps a few more pictures.

MARGE

I tell ya Letta, it gets me down, knowin' everybody's got it in 'em? ... you know, *the devil*.

LORETTA

That's human nature! It's up to us to deny him, but he is, make no mistake, a fundamental part of who we are.

MARGE

I don't think that's right.

LORETTA

Oh pish posh, you've got the devil in ya, we all have.

MARGE

How dare you!

LORETTA

You do, look at Dickie, no good female would leave her husband like that. Now, god willing, it doesn't make him throwing you around all right, but you left him after vows, Margie.

MARGE GETS ANGRY.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Oh come now, are you sulking? This is a learning opportunity! Now go out there and take a picture of them canoodling. Go on.

Loretta hands over the camera. Marge takes it and gets out of the car.

We follow Marge as she walks across the parking lot, up the steps to the second floor motel rooms, and down to the correct room. She comes to the window AND LOOKS INSIDE.

She readies her camera TO SNAP A PICTURE, but not yet, she's waiting for the perfect moment.

Marge watches David and the girl through the lens, then drops the camera all together. We don't see it, we focus on Marge's grim expression as the grunting and moaning inside the motel room gets louder, MARGE IS MISERABLE IN THIS MOMENT.

When it seems things might reach a crescendo, and Marge couldn't get anymore dejected, she lifts the camera and TAKES THE PICTURE.

There's a commotion inside when they see the bulb flash. Marge runs back to the car, and barrels into the drivers seat. David hurries after her, his trousers falling down.

Marge locks the door and starts the car as David bangs on the windows. Marge drives, pushing past David and SKIDDING ONTO THE MAIN ROAD.

INT./EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Marge pulls the car into a nice enough trailer park and stops in a parking spot of neglected grass.

LORETTA

Nicely done, Margie. How young did she look?

MARGE

Sixteen at the most... We shudda called the police.

LORETTA

Like that would do anythin'.

MARGE

Darn it, Letta, it's like you enjoy this!

LORETTA

I do! Now, I will have to let you go since you failed such a simple task the night before. You understand.

MARGE

What? Letta, I've worked for you since I was twenty two! You can't fire me!

LORETTA

It's *I beg your pardon*. A lout says what, are you a lout, Margie? I think not. Now try again, I beg your pardon, now you go.

MARGE

Get out.

LORETTA

What?

MARGE

GET. OUT. OF. MY. CAR. NOW.

Loretta stares at Marge, stunned. Marge reaches over and opens Loretta's door. Loretta closes the door and sits back in the passenger seat with her arms crossed, REFUSING TO MOVE.

LORETTA

I will not, there are...
(whispering)
The homeless around here.

MARGE

It's my car. That's my trailer.

LORETTA

You live here!?

Marge opens the door again, and this time shoves Loretta out of it. Marge closes the door again, and locks herself inside the car.

Letta knocks on the window, and screams some insults. Marge closes her eyes, and lets it all play out long enough for Loretta to finally walk away.

Marge opens her eyes when the coast is clear and just sits in her car, hands on the wheel, engine off.

INT. LORETTA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting at the dinner table is Loretta in an entirely new outfit. Opposite her is Loretta's husband FREDDIE (60s, ALWAYS has something covering his face). Today Freddie has a newspaper covering his face.

LORETTA

It was atrocious Freddie you should
have seen it!

FREDDIE

Sounds awful, my dear.

Loretta's server MIKE sets Freddie's dinner down, then does
the same for Loretta.

LORETTA

It certainly was! Thank you, Pedro.
She threatened to run me over! I
should take this to the police.

FREDDIE

You should, my dear.

LORETTA

But I won't, I'm much too gracious
for that.

FREDDIE

A saint indeed, my dear.

Loretta starts eating...then just has to stop herself and
talk some more.

LORETTA

She even accused a studio head of
sleeping with a young girl!

FREDDIE

How devilish, my dear.

LORETTA

And a blatant lie!

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A glitzy restaurant in the richest part of town. A Long
string of cars pull up to the front, with glamorous men and
women stepping out in expensive looking COSTUMES.

Each new wave of guests walk a red carpet to get inside,
passing excited photographers.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Inside is a RIP-ROARING COSTUME PARTY. There's a massive sparkling chandelier, champagne on trays, loud piano music, even a pool in the middle that's just begging for SOMEONE TO FALL IN IT.

The party's mostly actors, producers and directors. The costumes were all stolen from a set somewhere.

In the middle of the party is Loretta speaking to MARION DAVIES (44, short blonde hair, charmingly mousey features, and long time partner of William Randolph Hearst).

Marion's dressed up as a princess, while Loretta isn't dressed in a costume at all. Beside them is Loretta's husband Freddie (face obscured by a bouquet of flowers) wearing a navy uniform.

MARION DAVIES

W.R. is all worried 'bout this movie.

LORETTA

His movie?

MARION DAVIES

No, someone else's! He wants it buried, but no one's biting.

LORETTA

Now why would someone go about making a hit piece on such a lovely man?

MARION DAVIES

Exactly!

LORETTA

I beg your pardon Marion, but I need a moment.

MARION DAVIES

Of course!

Loretta totters off through the crowd of people, and hurries to a small closed off area outside.

EXT. RESTAURANT - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Now outside, Loretta lights up a cigarette and takes a deep inhale. She takes a few puffs, then hears something. Marge FALLS OUT OF THE BUSHES with a branch in her hair.

LORETTA

Oh, YOU. I won't take you back,
Margie, not unless you capitulate.

MARGE

I don't know what that word means,
Letta. Hell, even if I did I
wouldn't carpet-you-late!

LORETTA

How eloquent.

MARGE

I know that one!

MARGE (CONT'D)

I ain't here for my job Letta, I'm
a freelancer now!

LORETTA

Keep your voice down or I'll have
you escorted out.

MARGE

Bah! I'll just find my way inside
again. I'm resourceful like that,
ya see!

Marge rips off her dress to reveal a waiter's getup
underneath.

MARGE (CONT'D)

I have another costume under this
one too, *just in case*. I already
have pictures of two affairs, one
drug deal, and snippets of a
suspicious conversation where one
man asked another if he had 'the
goods'. So.

LORETTA

And who are you gonna to sell any
of that to? After all, we wouldn't
want your communist tendencies to
see the light of day, now, would
we? One call to a friend, and you
never work again.

Marge blanches and looks for something to say, but can't
quite find the words. Loretta tosses her cigarette and steps
on it.

MARGE

You really that scared of me,
Letta?

LORETTA

Not in the slightest.

MARGE

Well you ain't gettin' rid of me,
I'm here to stay, and when everyone
realizes I'm better at this whole
schtick than you, I'll be takin'
your job too!

LORETTA

Will you now? How about I tell your
husband exactly where you are, your
new name, your new haircut, and the
location of your sad little trailer
park?

That scares Marge.

MARGE

I told ya 'bout Dickie in
confidence.

LORETTA

If you don't disappear, that's
exactly what I'll do!

MARGE

Letta, he tried to kill me...

LORETTA

Oh please! Attention seeker like
yourself probably made it all up.

MARGE

You wouldn't threaten me with him
if you thought it was all made up.

Marge has her caught, so Loretta starts to walk away, but
Marge stops her.

MARGE (CONT'D)

We're not done! It bothers you that
I'm better! I'm younger, I'm
faster, and I ain't makin' anything
up!

LORETTA

You take pictures of people naked.
You're not a journalist!

(MORE)

LORETTA (CONT'D)

You really think you could compete
with my intelligence, grace, and
beauty?

MARGE

Compete!? I'd kick your bottom
right out o' this town!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Loretta and Marge stumble into the party IN THE MIDST OF A
CAT FIGHT, hair pulling, biting, swatting at each other like
flies, the whole nine yards.

The music and chatter cuts out, the crowd parts for them. ALL
EYES ARE ON THEM AS MARGE AND LORETTA FALL INTO THE POOL, and
then just KEEP GOING AT IT.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Marion escorts Loretta and Marge out of the restaurant, both
soaking wet.

MARION DAVIES

I'm so sorry Loretta, but...you
understand.

Marion air hugs Loretta and walks back into the party. THE
MUSIC INSIDE PROMPTLY STARTS UP AGAIN. Loretta and Marge
glare at one another.

INT. HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

Up scale Beverly Hills hotel. We can see the lobby and front
door from the bar. Even at this hour, plenty of guests come
and go.

Loretta and Marge sit on stools at the bar, they're still
dripping here and there. Marge is nursing a silly little pink
cocktail with an umbrella, while Loretta is most of the way
done with some whisky.

LORETTA

You really, truly, think you could
do my job. How amusing.

MARGE

I could! I've been ready for years,
Letta, but you won't promote me.

Loretta downs the rest of her whisky.

LORETTA

Well, you're not getting that promotion now, but I would consider bringing you back on in a lesser role.

Marge downs the rest of her cocktail. It doesn't really have the same effect...

MARGE

How dare you! I've been doing your job for ya for decades!

LORETTA

Oh please, you couldn't find a story if it was right under your nose.

MARGE

I could too! And I could do it faster!

LORETTA

You really think that don't you? All right, let's play a game...We find someone, an actor or some such, and the first woman who extracts a proper scandal from them, wins.

MARGE

Suppose I agree, what do I get?

LORETTA

If you win...you get my job.

Marge slaps her knee.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

If I win, you go home, and don't come back.

MARGE

Your job, huh!? Well howdy! That's a deal, Letta.

Loretta holds out her hand. Marge doesn't shake it just yet.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Hold on now...It has to be someone you ain't got anythin' on already!

LORETTA

Fine...then it also has to be the
sort of scandal that could ruin a
career, nothin' trivial.

MARGE

And no makin' anything up!

LORETTA

Of course not!

They shake on it.

THERE'S A CRASH FROM SOMEWHERE OFF CAMERA. Marge and Loretta
turn to a YOUNG MAN SPRAWLED ON THE LOBBY FLOOR having just
tripped over a small dog on a leash.

This is CLARK TRACY (mid 30s, has an air of goofiness about
him while also quite handsome). Clark is dressed in a tuxedo,
clearly on his way back from a party.

CLARK

Gee, I'm so sorry! Is the little
guy okay!? I was in such a hurry to
check out, oh gosh!

Clark strikes up a conversation with the dog's owner: she's
upset until she realizes the dog is fine, and Clark is
delightfully bashful about the whole thing.

LORETTA

Him.

MARGE

Tracy? Clark Tracy? Ain't he a nice
fella?

LORETTA

Is he?

MARGE

(slaps knee)

You're right! He's hiding
something, ain't he!? But how're we
gonna find any dirt on someone so
good at playin' all nice?

LORETTA

Oh? Too difficult for you?

MARGE

No!

LORETTA

Good, because in three weeks he
leaves for Paris to film some silly
little art piece by some nobody!

MARGE

Three weeks!?

LORETTA

Can't handle it?

MARGE

It's not a problem! You gotta deal.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The next day, Clark is followed by three bellboys carrying expensive luggage as he walks out and waves goodbye to the hotel staff.

Clark walks out, hands in pockets as a valet brings his car round. The bellboys load up the back with his luggage.

He tips an exorbitant amount to the valet, and climbs in. He turns up the radio playing "Take the A Train" by Duke Ellington and drives off with a smile.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

In the distance is a bright sun, and dusty south Cali mountains.

Clark's taking a leisurely drive in the warm air, hanging his arm out the side of the car. He takes a sharp right, and starts climbing a hill, then STOPS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE SAME GATED COMMUNITY LORETTA LIVES IN.

The security guard waves, Clark waves back. The gate opens, and he keeps going.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - DAY

Clark continues his peaceful drive up a hill, and into the thick of the gated community, gliding past some gorgeous looking houses.

We follow the back of his car as it pulls into the drive of his home, and Clark turns off the engine.

Clark steps out and makes his way to the front door, unlocks it, steps in, and closes it behind him.

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Clark walks in. His house is all mature shades of pastel: puce, pistachio, robin egg blue. His home decor is remarkably friendly and feminine for a man in his 30s.

As he moves down the hall, Clark throws off his blazer, and smiles to himself.

CLARK

I'm home!

What we expect to see is a loving wife and kids coming running down the hall, instead a COCKER SPANIEL WITH A LITTLE PINK BOW ON HER HEAD greets him: THIS IS RITA.

CLARK goes googly-eyed as Rita runs at him, trips, then picks herself up again, and keeps going, yapping as loud as she can. Clark picks Rita up.

CLARK (CONT'D)

How's my girl!? It's okay honey,
daddy's home! Was grandma nice to
you?

Rita's tail is going a million miles a minute, and that's the fastest speed there is. Clark puts Rita down and gets her some dog food.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Hold on honey, daddy has to take
care of business.

Clark walks to his basement door, and opens it. His expression CHANGES. In the basement we see the silhouette of a poor soul chained up against their will.

Clark FLICKS THE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT ON TO REVEAL THE SILHOUETTE IS JUST A COLLECTION OF TRASH BAGS.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Because it's time for trash pickup,
silly!

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Clark opens the pantry door to reveal a collection of collars and riding crops. He carefully selects a collar and crop.

The camera pulls back to reveal CLARK IS DRESSED FOR RIDING LESSONS. He pops a fresh pink collar on Rita .

CLARK
I sure do hope they let me ride
Milkshake again!

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark light behind him, clark raises a massive knife, a deadly look on his face.

CLARK
You think you can just walk in
here, say what you've said, and
I'll just let you leave? Alive?
You've got to the count of three to
tell me why you're here ... One.
Two. Three.

CLARK LIFTS HIS SCRIPT WITH THE DIALOG HE WAS PRACTICING INTO VIEW.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Gosh, I think I'm gonna have to
pass on this role Rita, it's a
little intense for me!

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clark walks out his ensuite with a pair of stripy pajamas, and sleeping cap on. He pats his bed, Rita tries to jump up, but she's JUST TOO GOSH DARN SMALL.

Clark picks her up, and settles her on the right, while he climbs into the left side.

CLARK
Goodnight darlin', and remember
now, you need to keep daddy safe
from any intruders.

Rita yaps in reply, and Clark turns the lights off. The moment the lights are off we see MARGE SITTING IN A TREE OUTSIDE, WATCHING HIM WITH BINOCULARS.

INT. THE DAILY HOLLYWOODLAND - 5TH FLOOR - DAY

Loretta walks out of the elevator, charging past the staff sneaking glances at her, THEY ALL HEARD ABOUT THE SCUFFLE SHE AND MARGE HAD.

INT. THE DAILY HOLLYWOODLAND - LORETTA'S OFFICE - DAY

Loretta settles at her desk as James walks in, blowing on Loretta's Coffee.

LORETTA

James, offer an interview to Clark Tracy.

JAMES

Really? He's not as famous as your usual, but I think he'll be swell in that new picture, I'm sure he'll accept!

LORETTA

Of course he will! I wanna do this before he leaves to film in Paris! So stress the urgency of this interview, my dove.

JAMES

Yes ma'am!

James makes for the door.

LORETTA

Oh... Make it clear he can't talk to any other journalists before me.

JAMES

Ma'am?

LORETTA

Just tell him, if he wants an interview with yours truly, EVER, he can't go around blabbing to anyone else, not until I've had a piece of him.

JAMES

Of course not ma'am!

INT. SLP STUDIO - SET - DAY

There's a lot of moving parts on the sound stage in the back. A moon and some faux mountains, twinkly lights embedded into a cardboard backing.

Two lead actors and the director are going through their lines, while Clark-in world war one uniform-sits at the side sipping a cold drink.

James walks in, taken aback by everything around him. He hurries past a poster for the movie they're filming, titled: WINGS OF GOLDEN TEARS.

The poster makes the movie look pretty confused, there's an explosion in the back, some Ziegfeld girls, a princess clinging to a man in uniform, some planes, and a racist-ish fortune teller in the corner in brown face.

James spots Clark across the studio, and hurries over to him.

JAMES

Mr. Tracy? I'm James.

CLARK

Well, how'd you do, James?

JAMES

Oh, ah! Me? Fine. I'm fine, just fine, and yourself?

CLARK

I'm doing just swell. What can I help you with?

JAMES

Me? Help me? Oh gosh.

CLARK

That is why you came over, ain't it?

JAMES

What? Oh, no! I work with Loretta.

Clark stares at him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The columnist. Loretta Highcastle.

CLARK

Oh! Gee I've heard of her! Nancy's a good friend, ain't she?

Clark motions over to the lead actress taking her lines.

JAMES

Oh yes, yes they are! Loretta wanted me to extend an interview offer to you.

CLARK

Oh gee, that's wonderful, but I
don't wanna take up her time. I'm
not the lead or anythin'.

James gets confused, why would anyone turn Loretta down?

JAMES

She'd like to interview you
anyway...

CLARK

Well sure! Gosh! I mean if she
really wants to?

JAMES

Well, no. She's not eager to. She's
never eager to interview anyone,
people are eager to be interviewed
by her.

CLARK

Oh...why me then?

JAMES

Well, she reckons you could be a
big star soon...

CLARK

Really?

JAMES

Of course! Nice likable guy like
you!

CLARK

You think it'd be good for my
career?

JAMES

I'll tell you a secret...

James leans in, Clark follows.

JAMES (CONT'D)

An interview with Loretta, that's
how a fella knows he's made it.

CLARK

Well I'll do it!

JAMES

Great! I'll tell her, and we'll set up a date. I mean a time to do the interview!

CLARK

That sounds swell!

JAMES

Oh, one more thing.

CLARK

Hit me!

JAMES

You can't take any other interviews, not until Loretta's talked to ya.

CLARK

Gee, that's odd, how come?

JAMES

Uh, well, you see, it keeps you focused on her. Makes the interview more direct. It's standard in the industry.

CLARK

It is?

JAMES

...Yes sir. Besides, she also said if you said no, she'd never interview you again, EVER.

CLARK

Well I guess I better agree then. All right. Feel free to call my manager and set up a time.

JAMES

Will do, Mr. Tracy!

James leaves. Meanwhile, CLARK CAN'T BELIEVE HIS LUCK.

INT. SLP STUDIO — DRESSING ROOMS — DAY

Clark stands outside a changing room, two dresses draped over his left arm, and three over his right while someone changes behind the curtain.

CLARK

Say, Nancy, you know Loretta don't ya?

NANCY (O.S.)

Sure I do!

CLARK

Anything I should know before I go for an interview?

The curtain parts on NANCY (late 30s, redhead, tall, classic beauty). She's trying on a big red plaid dress.

NANCY

What's she doin' interviewin' you? No offense Clark, you're a swell guy, but I figured it'd be me and Bill for this picture.

CLARK

Me too!

NANCY

Well maybe she's taken an interest? Good for you!

Nancy grabs one of the dresses off his arms, and goes back into the changing room.

NANCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Though...

CLARK

Yeah?

NANCY (O.S.)

I will say, she can be tricky.

CLARK

Tricky?

NANCY (O.S.)

Don't be scared, she's a kitten, but remember she's a journalist so keep your cards close.

CLARK

Well what if I don't got any cards Nance?

NANCY (O.S.)

Every fella's got cards!

EXT. SLP STUDIO - GATES - DAY

Sunst. Clark stands beside a security booth at the gate, in a chat with JOE THE SECURITY GUARD. A valet drives Clark's car over to him, in fact the valet LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE MARGE.

CLARK

That's good. How's Nina doin'?

JOE THE SECURITY GUARD

Oh good, good, better now.

CLARK

And it's gone?

JOE THE SECURITY GUARD

They think so. I tell ya, if somethin' had happened to her...

Clark gives Joe a manly slap on the shoulder as Joe tries not to cry at work.

CLARK

All that matters is she's doing ok.

Joe nods, Clark's car stops beside them.

JOE THE SECURITY GUARD

You have a nice rest of your day now Mr. Tracy.

CLARK

You too Joe! Say hi to Nina for me!

Marge (dressed as a valet) gets out of the car, and hands over the keys. Clark climbs in and gives her a generous tip, but Marge doesn't close the door for him.

MARGE

Say, I'm realizing I didn't have a plan past this, but I'm actually a journalist and I was sure hoping you'd be free for an interview.

CLARK

And you also work as a valet?

MARGE

No, I bought this costume from a store. The valet vests round here are blue, not red. You'd think you'd know that—

JOE THE SECURITY GUARD
(interrupting)
Marge!

Joe strides over, he's a big chap, he even has a pistol on his hip, but despite all that, JOE DOESN'T SCARE HER.

CLARK
You know this woman Joe?

JOE THE SECURITY GUARD
I surely do Mr. Tracy. She ain't no threat, but she is a nuisance.

CLARK
She a journalist?

JOE THE SECURITY GUARD
Yes, sir.

CLARK
Well I'm sorry ma'am, but I can't take any interviews right now, I promised another journalist I wouldn't.

MARGE
Did ya now?

CLARK
Yes Ma'am, but if you're still interested I'll talk to ya after. Can I have my tip back if you ain't in need of it?

MARGE
Who said I ain't in need of it?

Marge closes the door on him, pockets the money, and starts running into the distance like a cryptid.

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Apron on, humming to himself, Clark stands at his stove cooking some spaghetti in a pot. There's a window just over the cooker for him to watch his front yard. Outside we can see it's dark and raining. RITA'S NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

Clark stirs the pot, and turns the heat off.

CLARK
Rita!

Clark gets a bowl out for himself then stops. WHY HASN'T RITA COME RUNNING? He takes his apron off and walks over to the open door to his backyard.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Rita! Honey!

Still nothing. Clark gets nervous, he looks over his garden, HE CAN'T SEE HER.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Marge runs through the rain at top speed. She's holding a kidnapped Rita at arms length like a bomb. Rita's not biting or barking, she's mostly just confused.

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Clark grabs an umbrella and a leash in a panic, and puts on a bright yellow rain coat. He charges out his front door to look for his beloved dog.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Clark's jogging down the road, scanning his surroundings for Rita. His panic is building.

CLARK

Rita! Honey!

Nothing. He jogs a little further down the road.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Rita! Come!

Clark starts to wonder if he's going the wrong way down the street, so he hurries the other direction.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Rita, come! Rita! Rita, come! Heel damn it!

MARGE (O.S.)

Say mister, you ok?

Clark turns to a rain soaked Marge, NO RITA IN HER ARMS. Clark quickly covers her with his umbrella, but keeps checking the distance for Rita.

CLARK

Have ya seen a dog ma'am? She's
real small, pink bow, cute as a
button. Wait, I know you—

MARGE

(interrupting)

You sure do, mister! We met earlier
today, what're the odds!?

CLARK

Well what're ya doin' here?

MARGE

Loretta lives up the road.

CLARK

Highcastle?

MARGE

Yes sir! She's my boss. I work at
the Daily Hollywoodland. Say, she
ain't the one that snagged you
before I could, is she?

CLARK

I'm afraid so. Ma'am, I don't mean
to be rude, but I'm lookin' for my
dog. If you don't mind...

MARGE

(exaggerated gasp)

You lost a doggy?

CLARK

My little Rita! Have ya seen her!?

MARGE

No sir, but I'll help look! Small
you said, a pink bow?

CLARK

A cocker spaniel, please if you
wouldn't mind.

Marge hurries out from under the umbrella and starts making a
show of looking for Rita.

MARGE

Here doggy doggy! Here doggy doggy!

INT. GATED COMMUNITY - MARGE'S CAR - NIGHT

Sitting in the front seat with rain streaming over the windows is CARL (80s, pure white hair, cheerful sort of fellow). He's got a relaxed Rita on his lap getting scratched behind her ears.

Carl's half way through a bear claw and a cup of coffee having the time of his life with a cute dog.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Marge and Clark search a little further down the road.

MARGE

Say, you know which way she went?

CLARK

No, I'm sorry. I was cookin' dinner and she just...

(chokes up)

She just disappeared.

MARGE

Now, now, no cryin', all right?
We'll find her. I can feel it!

CLARK

I appreciate it Ma'am.

Marge gives him a nod, but the guilt is eating at her.

MARGE

Say, this pup have any spots she likes?

CLARK

Well, she likes just about anythin' she shouldn't, same as every dog. She's a runner though, so who knows how far she's got...gosh, I just love that dog so very much.

Marge wants Clark TO SHUT UP, he's making her FEEL BAD.

MARGE

Uh huh.

CLARK

She's a rescue you know...

MARGE

Is she?

CLARK

Her last owner threw her in a ditch, and left her to die.

MARGE

Oh. Awful.

CLARK

But she survived! Just long enough for daddy Clark to come and find her.

MARGE

I see.

CLARK

Oh! I should've kept an eye on that damn garden gate!

MARGE

Yeah. Maybe you should have...

CLARK

It's all my fault! I'll have to check the road FOR HER CORPSE!

MARGE

(under her breath)

Actors...

CLARK

What?

MARGE

I THINK I SEE SOMETHING OVER THERE!

INT. GATED COMMUNITY - MARGE'S CAR - NIGHT

Mid tummy rub, Carl sees Marge and Clark coming down the road in search of Rita.

CARL

Ah! Show time, little lady.

Carl puts the coffee down, and scoffs the rest of his bear claw. He opens the door and puts Rita outside. She quickly runs off.

CARL (CONT'D)

Lord, if yer listenin', don't hurt that dog.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Marge and Clark are walking side by side, but Marge is side eyeing her car because she knows what's going to happen next.

SHE SPOTS RITA RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD.

MARGE

There!

Marge starts running after Rita. Clark is slow on the uptake, he tries to catch up, but his umbrella gets caught in the wind.

Marge has a hard time catching Rita in her sensible office heels, but eventually she makes A DIVE FOR HER.

Clark hurries over. Relief rushes over him as a happy, UNSCATHED Rita yaps in Marge's arms.

MARGE (CONT'D)

This is her, right? Did I catch the wrong doggy?

CLARK

That's her.

Marge hands Rita up to Clark, and gets to her feet, taking the umbrella off Clark so he can focus on his dog.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Gee miss, I can't thank you enough...say, is that your car down there?

Clark nods to the mint blue 1938 Buick Special, THE COLOR'S HARD TO MISS. Carl ducks in the front seat.

MARGE

Why yes it is!

Clark nods to himself, then puts a leash on Rita and puts her down.

CLARK

I still can't give you an interview.

MARGE

Oh...

(really annoyed)

Well, that ain't why I helped. You just seemed like a fella in need is all.

Marge turns to leave AS A CAR COMES BOMBING DOWN THE ROAD.
Clark tugs her back just IN TIME, and they HAVE A MOMENT.

CLARK
Are you hungry?

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Clark's dining room is adjacent to his kitchen. It's all warm and cozy. Just in the other room we can see Rita sleeping on a plush dog bed, tucked into a blanket like a princess.

Marge and Clark sit at the dining table, half way through a civil meal of spaghetti and meatballs.

CLARK
You said you work for Loretta
Highcastle?

MARGE
Sure do!

CLARK
Got any tips for my interview? I'm
awful nervous.

MARGE
What's a fella like you got to be
nervous about?

CLARK
Truthfully? I'll tell ya a
secret...

Marge leans in.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Nothin'. Ain't that just the
darnedest? It don't stop me from
being a nervous nelly though.

Marge starts stabbing her spaghetti.

MARGE
Say, how'd you get into actin'?

CLARK
Well hey now that sounds an awful
lot like an interview question....

MARGE
Noooooooooooo. No. No siree bob, it
is not. Nope, no sir.

CLARK

Gee, you don't need to be callin'
me sir or mister no more. Clark's
fine.

Marge gets flustered.

MARGE

LETTA HATES IT WHEN FOLK TRY TO
TELL HER THEIR LIFE STORY! You
gotta keep it real dull!
Understand!?

CLARK

Yes, ma'am.

MARGE

Well, gosh darn it! You can't be
callin' me ma'am if I'm callin' you
Clark! You call me Marge now, you
hear?

CLARK

Gee...I guess you're right, I'm
sorry, Marge.

MARGE

Tell her about Rita! Tell her about
a hobby. But. Do. Not. Get.
Personal.

CLARK

I could tell her about Nancy and I.
We've been friends for a decade,
and—

MARGE

(interrupting)

No!

Clark jerks back.

MARGE (CONT'D)

I mean, no. No women. People will
try to make it seem like you're
interested in her... maybe you are,
I won't tell anyone. Are you?
Girlfriend, ya have a girlfriend?
Wife? Cute wife?

CLARK

Gosh no! Rita keeps me plenty busy!
You really think I shouldn't talk
about Nancy?

MARGE

You can talk about her, but you
have to be professional, nothing
too friendly, ya see. Give Loretta
NOTHING, she'll love that.

CLARK

Well, golly! If you think so!

INT. THE DAILY HOLLYWOODLAND - LORETTA'S OFFICE - DAY

Loretta sets out a tea set on the coffee table by the sofa.
There's a knock at the door, and Clark steps in with a bright
smile. Loretta stands. They shake hands.

CLARK

It's a real pleasure Mrs.
Highcastle. I'm so flattered you
wanna talk to lil ol' me.

LORETTA

Well aren't you a charmer! Sit
down, son.

Clark sits down on the sofa, Loretta sits opposite in a
chair, her legs draped over each other in a ladylike fashion.
She starts pouring them some tea.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

How's a young lad like yourself
settling into Hollywood?

CLARK

Oh just wonderful, everyone at SLP
studios has been just wonderful to
me. The picture looks like it's
gonna be just swell.

She hands a cup of tea over, and starts sipping her own.

LORETTA

Say, you workin' on set today?

CLARK

Oh, yes, right after this.

LORETTA

How exciting! Is it with Nancy?

CLARK

Yes ma'am. She's just a wonderful
actress.

LORETTA

And a delightful person.

Clark nods, but doesn't verbally agree.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

And such a beauty!

Again, Clark nods but says nothing.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

I bet a guy like you got plenty of girls after him!

CLARK

Oh Mrs. Highcastle you flatter me!
I don't know about all that. I
focus on my work, my life's just
wonderful as is.

LORETTA

You sure do say wonderful an awful
lot.

CLARK

Do I? Gosh, I'm sorry. I'll tell ya
about the picture! You see what
drove me to this flick in the first
place was—

INT./EXT. TRAILER PARK - MARGE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Marge's trailer is CRAMPED. She's sitting on her bed (which
is a pull down compartment over her sofa) writing in a
journal. There's a knock at the door.

Marge hurries to the front door. She opens it to a very upset
Loretta, her pearls clutched, her purse tight to her side.

LORETTA

You said something, you harlot!

MARGE

I don't know what you mean.

LORETTA

So we're playin' dirty now!?

MARGE

I didn't mean to, okay!? Please
don't make this harder for me!

LORETTA

Too late! If you want to play it
this way, then we will!

MARGE

No! Come back!

Marge hurries out of her trailer after Loretta, but they both
move pretty slow in their pencil skirts and kitten heels
across mud and grass.

EXT. SLP STUDIO - GATE - DAY

Marge walks up. She's stopped at the gate by Joe. She flashes
some press ID, but Joe shakes his head at her.

JOE THE SECURITY GUARD

Not today, Margie.

Marge flashes her ID again more forcefully, Joe shakes his
head again, and points for her to leave. Marge hangs her head
in an exaggerated fashion, and walks away. As she does, a
group of extras show their IDs. Joe opens the gate for them.

Marge MAKES A RUN FOR IT and JOE CLOTHESLINE'S HER. Marge
slams into the ground, wind knocked out of her.

JOE THE SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Sorry Margie, Mr. Hearst said not
to let you in because you upset
Mrs. Highcastle.

Marge stands, straightens out her clothes, fixes her tiny
hat, and walks away in a huff...

OR SO IT SEEMS because she comes running again at full speed
and MAKES IT THROUGH THE GATE THIS TIME. She disappears into
the distance up the hill to the studio lot.

JOE THROWS UP HIS HANDS IN FRUSTRATION. A few seconds pass.

Coming down the hill to the still open gate is OLIVER THE
SECURITY GUARD with Marge over his shoulder.

MARGE

Fair play Oliver, fair play.

Joe shrugs as Oliver carries Marge off the studio lot, and
then out of shot. The gates close.

INT./EXT. SLP STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - DAY

We see a thick crowd of people, some in costume, others running props, some running food, men in suits yelling at other men in suits, horses in the back, set pieces being moved from place to place, and a few security guards.

Amongst them all IS A BIG GRIZZLY BEAR COSTUME. The security guards pass the camera by, and disappear in the crowd. The grizzly bear takes off its head TO REVEAL MARGE INSIDE.

Marge hurries through all the people in her costume, and then into a building. She moves down the hall so fast she almost walks past the one labeled 'Clark Tracy'.

INT. SLP STUDIO - CLARK'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Clark sits at a dressing table, World War I uniform on, reading a book. The place is cluttered with props, costumes, food, and gifts for Clark.

Marge slams the door behind her as she steps in. Clark jumps up from his chair, and the book goes flying across the room.

CLARK

Marge! What in the...

MARGE

Oh I'm interviewing some of the staff, thought I'd pop in, say hi.

CLARK

Why're ya wearing a bear costume?

MARGE

I look like a bear to you?

CLARK

Well, no, Marge I mean-

MARGE

(interrupting)

How dare you!

Clark lets it go. Marge starts walking around his dressing room looking for stuff.

CLARK

Well, I mean it's nice to have ya here I guess.

Marge checks a trash can.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Say, you're a journalist, you heard
anythin' about that flick Mr.
Welles is workin' on?

Marge check behind a picture frame.

MARGE

Who?

Marge tries to pull a loose floor board.

CLARK

What are you...

MARGE

Don't mind me!

Marge checks the pockets of a coat that's hanging up.

CLARK

That's from the movie.

MARGE

(lying)

Oh I know! I was just checking for
craftsmanship. Beautifully made.
Just beautiful. Say...

Marge looks past Clark to his dressing table and scans it.

MARGE (CONT'D)

How'd that interview go?

CLARK

Oh Marge it went swell!

Clark gives her a big hug as a thank you. While he does,
Marge checks his back pockets...she finds a receipt, and
tucks it up the sleeve of her bear costume.

Clark pulls back with a bright smile that hypnotizes Marge
for a moment.

CLARK (CONT'D)

She said I was a lovely person to
talk to. She scheduled a follow up
interview.

MARGE

Uh huh.

CLARK

Well? Aren't you happy, Marge?

MARGE

I'm thrilled! Say, should we go
over the things you shouldn't bring
up to her now?

CLARK

Like what?

Marge starts slowing backing Clark into the wall.

MARGE

Well gosh, you know...all your dark
secrets that you can't tell her
about.

(whispering)

But maybe you can tell me...

Marge pins Clark to the wall, grizzly bear paw beside his
head. She looks at him with a HYPER FOCUSED STARE OF
ANTICIPATION.

There's a tense moment when Marge thinks he might finally
reveal himself to her. SHE DOESN'T BLINK ONCE.

CLARK

Oh, I don't have any dark secrets!

MARGE

(winking over and over)

Sure you don't. Now, don't be
scared, tell Margie everything.

CLARK

No, really. I'm just a normal fella
in-

Marge pushes away from the wall ANGRY.

MARGE

(interrupting)

DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S SUPPOSED BE
SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU!? Is it
feet? Are ya into feet? YOU SICKO!

CLARK

Not really...

MARGE

Little girls?

CLARK

Excuse you!?

MARGE
Tax fraud?

CLARK
Noooooooooooo.

MARGE
Communism?

CLARK
Now what in the heck is a
communism?

MARGE
Good save, comrade. So in regards
to our interview?

CLARK
Oh, I'm sorry Margie, I still
can't, Letta made me promise.

MARGE
(seething)
Letta? She's Letta now?

CLARK
She insisted I call her Letta.
She's an awful nice lady.

MARGE
So you're on a first name basis
with all your journalists, huh?

CLARK
Well hold on now...

Clark raises an eyebrow as Marge backs out of the room.

CLARK (CONT'D)
You leavin'? Bye!

Marge leaves, slamming the door.

EXT. CENTRAL LA STREET - DAY

Marge (no longer in the bear costume) walks down the road,
and stops. She takes out the receipt she stole from Clark.
The front reads: ROSIE'S FLORIST

There's an address underneath. Marge looks up to a
delightfully cute florist exterior. She double checks the
receipt against the sign, the address matches up, so she
walks in.

INT. ROSIE'S FLORIST - DAY

It's a small flower shop. One woman at the front desk wrapping up a bouquet. Marge walks over, playing at being frazzled.

MARGE

Gosh, golly gee, egads! Maybe you can help me? A friend of mine sent a bouquet earlier this morning, and he just realized he sent it to the wrong place! Can ya believe it? Anyhow, I didn't wanna bother him, so I said I'd take it to the right place. It was sunflowers, see it says here on the receipt.

Marge slides the receipt over. The florist nods and looks for the address.

EXT. OLD FOLKS HOME - DAY

Sun setting, Marge comes up a hill in her Buick Special. She slows beside a swanky looking old folks home, and checks the address the florist gave her.

Marge shrugs and pulls her car into a parking space. She turns the engine off and jumps out.

As she approaches the front door, an old guy with a zimmer frame thinks she might hold it open for him, but nah, she walks in, and it slams closed before he can get there.

INT. OLD FOLKS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Marge walks in and starts looking for the flowers: nothing in the entrance hall. She walks further into the facility. A TALL NURSE grabs her by the arm and stops her.

TALL NURSE

Where'd you think you're going?

MARGE

Oh, I'm here to see my pops.

Marge tries to keep moving, but the nurse won't let go.

TALL NURSE

I ain't seen you here before.

MARGE

My father and I are estranged, but
...I'm ready to burry the hatchet.

TALL NURSE

Uh, huh.

MARGE

If you don't let me through he
might die before we can reconcile,
and I'm sure you don't want that on
your conscience.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. OLD FOLKS HOME - DAY

Marge gets thrust out the front door by a few burly men. A couple of the old folks in the garden have a good laugh at her.

INT. OLD FOLKS HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Marge charges down the hallway WEARING A WORLD WAR ONE NURSES UNIFORM. The Tall Nurse steps in front of her, hands on her hips. Marge comes to a stop and snaps her fingers in frustration.

MARGE

Darn it!

TALL NURSE

That's a war time uniform...from
thirty years ago!

EXT. OLD FOLKS HOME - NIGHT

Sun setting. Marge (still in the nurse costume) hurries past a few windows at the back of the building, taking a look inside for a room with flowers.

Finally she stops at a room with a bunch of sunflowers. Marge slaps her face into the glass and looks the place over. There's an old woman inside watching TV.

Marge knocks on the glass. The old woman jumps and turns around, this is LINDA (75, short white hair, cat eye glasses).

Linda—to our surprise—doesn't scream when she sees Marge, she adjusts her glasses instead. Marge motions her over. Linda totters to the window and opens it up.

MARGE

Who gave you those flowers?

LINDA

I beg your pardon?

MARGE

Who gave you those flowers? Are you
hard of hearing? WHO. GAVE. YOU.
THE. FLOWERS.

Linda slams the window on Marge's fingers. MARGE SCREAMS.

INT. OLD FOLKS HOME - LINDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marge sits in a chair by the TV with ice on her fingers while Linda makes two cups of tea.

MARGE

You broke my fingers.

LINDA

Don't be hyperbolic. Now who on
earth are you, and what are you
doing?

Linda drops a cup of tea in front of Marge. Marge looks around her and spies a framed picture of Linda—much younger—with a handsome man and a young boy.

MARGE

You're Clark's mama then?

LINDA

Journalist, are you?

MARGE

I am. Did he force ya to live here?
Is he committing elder abuse?

LINDA

My god you're practically frothing
at the mouth!

MARGE

Hey lady, I'm just looking for the
truth.

LINDA

The truth, my dear girl, is that my son is a delightful boy, and always has been.

Marge stands suddenly.

MARGE

A likely story!

LINDA

Sit down!

Marge sits back down.

MARGE

So there ain't nothin'? Not even a blip?

LINDA

Well, not as far as I'm concerned, but he thinks he has his demons.

MARGE

Murderer? He's a murderer? I knew it.

LINDA

You don't have a lot of faith in people, do you?

MARGE

He put you in an old folks home, you ain't mad?

LINDA

Please, this is a retirement community, and an expensive one. Besides, my boyfriend lives across the hall.

MARGE

Come onnnnnn, you really tellin' me you ain't got any dirt on him?

LINDA

My dear girl, I worked terribly hard to make that boy the gentle soul that he is. Now, you may either leave, or finish your tea in silence as I watch my program.

Marge finishes her tea in silence.

INT. THE DAILY HOLLYWOODLAND - LORETTA'S OFFICE - DAY

Clark and Loretta sit opposite again. The tea cups between them are empty, along with some biscuit crumbs on tiny plates. Clark and Loretta stand and shake hands.

LORETTA

Thank you, sugar, it's been a pleasure as always.

CLARK

I hope I gave ya somethin' useful Letta.

LORETTA

Of course!

James opens the door.

JAMES

You're next meeting's in ten, Letta.

Clark gives her a quick smile and walks out. James steps in, and closes the door behind him. The moment Clark is gone Loretta's face drops into a scowl. She stomps to her desk and slumps into her chair.

JAMES (CONT'D)

How'd the second interview with Mr. Tracy go?

LORETTA

Terrible!

Loretta faceplants into her desk.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

(muffled by the desk)

Everything that man says is kind and thoughtful...

JAMES

That's a problem?

Loretta lifts her head.

LORETTA

Obviously! I need to find that man's buttons, and soon, and then press them, a lot, in that order. Time's runnin' out...

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

We come in on the movie premier of Wings of Golden Tears. Photographers everywhere, red carpet, cheering fans, think the opening scene of singin' in the rain.

Cars for celebrities roll up one by one, and glamorous people exit. Clark shows up in a tux on his own, waves to a few people, and walks right in.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Lights down. A crowded audience watches Wings of Golden Tears. We're half way through the movie. We see Clark in a crowd of shadows.

On screen his character says something silly, and does a prat fall. Clark looks around the room for the audience reaction, they're all laughing, he should be happy but HE FEELS LIKE AN IMPOSTER.

He sticks it out a bit longer, but eventually he has to GET UP AND LEAVE.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - YARD - NIGHT

The back of the theatre, the kind of place where employees have a smoke break. We can hear the movie from here, but it's muffled and rumbling.

Marge climbs over a brick wall, and rips off a waiter's uniform to reveal a sparkly dress. She's about to sneak in when she hears someone coming, and dives into the bushes.

Clark steps out, closes the door behind him, and takes a deep breath. He presses a hand to his chest, HE'S HAVING AN ANXIETY ATTACK.

With a shaky hand he pulls out a box of cigarettes, tries to light one, but burns himself on the lighter.

CLARK

Darn it!

He tries again. There's a rustle in the bushes. Clark looks over, and narrows his eyes. There's another rustle in the bushes. Clark looks closer.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Marge? Marge, is that you? If you're gonna sneak in, at least help a guy out.

Marge pokes her head out of the bushes.

MARGE

I ain't sneakin' in! I was invited!

CLARK

Marge, I can see your costume on the ground back there.

MARGE

(slaps knee)

Darn it!

Marge falls out of the bushes, and gets to her feet. Clark hands over the lighter, puts the cigarette in his mouth, and Marge lights it for him without question. THEY HAVE ANOTHER MOMENT.

CLARK

You weren't invited?

Marge shakes her head.

MARGE

Thought I'd see if I could sneak in and catch a story. Say, how come you're out here all on your own?

Clark doesn't want to reply.

MARGE (CONT'D)

I know, I know, no questions, gosh you're a tough nut to crack. All a girl wants is a conversation and-

CLARK

(interrupting)

I was terrible Marge, just terrible.

Clark's only taken a couple of puffs, but he quickly tosses the cigarette on the ground and stamps it out.

CLARK (CONT'D)

God I just...hate that darn face.

MARGE

Your face?

Clark sits on the ground, grumpy.

MARGE (CONT'D)

But... It's a lovely face.

Clark doesn't believe her.

CLARK

I don't know Marge, I just can't look at myself. First time they got one of those cameras out and they played it back for me I thought, egads, that's not what I look like is it?

MARGE

I hear that's normal for actors...

Marge sits down beside him.

MARGE (CONT'D)

You know I think it takes a hell of a lot of guts to be in a picture. I did it a couple times.

CLARK

Really, what happened?

MARGE

Oh, I was just no good.

CLARK

Gee, I'm sorry. How'd ya get into it?

MARGE

How'd you?

CLARK

Nice try. Letta still doesn't want me answering any questions.

MARGE

I was runnin' from someone.

CLARK

What kind of someone?

MARGE

Exactly the kind you're thinkin' of. Big, scary and always angry.

CLARK

Can't imagine you runnin' from anyone...

That makes Marge smile.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You better go get your story.

MARGE

Oh, no. I'm good here...Unless you want me to go!?

Marge goes to stand, but Clark pulls her back down.

CLARK

No. Stay.

They sit for a moment.

MARGE

Clark?

CLARK

Yeah, Marge?

MARGE

You don't gotta watch the flicks you're in if you don't wanna.

CLARK

I reckon you're right.

MARGE

Say, you wanna get outta here?

Clark's a little shocked, then he nods. They both get up, pat themselves down and hurry to the wall to climb over.

CLARK

Is this okay? Can I just ditch like this?

MARGE

You a grown man, ain't ya?

Clark puffs up his chest.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Then let's get goin'!

Clark climbs over the wall with a smile. Marge climbs over next, Clark reaches up to help her down. They take a little tumble, and end up in each other's arms.

There's a moment when we think they might kiss, but they DON'T FOLLOW THROUGH. They both get up, and hurry down the road.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

The Santa Monica Pier isn't as glamorous as it once was in the 20's, or even today, it's honestly mostly a dock. Marge And Clark walk down the pier, both with soft serve ice cream in their hands.

CLARK

How long have you worked for Loretta?

MARGE

Since I was eighteen.

CLARK

You know Marge, you never did tell me why you came all the way to Hollywood.

MARGE

Gosh Clark, it ain't that special a story.

CLARK

So?

Clark and Marge stop. They eat their ice creams for a moment.

MARGE

I don't know. I guess I don't like to talk about it cuz it makes me feel selfish.

CLARK

Pardon my French, but why in the hell would it do that?

MARGE

I don't know. I guess I just got it in my head talkin' about myself was bad form.

CLARK

Well it ain't, and since my deal with Letta still stands, we can't talk about me, so.

MARGE

...I had a husband. We tried for kids but it didn't work. I uh, can't have 'em. After that, to him it was like all my worth dried up.

(MORE)

MARGE (CONT'D)

I thought I'd made the smart
choice, marryin' a man that could
keep me, but things got real scary,
so I left.

CLARK

Scary? What kinda scary?

MARGE

The throwing me around kinda scary.

CLARK

Oh.

MARGE

So I came here and I met Loretta!
She gave me a job, put a camera in
my hands. She's like... she's like
a mother to me. I think I love her
a little. Maybe a lot.

Across the pier on the road we see a white car, a chauffeur
in front, Loretta in the back watching them.

LORETTA

I've seen enough.

The window gets rolled up again, and the car leaves.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Marge and Loretta sit side by side at the bar.

MARGE

Now listen here Letta, there ain't
nothin' wrong with that boy, he 's
a good man!

LORETTA

You know, sweetness, it sounds to
me like you're trying to get out of
this here bet. If you are, fine!
But that means you lose.

MARGE

Now hold on! I'm not sayin' I give
in, I'm sayin' the bet is flawed!
He ain't got no demons in his
closet.

LORETTA

The phrase is skeletons.

MARGE

What?

LORETTA

Pardon.

MARGE

...Pardon.

LORETTA

Better. The phrase is skeletons in his closet. And he most certainly has one or two, just haven't found 'em yet! Maybe you can't. I can.

MARGE

And I'm sayin' you're wrong!

LORETTA

All right. All right. We'll forget about your side of the bet, but the bet is still on. You can bet there's nothing wrong with him, and I bet there is.

MARGE

All right, Loretta, I'll bet, but I'm not competing to win. I'm just bettin' you fail.

LORETTA

Loser leaves town.

MARGE

Loser leaves town.

EXT. LA STREET - DAY

Clark joins an intersection. Loretta watches from a distance in her white car. Clark is about to COMMIT JAYWALKING when...he pulls his foot back, and realizes it's not his time to go, and so he waits.

Loretta drives away annoyed.

EXT. MOVIE PREMIERE - NIGHT

Loretta watches. Clark is a guest of the premiere. He hands a bouquet of roses to the movie's leading lady, IS HE SHOWING FAVORITISM!? No. An assistant hands him the next bouquet of roses in a long line meant for the whole cast.

INT. LA PARK - DAY

Clark and a child with a lollipop and propeller hat stand side by side in a sunny park. Clark yanks a lollipop out of a kids hands. The kid starts crying. Clark places a different lollipop in his hand.

CLARK

Is this the flavor you like, little Timmy?

LITTLE TIMMY

Yeah! Thanks, mister!

EXT. ALLEY WAY - DAY

Clark shoves a man HARD TO THE GROUND. Zoom out, he just saved that GUY FROM A FALLING PIANO!

INT. LORETTA'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Loretta stands beside the fireplace, while James is seated.

LORETTA

How much time do we have left?

JAMES

Two days...

LORETTA

I need you to do something for me.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Carl sits outside his trailer watching the stars when he sees Marge's car start up. He's confused for a moment. He takes a peek inside as the car passes him by: IT'S A MAN INSIDE.

CARL

Hey! Come back! Thief! Thief!

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Late at night. Clark walks out of his bedroom yawning. Rita hurries behind him yapping.

Clark idly opens the door to the backyard, closes it, and goes to make himself a cup of coffee.

Clark heats up the kettle, gets some cream, instant coffee, adds a LOT of sugar, and stirs it all up. He turns round to us, and takes a couple sips. He feels like HE FORGOT SOMETHING.

He walks over to the door to his backyard and opens it.

CLARK

Rita!

He waits, and takes a sip.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Rita, honey?

Nothing. Clark steps outside.

EXT. CLARK'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

He looks around, checks left, checks right.

CLARK

Rita!

He hurries to the garden gate...IT'S BEEN OPENED. He drops the cup of coffee and starts running.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - CONTINUOUS

Clark runs down the road. In the distance he catches sight of a cheerful Rita running as fast as she can down the sidewalk. Clark runs faster. A CARS HEADLIGHTS APPEAR DOWN THE ROAD. RITA CROSSES THE ROAD.

CLARK

RITA!

Caught off guard by the bright lights, RITA STOPS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

Clark dives towards her BUT IT'S TOO LATE. We hear impact, and a yelp from off screen...and then the sound of a car speeding off.

Clark reaches down to Rita, then takes a quick glance at the car as it speeds off, HE RECOGNIZES THE MINT BLUE PAINT JOB.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Marge?

INT./EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Clark's driving his car, he's been crying. He pulls up to the trailer park, stops, and climbs out of the car. Starts marching through the rows of trailers.

CLARK

Where is she!? Where's Marge!? Come out!

The residents start popping out of their trailers, lights get turned on. Carl opens a door, and comes over.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Where is she!?

CARL

Now calm down, son. Tell us what's happening.

Clark sees the mint blue Buick, and stomps over to the trailer beside it. Just as he does Marge steps out.

CLARK

YOU! YOU RAN RITA OVER!

MARGE

What?

Marge falls over, terrified. Clark falters at the sight of her. The other residents rush over to protect Marge from THIS STRANGE MAN.

Clark looks around, he sees a baseball bat and picks it up. HE WAVES IT AROUND LIKE A GUN. For a minute we think he might SMASH MARGE'S WINDOWS IN, but then, he DROPS THE BAT, and starts to CRY.

CLARK

I saw your car, Marge! IT WAS YOU!
We were friends!

MARGE

Now, Clark, I ain't got a clue what you're talkin' about! What's wrong?

Clark looks for somewhere new to put his anger, so he grabs the door of Marge's trailer and starts pulling it off the hinges. Everyone backs away.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Stop it! Clark! You're scarin' me!

A guy like Clark shouldn't have that much strength, but eventually a hinge on the door POPS, and it COMES CLEAN OFF. He tosses it across the dirt.

CLARK

You ran Rita over! For what?

MARGE

I didn't! I would never! I wouldn't hurt her!

CLARK

OH YEAH!? So it wasn't you that let her out the day we met?

Marge goes quiet. Clark comes in closer, not angry anymore, just disappointed.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Letta told me. She told me everything! You bet her you could ruin me? Find dirt on me?

MARGE

That's not right.

CLARK

No?

MARGE

No! She bet me!

CLARK

Oh please.

MARGE

Clark—

CLARK

(interrupting)

You think I'm a push over, don't ya? Well I ain't Marge. We're done.

MARGE

Please, that's not how it was! I was bettin' you were a nice fella.

CLARK

I can't take the lies anymore
Marge. Rita—

Clark walks away.

MARGE

Clark. Clark!

Clark gets back in his car and drives away. Carl makes his way over to Marge.

CARL

You all right, Margie?

MARGE

Course! Right as rain! Just a little peeved Letta's always right.

CARL

If your fella saw—

MARGE

(interrupting)
He ain't my fella.

CARL

If that man saw your car run his dog over, well, it couldn't have been you because I saw someone take it.

Marge walks over to her car, and spots a blood stain on the front. SHE'S HORRIFIED.

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - NIGHT

Marge pulls up in her Buick, parks, and hurries inside, ANGRY.

INT. HEARST CASTLE - COSTUME PARTY - NIGHT

The people are loud and happy. Standing next to Marion Davies is WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST (78 exactly, looks like he's wearing a mission impossible mask of his own face). Loretta walks over to them.

HEARST

(weird and growly)
My dear woman...

W.R. starts coughing wildly. THE WHOLE PARTY GOES QUIET. W.R. clears whatever it was in his throat, and the party picks back up again.

HEARST (CONT'D)

(normal voice)
Why aren't you wearing a costume?

LORETTA

Well, gosh, I didn't know there was
a party WR!

HEARST

There's always a party...

MARION DAVIES

Yeah! There's always a party!

HEARST

Don't think on it for a second...We
can get you a costume in no time. A
hag perhaps? A witch with a big
nose? Maybe a Gypsy?

Across the party RITA HAYWORTH (who was part Romani), narrows
her eyes.

LORETTA

How considerate! Ain't he a doll,
Marion? Oh, but gosh darn it! I
just remembered I can't, my uh,
husband won't let me.

HEARST

(really sad)
Oh. Are you sure?

LORETTA.

Yes. Thank you. Now, sir, can I ask
a favor of ya?

HEARST

No. Now, how about a teddy bear
costume? Or a werewolf?

MARGE (O.S.)

WHERE IS SHE? WHERE'S LETTA!?

Loretta hears this, and moves towards the sound of Marge.

INT. HEARST CASTLE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Loretta comes down the hallway to see Marge shouting at
James.

MARGE

It was you, wasn't it! Where is
that harpy?

A few stragglers from the party come to watch Marge scream.
Marge sees Loretta, and stomps over.

MARGE (CONT'D)

You! How could you! Ya ran Rita over didn't ya! I don't know how you did it, but you stole my car, and you ran her over! How could you!? He hates me. You killed a dog!

Loretta comes over to hold Marge's hands in a mother daughter moment. Marge is taken aback, but doesn't stop it: she missed Loretta.

LORETTA

Darlin', you're imaginin' things. I would never, so, calm down. I've been here all evening. I can't have done it.

MARGE SEEMS CONVINCED UNTIL—

JAMES

No you were't...

LORETTA

He's lying!

Marge pulls her hands out of Letta's. Marge can't believe she fell for that!

MARGE

You lyin', no good—

LORETTA

(interrupting)

She's hysterical! Someone stop her, she's going to strike me!

JAMES

Letta is that why you had me steal the—

LORETTA

(interrupting)

My heart!

Loretta collapses in a faux heart attack.

MARGE

Darn it! Don't help her! She did this last year at the premiere of Rebecca.

LORETTA
(instantly ok again)
That movie was the devil's work!

When Marge sees all the people gathering around them she speaks to Loretta under her breath instead.

MARGE
(stage whisper)
You know what Clark did when he found me, Letta? He cried like a baby. You broke that man's heart.

LORETTA
(stage whisper)
He do anythin' else?

MARGE
(stage whisper)
Were you hopin' he'd hurt me, Letta?

LORETTA
(stage whisper)
No!

MARGE
(stage whisper)
You were! Oh my god!

LORETTA
(stage whisper)
That's blasphemy, young lady.

MARGE
(stage whisper)
I'm forty! Face it, Letta, you took the one thing he loves most, and all it did was prove he ain't evil!!!

Loretta and Marge start slap fighting, and pulling at each other's hair. Marion walks over, and claps her hands once: Marge and Loretta stop fighting.

MARION DAVIES
Ladies! What's this all about?

LORETTA

Listen here, I won a bet and she won't uphold her end! How very un sportsman-like! I proved it without a doubt!!! So, by the rules she set, I win, and she has to leave town!

MARGE

Ya didn't win, ya loon! He's a nice fella, and you can't stand that, you can't stand the idea some people ain't as mean as you! That's right, I said it!

MARION DAVIES

Now, now ladies. I know a sensible way we can sort this all out.

INT. HEARST CASTLE - BALLROOM - NIGHT

We're standing on a hastily put together set OF A COURTROOM. Seats in the back, desks, a witness stand, and a high up place for a judge (who happens to be Marion).

Marion's got a gavel and a smile, as well as a little cloak to make her look official. Marge and Loretta stand opposite each other, with a few other party guests off to the side.

MARION DAVIES

Hear me, hear me, court is in session! I decide who's won or lost the bet, capiche?

Everyone nods.

MARGE

Say, Miss Davies, are ya qualified to do this?

MARION DAVIES

When I was a teenager I played a glamorous sexy judge in Ziegfeld's Follies, so yes, I'd say so.

(bangs gavel)

So let me get this right, ya had a competition to see who could be the first to ruin Clark Tracy's life?

LORETTA

How crass!

MARION DAVIES

But pretty much accurate?

LORETTA

Yes.

MARION DAVIES

I see...Now, Letta, what were the terms of the bet exactly?

LORETTA

Well at first it was to get dirt on him, loser leaves town.

Clark walks into the ballroom, and leans against the doorway. Marge catches sight of him.

MARION DAVIES

But the bet changed?

MARGE

I bet that Loretta wouldn't find anythin' on him!

LORETTA

Oh you poor thing, you must have misremembered.

MARGE

Huh?

LORETTA

I was convinced Clark was a good man, and well, I felt awful about the whole thing. The bet was never my idea in the first place.

MARGE

Yes it was! Wait...

LORETTA

I tried to call it off, but she wouldn't have it. She's wanted my job for years.

MARION DAVIES

How awful! So, without anything to prove Clark's evilness, Loretta wins.

MARGE

What? No! I was betting he was a good man!

LORETTA

(ignoring Marge)

Exactly Marion. In fact I'd like to petition the court for an appeal. May I approach the bench, your honor?

MARGE

I want to approach the bench too!

MARION DAVIES

Loretta, yes. Marge, no.

Loretta hurries to Marion, and slides over a plain sheet of paper on which she's scribbled the words "LET ME WIN?"

MARION DAVIES (CONT'D)

The court will consider your petition.

LORETTA

Thank you, your honour-ess.

MARION DAVIES

Oh, I like honour-ess!

Loretta hurries back to her place.

MARION DAVIES (CONT'D)

Now, Letta, tell me how are you so certain Clark Tracy is a good man?

LORETTA

Of course your honour-ess. You see, Marge ran Rita over earlier tonight.

(GASPS IN THE COURTROOM)

Now if I was him I would've gutted her, but he did nothin' of the sort.

MARGE

No I didn't! My car was stolen! I'm not the one that ran her over.

Marge looks for Clark in the crowd, and it looks like he's STARTING TO DOUBT MARGE WAS THE ONE WHO DID IT.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Look, I ain't the best person, I'll admit it, but that don't mean I would hurt Rita. Fine, yes, I did open the gate that night to let her out, but not this time!

Marge finds Clark in the crowd again, HE'S DISAPPOINTED IN HER.

MARION DAVIES

I ain't ask for ya life story! Jeez! Letta, what about you?

LORETTA

Marge ran over poor little Rita! OH
POOR LITTLE RITA!!!

Loretta starts crying.

MARION DAVIES

Lookie here, I shudda asked
earlier, so I'm a little
embarrassed, but, who in the heck
is Rita?

CLARK

My dog!

The courtroom gasps AGAIN. Clark steps into the room, now
he's invested.

MARION DAVIES

THIS IS ABOUT A DOG? OH, JAIL. Take
Marge to jail, a real one.

MARGE

I didn't do it! Your honour-ess,
I'd like to call a surprise
witness!

MARION DAVIES

Interesting. The court would like
to hear from this witness.

Marge dashes out of the room. There's a moment of silence
while everyone waits.

Marge comes RUNNING back in, dragging James behind her.
There's chatter amongst the crowd. James comes to the witness
stand beside Marion.

MARGE

Go on, tell them what you know.

JAMES

...I was the one who let Rita out
of the garden, and I stole Marge's
Buick.

GASPS!

LORETTA

This has nothing to do with me! He
acted on his own! James, how could
you!?

JAMES

Loretta told me to do it, but she
was the one that ran Rita over.

MORE GASPS!

MARION DAVIES

Order! Order!

There's an OUTCRY in the courtroom. A RANDOM ACTRESS in the
fake jury stands.

RANDOM ACTRESS

Your honor, the jury is ready to
render a verdict.

MARION DAVIES

Who told you there was a jury? Get
down from there!

Put out, the people on the jury join the general audience.

LORETTA

Marion, if I may, I never said
Marge was the one who hit little
Rita, I said it was her car that
hit Rita.

Everyone thinks, THEY CAN'T ACTUALLY REMEMBER WHAT LORETTA
SAID.

MARION DAVIES

Ya did? Well all right then.

LORETTA

James stole that car of his own
volition, he's trying to cover his
tracks. I was just returning
Marge's car when Rita came down the
street! It was an innocent
accident.

CLARK

She's lying! Moments ago she said
Marge ran her over, now she's
claiming she did it, but it was an
accident!? She can't be trusted.

MARION DAVIES

See, I don't actually remember her
saying that...

CLARK

I do!

MARION DAVIES

Letta?

LORETTA

Yes, sugar?

MARION DAVIES

If you were returning the car, why
were you driving down Mr. Tracy's
street?

LORETTA

Well I live round there, sweetness.

MARION DAVIES

Really?

LORETTA

Yes, ma'am. So, I think you can see
now it was all just a terrible
accident!

CLARK FIRES A GUN INTO THE AIR! Everyone waits in silence for
an explanation.

CLARK

Sorry, I uh, that's something
people do in court rooms...don't
worry it's a prop gun.

MARION DAVIES

Good scene work, kid.

CLARK

Thanks. She's contradicting
herself! She said she was the one
that ran Rita over, wait no, she
said Marge ran Rita over, so she
just changed her story.

MARION DAVIES

You sure? You seem confused.

CLARK

Yes! She's lying! Damn it, can't ya
see it!?

Clark looks to Marge for help, BUT MARGE HAS GIVEN UP.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Marge, stand up for yourself! You remember what she said, don't ya? Loretta's not your friend, she never was! She ain't ever gonna love you the way you love her.

His plea falls on deaf ears.

MARION DAVIES

Contradicting reports indeed. It looks like we'll never know the truth...

Marge storms out of the room.

INT. HEARST CASTLE - HEARST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

W.R. sits in a big wingback office chair, obscured by the fireplace behind him creating a massive shadow over his face. Marge storms in. Hearst turns in his chair towards her.

HEARST

BLACKMAIL IS IT?

MARGE

No, sir... I came for help.

HEARST

I like a good bit of blackmail.

MARGE

Listen, mister, Loretta and I need a third party to keep things straight and simple.

Loretta bursts in.

LORETTA

MY HEART! I'M DYING! SHE'S GIVING ME A HEART ATTACK FROM THE STRESS!!!

HEARST

Now, now, you already tried that at the premier of Rebecca.

LORETTA

Darn it!

Loretta immediately gives up on the heart attack shtick. She closes the door behind her, and comes to stand beside Mr. Hearst.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Whatever she just accused me of sir
is what she did to me! Abusers are
like that.

HEARST

Abusers? Are you abusive Miss
Bishop?

MARGE

No!

LORETTA

Yes sir, she is. Abusers often
accuse others of what they've done
themselves. It's a horrible
practice.

HEARST

Hmmmmmmmm.

MARGE

I didn't accuse you of anythin' I
was gonna ask him for a way to
resolve this thing between us.

LORETTA

You run, sir, and I'll give her
what for!

MARGE

I just want another chance! Honest.
Fair!

Marge drops to her knees and starts begging.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Please, please, please, please,
please, please, please, please
please!

HEARST

What is she doing?

LORETTA

It's called beggin'.

HEARST

So that's what that looks like?

Marge shuffles closer.

MARGE

Please, please, please, please,
please, please, please, please
please! Give me another chance!

LORETTA

Hell no! No take backsies!

MARGE

Blasphemy!

LORETTA

Darn it!

MARGE

Blasphemy again!

LORETTA

Oh shut it! Marion said I win!

HEARST

Did she?

MARGE

No! She said she couldn't determine
a winner!

HEARST

That's right, Letta, you killed a
dog.

LORETTA

No. That was her.

MARGE

No it wasn't!

HEARST

I just don't know who to believe...
All right girls, I have an idea.

LORETTA

NO!

HEARST

I'm in a bit of a pickle. There's
this movie I want killed, but no
matter who I gosh darn ask to kill
it for me, the darn thing just
won't go away. I've tried bribery,
blackmail, intimidation, threats of
violence, nothing...

LORETTA

I can kill it, sir! You don't need
to mention it to her.

MARGE

I can do it first!

LORETTA

Nuh uh!

MARGE

Yuh huh!

HEARST

The first lady to destroy the film
reel for that picture wins.

MARGE

Deal!

LORETTA

Why can't you just ask me to do it,
sir?

HEARST

Well because this is more fun!
Whadda ya say, girls?

MARGE

Well jeez Mr. Hearst, what kinda
movie is it?

HEARST

(shrugs)
Haven't seen it.

LORETTA

Well what's it about?

HEARST

Me.

MARGE

Well who made it?

HEARST

A fella named Orson Welles.

LORETTA

Oh...him.

MARGE

Stupid name!

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - PARKING - NIGHT

Loretta dives into her white car, complete with chauffeur and drives off.

Right behind her is Marge climbing into her own car. Clark runs out after her. Marge rolls down her window to talk.

CLARK
What're you doin'?

MARGE
Well, I gotta win, Clark.

CLARK
You were right, it wasn't you. It was obviously Loretta, she hates you. I don't know why, but she does.

MARGE
She doesn't hate me.

Clark is shocked she doesn't see it.

MARGE (CONT'D)
She loves me. When I win, she'll give me the job I wanted, and I'll let her stay in town.

CLARK
What? Marge that's not gonna happen.

MARGE
It's I beg your pardon.

CLARK
Marge, just don't do it, the bet, the leavin', any of it. Damn it, who cares? You don't have to do anythin' Loretta says!

MARGE
I'm a lady of my word!

CLARK
But she ain't, Marge.

MARGE
I gotta go, Clark!

Marge rolls up the window and drives off.

EXT. PREMIERE - NIGHT

A smaller cinema than we've seen before. No glamorous actors coming in through the doors, photographers, or a red carpet. We sort of get the impression this is the ONLY THEATRE THAT WOULD PLAY THIS MOVIE.

Marge walks down the road in a red dress, feather boa, and platinum blonde wig. She looks around at the other guests and realizes she's over dressed. She throws her feather boa over her shoulders and keeps walking in.

On her way inside Marge collides with Loretta, also wearing a red dress and blonde wig.

You! MARGE You! LORETTA

MARGE (CONT'D)
Say, you know anythin' about this
flick?

LORETTA
Maybe I do, maybe I don't. What's
it to you?

MARGE
I just wanna know what I'm
destroyin' is all!

Loretta dashes inside, and Marge hurries in after her.

INT. PREMIER - CONTINUOUS

Marge quickly trips over her skirt, and falls face first into the ground. A few people try to help her up, but she gets to her feet on her own. She looks everywhere for Loretta, but she's disappeared.

Marge grabs a random man.

MARGE
Where's the projector room?

The man points left. Marge practically shoves him and takes off.

INT. PROJECTOR ROOM - NIGHT

Marge rushes into the projector room. Two men stand beside the projector, no Loretta.

MARGE
Stop right there!

PROJECTOR MAN
Ma'am you can't be here.

MARGE
I'm here for the film, boys.

PROJECTOR MAN
...We're not giving it to you?

PROJECTOR MAN 2
Yeah! Mr. Wells is real pleased
with this one.

PROJECTOR MAN
Yeah, he says this one's about Mr.
Hearst.

MARGE
How dare you!

Marge pulls a blazer off a coat rack in the corner, and puts
it on, then sticks a finger gun underneath to make it look
like she has a gun.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Hand it over, or ya both get some!

They put up their hands.

PROJECTOR MAN 2
Hey... you ain't got no gun.

MARGE
Yes I do!

Marge gesticulates with the faux pistol, both men flinch.

PROJECTOR MAN
Ya better do what she says!

PROJECTOR MAN 2
Okay boss!

Projector Man 2 reaches for the film, and holds it out.

MARGE
Say...this flick really about Mr.
Hearst?

ORSON WELLES (O.S.)
Why yes it is...

Standing at the entrance, everyone turns to see ORSON WELLES (late 20's, you know what he looks like, but he's skinnier at this point).

MARGE
I have a gun!

ORSON WELLES
Prove it.

Marge thinks for a minute.

MARGE
Bang, bang!

The two projector men duck. Orson Welles doesn't think anything of it.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Darn it! Ya caught me red handed, mister.

ORSON WELLES
I assume you're one of Hearst's lackeys?

Orson Welles takes out a cigar and lights it.

MARGE
I wouldn't say lackey...

ORSON WELLES
What would you say?

MARGE
Good friend? Dear employee?

ORSON WELLES
Tell me, what has this man ever done for you?

MARGE
Well I ain't got a job without him.

ORSON WELLES
Perhaps that's exactly what Mr. Hearst wants. If we were to strike him down here and now, with this very picture, it may well lead to a revolution. This single act of defiance could be a chance to break free of your shackles. Be brave, Nancy.

MARGE

Marge.

ORSON WELLES

You look like a Nancy.

MARGE

So true.

ORSON WELLES

Break free of your chains Marge!
Embrace a free world of-

Orson Welles TOPPLES FORWARDS to reveal Loretta standing behind him, holding a vase.

LORETTA

You bitch!

Marge scrambles to grab the reel off the projector men, forgetting about the fake gun under her blazer.

PROJECTOR MAN

Oh my god where did her gun go!?

Marge kicks Loretta in the private parts. Loretta curls into a ball on the ground and Marge hurries out, the film trailing behind her like a scarf.

PROJECTOR MAN 2

Hey lady, why'd ya keel over if ya
ain't got no balls?

LORETTA

It still hurts!

INT. PREMIERE - NIGHT

Marge starts running through the aisles of seats. A few people SEE SHE'S RUNNING WITH THE FILM AND TRY TO STOP HER.

They all fail, but her wig comes off. At the end of the aisles Loretta appears with her arms out like a goalie, at which point her wig falls off too.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Wait, is that the film?

MARGE

No! Shut up!

LORETTA
Traitor! I WILL BE MR. HEARST'S
FAVORITE!

Loretta jumps Marge. The crowd parts as the film rolls across the floor, and they once again start slap fighting.

Loretta hits Marge square in the face, IT'S A REAL PUNCH THIS TIME. Marge falls back dazed. Loretta hurries over to the film, grabs it and runs out of the cinema.

Marge sits up, and comes to her senses.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
Go get her!

MARGE
Don't tell me what to do, mister,
but all right!

Marge gets up and hurries after Loretta.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Loretta's running down the road with the film, cinema far in the background, when all of a sudden Loretta comes face to face with GEORGE AND HILARY: the just married couple from earlier in the film whose careers Loretta had ruined.

Hilary punches Loretta square in the face. George grabs the film off her. As Loretta curls up into a ball again, Hilary spits on her. Hilary and George run away with the film.

From the opposite direction comes Marge, she stops beside Loretta and looks for the film.

MARGE
Where is it you hussy!? Did ya hide
it somewhere!?

Marge starts looking through her skirts.

LORETTA
No, you loon!

MARGE
Then what happened!?

LORETTA
George and his whoooooore took it!

MARGE

The people you blackmailed? Which way'd they go?

LORETTA

But I'm wounded... Help me up?

Marge looks down the street, then back to Loretta. She does this a few times. Loretta reaches out, Marge takes her hand to help her up, and PULLS MARGE TO THE GROUND. Loretta climbs over Marge and starts THROTTLING HER.

Marge tries to push her off, but can't do it. Marge's eyes start to bulge until Orson Welles KNOCKS LORETTA OVER THE HEAD WITH A SIMILAR VASE.

Loretta falls back, unconscious. Marge gasps for breath.

ORSON WELLES

Quickly! To your feet Nancy! Get me back that reel of film! History awaits!

MARGE

Yes Mr. Welles, right away Mr. Welles!

Marge gets to her feet and runs off.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

George and Hillary stand at the dead end of an alleyway, the film in George's arms. Marge hurries over, blocking their exit.

MARGE

It's over!

GEORGE

No! No! No!

Hillary takes out a knife, and points it at the film.

HILARY

Mr. Hearst said he'd give us our jobs back if we killed it!

MARGE

Don't be rash!

GEORGE

If we destroy it, everything goes back to the way it was!

Marge is struck by what George and Hilary have been reduced to. Marge looks up to the night sky: we see the image of Orson Welles.

ORSON WELLES

(image in the sky)

Do you see now, Nancy? What Clark said was undeniably the truth. This will never change. It is an endless cycle called fate! You can either defy W.R. now, or forever live under his thumb. Choose! I, Orson Welles, believe in you, Nancy.

MARGE

Mr. Welles is right... Look what Mr. Hearst has done to us. To you! You're movie stars! Both of ya! You're better than this!

Hilary and George exchange a look: she's right.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Why, we shouldn't be destroying this film at all! It should be seen!

ORSON WELLES (V.O.)

Yes, Nancy, be brave!

GEORGE

Hilary, I reckon she's right. These people have ruined our lives, and what? We just gonna bow to them?

Hilary lowers the knife.

MARGE

(holding hand out)

I'll return it.

Hilary's knife goes up again.

HILARY

Don't do it George. She's just gonna take credit for the kill!

MARGE

I won't! Scout's honor!

GEORGE

Why can't we take it back?

Marge doesn't like the sound of that. She looks up to the image of Orson Welles in the sky again, he nods.

Marge STEPS ASIDE. Hilary and George hurry off down the road with the film.

INT. PREMIERE - NIGHT

The lights come up. There's cheers from the crowd as the credits for CITIZEN KANE play. The audience starts getting up from their seats.

MARGE
Wow...WHAT A STINKER!

INT. HEARST CASTLE - NEPTUNE POOL - NIGHT

The Neptune Pool is an open air pool surrounded by greek statues and palm trees. Loretta's smoking a cigarette with her feet in the pool.

Marge comes up behind her. They take note of each other. There's a moment of silence.

LORETTA
I hope you're happy.

MARGE
I ain't been happy in a long time,
Letta.

Marge sits down beside Loretta, Loretta passes her cigarette, but Marge rejects it.

MARGE (CONT'D)
You tell him we failed?

LORETTA
Gosh no! He'll find out soon
enough, sugar.

MARGE
Do you really believe everythin'
you say, Letta? Actually believe
it? Cuz, I could've sworn there was
a moment you convinced yourself it
was me that killed Rita.

Loretta ignores her.

MARGE (CONT'D)

It messes with my head. I trusted ya. Now I can't tell how I feel about Clark. Gosh darn it, Letta, it hurts my head. I wanna be able to trust my own thoughts and feelin's again.

LORETTA

See now, sweetness, that's your problem. It's not my fault Margie, you do that all yourself, you were the one that suggested this bet, and the outcome.

MARGE

You're doing it again! You're lying! I think, but I can't remember anymore.

LORETTA

Always the victim...

MARGE

I ain't goin' no where, Letta. Clark said I ain't gotta leave if I don't wanna.

Marge stands.

LORETTA

Come again?

MARGE

I've decided I ain't gonna gosh darn honor that bet. Put frankly, Letta, you're a liar, and the way I see it neither of us won, and that's final.

LORETTA

Oh, honey, you always do this, you know?

MARGE

Huh?

LORETTA

It's pardon.

MARGE

Why I outta!

LORETTA

You like to pretend you have an open mind, but you don't. You rationalize everything you wanna believe. Why else would you be single at forty?

Marge walks away.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

He's leavin'. Tomorra morin'.

MARGE

This was never about gettin' me to leave town, was it?

LORETTA

What are you talkin' 'bout now?

MARGE

You just don't want me happy. Clark made me happy...just for a moment, but he did.

LORETTA

Oh please.

MARGE

You fired me because I expressed an opinion.

LORETTA

You tell yourself whatever you need to, darlin'.

MARGE

Then made this whole bet up when you saw I was still gettin' work.

Marge has HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Well I'm done, Letta. Done. I ain't leavin', you hear me! And I ain't ever gonna pay you any mind, here on out! Goodbye Letta.

LORETTA

You'll be back.

Loretta waits for a reply. She doesn't get one. Loretta turns around to keep baiting Marge, BUT MARGE IS ALREADY GONE.

EXT. VET - DAY

Outside a bustling vet's office in LA. Clark rolls up in his car using a pair of sunglasses to hide his face.

He parks and turns the engine off, then takes a moment to compose himself.

He takes off his shades, wipes away some tears and puts them back on. He climbs out of his car and makes his way to the front door.

INT. VET - DAY

Clark walks in and gets stuck in a line for the front desk. The line moves forward a few times, until Clark makes it to the front.

RECEPTIONIST
How can I help?

CLARK
I uh, I'm here for my dog, ma'am.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh, sure! What's their name?

The receptionist gets ready to check a sheet. Clark swallows.

CLARK
Rita.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh...oh. Mr. Tracy?

Clark nods, and adjusts his glasses again.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
She'll be right out.

CLARK
Thank you.

The receptionist is about to walk away.

VET
I'm so sorry Mr. Tracy, they did everything they could for her.

The receptionist walks away, and hurries into the back. Clark starts to panic, he NEEDS TO GET OUT OF HERE.

CLARK

How much do I owe?

VET

Nothing Mr. Tracy.

CLARK

Come on now, I don't need ya'll
giving me something for free. You
should get paid for your hard work.

VET

Oh don't worry Mr. Tracy, we were!

RECEPTIONIST

By a lady in a tiny hat.

CLARK

A lady in a tiny hat?

The vet and receptionist nod.

CLARK (CONT'D)

She leave a name?

The receptionist rifles through some pages.

RECEPTIONIST

Says here...Marge Bishop.

VET

You know her?

CLARK

Yeah, yeah I do.

RECEPTIONIST

That's a mighty friend.

CLARK

She sure is.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Clark stands in line to get on a plane at a small airport.
His bags are packed, he looks ready to go, but his mind is
elsewhere.

MARGE (O.S.)

You were right!

Clark turns around. Marge stands at the end of the line, no ticket. Clark leaves the line, and hurries over. He's happy to see her.

MARGE (CONT'D)

I didn't need to listen to her. I admit it. I'm man enough to know when I'm wrong.

CLARK

Woman enough, surely.

MARGE

Well, that's not the phrase, now is it? Silly.

CLARK

Marge, about Rita—

MARGE

(interrupting)

I know you can't forgive me and that's fine. I wanted to see you off anyhow, because before you go I need to say somethin'.

CLARK

Marge, I won't—

MARGE

(interrupting)

Listen! It's important. I know we ain't the best of friends or nothin', but I won't forget you, and I'm sorry. I shudda known better, I shudda done better. I'm gonna do my best to be the journalist I wanted to be before all this!

Marge hugs him real tight, and runs off.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Thanks for everything Clark!

Clark's confused, he looks down at the return ticket in his hand: it's for two days from now.

CLARK

I won't be gone that long, ya kook...

INT. MASCULINE OFFICE - DAY

Marge sits in a big, dark, masculine office. A BUSINESS MAN stands off to the side playing mini golf as he gives her a job interview. He shoots a shot, misses, but fist pumps anyway.

BUSINESS MAN

Resume, go.

MARGE

I've worked for The Daily
Hollywoodland since I was a kid.
I've shot everything and everyone
in this here town, and all I ask
for is a chance at writing my own
stories!

BUSINESS MAN

Writing? No one **writes** anything
anymore.

...

Idiot says what?

MARGE

What?

BUSINESS MAN

Gotcha! Oh my god, I am so funny.
Yeah, yeah, I'll stop you there, we
won't hire ya.

The Business Man hands Marge a piece of paper with a series of names.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Hearst and Mrs. Highcastle
takes treason real serious like, ya
hear?

MARGE

Treason? I ain't committed treason!

BUSINESS MAN

Then why're you on a list of
commies? Commie.

MARGE

I don't know! But I love
capitalism! I love the stock
market, it's very predictable!

BUSINESS MAN

I know, right? If I could have sex
with the stock market...I would.

MARGE

So, you believe me?

BUSINESS MAN

No, get out.

INT. WEIRDO OFFICE - DAY

Marge sits in a kooky looking office for a job interview.
Opposite her is her potential BOHEMIAN BOSS.

BOHEMIAN BOSS

You have a strange aura about you,
can you explain that in more
detail?

MARGE

Uhhhhhhhhhhh.

BOHEMIAN BOSS

I'm sorry, but I'm just getting
this bad energy from you.

MARGE

Who? Me? No. No bad energy here!
I'm real chipper, see!

Marge gets up from her chair to do a little jig.

MARGE (CONT'D)

I ain't even need to write
anythin', I'll just take pics!

BOHEMIAN BOSS

Do you happen to sympathize with
the communist party?

MARGE

I'm not a communist!

BOHEMIAN BOSS

Ughhhhhhhhhh, this is so awkward,
but I actually have proof that you
are.

The Bohemian Boss slides the list of 'known communists'
across his desk to her.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

Marge sits in a tiny office being interviewed by a NERVOUS MAN wearing a suit that's way too big.

NERVOUS MAN
So. So. So. Uh, yeah, like,
honestly, you'd be a good fit round
here and stuff, but well ugh...

MARGE
I'M NOT A COMMIE!!!

The Nervous Man slides yet another copy of the list across his desk to her.

NERVOUS BOSS
(whispering)
Sorry.

INT. RUNDOWN CINEMA - NIGHT

Marge sweeps the floor of an old, rundown cinema lobby. She's wearing a chintzy red uniform, with an awful hat and name tag.

Marge stops sweeping, and has a look at her surroundings: she regrets going her own way, she looks totally defeated.

INT. THE DAILY HOLLYWOODLAND - 5TH FLOOR - DAY

Loretta's in conversation with her NEW ASSISTANT, James doesn't work here anymore.

LORETTA
She went mad, and then she ran over
that poor dog.

NEW ASSISTANT
That's awful.

LORETTA
You're tellin' me! Say, you get
those pictures I asked for?

NEW ASSISTANT
Before, durin' and after, just like
you said Ma'am!

LORETTA
Good job, sugar.

NEW ASSISTANT
Thanks, Letta.

Loretta hands her New Assistant her empty coffee mug.

LORETTA
No, SUGAR.

NEW ASSISTANT
Oh, shoot!

The New Assistant takes Loretta's mug, and runs off to get her some sugar.

From the elevator comes Marge. Loretta panics and rushes back into her office. Marge walks down the length of the fifth floor, and knocks on Loretta's door.

LORETTA (O.S.)
Come in!

Marge enters.

INT. THE DAILY HOLLYWOODLAND - LORETTA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marge walks in, and sits opposite Loretta at her desk.

LORETTA
What do ya want, Margie, I'm busy?

MARGE
Actually, I was wondering if ya'd give me my job back...

Loretta shifts quickly to affable.

LORETTA
Oh, we're better together, aren't we!? Finally you come to your senses!

Marge is disturbed by her lightning fast change of mood.

MARGE
I don't know, maybe I shouldn't have come.

LORETTA
Oh, don't be stubborn! Who'll hire you now?

MARGE
Stubborn? You tried to throttle me.

LORETTA

Now when did I do that? Oh Margie,
be fair, you can't get a job
anywhere else.

MARGE

Thanks to you!

Marge takes stock. Why did she come back?

MARGE (CONT'D)

Never you mind, Letta I don't want
my job back.

Marge stands, and goes for the door.

LORETTA

I'll raise your pay!

Marge stops, she looks over her shoulder at a desperate
Loretta.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Mr. Hearst made sure you'll never
work in this town again, unless you
work for me. So, pay rise, and we
smooth this over? Oh! Come back to
me Margie!

MARGE

Did James quit?

LORETTA

Why would you ask that?

MARGE

His desk's got some other fella's
stuff on it.

LORETTA

Well aren't you observant.

MARGE

I'm a journalist.

LORETTA

You're a photographer.

THAT'S THE LAST STRAW FOR MARGE.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

I mean, a valued photographer!
Margie!

Marge walks out.

INT. LORETTA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT.

Loretta's resting in a big bubble bath, candles everywhere, it should be relaxing, but she's SEETHING.

LORETTA
Honey!!!!

Loretta's husband opens the bathroom door (a candle in the foreground covers his face).

FREDDIE
Yes, my dear?

LORETTA
I need Dickie Bishop's telephone number!

FREDDIE
My dear?

LORETTA
JUST DO IT, FREDDIE!

FREDDIE
Right away, my love.

Freddie closes the door, and Loretta submerges herself in the water.

INT. MARGE'S TRAILER - DAY

Marge sits with the newspaper, crossing off potential jobs. There's a knock at her door. Marge stands, and opens.

In the doorway is TINA (20s, short hair, round face). She holds out a tray of brownies.

MARGE
Gee, you're a doll! Don't mind if I do!

Marge takes two, then three.

TINA
(whispering)
Margie...There's a guy watching you.

Marge looks over Tina's shoulder to a black clad man in the distance, standing beside a dark car. He's too far away to make out his face, BUT MARGE RECOGNIZES HIM.

MARGE

His name's Dickie.

TINA

Your ex? How'd he know where you were?

MARGE

Don't worry about it... ugh, laugh like I said something funny.

Marge knocks Tina on the shoulder, they both laugh. Tina hurries away. Marge closes the door.

She starts eating one of the brownies, and checks out her window for her ex...he's still there, and it doesn't look like he's leaving any time soon.

INT. MARGE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Many hours later, Marge looks out her window again, DICKIE IS GONE.

Marge grabs a suitcase, and starts stuffing things into it. She brings a notepad, pen, and her camera. She closes the suitcase up, grabs a coat, hat, and runs out the front door.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - CONTINUOUS

Marge gets to her car. She throws her suitcase into the back of her Buick, climbs in, starts the engine, and drives off.

EXT. ROAD OUT OF LA - NIGHT

Marge has been on the road a little while. She looks in the side mirror to see the headlights of a black car following her. She STARTS TO PANIC.

The black car speeds up to come side by side. Marge braces herself for it to slam into her...THEN SEES THE DRIVER ISN'T DICKIE.

The black car overtakes her, and drives off.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Clark drives up, and parks beside Marge's trailer. He grabs a box of chocolates from the side seat, steps out, and walks to her front door.

CARL (O.S.)
She ain't here!

Clark turns. Carl and Tina hurry over.

CARL (CONT'D)
She ain't here, kiddo, she left in a panic.

TINA
Oh yeah! Her ex husband was watching her real creepy like.

Clark GETS SERIOUS.

CARL
That man's bad news I tell ya, you need to find her. Oh, poor Margie...

Clark hurries back to his car.

CLARK
I will, I will! Which way'd she go outta the park!?

CARL
Left, to the interstate, hurry!

Clark drives off at top speed.

TINA
... At least leave the chocolates.

INT./EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

On the outskirts of north Cali, it's starting to rain a little. An exhausted Marge finishes topping her car up with gas. She seals everything up and walks off to pay inside.

A black car rolls up to the gas station, and out steps DICKIE (50's, an angry country bumpkin).

Marge walks back out of the gas station, and sees Dickie with his back turned. She hides behind a gas pump.

Dickie turns in her direction...he doesn't see her...Dickie turns away again.

Marge starts crawling to her car's rear bumper. She peeks under the car to see Dickie's feet turn in the other direction. Quietly, she opens the back car door and CRAWLS IN.

The car door closes, MAKING A LOUD CLICK. Dickie turns to SEE MARGE IN THE BACK SEAT.

Dickie throws open the back door, pulls out HIS SIX-SHOT SERVICE REVOLVER, and reaches for her. Marge screams, kicks him in the nuts, and DICKIE DROPS HIS GUN IN THE BACK SEAT.

Marge pulls the door closed, locks it, and scrambles into the front seat-taking Dickie's gun with her.

She starts the engine just as DICKIE PUTS HIS FIST THROUGH THE DRIVERS SEAT WINDOW. Dickie REACHES for her and YANKS OUT AN EARRING. Marge drives off as fast as she can, blood trailing from her earlobe.

INT. INTERSTATE - CONTINUOUS

Marge swerves onto the interstate. She checks her rear view mirrors for Dickie over and over.

Just when she thinks she might have lost him, she sees his black car behind her.

Marge turns her headlights off to help her hide, and drives right off the road and into the north Cali brush.

INT./EXT. INTERSTATE OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Marge drives into the brush as far as she can. She stops amongst some bushes, and turns the engine off. She checks her surroundings, SHE MIGHT BE SAFE.

The dribble of rain picks up. A moment passes. We see yellow headlights on the horizon.

Marge reaches for Dickie's SIX-SHOT SERVICE REVOLVER, she looks down to check the shots. When she looks up again, the mysterious car has come to a stop.

The lights are blinding, WHO IS IT?

Marge READIES THE GUN AT HER SIDE.

Marge looks up INTO THE FACE OF DICKIE. Dickie pulls open driver's seat door through the smashed window. Marge scrambles back and tries to escape out the opposite side. Dickie climbs in, and Marge FIRES THE GUN.

The shot misses Dickie, but the sound rings out across the landscape. Marge falls out of the car through the opposite door, AND STARTS RUNNING FOR HER LIFE.

INT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Clark drives down the interstate. HE HEARS THE GUN SHOT. Clark takes a hard left off road, chasing the sound.

INT./EXT. INTERSTATE OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

Clark slows down. He looks for the origin of the gunshot. ANOTHER GUN SHOT RINGS OUT. Clark swerves and picks up the pace.

A FIGURE QUICKLY APPEARS IN HIS HEADLIGHTS: MARGE.

CLARK STAMPS ON THE BREAKS.

Marge waves the gun around, terrified. Clark gets out with his hands up.

CLARK
Marge, it's me!

MARGE
Clark?

DICKIE
MATILDA!

CLARK
Get in!

Marge jumps into the passenger seat as Clark climbs back into the driver's seat. Dickie stomps towards them like Frankenstein's monster, but by the time they're in the car, Dickie's disappeared.

It's silent. Marge raises her gun to the windshield.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Jesus Marge! Put that thing down!
Where'd you get a gun anyhow?

MARGE
Around.

CLARK
Oh, around?

MARGE
Yeah, AROUND! It was his!

CLARK
It's his!?

MARGE
He wants to kill me, Clark!

Clark tries to drive off, but the car won't move. They look behind them. Dickie holds the car in place by the bumper.

MARGE (CONT'D)
Should I shoot him!?

CLARK
No!

MARGE
I'm gonna shoot him!

Marge points the gun, Clark swats it down.

CLARK
No, no, no! Don't shoot him, ya fruit cake!

DICKIE
Matilda, come out! I won't hurt you!

MARGE
He's lyin'!

CLARK
I figured!

Marge fires through the back window. Dickie ducks and lets go of the bumper.

CLARK DRIVES BACK ONTO THE ROAD. Dickie runs after them like the terminator. Clark tries speeds up, but the car won't do it.

CLARK (CONT'D)
We've got a flat!

Marge looks back to Dickie.

MARGE
Clark! He's keepin' up!

CLARK
Empty the gun Marge!

MARGE
What?

CLARK
When he catches us, I don't want
him to have a revolver! Do it!

MARGE
HE WON'T CATCH US IF YOU GO FASTER!

CLARK
I CAN'T, WE HAVE A FLAT!

Marge turns the revolver around, and empties the barrel,
rolls the window down, and tosses the bullets away. Just as
she does A DEER DASHES OUT ONTO THE ROAD

Clark swerves and HITS AN ELECTRICITY POLE.

Clark is out cold. Marge is just dazed. Dickie pulls the
drivers seat door open, and starts dragging Clark out into
the middle of the road.

Marge stumbles out after them. Dickie straddles the
unconscious Clark and readies a meaty fist.

MARGE (O.S.)
Let him go!

Marge raises the now empty gun at Dickie, HE DOESN'T KNOW
IT'S EMPTY. Dickie stops mid swing.

Clark comes to, he tries to shove Dickie off him. Marge drops
the gun. She tackles Dickie.

CLARK
Marge, no!

DICKIE HITS MARGE. Clark tackles Dickie. They're a three
person tumbleweed.

Headlights appear down the road, the car approaching slows
down. Out step two uniformed beat cops, pistols raised.

BEAT COP 1
Stop it right now!

Marge, Clark, and Dickie untangle themselves.

BEAT COP 2
Hands up!

They all put their hands up.

BEAT COP 1
Hands on your head!

Marge and Clark do as they're told, but Dickie hesitates.
DICKIE SHOVES MARGE TO THE GROUND, he lifts his fists, ready to hit her as hard as he can—

THE COPS FIRE! Dickie takes a shot to the arm.

The cops rush cuff Dickie. Dickie gets dragged away kicking and screaming.

Clark runs over to Marge.

CLARK
You ok, Margie!?

MARGE
Oh, Clark!

Marge and Clark hold each other. Marge reaches up to a bruise on Clark's face. Clark winces. Clark reaches for Marge's severed earlobe. Marge winces. They're both hurt, but fine.

INT. LORETTA'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Loretta's drinking tea in the same robe we saw her in at the beginning. Marge and Clark burst in.

MARGE
You're a horrid bitch!

LORETTA
What?

MARGE
It's I beg your pardon! You sent
Dickie my way! He had a gun Letta,
a gun! I could have died!

CLARK
Wait, she sent him!?

MARGE
How else would he know where I
lived, Clark?

LORETTA
Dickie found you? My poor baby!

Loretta hurries over to Marge and 'checks her over'.

MARGE

Get off me!

Marge shakes Loretta off. James walks from another entrance, he's been here for a few minutes already.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Dickie told me it was you.

LORETTA

Did he? Not a smart man.

CLARK

He did?

MARGE

No.

LORETTA

Damn it!

MARGE

See, Clark!

CLARK

My god, Letta...

LORETTA

It was an accident, sweetness! I didn't mean to tell him where you were, I couldn't have known.

MARGE

Clark, do you believe her?

CLARK

H.E. double hockey sticks, NO.

MARGE

Me either.

JAMES

What did you do, Letta? On second thought, forget what I said about wantin' my job back.

LORETTA FALLS BACK. SHE'S HAVING A SEIZURE. James rushes to her side, but MARGE AND CLARK DON'T.

MARGE

You can stop now.

Loretta keeps convulsing: THIS LOOKS REAL.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Give it up Letta.

JAMES

I don't think she's fakin' Marge!

MARGE

She is.

CLARK

You sure, Margie?

JAMES

I think she'd had an aneurysm!
Quick, Marge call an ambulance.

MARGE

She's fine.

JAMES

You can't be serious!?

MARGE

She's fakin'

JAMES

No one would fake this! Call an
ambulance!

MARGE

You don't know her like I do.

JAMES

Marge, please! Clark!

CLARK

She's not stoppin' Margie.

MARGE

Oh my god... Oh my god! James,
Clark, get her to the sofa! I'll
call an ambulance!

James and Clark lift Loretta up, and lay her on the sofa.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Clark, you go get some cold towels!

CLARK

On it!

Clark rushes out of the room.

MARGE

James, you get her somethin' to
drink when she comes to!

JAMES

Right!

James rushes out of the room.

MARGE

I'll go call the ambulance! hold on
Letta, I ain't lettin' ya go out
like this!

Marge slams the door to make it sound like she's left, then
HIDES IN THE CORNER.

Loretta opens one eye, then both. She stands, and hurries
over to the mirror to check her hair: SHE WAS FAKING.

Marge steps forward, SHE'S BEEN CAUGHT. Loretta turns around,
just as Clark and James rush in with water and cold towels.

Loretta clutches her head and starts swaying on her feet.

LORETTA

Oh, what happened, where am I? I
feel all numb on one side.

Loretta sticks her tongue out of her mouth on the left, and
lets her right arm go limp.

MARGE

Wrong side, Letta.

LORETTA QUICKLY SWITCHES WHICH SIDE HAS A LOLLING TONGUE.

James is HEARTBROKEN, he can't believe she lied about
something so serious.

JAMES

You were fakin'? What's wrong with
you!?

MARGE

She needs everything to be about
her.

James leaves, HE'S DONE WITH HER FOR GOOD.

LORETTA

Help, I'M GONNA TO FALL!!!

No one comes over. Loretta falls.

LORETTA (CONT'D)
My hip, I've broken it!

MARGE
...I'm gonna go now, Loretta.

Clark turns to leave, and waits by the door for Marge.

LORETTA
You'll never work in this industry
again!

Marge turns her back, about to walk out.

LORETTA (CONT'D)
How're you gonna live!? How're you
gonna make money?

Marge can't help it, SHE TAKES THE BAIT.

MARGE
Why me, Letta?

LORETTA
What?

MARGE
You coulda picked anyone, why'd it
have to be me?

Marge starts to cry when she realizes: LORETTA NEVER CARED
ABOUT HER.

MARGE (CONT'D)
I thought you picked me because you
liked me, but you picked me because
I was desperate. I love you. You
don't deserve it, but I do. I hate
myself for it. I want you to love
me back. It's all I've ever wanted,
but you don't love me, do ya? You
never will, ya never have.

Marge leaves with Clark.

INT. LORETTA'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Marge and Clark leave out the front door. The sun rises
outside. Loretta hurries into the foyer after them.

EXT. LORETTA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marge jumps in the driver's seat of Clark's car, Clark in the passenger. Loretta stands in her doorway, furious.

LORETTA
I won't take you when you come
crawling back!

Marge starts the car.

CLARK
(whispering)
This is my car.

MARGE
(whispering)
I got into the driver's seat on
accident, can I please drive it?
Please? I'll look real stupid if I
change seats now.

CLARK
(whispering)
Sure, sure.

Marge and Clark drive off. Loretta watches them go.

EXT. CLARK'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Days later. Marge stands at Clark's door with a bouquet of flowers. She adjusts her tiny fascinator.

Marge takes a deep breath, and knocks on his door. Linda answers.

MARGE
Oh, I was lookin' for Clark.

LINDA
Yes, evidently. He'll be here soon.
Oh, come in then why don't you?

Marge walks in.

INT. CLARK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dozen people are mingling in Clark's living room without him.

A little confused, Marge sits down amongst the people. Some of the guests are Linda's friends, her boyfriend, Nancy, and so on.

Marge looks up to a paper banner strung high up that says 'welcome home!'.

MARGE

Say, ain't he get back a couple days ago?

LINDA

Oh darling, that's not for Clark.

The front door opens, we can't see who it is from here.

LINDA (CONT'D)

(stage whisper)

Everyone hide!

Everyone hides. Marge takes a moment, then hurries behind the sofa. Someone switches the lights off. We hear footsteps approaching.

The LIGHTS FLASH BACK ON.

EVERYONE

SURPRISE!!!

In the living room entrance stands Clark AND RITA.

Rita yaps up at everyone, excited. She didn't escape unscathed though, she now has a little wheelchair for her back legs.

Rita's quickly bombarded with petting, treats, and cheers from everyone. Clark takes notice of Marge and comes over.

She hands him the bouquet.

CLARK

These for me?

Marge nods.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Well, gee. I ain't ever got flowers from a girl before. I love 'em. Thanks Margie.

MARGE

Oh, it's nothin'...

Clark gives her a kiss on the cheek, then leaves to find a vase for the flowers. For the first time in a long time, Marge is CERTAIN SHE MADE ALL THE RIGHT CHOICES.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Dickie sits in a cell whittling a bar of soap into a gun.

SUPER: Dickie was arrested for attempting to kill actor Clark Tracy (and some woman or whatever).

Dickie brandishes the soap gun at this cell mate, and the two get into a scuffle.

EXT. PARIS - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clark sits in front of a beautiful vista of Paris, working on a typewriter.

SUPER: Clark started phasing out his more physical roles to focus on producing and writing.

Marge walks on from off screen. They kiss.

SUPER: Clark and Marge married in 1946. They're doin' okay.

EXT. PERUVIAN JUNGLE - DAY

Marge snaps pictures of the flora in Peru.

SUPER: Marge became a travel writer.

A spider lands on Marge's shoulder and she FREAKS OUT.

SUPER: She won several awards for venturing to dangerous places others would be too scared to go.

MARGE IS STILL SWATTING THE SPIDER.

SUPER: Later on in life she and Clark adopted one child who she met on her travels. That child would go on to become a movie producer.

SUPER: Then that child's child would go on to become a DJ.

EXT. HEARST CASTLE - NEPTUNE POOL - NIGHT

We pan across the Neptune pool of Hearst Castle, twinkling amber lights reflecting off the water.

SUPER: Hearst Castle is real, and you can tour the grounds at midnight for roughly \$50 bucks. I've never done it, but boy do I want to. Do it for me.

INT. LORETTA'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

We see Loretta looking up at the big empty space where her picture of WR used to be.

SUPER: Loretta would go on to be wildly influential and ruin many more lives—just not Marge's.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

Static black screen.

SUPER: Orson Welles would go on to play his most iconic role, Unicron, in Transformers The Movie.

We see a screen shot of UNICRON from TRANSFORMERS THE MOVIE (1986).

FADE OUT:

THE END.