

ANGELS IN TWILIGHT

"Well?"

Written by
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SECOND DRAFT

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ANGELS IN TWILIGHT

"Well?" 1.4

CAST

JIMMY VIVONA

DANIELLE ANGELONI/HELEN

GINGER ADAMS

VITO RUSSO

VINNIE FERRO

GUISSEPE FERRO

J.P. PETERSON

JOE TORRE

WAYNE JOHNSON

STEFANO RUSSO

EDWARD GORDON

RALPH SPARKS

SANTINO

MARLENE

TART/WAITRESS

JULIE

PEPE ROMANO

DOMINIC FONTAINE

GLORIA

CHARLENE

BARBARA

GANGSTER #1

GANGSTER #1

DETECTIVE #1

DETECTIVE #2

OFFICER OWENS

SERIES TITLE

"Episode Title"

SETS

INTERIORS:

PRIMARY LOCATION

Secondary Location

Secondary Location

PRIMARY LOCATION

EXTERIORS:

PRIMARY LOCATION

Secondary Location

PRIMARY LOCATION

TEASER

FADE IN:

DREAM SEQUENCE - BLACK AND WHITE

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

DANIELLE'S P.O.V.

The room is filled with people and noise but nothing is in focus; just shadows and blurry figures.

As the voices become louder and the images become more clear Danielle is able to make out a martini on the table in front of her, then the center arrangement and finally the figure sitting across the table.

It's JIMMY VIVONA (deceased, episode 1) with a wound in his forehead and chest; he's wearing a TUXEDO but the stain upon his shirt is completely noticeable.

Jimmy lights a cigar and leans in to the table towards Danielle; the rest of the room and other figures remain out of focus.

JIMMY

(quite calm)

You tricked me into showing you
where I hid the money! Then you
stole it!

DANIELLE (V.O.)

It wasn't your money!

Jimmy laughs at her then sits back in his chair.

JIMMY

(still calm)

I worked very hard for that money.
Of course it was mine.

DANIELLE (V.O.)

So did I.

The background come slowly into focus; everyone is wearing a TUXEDO, even the women.

Loud, boisterous laughter comes from the back of the room; it's VITO RUSSO. Johnny stands at his side.

Off Danielle's P.O.V.

JIMMY
(still calm)
You're the thief liar at this
table.

DANIELLE
Takes one to know one pal!

Danielle goes to stand up, WIDE ANGLE SHOT, she's dressed only in her bra and panties. The room fills with laughter!

She quickly sits back down; Jimmy laughs heartily.

JIMMY
Since when did you become so shy?

DANIELLE
Gimme' your jacket!

Jimmy stands, drops his cigar into what remains of his drink then without another word walks away from the table.

Disgusted and somewhat pissed off Danielle takes a drink of her martini.

Someone holds a black tuxedo jacket at Danielle's side.

GINGER (V.O.)
Here, you can have mine.

Danielle reaches for the jacket and at the same time looks up at Ginger. Their eyes meet briefly then Ginger walks off into the crowd of onlookers.

Danielle glances down at the jacket's label.

DANIELLE'S P.O.V.

The label reads; *PROPERTY OF THE STARDUST RESORT AND CASINO.*

Off Danielle's P.O.V.

Danielle looks back across the room and spots Ginger again; this time she's sitting on Vito's lap and snuggled into his chest like a small child.

VITO
(to Ginger)
Why don't we go out for Gelato?

Ginger makes eye contact with Danielle again.

GINGER
(to Danielle)
Jealous?

End Dream Sequence - Black and White

INT. VINNIE'S HOUSE, GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Danielle's eyes open quickly, she's covered in sweat!

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. VINNIE'S HOUSE, GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Still bruised and sore from the night before Danielle sits up slowly then looks over at the clock on the night stand; she reads 12:36 am. Danielle slowly gets up from bed and heads towards the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Guissepe stands at the stove stirring a pot of home made sauce.

Vinnie's on the phone with Johnny.

VINNIE
Just bruises and shit.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
What should I tell Vito?

VINNIE
Tell him "all's well in Nevada and that 'red' will be back in L.A. In a few days".

JOHNNY (O.S.)
OK. Well, tell her we all send our best.

VINNIE
OK.

Vinnie hangs up the phone then looks over to Guissepe.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
Well, that went better than expected!

GUISSEPE
Johnny's got a level head. He'll do the right thing.

DANIELLE (O.S.)
Right thing about what?

Danielle walks into the kitchen.

VINNIE
Hey kiddo. How ya feelin'?

She's walking a bit slow and is still dressed in pajamas.

DANIELLE
A little rough around the edges but
I'll be just fine.

She shuffles past Vinnie and heads towards Guissepe and the wonderful aromas coming from the stove.

Danielle notices some sliced bread upon the butcher block, she reaches for a slice and dips it into the sauce.

GUISSEPE
Here.

He grabs then slides a small saucer under her hand and the soaking bread.

GUISSEPE (CONT'D)
It's really hot, be careful.

Danielle is famished; she blows at the sauce soaked bread.

DANIELLE
A slight burn would be nothing to
me right now.

VINNIE
(with a laugh)
Well! Someone's feeling better!

Danielle takes a big bite of the sauce soaked bread then dips what's left back into the pot.

DANIELLE
(closing her eyes)
Ummmm.

GUISSEPE
Not bad huh?

DANIELLE
(mouth full)
Almost as good as Nonna's, could
use a touch more sugar.

Danielle blows at the last bit of bread then shoves it into her mouth.

Guissepe closes his eyes and remembers his own grandmother's cooking.

VINNIE

I remember Sunday's at Nonna's as
if it were yesterday!

DANIELLE

Me too.

The three of them share the moment of fond memories in
silence.

Danielle reaches for another slice of bread.

VINNIE

Eat as much as you want. It'll get
your strength up.

Vinnie walks to the side door.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

I'm runnin' into town do you need
anything?

Danielle shakes her head *NO*.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES, VITO RUSSO'S HOUSE - DAY

Johnny walks into Vito's library which he uses as his office.
Vito's sitting at a desk sipping coffee.

JOHNNY

Just got off the phone with cousin
Vinnie. Every things going well,
Danielle will be heading back in a
few days.

VITO

Good, good. Ask her over to dinner
this Sunday. Tell her I insist this
time.

Johnny nods his head.

JOHNNY

You got it.

Johnny takes a seat in front of Vito's desk.

VITO

Well. What else do we have going on
this week?

Johnny reaches into the breast pocket of his blazer to retrieve a tiny note book. He flips it open and starts to read off a list.

JOHNNY

This afternoon we have the meeting in China Town, tomorrow you're taking Rosa out to dinner and a show, Wednesdays wide open, the ponies on Thursday, lunch with Sal G on Friday, a game of Bridge here then dinner and drinks at The Fountain on Saturday.

Vito starts to laugh.

VITO

I'm still a pretty busy guy!

Johnny nods with a smile.

JOHNNY

Busy enough, that's for sure.

Johnny pencils in Sunday dinner then closes the note book and slips it back into his pocket.

He stands then walks towards the door.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Finish your coffee, I have a few more calls to make. Then we can prepare for this afternoons meeting.

Vito reaches for his coffee.

VITO

Thanks Johnny!

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES FILM STUDIO, OFFICES - DAY

J.P. PETERSON walks down the long hallway and reaches for the door knob to his production offices; his name stenciled upon the frosted glass panel.

He enters the office and is greeted by his smiling secretary, MARLENE.

J.P.

Good morning Marlene.

MARLENE
Morning sir.

He proceeds to walk past her desk and into his office.

J.P.
Any calls?

MARLENE
I've put three messages on your
desk.

J.P.
Thanks.

MARLENE
Oh, and a messenger sent this over.

She hands him an envelope.

MARLENE (CONT'D)
It's from MGM, looks important.

J.P. Reaches for the envelope and looks at the return
address; it's from the Legal Department.

J.P.
My contract's come due.

He continues to his office and closes the door behind him.

J.P. Walks past his desk and towards the small window; he
pushes it all the way open.

He walks around his desk and sits down, in front of him sits
a nice black TYPEWRITER with a single blank piece of paper in
it.

J.P. Looks pensive. He sits back and tears open the envelope;
he pulls out and opens the letter, then reads it.

J.P. Sighs then crumbles up all of it and tosses it into the
trash.

CUT TO:

INT. GINGER ADAMS HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Ginger stands at the counter putting the finishing touches on
a T.V. TRAY of food; cottage cheese with fruit, two slices of
toast with butter and jam, lone soft-boiled egg, a cup of
coffee and a small glass of orange juice.

She picks up the tray and proceeds out the door wall and onto her back patio. Her kitty follows at her feet.

GINGER
(to the cat)
Out of the way Miss Kitty.

Once outside Ginger walks over to a covered seating area. She sets the tray upon a small table and takes a seat upon a plush lounge. Miss Kitty still at her feet.

Ginger reaches for a small folded napkin and opens it to reveal some left over chicken meat and sets it on the concrete; Miss Kitty digs in.

GINGER (CONT'D)
(to the cat)
Breakfast for her royal highness.

Ginger sits back in the chaise; a weeks worth of mail (previously brought outside) sits piled next to her. She reaches for the first envelope and opens it. as she reads the letter a big smile comes across her face.

Ginger holds the letter towards Miss Kitty.

GINGER (CONT'D)
(to the cat)
Momma's got another fan letter!

The cat continues the eat the chicken meat. Disinterested.

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S HOUSE, HITCHEN - DAY

Danielle sits at the small kitchen table with an empty saucer in front of her.

DANIELLE
I've officially ruined my appetite
for dinner.

GUISSEPE
Just warm up left overs later
tonight.

DANIELLE
I'm not sure I'll be here tonight.

Guissepe looks around to make sure Vinnie's not around.

GUISSEPE

Vinnie hear you say that and he'll
hit the roof!

DANIELLE

Oh I'm fine, just a little sore
that's all.

GUISSEPE

He's very protective of you, you
know?

DANIELLE

Yeah, I know.

GUISSEPE

I almost forgot. Another box came
for you this morning. More wigs I
gathered.

DANIELLE

That's perfect! I was actually
thinking of having my hair colored
back this afternoon!

GUISSEPE

I guess Vinnie wouldn't mind if you
only went to the beauty salon.
Seems harmless enough.

DANIELLE

I should hope so!

Vinnie walks in from the backyard holding a bundle of fresh
picked tomatoes in his arms.

VINNIE

Picked some for canning. Dani you
can take a bag home to L.A. We got
more than enough!

Guissepe gets up from the table and starts to help Vinnie
unload all his ripened fruit.

GUISSEPE

Hey. Danielle and I were just
talking about what she could do to
get some fresh air.

VINNIE

Oh no! You're not leaving this
house today!

GUISSEPE
 Couldn't she go to the beauty
 salon?

Danielle turns and smiles ever so gently at Vinnie who's at the kitchen sink getting ready to rinse the tomatoes.

DANIELLE
 I'd just be sitting there while
 having my hair and nails done. It
 would really make me feel better!

Vinnie looks over at Guissepe who had a look in his eyes as if he's already given his approval.

VINNIE
 Well... OK.

Vinnie points at Guissepe sternly.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
 But you're driving her!

CUT TO:

INT. JOE TORRE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

A disheveled Joe is going through the pockets of his trousers looking for his wallet. He finally finds it and when he opens it there isn't any cash inside.

He calls out towards the front of the house.

JOE TORRE
 Gimme a sec babe!

He lunges towards the picture on the wall, pulls it down and tosses it onto the bed.

QUICK CUT:

Joe walks out of the bedroom with a wad of TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS in his hand.

JOE TORRE
 For the cab ride home and whatever
 else you'd fancy.

The girl takes the cash.

TART/WAITRESS
 Thanks Joe.

She leans in and gives him a kiss.

The girl then casually walks out the front door and towards the waiting cab. She has a big grin on her face; having robbed him blind last night... and he doesn't even know it!

Joe waits for the cab to back out of his driveway, waives good-bye then closes the door. He head's back towards the bedroom scratching his ass.

END OF ACT ONE

INT. LAS VEGAS, BEAUTY SALON - DAY

Danielle is sitting in a chair as JULIE begins to apply dye to her hair.

JULIE

Helen, I can't believe you want to dye it back already? The lighter color suited you.

DANIELLE/HELEN

I'm heading home in a few days.

JULIE

So back to the natural color to please mom and dad... understood!

Julie laughs a little.

DANIELLE/HELEN

Yeah, something like that.

JULIE

Say no more! I've done this dozens of times. Half the girls in this town do the same thing.

Julie begins to work Danielle/Helen's hair at her neck and pile it upon her head.

Julie starts to notice some BRUISES just below her collar; she peeks under the cape to get a better look.

Julie's reaction is seen by Danielle/Helen in the mirror.

DANIELLE/HELEN

They don't hurt. Really.

JULIE

Well it isn't for me to say but... Listen honey, any man that does this to a woman is worth less than a penny in a jar!

Danielle looks out the window towards Guissepe who's sitting patiently in his car.

DANIELLE/HELEN

(dismissing)

It's over anyway.

Julie looks out the window.

JULIE

So who's the fella in the Caddy?
That isn't him. Is it?

DANIELLE/HELEN

Oh no! That's my cousin. He didn't
like the bruises either so now he
won't let me out of his site.

Danielle/Helen can't tell if Julie believes her or not. Julie
finishes with the dye then wraps her head with cellophane so
it can set.

DANIELLE/HELEN (CONT'D)

How long does this generally take?

JULIE

About an hour should do the trick.

Julie starts to gather the bowls and dye brushes to take to
the sink.

JULIE (CONT'D)

So, where's home anyway?

DANIELLE/HELEN

Los Angeles.

JULIE

The city of angels.

Danielle/Helen smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. RACE TRACK, STABLES - DAY

Johnny casually walks through the stables; stopping
periodically to look at a horse.

He notices a group of men at the opposite end of the stables
then continues to walk towards them.

Of the group of men, the youngest notices Johnny; he smiles
and nods.

As Johnny reaches the men he and WAYNE JOHNSON walk off
together leaving the rest of the group behind.

JOHNNY

Another beautiful day in L.A.

WAYNE JOHNSON

Yes sir.

JOHNNY

Call me Johnny kid.

Wayne nods.

WAYNE JOHNSON

Yeah Johnny.

JOHNNY

Good. So you impressed Mr. Russo last week. Very much so that he's sent me here to ask if you'd consider doing some work for him.

Johnny adjusts his hat.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

... you know. On the side.

He winks at the kid.

WAYNE JOHNSON

I'm honored. What did he have in mind.

JOHNNY

Well. That's the funny thing about this business. We don't have anything in mind, not just yet. But... Mr. Russo sees something in you kid, something he saw in me once and let's just say he's opened a door for you.

WAYNE JOHNSON

A door?

JOHNNY

Yeah. To a bright new future. You're big and strong but also quite bright. Don't see that often in this biz.

(he stops walking and
looks at Wayne)

So what do you say kid. You in?

Wayne looks over towards the clubhouse and thinks for a moment. Then he turns back to Johnny.

WAYNE JOHNSON

Yeah, I'm in!

JOHNNY
(with a smile)
Good answer.

Johnny shakes Wayne's hand then reaches into his breast pocket and removes an ENVELOPE; he hands it to Wayne.

Wayne folds it in half and quickly slips it into his back pocket.

WAYNE JOHNSON
Ok. So what do I have to do?

JOHNNY
Do what you normally do everyday
and when he needs you I'll call.
Might be tomorrow, or six months
from now.

Johnny looks straight into Wayne's eyes.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
But remember this... when you do
get the call. Listen carefully,
keep a level head and watch your
back.

Wayne nods.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(referring to the gift of
money)
There will be plenty more of those
as well.

WAYNE JOHNSON
Tell Mr. Russo it will be an honor.
I won't let him... or you down.

Johnny nods then takes a good look around the track which aside from a few horses in training is completely empty.

JOHNNY
So kid. What do you do for lunch
around here?

CUT TO:

INT. VINNIE'S HOUSE, GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Danielle sits at the dresser staring at herself in the mirror. Her hair is back to it's original color.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

VINNIE (O.S.)
Hey Danielle?

Danielle continues to look at herself in the mirror.

DANIELLE
Yeah?

VINNIE (O.S.)
I gotta go meet some guys.

DANIELLE
Fine by me.

VINNIE
'G' is out back if you need
anything. OK?

DANIELLE
OK.

Danielle looks over towards a BOX sitting on the bed. She gets up and reaches for it; starts to pull out an assortment of wigs. One is long and blonde.

Danielle sits back down and starts to put on some make-up.

CUT TO:

EXT. VINNIE'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Danielle bolts out the back door towards the garage. Guissepe's inside tinkering with the engine of the Ford Sunliner and doesn't hear her approach.

When Guissepe finally looks up he's startled at first, then he realizes it's Danielle.

GUISSEPE
Jesus! You scared me!

DANIELLE
Sorry.

GUISSEPE
What's with the get up?

Referring to Danielle; tarted-up and wearing a blonde wig.

DANIELLE
Gimme my keys.

GUISSEPE

Oh no. I promised Vinnie. You're not going out!

DANIELLE

Com 'mon, I have to. I'm gonna loose Joe Torre if I don't!

GUISSEPE

That creep! Probably doesn't remember you from the last girl he's tossed!

DANIELLE

Exactly! That's why I have to keep reminding him. Besides... I'm headed back to L.A. tomorrow.

Guissepe doesn't respond at first then slowly pulls her car keys out of his pocket. He holds them towards her but as she reaches for them he pulls his hand back.

GUISSEPE

Vinnie won't be gone too long so don't be too late.

Danielle walks closer and takes the keys.

DANIELLE

There and back in a flash. I promise!

GUISSEPE

Better be or I'll be the bruised one around here.

Danielle nods then turns towards her covered T-Bird.

DANIELLE

(with her back to Guissepe)

If he gets home before me tell him I just ran out to fill up the tank.

Guissepe, feeling he's just possibly been duped, tosses an oil stained rag towards the work bench. Turning back he watches Danielle uncover the car.

GUISSEPE

(shaking his head)
Let me help.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MASS. HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL - DAY

A group of well dressed handsome young men walk along a path. They're surrounded by well kept gardens and blossomed trees.

Together they enter the main building then separate off towards their classes; STEFANO RUSSO and classmate EDWARD GORDON lag behind.

STEFANO

Three more hours and we're free for the summer! So, you'll be driving out in two weeks then?

EDWARD

Not sure I can?

STEFANO

What do ya mean? We've had this planned all year! You can't back out now, I've already promised Mr. Evans I was bringing a friend.

EDWARD

(saddened)

My dad wants me to intern at his firm. I'll be lucky if I get a few long weekends.

STEFANO

(encouraging)

Tell him you already have a summer job lined-up and a place to stay as well.

Groups of students continue to filter by.

EDWARD

I don't know. He said he really put his neck out there to get me into the program. They never take Freshmen! I don't want to let him down.

STEFANO

Nonsense!

Interns are a dime a dozen! Tell him you've already committed to this job. Besides, you don't even want to go into law anyway!

EDWARD

A pool boy at the Beverly Hills Hotel...

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 he'd bust out laughing then drag me
 straight off to his firm.

STEFANO
 Remember, he was once your age.
 He'll let you come. If he doesn't
 I'll ask my father to give him a
 call. Smooth things over.

EDWARD
 Oh great! Instill the fear of GOD
 into him. That should do the trick!

Both laugh at the idea.

STEFANO
 He's adjusted to the fact that
 we've become friends. He should
 speak with my father, then he'd
 find he's as good a man as any.

The class BELL sounds off. Edward and Stefano split up and
 join the last few students rushing off to class.

STEFANO (CONT'D)
**Just think about it, I don't fly
 out until tomorrow morning.**

Edward nods to Stefano just as they each enter their
 respected classrooms.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE TORRE'S CLUB, OFFICE - DAY

Ralph sparks works diligently at counting money as Joe Torre
 looks over the previous days receipts.

JOE TORRE
 You sure this is accurate?

Ralph doesn't even look up.

RALPH
 Yes sir.

JOE TORRE
 Unbelievable! What was it again? A
 Shriner's convention?

RALPH
 Elks Lodge. One of the guys turned
 fifty I heard.

JOE TORRE
Twenty percent higher than usual!

Ralph finally looks up; he clears his throat.

RALPH
Actually twenty-eight.

Joe looks confused at first then looks down towards his floor safe.

JOE TORRE
Nice!

There is a KNOCK on the office door.

JOE TORRE (CONT'D)
Yeah?

SANTINO (O.S.)
There's some dame askin' for ya up front!

JOE TORRE
Did you get her name?

SANTINO (O.S.)
No. Shelly just said she was a blonde.

Joe shakes his head.

JOE TORRE
(under his breath)
I'm surrounded by half-wits!

Joe sets the paperwork down and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE TORRE'S CLUB, ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

Joe checks his hair in a large mirror as he walks to the front of his club. As he turns the corner a smile comes to his face; he recognizes the dame.

JOE TORRE
(walking up to
Danielle/Helen)
Well well, look what the Kit Kat
Club drug in...
Helen isn't it?

DANIELLE/HELEN
Hey Joe. So how've you been?

JOE TORRE
Swell. And you?

DANIELLE/HELEN
Can't complain myself.

JOE TORRE
So what brings you out so early in the evening?

DANIELLE/HELEN
I took a chance you'd be here, alone and sans your Harem. I guess I was right.

JOE TORRE
The ONE night I'm surrounded by girls... that's the impression you have of me!
What you don't know is I'm often alone or just with my guys.

They flirt.

DANIELLE/HELEN
Alone or lonely?

JOE TORRE
Is there a difference?

DANIELLE/HELEN
Depends.

JOE TORRE
On what?

DANIELLE/HELEN
Many things. We should discuss over dinner.

Joe extends his elbow out towards her. She takes his arm and together they walk into the club's modest dining room.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE TORRE'S CLUB, DINING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Joe and Danielle/Helen sit at a table enjoying dinner and cocktails.

DANIELLE/HELEN

So what brought you out here to Vegas when you could own a club anywhere more interesting... not to mention cooler?

JOE TORRE

More interesting? I couldn't pass up the opportunity to run this club.

DANIELLE/HELEN

I thought this was your club?

JOE TORRE

On paper it is. That's all that matters now isn't it doll?

DANIELLE/HELEN

Must pay pretty well?

JOE TORRE

Your bold! ... You wouldn't believe me if I told ya!

DANIELLE/HELEN

Try me.

JOE TORRE

With my luck you'd be the personal secretary to my competition over at the Stardust!

DANIELLE/HELEN

Personal secretary! Not me, never!

She laughs.

JOE TORRE

OK, so what do you do then?

DANIELLE/HELEN

I'm studying acting.

Joe can't help but laugh.

JOE TORRE

Looking to get into one of the shows? I can help with that.

Joe points to the empty stage in front of them.

DANIELLE/HELEN

No way! I want to be in pictures.

JOE TORRE
So what are you doing in Vegas?

DANIELLE/HELEN
Visiting a cousin.

Danielle/Helen looks at her watch.

DANIELLE/HELEN (CONT'D)
Oh, I've lost track of time. I
really need to get going.

Joe appears confused.

JOE TORRE
Go? We haven't finished dinner.

DANIELLE/HELEN
I'm sorry. I borrowed my cousin's
car and we're leaving for L.A.
tomorrow morning.

JOE TORRE
(being coy)
So back to Troy, Helen you go.

DANIELLE/HELEN
(with a smile)
Something like that.

JOE TORRE
Got an audition?

DANIELLE/HELEN
Yeah, with a director.

JOE TORRE
Big part?

DANIELLE/HELEN
Nah. It's pretty small. When all's
said and done I'll probably end up
on the cutting room floor.

A cocktail waitress walks by; Joe can't help but check the
girl out.

JOE TORRE
So you're coming back then?

DANIELLE/HELEN
I promised my cousin the entire
summer. I shouldn't be gone longer
than a week.

JOE TORRE

Then let me treat you to a proper
night out when you return.

Danielle stands from the table.

DANIELLE

I'll hold you to it!

Hoe stands and walks Danielle out of the dining room. As they enter the main gallery Danielle notices the crowd is picking up. Large groups of men with matching hats walk by.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Looks like you're going to have a
busy night!

JOE TORRE

Yes it does!

CUT TO:

EXT. VINNIE'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - NIGHT

Danielle pulls the car up the long driveway and into the back yard. Vinnie, looking quite pissed-off stands with his arms crossed in front of the garage.

Danielle gets out of the car.

DANIELLE

Hey Vin!

VINNIE

Don't give me that! It won't work
this time.

DANIELLE

What, I juts went to fill 'er up.

VINNIE

My ass! I've been home almost two
hours now.
It doesn't take that long to go to
the station and back.

Danielle rolls her eyes, turns then starts to walk to the house.

VINNIE (CONT'D)

I'm not kidding Danielle! Don't
make me call Johnny!

Danielle keeps walking.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
Better yet... don't make me call
Vito!

Danielle turns around quickly; game on!

DANIELLE
You wouldn't dare!

VINNIE
Just watch me kid! And I'll tell
him everything!!

Danielle stomps her foot, crosses her arms then sighs loudly.
She's been trumped!

DANIELLE
Fine!

Vinnie walks towards her.

VINNIE
It's for your own good. Let
yourself heal kid. The guy on the
skim isn't goin' anywhere!

Danielle looks up towards the star filled sky.

DANIELLE
Maybe I should head home for a
while? Lay on the beach, heal
there.

Vinnie looks up too. Danielle sighs again.

VINNIE
Yeah. Sounds good. Too many
distractions here. Besides I'd
figured you'd be heading home.

DANIELLE
Yeah. And I could really use the
rest.

Vinnie starts to walk towards the house, Danielle follows
slowly behind.

The reach the back door.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Don't be mad at me 'G', OK?

VINNIE

OK.

Fade to black

END OF ACT TWO

INT. DANIELLE'S BEACH HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Danielle walks in the door carrying her luggage. She tosses the case onto the couch then proceeds to the door wall.

After opening the door she kicks off her shoes, walks out onto the back porch then down the stairs and onto the sand.

She just keeps walking until she's in the ocean up to her knees; she finally stops, crosses her arms and looks out towards the setting sun.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES SUPPER CLUB - EVENING

Johnny De Leo sits at a large round table with other friends, acquaintances and their girls/wives.

PEPE ROMANO and DOMINIC FONTAINE have been best friends with Johnny since the three of them were in grade school. All three are now in 'the business' one way or another.

This evening their dates, which vary from time to time are GLORIA, CHARLENE and BARBARA.

Johnny lights a CIGAR, takes a drag then looks over towards Pepe who's got his arm around Charlene.

JOHNNY

Man, those Cubans really know their stuff!

PEPE

Dom and I brought back a couple dozen last week and have an order for two thousand more. We'll get it in about a week.

JOHNNY

They'll be really easy to move. You should triple the first order, I'll get in on the action if you're lookin' for another partner.

PEPE

You seem to have a hand in just about everything already. The track, gambling and your cut from Vito.

DOMINIC

We've got the cash.

Dominic looks over to Pepe.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
Maybe we should increase the order?

JOHNNY
Gotta step up your game boys! Go bigger, wider. It's all about distribution.

PEPE
I'll make a call tomorrow. Done deal.

JOHNNY
Well, at least let me help you move some of the merchandise. I know some guys, they'd love this shit!

The house band takes the stage then quickly starts playing a nice, slow tune.

Johnny takes another drag off his cigar; his girl, Gloria, waives the smoke away.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Sorry doll! I know you hate this stuff.

GLORIA
They're strong that's all.

Johnny gently snuffs the cigar out in an ashtray.

JOHNNY
I'll save it for later.

DOMINIC
So how are things with Mr. Russo these days? I haven't seen him in ages.

Johnny stands up and reaches for Gloria's hand; she takes it and together they walk towards the dance floor.

Johnny turns back to Dominic.

JOHNNY
(big smile)
Never been better!

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS, J.P. PETERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

J.P. Sits alone in a retro chair drinking bourbon; The bottle on a side table.

He takes one gulp after another until he finishes what's in the glass then reaches for the bottle.

CUT TO:

INT. DANIELLE'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Danielle's curled-up on one corner of the couch flipping through the latest issue of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC EXPLORER. A cocktail and lit cigarette in an ashtray on the table next to her.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

Danielle sets the magazine upside down on the couch, stands and heads towards the door.

DANIELLE

Yeah?

CHARLOTTE

It's me!

Danielle recognizes the voice and unlocks the door.

In walks Charlotte White dressed as if she's ready to hit the town.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

You could have called to let me know you were coming home.

DANIELLE

Sorry. I just got in a few hours ago. Long drive.

CHARLOTTE

No worries! I saw your car in the port and just had to stop.

DANIELLE

You wanna drink?

CHARLOTTE

Yes.

Danielle walks over to a small table, a makeshift bar, and starts to mix a simple cocktail.

DANIELLE
You going out?

CHARLOTTE
Just on my way home from class.

DANIELLE
Another class?

CHARLOTTE
I love the instructor! He's the
real deal!

Danielle walks the drink over to Charlotte.

The both move over to the couch; Danielle moves the magazine
then reaches for her cigarette.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
So how was *fabulous* Vegas this
time?

Danielle takes a drag from her cigarette then reaches for her
drink.

DANIELLE
Where do I begin?

CHARLOTTE
That bad, huh.

Charlotte gets a good look at Danielle in the dim lighting;
she leans forward.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Are those bruises? What the HELL
have you been doing?

DANIELLE
It's a long story...

Charlotte takes another sip of her drink.

CHARLOTTE
OK, then skip some of the details.
I've got all night.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF AN L.A. NIGHT CLUB - LATE NIGHT

Wayne Johnson stands back and watches as two older GANGSTERS lay into a guy. One holds the victim while the other throws another punch.

The two men are 'teaching him the ropes'.

GANGSTER #1
Get over here kid!

Wayne moves in closer.

For his young age Wayne is quite large and muscular; real good genes.

The victim cowers as Wayne steps closer; his angular face in the bad lighting is more menacing than that of the two other gangsters.

GANGSTER #2
Com 'mon, I can't hold him all day!

GANGSTER #1
Show him what an iron fist feels like!

Wayne towers over the already bloody man but doesn't hit him.

He moves in closer, almost eye to eye.

WAYNE JOHNSON
I think he's had enough.

GANGSTER #2
Ho he hasn't!

Gangster #2 shakes the man.

GANGSTER #2 (CONT'D)
Have you? ...com 'mon kid!

WAYNE JOHNSON
Nah, he's done!

Wayne backs up. Gangster #2 drops the victim to the ground.

GANGSTER #1
(to Wayne)
You are such an ASS!

Just as Wayne and Gangster #1 are about to get into it a COP CAR rolls past the alley.

They all stop in their tracks!

GANGSTER #1 (CONT'D)
Let's get outta here!

GANGSTER #1 (CONT'D)
(to the victim)
You better hope you never see us
again!

Then the three of them dash off.

GANGSTER #1 (CONT'D)
(to Wayne)
The next time you pull somethin'
like that...
(he takes a breath)
we'll be beatin' on you!

The three of them round the building at the opposite end of the alley then pin themselves against the facade.

WAYNE JOHNSON
He'd had enough.

GANGSTER #2
(to Gangster #1)
Let it go. He's a softie (referring
to Wayne), always was.

GANGSTER #1
You'd better toughen up kid or this
business will eat you alive.

O.S. The sound of the POLICE CAR SIREN.

Gangster #2 peeks around the corner and back down the alley.

GANGSTER #2
Oh SHIT! Let's get outta here!

The three of them take off running further from the scene.

CUT TO:

INT. DANIELLE'S BEACH HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Danielle and Charlotte laugh. It looks as if they have each polished off more than one cocktail and are mid-conversation talking about Joe Torre, Danielle's newest 'made man'.

DANIELLE

And he's such a pig when he's
around other women!

CHARLOTTE

Ugh, how disgusting! I couldn't
stand a minute of it!

DANIELLE

I must be desensitized to it. He
was actually fairly nice yesterday
evening... but we were fairly alone
and it was quite early.

CHARLOTTE

Well, you won't have to put up with
him too much longer!

DANIELLE

I wouldn't say that! So far all
I've gotten was a couple of
glances, cocktails and dinner.
There is still a lot of work to do!

CHARLOTTE

What about the producer?

DANIELLE

(sitting up strait)

Oh GOD! I almost forgot about J.P.!
I'll have to call him tomorrow!

CHARLOTTE

Don't forget to ask about his next
movie. I'd love to audition!

DANIELLE

I'll see. He's a pretty straight
forward case. Maybe he'll want to
get together for drinks tomorrow or
Sunday night?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, I know! You can meet somewhere
for cocktails and dessert. When you
find out where let me know and I'll
make a surprise appearance.

Charlotte winks.

Danielle just shakes her head then begins to stand; she's a
bit wobbly.

DANIELLE

Damn...

Charlotte laughs.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Com 'mon, lets go for a walk on the beach.

Fade to black.

END OF ACT THREE

INT. DANIELLE'S BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Danielle is sound asleep in bed; it's pretty early. The phone RINGS, she's startled and wakes up.

As Danielle sits up she reaches for her head; too much to drink the night before.

She stumbles to the phone and answers it.

DANIELLE

Hello?

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Morning 'Red'.

DANIELLE

(recognizing the voice)

Hey Johnny.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

You sound like shit! Did I wake you?

DANIELLE

Late night. I'm fine.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Heard about what happened in the desert, how you healin'?

DANIELLE

Much better. Don't worry about me.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

I figured Vinnie was exaggeratin'. He always does! Hey listen... Vito wanted me to invite you over Sunday for dinner.

There is a little silence.

DANIELLE
Tomorrow Sunday?

JOHNNY (O.S.)
Yeah. Tomorrow.

Another pause.

DANIELLE
I don't know... I just got back and
have been resting up. I have a lot
to do too.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
'Red'... he insists this time.

Danielle sighs. She knows she can't get out of this
invitation.

DANIELLE
OK. I'll be there.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
Come early if you can. We can play
some Bocce before hand.

DANIELLE
OK Johnny. It does sound like fun.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
I'll let Vito and Rosa know. They
will be elated!

Johnny hangs up. Danielle stands for an extra moment with the
phone still up to her ear; like she's waiting for more
instruction.

She finally hangs up the receiver then shuffles into the bed
room and crawls back into bed.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE JOHNSON'S APARTMENT - LATE MORNING

Wayne's out on a small patio reading the morning paper; a
large cup of coffee and plate of partially finished eggs and
bacon on the table next to him.

There is a LOUD KNOCK at his apartment door.

Wayne gets up and tosses the paper onto his chair.

There is another LOUD KNOCK.

WAYNE JOHNSON
Hold on, I'm commin'!

Wayne gets to the door and opens it.

Standing in his hallway are two men dressed in suits and hats; one pulls out then holds up a BADGE to Wayne's face. They're L.A. Police Detectives!

DETECTIVE #1
Wayne Johnson?

WAYNE JOHNSON
Yeah. ...officer?

DETECTIVE #2
Could we have a moment of your time?

WAYNE JOHNSON
Sure, come in.

Wayne steps aside and offers the two men in. They casually do so and take a quick look around.

DETECTIVE #1
Nice place!

WAYNE JOHNSON
Thanks. So what brings you fellas around on a Sunday morning?

DETECTIVE #2
We're investigating an assault that occurred late Friday night.

WAYNE JOHNSON
An assault?

Detective #1 reaches for his notebook and pen from his jacket pocket.

DETECTIVE #1
Mr. Johnson... may I ask where you were Friday night between the hours of midnight and one A.M.?

WAYNE JOHNSON
(completely calm)
I was with friends.

The detective starts jotting down notes.

DETECTIVE #1
Where did you and your friends go?

WAYNE JOHNSON
We were just kicking around on
Hollywood Boulevard. Nothing
special.

The detectives look at each other.

DETECTIVE #1
A party called in a tip. Described
seeing you and your friends with
the victim. Later a squad car
officer described three men fleeing
the scene.

WAYNE JOHNSON
(raising his voice
slightly)
That's absurd! I didn't assault
anyone!

DETECTIVE #2
Calm down Mr. Johnson. We're just
doing our job.

WAYNE JOHNSON
Sorry officers.

DETECTIVE #1
The victim is in the hospital, he's
in pretty rough shape.

WAYNE JOHNSON
Well, it wasn't me. You got the
wrong fella!

FLASHBACK: EXT. ALLEY - LATE FRIDAY NIGHT

Wayne and the two Gangsters are running further away from the
alley. The three of them slip into a dark doorway.

GANGSTER #1
(whispering)
I think it's an after hours bar.
Let slip in here and get a drink.

WAYNE JOHNSON
(whispering)
No. I've had enough entertainment
for the evening. I'm going home.

Wayne flips his jacket collar up.

WAYNE JOHNSON (CONT'D)
I'll see you two Monday at the
track.

As Wayne walks off he hears...

GANGSTER #2
You brat! That's the last time we
cut you in on extra work.

GANGSTER #1
Yeah! And we ain't payin' ya for
tonight neither!

End flashback.

Detective #2 closes his note book.

DETECTIVE #1
Wayne. We'd like you to come down
to the station for further
questioning.

Wayne backs away from the detectives.

WAYNE JOHNSON
The station? Am I being charged?

DETECTIVE #1
Well. We might need to put you in a
line-up.

DETECTIVE #2
Mr. Johnson. We'd appreciate your
cooperation in this matter. We have
a car downstairs... we don't want
to have to take you out of here in
cuffs!

DETECTIVE #1
Your neighbors. What would they
think?

Wayne starts to sweat a little. But he quickly realizes he
simply need to play this out.

WAYNE JOHNSON
Yeah. OK, I'll come with you.

DETECTIVE #1
Good answer.

The two detectives walk towards the door, one opens it and as he does a neighbor boy is caught standing in the hallway; eavesdropping!

CUT TO:

EXT. VITO RUSSO'S HOME - AFTERNOON

Through the dining room window we see Vito Russo and his wife Rose, Johnny De Leo, Stefano Russo and his friend Edward.

Vito pours some wine for he and Rosa then hands the bottle to Johnny.

Everyone appears excited as Danielle enters the room. Rosa stands from the table and hugs her. She then pushes Danielle away; from the body language you can tell she's saying *you look too thin dear!*

Danielle rolls her eyes then takes a seat at the table.

Johnny smiles at Danielle as he starts to pour a glass for her.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES, POLICE STATION - DAY

The two detectives stand in a room with the squad car officer (OFFICER OWENS) from Friday night; they're looking through a one-way mirror into a line-up room.

The door to the line-up room opens and six men walk in. The men vary in size and shape, the only similarity is their red hair.

DETECTIVE #1

Officer Owens, any of these fellas
look like the man you saw last
night?

The officer looks past all the other men and focus' right on Wayne Johnson!

OFFICER OWENS

(pointing)
That's him.

DETECTIVE #2

You sure. Take your time.

OFFICER OWENS
 I know the drill! ... That's him!
 That's the guy!

Detective #1 looks carefully at each of the other men.

DETECTIVE #1
 It was pretty DARK officer. Perhaps
 you should take your time...

OFFICER OWENS
 (not even hesitating)
 He's got distinctive features and
 size. It was HIM!

Detective #1 pushes a speaker button located on the wall next
 to the two-way mirror.

DETECTIVE #1
 (to the officers in the
 line-up room)
 OK fellas, number 3... book him!

CUT TO:

INT. VITO RUSSO'S HOME, OFFICE - DAY

Danielle has slipped away from dinner and into Vito's office.

She pulls a slip of paper from a pocket then reaches for the
 telephone receiver. She quickly dials.

The phone double rings. Then rings again.

DANIELLE
 (under her breath)
 Com 'mon, answer the phone!

Another set of double rings.

J.P. (V.O.)
 Yeah!

DANIELLE/HELEN
 Guess who?

CUT TO:

INT. J.P. PETERSON'S HOME - DAY

J.P.

Helen?

DANIELLE/HELEN (V.O.)

Yes! ...I'm back in town.

J.P.

You have a nice trip?

DANIELLE/HELEN (V.O.)

Work was good and I was also able to enjoy a few nights out on the town. Thank you for asking!

J.P.

Great!

J.P. scratches his head then lifts his glass of bourbon towards his lips.

DANIELLE/HELEN (V.O.)

We should get together. How about meeting for drinks?
... this evening?

J.P.

Cocktail started hours ago at Chez Peterson!

DANIELLE/HELEN (V.O.)

I could come over...

J.P. Looks out the window and into the city.

J.P.

If you want. I'll be here.

DANIELLE/HELEN (V.O.)

Then it's a date! I'm having dinner with friends right now but what about later?

J.P. Takes another drink.

J.P.

OK. 1537 Mulholland Drive. About two miles west of Beverly Glen.

CUT TO:

INT. VITO RUSSO'S HOME, OFFICE - DAY

DANIELLE/HELEN
See you in a few hours.

She hangs up just as Johnny is walking into the office.

JOHNNY
Com 'mon, back to dinner!

DANIELLE
Yeah, I know. Just had to make a
call.

Danielle and Johnny walk down the hall together and back to the dining room.

CUT TO:

EXT. J.P. PETERSON'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - SUNSET

Danielle pulls her car up the long driveway and parks in front of J.P.'s garage.

She gets out and casually walks up to the front door.

Danielle knocks on the door and waits patiently for J.P. To answer; he does fairly quickly.

When the door opens Danielle is surprised to see the state J.P. Is in! He's wearing khaki trousers and a loose fitting shirt, barefoot and it looks as if he hasn't shaved in days.

DANIELLE/HELEN
My-o-my! I was expecting the dapper
gentleman from our past evening
out.

J.P.
(his eyes a bit glazed)
Come in Helen.

Danielle/Helen follows behind him and takes a good look around at the modern house. They walk into the great room which is mostly floor to ceiling glass windows; the view is amazing. Danielle didn't expect any less from such a respected film maker.

There are manuscripts and books in numerous piles through out the room.

J.P. heads over to retrieve the glass of bourbon he was working on. Danielle heads towards the bar and sets her handbag onto the marble top.

DANIELLE/HELEN

So... this is *chez Patterson*? I like it!

She looks out the windows.

DANIELLE/HELEN (CONT'D)

Amazing view too!

J.P. grumbles, takes a drink then sets the glass back down.

J.P.

You wanna drink? Help yourself.

He gestures to the bar then sits down in the Eames chair.

DANIELLE/HELEN

Sure.

She pauses.

DANIELLE/HELEN (CONT'D)

From your state I'd say we weren't celebrating anything though.

J.P.

(staring at his drink)

Nope.

Danielle/Helen steps behind the bar and reaches for a glass. She grabs a bottle of GIN; it's near empty. As she looks for the trash down below she notices a few other empties.

She decides to add the Gin bottle to the collection in the trash then proceeds to look for something else.

DANIELLE/HELEN

There isn't much of a selection back here.

J.P.

Sorry. I haven't re-stocked in a few weeks.

DANIELLE/HELEN

Have you at least eaten anything today?

J.P.

Nope.

Danielle/Helen finds a bottle of Seltzer, a small jar of cherries and some Slo Gin.

DANIELLE/HELEN
Ahh, this will work!

She tosses some ice in a highball then mixes a simple drink.

J.P. Watches from across the room.

J.P.
You know I was thinking about you
the other day.

DANIELLE/HELEN
You were? That's nice.

J.P.
I was thinking *what in the world
would a dame like you see in a
looser like me?*

She looks up from the bar; their eyes meet.

DANIELLE/HELEN
(dismissing him)
Don't be silly! You're a wonderful,
talented man!

J.P. Grumbles again.

J.P.
I wrote a couple serials then got
lucky with one theatrical hit...
BIG DEAL!

He relaxes and sits all the way back in the chair.

J.P. (CONT'D)
Everybody's wondering what my next
masterpiece will be. Where I'll
shoot it? Who I'll cast? But most
importantly... will it stand up to
my last?

DANIELLE/HELEN
You're letting your imagination get
the best of you. I'm sure you have
many brilliant ideas!

J.P. glances out the window.

J.P.
(very quiet and sullen)
I've got nothing.

DANIELLE/HELEN
What do you mean? Nothing that you
would deem good?

J.P.
Just what I said... I have
absolutely nothing.
I'm a fraud.
... just like you.

J.P. Turns back to her.

Danielle/Helen, still standing behind the bar, takes a sip of
her drink.

DANIELLE/HELEN
Don't be ridiculous! You've clearly
had way too much to drink and
you're letting your becoming
paranoid!

J.P.
A friend of mine warned me about
something like this. Said it could
be my fate.

He takes another sip.

J.P. (CONT'D)
Of course I didn't listen. I just
did what I wanted. Took what I
wanted.

Danielle/Helen starts to step out from around the bar but she
remains on that side of the room. Distance is good in this
situation.

DANIELLE/HELEN
J.P. You've completely lost me.

J.P.
Have I? ... my kind of story
happens all the time. Guys like me
with minimal to decent talent
getting in with the wrong crowd,
with super high expectations and a
mounting pile of debt.

He crosses his legs and tilts his head.

J.P. (CONT'D)

Then along comes this dame, all sweet and sassy. She says the right things and makes all the calculating moves. Then WHAM!

He bangs his glass onto the side table. Danielle doesn't flinch.

DANIELLE/HELEN

Wham??

J.P.

Yeah! WHAM!
(he bangs the table again)
She rubs him out, takes what she can find.

He pauses.

J.P. (CONT'D)

People will talk for awhile. "Oh poor so and so...".
There will be an investigation but most likely nothing will come of it. Then slowly everyone will move on to something else.

They just stare at each other.

J.P. (CONT'D)

Who do you work for?

Danielle/Helen doesn't respond.

J.P. (CONT'D)

I'm not stupid. I could smell it a mile away... Wells fan.

DANIELLE/HELEN

I told you. I'm a secretary.

J.P.

Bullshit! Your nails are perfect, probably can't even type!

DANIELLE/HELEN

You have clearly had too much to drink.

J.P.

I wish! I'm more sober now than I have been in years!

Danielle/Helen leans against the bar.

DANIELLE/HELEN
OK. I'll play along.

She pauses and they stare at each other again.

DANIELLE/HELEN (CONT'D)
Who do you owe and how much?

J.P.
(serious)
You know who I owe. The goons that
sent you to tail me.
... and for the record I borrowed
seventy-five G's. Just in case they
didn't tell ya.

Danielle/Helen shakes her head.

DANIELLE/HELEN
That's some serious debt. I'm sure
your next film will pay it back
plus interest.

J.P. stands.

J.P.
You don't get it! There is no 'next
film'! For the last year I have
gone into my office and have
stared, day after day, hour after
hour at my typewriter.
I've got nothing and to make
matters worse, MGM just canceled my
contract. So now no studio support
either.

DANIELLE/HELEN
So! Go to RKO or Paramount. They're
just as good.

J.P. dismisses her, grabs his drink and walks out the door
wall then onto the patio.

J.P.
Nah. I'm done! I've had it with
this stinking town!

Danielle/Helen follows him outside.

DANIELLE/HELEN
Then just pay back the debt and get
yourself somewhere else...
(MORE)

DANIELLE/HELEN (CONT'D)
where you'll be happy. Maybe London
or Rome?

J.P.
Pay back? Sweetheart... it's all
long gone. I've spent it.
Offices and secretaries don't come
cheap.

DANIELLE/HELEN
Then sell the house!

She takes a drink.

DANIELLE/HELEN (CONT'D)
The markets up and after the banks
cut you should be able to cover a
large portion of the debt.

J.P.
Belongs to a friend of mine who has
been in Paris the last year.

J.P. turns around to face Danielle/Helen. He looks exhausted.

J.P. (CONT'D)
I'm serious Helen. I'm finished. So
why don't you just go ahead and do
whatever it is you were planning to
do.
Or just call your friends over to
beat the crap out of me. I deserve
it!

Danielle/Helen shakes her head.

DANIELLE/HELEN
It's a real shame J.P. I really did
like you and your film. Thought you
had great potential.

J.P.
Thanks Helen, I really do
appreciate the compliment!

DANIELLE
Actually... my name is Danielle and
I work for Vito Russo.
He's the guy you borrowed the money
from. ...well, not directly. But
he's the guy.

J.P.
So I was right.

DANIELLE
Yeah. I'm afraid so.

She pauses.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
And I'm sorry to have to tell you
this but if you can't come due on
your loan... well, that's a
problem.

J.P.
Figured as much.

A tear comes to J.P.'s eye.

J.P. (CONT'D)
Nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide.

DANIELLE
Just don't try anything stupid. I
am armed and an excellent shot.
(she sighs)
... unfortunately.

Danielle then pulls a small hand gun from her bag and sets it
in her lap.

He laughs.

J.P.
I bet you are kid!

There is another pause.

J.P. (CONT'D)
So, what happens next.

DANIELLE
(like a pro)
I'll slip something in your drink.
You'll fall asleep and that would
be it.

She opens her hand bag again. This time removing an envelope
and pen.

The envelope is opened, she slides out a neatly folded
contract.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
Mr. Russo requests you sign this
first.

J.P.
(defeated)
... is it painful?

DANIELLE
(sympathetic)
No.

He reaches out his hand. Danielle puts the contract and pen in it.

J.P. flips to the last page and quickly signs. Then hands it back.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)
You'll always have your dignity and
this town will always pay you the
respect you, as an artist, deserve.

Danielle folds the contract, places it inside the envelope then butts it and the pen back into her bag. She then removes a tiny glass vial containing one pill.

J.P.
OK! Lets get this over with!

DANIELLE
Your drink please.

J.P. Holds out his hand again this time with his glass of bourbon. There isn't much left but it will do.

She tips the glass vial dropping it's poisonous, pill shaped contents into his drink.

J.P.
That's it?

DANIELLE
Yep.

J.P.
Done this before have you?

DANIELLE
Yep.

J.P. realizes this is REALLY it! He tries to contain any and all emotion.

J.P.
(leaning back in his
chair)
Will you at least stay with me?

DANIELLE

I have to. It's my job.

J.P. cracks a smile.

Danielle sits comfortably in the other chair and takes a good look out across the city.

JIMMY

J.P.

This is my favorite time of day.

DANIELLE

Mine too.

J.P. finally takes a drink. Danielle doesn't even have to look, she can hear the ice shifting in the glass.

She continues to look out amongst all the sparkling L.A. lights.

J.P.

Like stars reflecting upon still water.

J.P. Gulps down the rest.

DANIELLE

My father used to call them 'Angels in twilight.'

There is no response. Danielle looks over to J.P., his eyes are glazed over. A moment later the empty glass slips from his fingertips then falls to the pavement; it cracks but doesn't shatter.

Danielle looks back across the city; she closes her eyes then sighs.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

EPILOGUE:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY - DAY

A large group of people, mostly dressed in black, walk peacefully from the grave site of J.P. Peterson.

The groups continue walking to their cars, one by one getting in then driving off.

Danielle sits in her T-Bird; top up. She waits for most of the visitors to leave before getting out.

Wearing a bright red dress, patterned CHANEL SCARF over her hair and large sunglasses she walks towards the grave.

Attendants nod as she approaches then walk away to give her space. When she reaches the casket she sets a single WHITE ROSE upon it.

DANIELLE

(softly)

Well. It was nice knowing ya.

And without remorse she turns and walks away.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

END CREDITS SEQUENCE:

Wayne Johnson having his mug shots taken.

Left. Right. Center.

During the last picture wayne smiles; a cold and calculating smile...

(CONT'D)