

"BLUE"

SERIES PILOT

(Extended Version)

written by

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INT. MAKESHIFT THEATER - EVENING

In a dark, smoke-filled room, on a crudely plastered brick wall, a screen flickers to life: a black & white movie begins to play. Under a dancing web of film scratches and dust, a blurry image comes into focus...

ON SCREEN: A beautiful woman, MARGOT, drives in a 1920s-era motorcar next to her equally seductive female companion. Wind blows in their hair, and the scene exudes the carefree sensuality of youthful dreams.

ON SCREEN: The scene quickly changes when the car stops for a hitchhiker: a seemingly lost and desperate man. Enthralled by uninhibited desire, the girls begin to kiss and torture him with lustful temptations.

In the theater, a mixed crowd of patrons cheer and applaud with eager enthusiasm. Underneath the ruckus, a large projector clacks away.

INT. MAKESHIFT THEATER, PROJECTIONIST ROOM - (CONT.)

A somewhat disheveled man in his 20s, RANDALL, sits behind a behemoth of a projector in a crowded crawl space. His apparent superior, an impeccably dressed, handsome man in his 40s, LAMONT, stands by his side. The room is far too loud, and far too hot for anyone's comfort.

Randall removes a bootleg bottle of whiskey and offers Lamont a drink. Lamont waves the whiskey away, and answers with a sophisticated, Southern accent.

LAMONT

A man can drink ten of those in one night, and still be thirsty for more. But watch a film once, and you'll remember it forever. Tell me Randall, what brings a man greater pleasure?

Randall shrugs and takes a drink while Lamont watches the film with pride.

INT. MAKESHIFT THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Lamont quietly enters the small theater and slowly paces in the back. The patrons are engrossed in the picture and barely notice him. Lamont scans over the paying customers with a confident smile.

One man stands out from the crowd: A MYSTERIOUS MAN wearing a trench coat and blue hat. Standing near the entrance, he isn't the least bit interested in the lascivious picture of bare breasts and tender lips.

The Mysterious Man meets eyes with Lamont, then slips outside the theater as if to avoid being seen. Lamont eyes the curious behavior with careful interest.

EXT. MAKESHIFT THEATER - EVENING

The Mysterious Man passes through a speakeasy with much gambling and drinking, and exits out a secret door. He briskly crosses the street and takes a seat in a parked, black car that is waiting for him.

Within seconds, several police cars scream down the street and come to a screeching halt outside the establishment. Armed officers exit their cars and begin to take an offensive position.

The Mysterious Man watches the scene unfold.

INT. MAKESHIFT THEATER, PROJECTIONIST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lamont returns to Randall in the projectionist room, but declines to sit. He stares out into the crowd, looking slightly nervous.

LAMONT

Something is amiss, Randall.

Randall is about to drink when suddenly a red bulb illuminates over their heads. They both freeze in their tracks. A wave of fear comes over them. Without even realizing it, Randall has spilled his drink.

INT. MAKESHIFT THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Oblivious to any danger, the rowdy crowd of men continue to hoot and holler at the lascivious images on the screen. The actresses in the film begin to undress.

In another room, unbeknownst to the theater goers, total chaos erupts: Police officers smash bottles with billy clubs, turn over poker tables, and throw men to the ground. With frantic urgency, a senior officer, DETECTIVE HARTWELL, pounds his fist on every wall looking for the hidden door he knows he'll find.

Back in the theater, the film suddenly cuts to black, leaving everyone confused and grumbling in the darkness.

Before anyone has an opportunity to protest, a shotgun blast rings out and a door bursts open. Everyone in the theater jumps to their feet in a panic as the cops swarm in.

INT. MAKESHIFT THEATER - PROJECTIONIST ROOM (CONT.)

Randall flips the film into reverse and smashes the red light above their heads. He braces the door with his chair and anxiously paces while the film rewinds... the high pitch whine gets louder and louder with the tension.

Lamont opens a ceiling panel and pulls down a secret ladder leading to the roof top. Ready to escape, he reaches out to Randall.

LAMONT
The film!

RANDALL
It's not finished yet!

LAMONT
Randall, the film!

RANDALL
I know! I know!

The sound of scuffling police officers grows near the door. Lamont can wait no longer. He quickly ascends the ladder while Randall continues to wait.

Seconds later, the police begin hammering on the door.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
Come on! Come on!

HARTWELL (O.S.)
Break it in!

A loud crack smashes the door in half! Randall grabs the reel and rips it from the projector, leaving the last few feet of film flipping endlessly in the projector.

Randall hurries up the escape route with the reel in hand while the police give chase.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Randall exits to the rooftop to find Lamont already some distance away. He spots some construction equipment with loose bricks and boards. Randall quickly grabs the boards and throws them down the stair well in an attempt to block the path.

Undeterred police officers continue to pursue him.

Lamont comes to the edge of the rooftop and makes a courageous leap to an adjoining building.

Randall runs to the same ledge, but a fear of heights stops him from jumping. Instead, desperate and nervous, he climbs onto a fire escape and descends to the street.

Directed away from Lamont, Hartwell and his officers pursue Randall down the steps.

HARTWELL
Someone stop that kid!

EXT. ALLEYWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Randall lands on his feet at the bottom of the alley, attracting the attention of several other COPS. Randall makes a break for it, and the chase continues.

Randall scales a fence and topples trash cans as he turns corners and flees down alley ways. Nearly out of breath, he takes a wrong turn and stops suddenly.

A GUNMAN wearing a trench coat with a dark fedora pulled down low on his head stands waiting for Randall--a Thompson submachine gun aimed directly at his face.

Randall stops dead in his tracks and slowly and puts his hands up in front of him.

The two relentless Cops catch up to Randall, guns drawn.

COP
Alright you fuck! Enough cat and mouse!

They stop when they see the Gunman, brief moment of recognition follows until the Gunman opens fire on the Cops, Randall caught in the middle.

Randall drops to the ground as one of the Gunman's bullets hit him in the shoulder.

The Officers fall from bullet wounds, mowed down by the Gunman's superior firepower.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Lamont watches in horror from a nearby rooftop as the shots echo out. In clear view, he sees Randall and the police officers fall to the ground.

The Mysterious Man with the blue hat exits the idling car and cautiously walks past the bullet ridden bodies of the cops. They're clearly dead.

Wounded but still alive, Randall struggles helplessly to crawl away. The Mysterious Man crouches by Randall's side and pries the film reel from his bloody hands. The Mysterious Man draws closer, as if questioning Randall. Then, with the help of TWO THUGS drags away him into a car parked at the end of the alley.

Lamont cringes and takes cover, helpless to intervene.

INT. MAKESHIFT THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The projector still winds away, slapping the torn film on the take-up reel.

The commotion has settled down and police officers are escorting hand-cuffed men out of the theater. Detective Hartwell scours the room for evidence.

Hartwell focuses in on the projector and stops the reel. Carefully, he pulls the film out and holds it to the light. The frame reveals Margot in a close-up, licking her lips with sexual prowess (presumably after a great climax).

Hartwell studies the film frame with a proud, victorious grin. He relishes these rewards.

HARTWELL
(Under his breath)
Well, hello darling.

TITLE SEQUENCE: BLUE

TITLE: Hollywood, 1923

A large, imposing sign that reads "HOLLYWOODLAND" is just being erected in the hills. This is a city primed to explode. The roads bustle with street cars and automobiles. Lively movie studios shoot great American westerns.

Bootleggers deliver contraband to hidden speakeasies. And in the shadows, a new criminal enterprise is taking foot...

INT. POLICE STATION, HARTWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Hartwell pins an enlarged blow-up of the confiscated film frame to a bulletin board behind his desk. The wall is plastered with maps of Los Angeles, mug-shots, invitations to secret screenings, and various pornographic evidence.

Hartwell takes a step back and stares at the board deep in thought, as if assembling a giant jigsaw puzzle.

VIOLET, an early 30s booking officer, approaches Hartwell's office and knocks on his open door. Despite her conservative appearance and professionalism, she cannot dress-down her natural beauty. Much to her regret, her good looks don't go unnoticed.

VIOLET

You wanted to see me, Detective Hartwell?

HARTWELL

Violet, come in. Shut the door.

Detective Hartwell closes the blinds in his private office and offers Violet a seat. Catching Violet staring at his evidence board, he clears his throat and offers an apology.

HARTWELL (CONT'D)

Degenerates, drunks and perverts. Where'd the good old days of bank robbers go? Am I right?

Violet forces a polite smile.

HARTWELL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry a lady like yourself has to deal with this filth.

VIOLET

It's nothing I haven't seen before.

HARTWELL

Movie theaters are breeding grounds for this kind of obscenity. Nurturing inappropriate contact in dark rooms and corrupting the delicate sensibilities of women...

VIOLET

You mustn't think all films are bad.

Hartwell looks over Violet, glaring at her body and doing a poor job of hiding it.

HARTWELL

Your husband works for the pictures, am I right?

VIOLET

Yes, R.K.O. He's a camera loader.

HARTWELL

If I had my way, I'd have the studios shut down. Every last one. But seeing as I can't do that... we'll have to pave the way to decency through law and censorship... and we have to know the devil to fight him.

Hartwell steps closer to Violet and leans on his desk. He's invading Violet's personal space, and he knows it.

HARTWELL (CONT'D)

We're looking for someone who can run a projector. A specialist to process evidence. No one in the back room knows how to handle this stuff.

VIOLET

Daniel?

Hartwell grumbles an affirmation.

HARTWELL

Violet, you know... a lot of this will be morally questionable material. Temptation can whittle away the hardest resolve and break the most steadfast of unions.

Hartwell places his hand on Violet's shoulder, an action both suggestive and reminiscent of fatherly concern.

HARTWELL (CONT'D)

Can you speak to your relationship?

VIOLET

We're happily married. Thank you, Detective Hartwell.

Secretly dissatisfied, Hartwell nods.

HARTWELL

Good.

INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

Tail-sticks clap on set, marking the end of a long day of shooting. Numerous stagehands begin to break down the scene while tired cowboy actors stroll off to their trailers.

DANIEL, an early 30s "everyman" rushes in to unload the film magazine. With proficiency and speed, he labels the stock, cleans the gate, and disassembles the camera.

As the set clears out, Daniel shelves the film equipment into a locked cage. Secretly, when no one is looking, he nervously grabs a hand-crank camera and hides it in a rucksack...

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Violet removes the camera from Daniel's rucksack with anger and shock. She holds it up, accusing Daniel who sits hanging his head in shame.

DANIEL

I didn't steal it. I'm only borrowing equipment.

VIOLET

(Unconvinced)

Oh really? And the studio knows?

DANIEL

Frank knows.

VIOLET

Frank!

DANIEL

It's just for the week. The studio has a dozen cameras, they won't even know it's missing...

Violet leaves the room. Clearly mad and avoiding his apologetic gaze, she starts changing for bed.

VIOLET

This will get you fired Daniel! And of all days! Committing theft when I recommend you for a job!

(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Do you have any regard for the position you put me in? I work for the police department! How stupid can you be?

Daniel interrupts as Violet removes her dress, grabbing hold of her and commanding her attention with a puppy dog smile. It's an uncomfortable situation she doesn't appreciate.

DANIEL

Are you going to arrest me?

Violet shrugs Daniel off.

VIOLET

It's not funny Daniel.

DANIEL

I promise you, nothing bad will come of it. Do you think Keaton or Chaplin got to where they are without taking risks? I'm not going to be a camera loader... or a projectionist all my life. I can do more than that. I know it.

VIOLET

There are other ways, Daniel.

DANIEL

When the studio sees my film, no one will be asking where the camera came from. I promise you that.

Violet climbs into bed and turns her back to Daniel. Daniel gives her a kiss goodnight on her cheek, and turns away. With a painful distance between them, they fall asleep facing opposite directions.

INT. LAMONT'S APARTMENT - DAY

MARGOT WEDDINGTON a shapely, red-headed siren of a woman in her late 30's, wearing seductive lingerie, rides vigorously on top an older MAN.

Margot scratches at his chest, approaching climax, when suddenly Lamont walks into the bedroom unannounced. When the Man notices, he panics and scrambles out from underneath Margot.

MAN

I didn't do anything! I swear!

Lamont, looking apprehensive, watches as the Man rushes past him out the door with his clothes in hand.

Margot fixes the lingerie falling off her shoulder and scowls at Lamont. She gets up, agitated, and grabs a bathrobe.

MARGOT

I don't see why you gotta barge in like that! You could knock ya know!

LAMONT

(agitated)

I typically don't knock when the domicile is my own. What if he was an undercover lawman?

Margot scoffs and throws up her arms in frustration.

MARGOT

He wasn't.

LAMONT

How might you know that?

MARGOT

He didn't screw like one. And why do you care what I do in my spare time?

LAMONT

I care because you are being so careless as to bring an unfamiliar John back to our room. OUR ROOM. Let me emphasize that fact. Your actions have recourse for more than yourself.

MARGOT

What am I supposed to do? Sit here going cross-eyed with boredom while you gallivant around town? When is the next shoot?

LAMONT

I'm investigating that matter now.

MARGOT

And Randall?

Lamont pauses, struggling to hide the awful truth from Margot.

LAMONT

It seems he ran back to Baton
Rouge. Too much heat from the raid,
I suspect.

His lie is awkward and unrehearsed, but it fails to raise
Margot's suspicion.

MARGOT

Was he arrested?

LAMONT

No, no. I'm certain of that.

MARGOT

Well, you'll just have to find us a
new director. Hollywood is the
mecca for Blue films. YOUR words
when you dragged us here, not mine.

LAMONT

It's not that simple, Margot. We
need an IN, lest we have another
setback like last night. SOMEONE is
shooting Blue films here. Soon, it
will be us.

Margot tosses her robe to the side and lays down in bed,
nude.

MARGOT

Wake me up when we're ready to
shoot. I'm taking a nap.

LAMONT

Dream me up a new director if you
can.

Margot ignores him.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Don't lose hope. We'll find what
we're looking for, Margot. After
all, this is Hollywood... this town
runs on dreams.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Daniel opens a box revealing a sealed, undeveloped roll of
film. He holds the reel as if it were made of gold, and with
the deepest sincere conviction, shares it with Violet.

DANIEL

This doesn't belong to the studio.
It's mine. I paid for it with my
own money.

Violet, getting ready for work, stops what she's doing and
sighs a disappointed, but sympathetic sigh.

VIOLET

Daniel...

DANIEL

Violet, THIS is our future. This is
our ticket to a better life. You
KNOW what this means to me. I want
it to mean something to you.

VIOLET

How can we even afford this?

DANIEL

I accepted the offer from your
department... with an advance.

Violet has mixed feelings about the news.

VIOLET

And what about your studio job?

DANIEL

R.K.O. Camera Loader by day,
Special Consultant to Los Angeles
Police Department by night! It's by
assignment, so it shouldn't
interfere.

Daniel puts the film stock in Violet's hands and urges her to
understand its value.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

This represents our hopes and
dreams. One thousand feet of
celluloid nitrate, patiently
waiting for a kiss of light. Now I
have the stock... I have the
equipment... I just need your
permission.

Violet is touched by his careful words, and smiles, despite
her trepidation. She can't bring herself to give permission,
but she answers with an understanding kiss and hands the film
back to Daniel.

EXT. LAMONT'S SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT

A bloody film can suddenly falls to the ground. The thud startles BRANFORD, a large black man working under a heavily modified Model-T engine.

Standing above him, Branford sees the Mysterious Man known only through rumor as BLUEBOY. He's a thin, soft spoken but explosive man in his 40s. His expensive striped suit and two gun totting THUGS make his mob association obvious.

Blueboy uses a handkerchief to wipe blood from his hands with a look of disgust. He clearly doesn't like to get dirty. Branford, on the other hand, is covered in engine grease.

BLUEBOY

You can tell a lot from a man's hands. Blood and dirt. Grease and oil. I prefer to keep mine clean... I suspect it matters less for your color.

Branford stands up, clearly out-weighting Blueboy, but his size does nothing to intimidate him.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

Fetch your keeper, boy.

BRANFORD

Don't have no keeper.

Blueboy smirks.

BLUEBOY

No keeper, well fuck. Employer then. Call it by whatever name you like.

The Thugs laugh. Blueboy moves into Branford's personal space, places his hand gently on his shoulder, and asks politely with a sarcastic, crooked smile.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

Lamont Beaudrie, if you please?

INT. LAMONT'S OFFICE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Lamont sits alone in his private office, impeccably dressed (as always) in a white suit and matching Panama hat. He stares at a small handgun resting on the table in front of him.

Lamont's gaze is fixed down on the gun, deep in thought, conflicted and concerned.

Making some kind of decision, he picks up the handgun and places it in a locked drawer under his desk.

Branford urgently enters the office.

BRANFORD
We have a problem.

Curious, Lamont gets up and peers out the window. Outside, several THUGS are opening shipping containers and searching through crates of sugarcane.

Amidst them stands Blueboy, carefully and calmly supervising.

Branford reaches for a shotgun on the wall, but Lamont stops him.

LAMONT
No. I have a more important task
for you. I'll deal with these
gentlemen.

Confused and uncertain of Lamont's confidence, Branford reluctantly returns the shotgun.

EXT. LAMONT'S SHIPPING YARD - (CONTINUOUS)

Lamont exits his office to find his shipping yard in complete upheaval. Blueboy's men are opening shipping containers and searching every corner.

Dozens of crates carrying dried stalks of sugarcane are opened up and tossed aside.

LAMONT
Looking for something?

Lamont walks with a steady, confident stride towards Blueboy, and stops several feet away with the bloodied film can lying on the ground between them. Lamont immediately recognizes Blueboy from the theater. They stand-off against one another as if in a western showdown.

BLUEBOY
That look familiar to you?

Lamont glances down at the film can in the dirt.

LAMONT

It's hard to tell. You wouldn't happen to have a projectionist at your disposal, would you? We can string it up and I might be able to say definitively.

Blueboy isn't amused by the quip.

BLUEBOY

You see, a young kid delivered that film to one of my theaters. Real inappropriate picture with the touching and the kissing and the fucking... I'm willing to bet you know the type. Tipped off an entire police raid. Didn't end so well for the kid.

Lamont resists the provocation and remains silent.

LAMONT

YOUR theater, you say?

BLUEBOY

That's right.

LAMONT

Sounds like you've got quite the questionable establishment. I'll take care to avoid giving you my patronage.

BLUEBOY

You'll do more than that.

As if on cue, one of Blueboy's men hurries over with something of importance: film equipment. Lamont watches as several other men raid his secret stash, pulling out lights, projectors, film reels and a camera. Everything is violently dropped in front of Blueboy.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

I run the stag operations around here. Every theater that shows stag pictures, shows MINE. And it's going to stay that way.

Lamont has an epiphany as he recognizes the infamous Blueboy.

LAMONT

You're Blueboy.

Blueboy tips his blue hat with condescending sarcasm.

BLUEBOY
Shucks, did the hat give it away?

One of Blueboy's thugs rushes over and hands him a sledge hammer. Blueboy eyes the film equipment on the ground.

LAMONT
Wait...

Lamont steps forward, urging Blueboy to show restraint.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
Let me work with you.

Blueboy laughs at the proposition, but Lamont is undeterred.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
I've seen your films play from here to New York. You're good. You know the business... but I can offer you something more.

BLUEBOY
And what might that be?

LAMONT
A beauty unlike any you've ever filmed. A STAR. That's what you're missing.

BLUEBOY
I have plenty of talent.

LAMONT
Sure, you can hire prostitutes and vagrants. They're a dime a dozen. You forget their face just as fast as the picture rolls out. I'm talking about a starlet that doesn't just entice desires, but captures hearts. A woman your audience will fall in love with.

Blueboy picks up the film camera with a crooked smile.

BLUEBOY
And this starlet... does she have a name?

LAMONT
She only works for me.

BLUEBOY
Pity.

Blueboy drops the camera onto the ground and prepares to swing...

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)
I really hate being mean. It
doesn't agree with my disposition.

Blueboy smashes the camera with the sledge hammer. The lens shatters and parts go flying. Blueboy begins to raise his voice. He spins and juggles the sledge hammer in the air like a western gunslinger.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)
So when I tell you what I'm about
to tell you...

Blueboy takes another swing at the camera, smashing it beyond repair.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)
Know that I'm telling you with the
kindest intentions.

Blueboy swings at the lights, sending glass flying everywhere.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)
STAY...

Blueboy smashes the projector.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)
OUT...

Blueboy smashes the film cans. Everything is destroyed.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)
OF STAG!

Finally finished, Blueboy dusts off his hands with his handkerchief and backs away with the mob Thugs.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)
Please take care you don't cut
yourself on the broken glass. I'd
hate to see you spill any blood.

Blueboy blows a condescending kiss as he climbs into his car and drives off.

Lamont picks up the bloody film reel and shakes his head in anger.

LAMONT

Pity. Film scratches so easily when improperly handled.

EXT. OUTSIDE LAMONT'S SHIPPING YARD - CONTINUOUS

Blueboy and his accomplices drive out of Lamont's shipping yard, passing an unassuming parked car on the street.

As soon as they pass, Branford sits up in the driver seat of the parked car. Without turning on any lights, he starts the engine and begins to follow him.

EXT. ORANGE GROVE, BLUEBOY'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Branford turns off his headlights and pulls over. He gets out of his car walks towards a clearing and spies on Blueboy's hideout: a barn, a farmhouse, and a shed for housing film equipment.

He watches Blueboy and his Thugs exit laughing.

Brandford smiles and heads back to his car, satisfied.

INT. HARRIS LYMAN'S OFFICE, R.K.O. STUDIO - NIGHT

Lamont sits with HARRIS LYMAN, a similarly aged movie executive on the R.K.O. lot. They sit across from each other having a good conversation and laughing.

LAMONT

Next thing you know, Corporal Porter was running from that French gal's husband as naked as the day he was born! You almost had him court-martialed! Yet he still managed to win a Croix De Guerre...

Harris guffaws and slaps his knee.

HARRIS

I have something to show you.

Harris goes to a cabinet near his desk and pulls out an old ammo box. Inside, he reveals a small playing card with a photo of a nude woman on it.

He presents the card to Lamont and hands it to him carefully.

Lamont smiles, gently taking the card and examining it.

LAMONT

Well now, look at this bit of nostalgia. You think she remembers me?

Lamont and Harris share a laugh.

HARRIS

You knew how to keep the morale up, Lamont.

LAMONT

I just wanted to remind them of better times, if even for a few moments.

HARRIS

You belong in show business!

Harris laughs, but Lamont only chuckles. This is no joke for Lamont.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

You, a New Orleans sugarcane baron, and me, the "king of moving pictures." Who would have thought?

LAMONT

We've come a long way.

Harris leans in with a serious, slightly suspicious note.

HARRIS

If you don't mind me asking... Why, exactly, has sugarcane brought you to Los Angeles?

Lamont is short with Harris, giving a clear message that he shouldn't prod further.

LAMONT

Everyone needs sugar, Harris.

HARRIS

I suppose you're right. You should work in the moving picture business. We could use savvy folks like yourself who truly possess considerable business acumen.

LAMONT

Oh no, not me. I'd end up slinging stag films.

(MORE)

LAMONT (CONT'D)

I'd be a short career before I was thrown in jail, and fin, it'd be over.

Harris shakes his head chuckling, but then shifts tone from playful to more adamant and serious.

HARRIS

I would stay far away from that by all means necessary. Trouble. Run by gangsters, shot by perverts, shown in brothels. A bad racket to be associated with.

Harris goes and returns the card back to the cabinet. He comes back to take a seat opposite Lamont.

LAMONT

Regardless, capturing moving images onto film... it's a mysterious marvel I do find fascinating.

HARRIS

Well! How about a tour then?

Lamont and Harris stand.

LAMONT

A grand proposition, Colonel Lyman.

Harris chuckles.

HARRIS

My pleasure, Lieutenant Beaudrie.

EXT. R.K.O. STUDIO, SOUND STAGE - NIGHT

Daniel stands in the shadows outside a deserted sound stage. Through a partially cracked door, a lit scene waits for its director. Daniel places his hands on FRANK, a 20-something coworker, who looks clearly nervous.

FRANK

I only said I'd let you in. I don't want to be a part of it, Daniel.

DANIEL

Frank, all you have to do is keep a lookout. That's all I'm asking. Do you think you can do that?

FRANK

I don't know.

DANIEL

How many people are at the studio
right now? Hmm? How many?

FRANK

I don't know.

DANIEL

Probably ten, tops. Including the
five of us. No one's gonna walk by.
I promise. Okay? Frank?

Frank reluctantly nods okay, and Daniel shakes his hand
enthusiastically before slipping back inside the stage.

INT. R.K.O. STUDIO, SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Daniel walks onto a small lit set where a COWBOY ACTOR, a
SOUTHERN BELLE ACTRESS, and CAMERAMAN ACTOR stand waiting.
The scene is set to resemble a western stage, as-if behind-
the-scenes on a large studio production.

We intercut between Daniel prepping his actors and a visual
montage of Daniel staging the scene. Daniel's expertise is
clearly evident, as he juggles multiple rolls all at once:
taking light readings, measuring focal distance, adjusting
the camera aperture, etc.

DANIEL

Films today are only stage plays of
Western heroes and villainous
mobsters. THIS will be different.
We're filming a romantic tragedy
behind the picture... with the
pathos and comedy of a cameraman
falling in love with his actress. A
Pygmalion myth for modern times.

COWBOY ACTOR

Pig what?

DANIEL

It's a Greek Myth.

SOUTHERN BELLE ACTRESS

You aim to do all that in ten
minutes of film?

DANIEL

Yes. I've seen more said in a
single photograph.

SOUTHERN BELLE ACTRESS
(Quietly to herself)
Maybe I should've spent more time
dolling up.

DANIEL
This is one-take. Whatever happens,
don't stop. Just stay in character.

With the actors in position, Daniel takes his place behind the camera.

Through his lens, we see the lowly Cameraman focused on a scene between the Southern Belle and the Cowboy. The Cowboy pantomimes some charming conversation, and the actress pretends to be wooed.

Daniel raises his hand, and...

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Action!

EXT. R.K.O. STUDIO LOT - NIGHT

Harris walks with Lamont down a row of sound stage exteriors.

HARRIS
We can have up to ten pictures
filming at one time, give or take.

As they turn a corner, Harris is surprised to see light emanating from one of the sound stages ahead. He perks up with enthusiasm.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
This production is shooting late it
seems. Hey... would you like to see
the magic in action?

Lamont nods to Harris, pleased and genuinely curious.

LAMONT
I'd be thrilled, if it isn't too
much of an imposition.

Harris walks over to a nearby studio call-box and picks up the phone.

HARRIS
It's no trouble at all! Wait just a
moment while I check with security
to see if we're clear.
(MORE)

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Don't want to enter on a live set
and ruin a good take.

EXT. R.K.O. STUDIO, SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Outside the stage, their lookout, Frank, spots their boss in the distance. Seeing Harris on the studio line, he begins to panic.

Frank peeks into the stage and attempts to whisper for Daniel, but is unable to grab his attention.

Frank listens as Harris gestures towards their location. A few words can be made out in the distance.

HARRIS
That's right, Stage C... what do
you mean "no production"?!

Unsure what else to do, Frank begins to creep away... slowly at first, and then sprinting away in the darkness to flee the scene of the crime.

INT. R.K.O. STUDIO, SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Unaware of the danger outside, Daniel deftly handles the camera, cranking with a steady pace and manipulating position and focus without skipping a beat.

The Cameraman Actor aims a prop camera at the Actress, clearly ignoring the Cowboy. Jealous and flustered, the Cowboy forcibly redirects the camera back to his close-up... but within moments, the Cameraman drifts back to admiring the Actress he so clearly adores.

Losing patience, the Cowboy takes out his prop gun and threatens the Cameraman to film him instead. The Cameraman hides behind his camera, always cranking, and the scene quickly escalates.

Daniel chuckles to himself at the comedic antics. Everything is going so well...

INT. R.K.O. STUDIO, SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Harris leads Lamont onto the soundstage. He approaches cautiously to prevent an interruption.

They turn a corner to find Daniel's scene in full-swing. Daniel continues filming with his back turned, completely oblivious.

The angry Cowboy stands off against the Cameraman as they circle around each other in a comedic fight. The Cowboy fires a few blanks. The Cameraman swings his camera from the tripod like a medieval mace.

The Southern Belle Actress screams, possibly in-character, but perhaps because she notices the interruption.

HARRIS

What in hell is going on here?!

Daniel jumps out of his pants and spins around to see Harris starring him down.

DANIEL

Mr. Lyman...

HARRIS

O'Malley! Have you lost your mind?

The Cowboy actor drops-character and turns to see what's going on... leaving him open for an unsuspecting blow: The Cameraman swings his prop camera and smashes it over the Cowboy's head. The Cowboy stumbles back as the prop camera explodes into a dozen pieces.

As the dust settles, everyone stares at Daniel speechless.

Harris storms over and gets in Daniel's face.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Who's responsible for all this?

Daniel sheepishly replies.

DANIEL

I am sir.

HARRIS

YOU set this up? By yourself?
You're a GODDAMN CAMERA LOADER. Oh wait, I'm sorry... WAS a goddamn camera loader. You won't find a job cleaning shit from toilets when I'm through with you. Now shut this rogue production down, and wait for me outside. All of you!

Daniel quickly rushes out of the soundstage leaving his disastrous mess.

Lamont watches with quiet interest as Daniel exits.

Harris picks up pieces of the broken prop camera in complete disbelief.

EXT. OUTSIDE STUDIO - NIGHT

Daniel walks out the front gate despondent, nearly dragging his feet, his shoulders sagging. He kicks a bottle as he sulks away. Up ahead in the shadows is Lamont leaning against a light pole. He holds the busted prop camera in his hands.

LAMONT

Hello there, friend, you look like
you've had better nights.

Daniel stops--fearing another tongue lashing by Harris's guest, and nods acknowledging his poor state.

DANIEL

Not my finest moment. That's for
sure.

Lamont nods sympathetically, walks over, and places the prop camera in Daniel's hands.

LAMONT

A momento.

Daniel accepts, unsure if this is a sincere gesture or cruel joke.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

O'Malley I caught. You have a first
name?

DANIEL

Daniel.

Lamont beams in admiration.

LAMONT

Daniel O'Malley. My name is Lamont
Darcourt Beaudrie, pleased to make
your acquaintance.

Lamont leans in and shakes Daniel's hand.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

You did a bold thing back there.
Took initiative, made something of
your own. That took guts.

Daniel listens intently, somewhat surprised that the conversation has gone this way.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

You've got a whole city of outsiders dying to scratch their way in front of the camera, and the lucky ones who make it through the gates are only berated and bullied by producers who can't tell the difference between the silver screen and a silver dollar.

DANIEL

I overstepped my place. I deserved what I got.

LAMONT

Maybe. Maybe you make your own place.

Lamont moves in closer.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

It looks like you're out a job... but I'm in need of a cameraman.

Daniel looks down at the shattered prop camera in his hands.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

We'll be using REAL cameras, of course. Top of the line.

Lamont hands him a nondescript business card with nothing more than a name and location.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

You can find me here tonight. Think it over.

EXT. OUTSIDE DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daniel stands in front of his apartment holding the broken prop camera. He stares back and forth between the camera and his home. The windows are dark... Violet is presumably asleep.

Daniel's eyes water up as he contemplates the severity of his situation. In a sudden burst of anger, he throws the prop camera down the street into the dark.

Daniel walks up to his front door, but hesitates, afraid to go inside.

DANIEL

Violet, you were right... I'm done.

He can't bring himself to open the door. Instead, he pulls Lamont's business card out of his pocket and considers his options.

Daniel takes a long, deep breath... then, decidedly, he walks away from his house without looking back.

EXT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

Daniel double checks the address on Lamont's business card, and looks around him. He's outside a closed delicatessen, and not a soul is in sight.

With trepidation, he knocks on the door. A DOORMAN, a slim African-American man wearing a smart dark suit, opens the door a crack without saying a word.

DANIEL

I'm not sure if I'm in the right
place. I'm supposed to meet
someone...

Daniel hands the Doorman the card. Recognizing Lamont's calling card, he opens the door and leads Daniel inside.

DOORMAN

Follow me, son.

INT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Daniel is led inside, down a staircase into a basement serving as a lively speakeasy filled with African-American patrons who dance and drink to an energetic jazz number being played on the piano.

Clearly out-of-place and turning heads (and a few smiles from female patrons) Daniel makes his way inside.

Daniel is surrounded by illicit activity, drinking, smoking, men consorting with prostitutes, etc.

At the back of the club, Lamont plays a beat-up grand piano with gusto and exuberance while a black female SINGER belts out a bawdy tune. Reaching the end of the song, Lamont slides down the keys with a sweeping glissando.

With much applause, Lamont gets up, bows, and makes his way over to Daniel.

LAMONT

Danny boy, Danny boy, Danny boy!

Lamont takes Daniel by the shoulder and guides him to a more private seat.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
My apologies for the choice of location, friend. I trust you're not easily offended by the nature of this venue. May I offer you a drink, Daniel? Do you imbibe?

Daniel shakes his head awkwardly. Lamont grins.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
Nor I! Not since the Volstead Act was passed. When the Nation went dry, so did Lamont Beaudrie. Serendipitious timing!

Uncomfortable in the surroundings, Daniel presses Lamont to cut to the chase.

DANIEL
The job you mentioned... What is it... you need filmed?

Lamont studies Daniel with a smile and waits a beat before answering.

LAMONT
I can tell you're truly a bona fide artist, and I want you to shoot something more than this town will ever fully appreciate.

Daniel is intrigued, but before Lamont can continue, a fight breaks out between two male patrons. Pushing and shoving quickly escalates to broken bottles and swinging fists.

Lamont gestures to a door left of the stage.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
It might be better to relocate to a more private area for a spell. Away from this commotion.

Lamont leads Daniel away from the fighting and into the greenroom of the speakeasy.

INT. SPEAKEASY, GREENROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a private room reserved for talent, Lamont and Daniel take a seat in front of a large makeup mirror.

LAMONT

I'd like to capture something MORE.
A true display of beauty and
sensuality akin to the Masters'
nude portraits during the
Renaissance. I have an actress...

Daniel looks uneasy and pulls away.

DANIEL

This is a stag film.

LAMONT

This is a BLUE film. A more
tasteful and artistic endeavor than
a stag could ever hope or dream to
be.

Frightened, Daniel stands up and prepares to leave.

DANIEL

I think I've made a mistake.

As if on cue, Margot suddenly barges into the dressing room.

MARGOT

Lamont baby! Who is this handsome
young gentleman?

Margot rushes over to Daniel's side and instantly captures
his attention. She's beautiful, attentive, and oozes
sexuality unlike anyone he's ever encountered before.

LAMONT

I was just offering Daniel here the
opportunity to film with us.

Margot beams and offers her hand to Danile to kiss. Daniel
stands abruptly and awkwardly shakes it.

MARGOT

So lovely to meet you! Margot
Weddington. So YOU'RE our new
cameraman!

Lamont cuts in.

LAMONT

Daniel hasn't decided to commit to
joining our burgeoning operation.

MARGOT

No? Daniel, baby, you have to come
aboard! We need some fresh talent.
(MORE)

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Our last cameraman didn't cut the mustard, frankly. And a cameraman is always an actress' best friend, don't you agree?

DANIEL

Yes, I'm sure. You're lovely, but like I was telling Lamont here... I really need to think about it.

Lamont watches with pleasure as Margot lays it on thick.

MARGOT

Tell me, do you think this side of me is better? Or THIS side?

Margot poses for Daniel, showing off her left profile and right. Daniel stares at her speechless as she accentuates her curves and shows off her derrière.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Why think on it, when it will be so much fun?

Daniel is deep under her spell when Lamont slaps a large stack of money on the table.

LAMONT

One hundred dollars, in advance.

Daniel is taken aback by the amount. He holds his tongue, trying to muster all his fortitude to resist the temptation. Sweat drips from his brow from the pressure.

Lamont leans in closer. Margot puts her hand around Daniel's shoulder.

MARGOT

What do you say Danny?

Daniel closes his eyes and takes the money. He's been won over.

DANIEL

One film. One film only. That's all I can agree to.

Margot jumps and claps with glee, while Lamont smiles with pride and a hint of deviousness (his secret weapon worked well).

LAMONT

Fantastic Daniel. It will be an honor.

Margot embraces Daniel and kisses him on the cheek, setting him at ease.

MARGOT

I am so excited! We'll make a picture that will be the envy of Hollywood!

Daniel grimaces, still very much in the moment but not quite sure of what he's gotten himself into.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Daniel lies in bed, unable to sleep, staring at the ceiling. Violet sleeps soundly with her back turned to him... she never heard him come in.

Daniel turns to Violet and looks at her with conflicted longing.

DANIEL

(Whispering to himself)
Just one film. Just one film...

The busted prop camera from his shoot sits on a bedside table...

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Daniel sits in bed, fiddling with the broken prop camera, fixing it where he can. He occasionally looks up and watches Violet prepare for work unaware.

VIOLET

Are you going to tell me how it went?

Daniel is taken off guard.

DANIEL

What?

VIOLET

You've been sitting there all morning playing with that broken camera, so I just assumed don't ask.

DANIEL

Oh, it's just a prop. It's okay. All part of the story.

VIOLET
So, how did it go then?

Daniel is slow to respond.

DANIEL
The film isn't developed yet... so
we'll see.

Daniel holds up the prop camera and watches Violet put on her dress through the pretend eyepiece. Violet notices, and hastily covers herself.

VIOLET
Don't point that at me.

DANIEL
I told you, it's fake.

VIOLET
It's indecent all the same. I don't
like it when you gawk like that.

Violet finishes getting ready and prepares to leave.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Aren't you ever getting out of bed?
We'll be late.

For the first time since the shoot, Daniel remembers his responsibility with the police department. The thought makes him sick.

Violet pecks Daniel on the lips and turns to leave before allowing him to answer.

INT. POLICE STATION, EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Detective Hartwell guides Daniel to the police evidence room while prepping him for his assignment. Once again, Daniel feels out of place, but for entirely different reasons.

HARTWELL
... Some of them are ten minutes
long... others just ten frames. I
need them strung together for the
briefing. You're to wear gloves at
all times. No tampering or cutting.
Forensics is still pulling finger
prints on these.

Hartwell opens the door to the evidence room. Inside, several racks store dozens of confiscated film reels, each bagged and tagged with case numbers. A center table is cleared with a Moviola and take-up reels.

DANIEL

Thank you.

HARTWELL

Good luck.

Hartwell closes the door leaving Daniel inside the small evidence locker. The task before him seems daunting, and the irony of his position makes him feel sick.

INT. POLICE STATION, EVIDENCE ROOM - LATER

Daniel systematically pulls the evidence reel by reel from the shelves and manually splices and winds them into a master. With each splice Daniel views the cut under the Moviola, catching glimpses of nude models, breasts, fellatio, and full-on fucking.

Daniel finds himself juggling feelings of discomfort and intrigue. He's drawn to the images, but equally frightened and racked with guilt for accepting Lamont's offer.

Daniel stops suddenly and cringes at the table.

DANIEL

It's just one film.

Daniel resumes his work.

Over the scene, we begin to hear Detective Hartwell's police briefing, delivered with a stern urgency to an unflinching crowd.

HARTWELL (O.S.)

Lewd. Disgusting. Vile. This new wave of indecency sets our moral compass astray and threatens to unravel the very fabric of our society... our families... our wives... and our children.

INT. POLICE STATION, BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Hartwell continues to talk in front of a large room of detectives and police officers. Using a slide projector, he gives visual aids as he goes.

In the back of the briefing room, Daniel sits next to a readied projector. He listens closely to Hartwell's speech and the dangers he may soon face.

HARTWELL

It's not enough to raid theaters and punish the victims of this disease. That is why the Bureau made clear the paramount importance of identifying and arresting the PRODUCERS of these pornographic films.

Daniel listens as-if Hartwell is speaking directly to him, accusing him of the crimes he has yet to commit.

Hartwell triggers the slide projector, flipping to a disturbing crime photograph of Randall's corpse.

HARTWELL (CONT'D)

Make no mistake, this is a violent enterprise with secret associations in numerous crime families... making our jobs all the harder.

Daniel stares at the shocking image with fear in his eyes.

HARTWELL (CONT'D)

Daniel, if you'd please roll the film?

The lights dim, and Daniel cues the projector. The audience goes quiet, and the films start.

Daniel watches, partially hidden behind the projector as the images stream out: A burlesque dancer squeezing her breasts... a romp in the countryside... french maids servicing one another...

Suddenly, and only for a few seconds, the film cuts to a close up of Margot licking her sex glazed lips.

Daniel instantly recognizes her. Fear, guilt and lust flood his senses while images of sex continue to flash in front of his eyes.

EXT. ORANGE GROVE, BLUEBOY'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Shaded beneath a grove of orange trees, a female performer rides atop a male performer, moaning loud and amorously. Her partner underneath suckles her breasts and returns her lustful gaze.

Blueboy turns a hand-crank camera as he peers through the viewfinder and grins like a lecherous voyeur.

Over the scene, we hear Lamont's care-free, thoughtful banter over the sound of a motorcar.

LAMONT (O.S.)

I'll never forget the sweet smell
of Louisiana sugarcane, but believe
me, nothing comes close to the
overwhelming aroma of fresh orange
blossoms. Magnificent isn't it?

EXT. RURAL ROADS - CONTINUOUS

Branford drives Lamont's shiny, open carriage motorcar through isolates rural farm roads in the outskirts of San Fernando.

Lamont rides in back with Daniel, reminiscing and enjoying the spring scenery.

LAMONT

So Daniel, I'm guessing you were
born and raised in the pictures!
Was your family pushed West with
the rest of the studios to escape
the Edison patents?

DANIEL

No. The opposite. I grew up here.
My parents moved to New York when I
was sixteen.

LAMONT

Independence can be a blessing.
Freedom from your family can afford
you quite a number of privileges.

DANIEL

I never forgave them for it.

Branford turns, bringing them into an orange grove that extends as far as they can see.

LAMONT

Are you in love Daniel?

DANIEL

I'm married... are you?

Lamont stares at Daniel without responding... as if planning his next move.

LAMONT

Oh, I have many loves in my life.
For Branford, on the other hand,
this car was his first and only
love.

Branford smiles, but does not reply. Daniel leans forward to compliment him.

DANIEL

It's a very nice automobile.

BRANFORD

A Miller 183, straight-eight, with
wet cylinder liners, ram tuning
induction system and centrifugal
supercharger. She'll do a 185 horse
power at 5500 RPM on a bad day.

Daniel shrinks back into his seat, completely clueless.

DANIEL

I don't know what any of that
means.

LAMONT

It means she's fast.

Branford pushes down on the gas slightly and they speed over bumps and dips in the dirt road. It's a new, thrilling experience for Daniel, who holds on tight and laughs.

As Branford approaches a clearing in a row of orange groves, Lamont looks to Branford for confirmation.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Are we close?

Branford nods.

BRANFORD

It's just up the road apiece,
through the trees.

Branford slows the car down and takes a sharp right onto a bumpy, overgrown path. The car barely fits. The overgrown brush and branches hit Daniel in the face as they drive through the foliage. This ride is no longer fun.

They approach a clearing to what appears to be a barn and farmhouse serving as modified stag film studio.

Branford eases off the accelerator.

Daniel becomes increasingly uneasy from the unexpected detour.

DANIEL

I don't understand. I thought we were picking up equipment?

LAMONT

Indeed, we are Daniel. But first I have to conduct some business.

Lamont parks near Blueboy's car. No one seems to be around, but when Branford cuts the engine the faint cry of a woman in ecstasy can be heard.

Lamont climbs out of the car and removes a leather briefcase.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Do you hear that? I believe we arrived in the middle of a shoot!

Branford shoots Lamont a concerned look.

BRANFORD

Do you think we should call this off?

Lamont waves his free hand dismissively.

LAMONT

Nonsense, nothing changes, Branford. This is quite fortuitous. Daniel, come along with me. We'll test your nerves on a live set so you're prepared when time comes.

Daniel nods, not quite sure what Lamont has up his sleeve.

Lamont pauses and takes a deep long breath, soaking in the beauty of the orange blossoms.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Beautiful day though, ain't it gents?

Branford and Daniel watch as Lamont saunters off towards Blueboy's set and they follow close behind.

EXT. ORANGE GROVE, BLUEBOY'S HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

A female performer kneels on the ground, having sex with her partner doggy-style.

Blueboy continues to film the scene while three rough-looking GUARDS and an overweight LOOKOUT stand nearby, completely distracted from their tasks.

Lamont suddenly emerges from the trees, clapping his hands sarcastically at the performance.

Daniel looks at the performers, taken aback. He's never seen this in person and it's a bit surreal and in shock.

LAMONT

Bravo friends! Why, Barrymore and
Pickford might be out a job with
talent such as this on screen!

Everyone jumps, and the Guard quickly brandishes a shotgun in Lamont's face. Blueboy stops filming and stares at Lamont in stupid shock. The performers scramble off one another and attempt to cover up in the bushes.

LOOKOUT

Stop right there, asshole!

Lamont ignores the threat like he's not even there. He approaches the performers and urges them to continue.

LAMONT

Please, don't stop on my account.
Continue the scene!

The Lookout rushes up and points his rifle at him.

LOOKOUT

I don't know who you are mister,
but you just walked into a whole
lotta trouble.

Blueboy covers the lens of the camera and steps up to Lamont.

Daniel looks curiously at Blueboy.

BLUEBOY

Lamont Beaudrie's a man who likes
trouble it would seem. An amateur
who fancies himself a professional.

LAMONT

With all due respect, I come with
an enticing proposition.

Blueboy steps forward and gets right in Lamont's face.

BLUEBOY

What do you want?

LAMONT

First and foremost, I come to offer a heartfelt apology. My intentions were not to disrupt your production.

BLUEBOY

Nevermind your intentions, you did just that.

Blueboy flicks his head to the GUARD to Lamont's right.

Guard Two shoves the barrel of his shotgun in Lamont's face even closer.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

Why are you here, Lamont?

LAMONT

I am here to propose a solution to our current adversarial state of affairs.

BLUEBOY

And why would that be?

LAMONT

I believe we are of better use cooperating than being at odds. As I mentioned, I not only have a star in my stable of talent, I have an extremely talented cameraman with me as well. He comes with studio experience, an extremely keen eye, and enviable grasp of cinematic aesthetics. He could just as well direct as well as roll camera. Yes, this gentleman, like my starlet, are the real deal and it would be a downright foolhardy decision to refuse my offer. Think about it. You retain ownership of the pictures and all the rights to distribute them to your theatrical venues. Twice the films, for half the work.

Lamont gestures back towards Daniel and he shifts, uneasy about being put in the spotlight by Lamont.

Blueboy points to his cameraman.

BLUEBOY

I have a cameraman, if you hadn't noticed, and I don't need any of your so-called "talent".

Blueboy walks over and slaps the Cameraman on the back.

LAMONT

I do not mean any disrespect, but my cameraman is one-of-a-kind. He is willing to provide a demonstration if you wish.

Blueboy narrows his eyes and glares at Daniel, tempted to call Lamont's bluff.

BLUEBOY

I don't think so. I've had enough of this idle banter.

Blueboy gestures to his Guards and Lookout to take them away and turns his back to Lamont and his guards.

Blueboy's Guards level their guns at Daniel and Brandford.

Daniel stops, paralyzed with fear and puts his hands up.

LAMONT

You're making a mistake here, Blueboy. I think we have an opportunity to truly--

Blueboy turns around and grabs a Thompson submachine gun from one of his lookouts and runs at Lamont waving it at him manically.

BLUEBOY

THERE IS NO OPPORTUNITY HERE! NOW SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH!

Lamont doesn't flinch or move an inch and smiles like Blueboy is just a child throwing a tantrum.

LAMONT

Fair enough.

Blueboy shoves the gun into the hands of Guard Three and walks over to the talent and the Cameraman.

MALE PERFORMER

We gotta get this going Blueboy, let these boys go so we can get on with the scene, they've done us no harm.

FEMALE PERFORMER

Yeah come on Blueboy, I'm getting drier by the second.

Blueboy spins around to confront his talent and pulls out a knife, and brandishing it at them.

The Female Performer screams and the Male Performer puts his hands up.

BLUEBOY

You two fuck, you don't talk, now shut the FUCK UP before I send you off emptyhanded!

The Male Performer backs up some, shielding the Female Performer who cowers behind him.

MALE PERFORMER

No need for violence, Blueboy, these boys didn't cause much of an interruption.

BLUEBOY

DO I PAY YOU OR DO YOU PAY ME? SHUT UP BEFORE I LITERALLY CUT YOU OUT OF THE FUCKING SCENE!

The Male Performer backs off with his hands up.

MALE PERFORMER

Okay, okay.

BLUEBOY

We'll finish the scene when we finish the fucking scene! Now get the fuck out of here.

The Male Performer backs off a few paces. The Female Performer runs off with him and they stand a short distance away, turning their backs to the commotion with Blueboy.

Guard One grabs the leather briefcase from Lamont.

GUARD ONE

What's in the fucking bag?

Guard One opens the briefcase pulls out a bottle of moonshine.

GUARD ONE (CONT'D)

You brought a bottle of hooch, eh? What is this some kind of peace offering?

Lamont smirks pleasantly.

LAMONT
To celebrate...

Guard One snorts.

GUARD ONE
I'll fucking celebrate.

Guard One gestures to the other two guards.

GUARD ONE (CONT'D)
Fancy pants here brought us some
hooch to celebrate.

The other Guards and Lookout laugh.

GUARD TWO
Fuck that let me have a swig, it's
hot as hell out here.

Guard Two takes a swig and nearly spits it out, but gulps it down. He shakes his head.

GUARD TWO (CONT'D)
Holy shit, that's some regular
firewater.

The three Guards and Lookout take turns swilling the hooch while the other keep their weapons focused on Lamont, Branford, and Daniel. Daniel attempts to back away.

Guard Three stops him.

DANIEL
I didn't agree to any of this... I
need to go...

Guard Three gestures for him to get back where he was with the Thompson submachine gun.

GUARD THREE
Get the fuck back there, kid.

Daniel puts his hands up and walks back.

Blueboy snickers.

BLUEBOY
Don't think you can weasel out this
you little shit? No one is walking
away from this scot free. I grant
you that.

Lamont looks to Daniel to reassure him.

LAMONT
Hang tight Daniel, I'm sure we can
work this out.

Lamont turns to Blueboy.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
Like gentlemen.

Blueboy narrows his eyes at Lamont.

GUARD TWO
(to Lamont)
Where'd you get this?

Blueboy walks over to Lamont and the Guards and Lookout.

Lamont beams with pride.

LAMONT
This batch was 'stilled by my
people. It's a family recipe.

BLUEBOY
(to the Guards)
Our friend Lamont came here ready
to celebrate a deal before it was
even sealed. Sounds like you got
ahead of yourself. Sounds like
something you're very good at.

Lamont shrugs innocently.

Daniel watches intently as the scene unfolds.

LAMONT
One must be prepared for every
possible occasion. And outcome.

BLUEBOY
Yet you assumed that I would agree
to your offer. You are a fool.

Blueboy points his finger at Lamont.

Lamont watches the Guards and Lookout greedily pass around
his moonshine out of the corner of his eye.

Daniel watches nervously as Blueboy paces in front of them.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

I am employed by some very important gentlemen--and they don't look kindly upon interlopers such as yourself disrupting their--MY affairs. And you should worry about what they might do if they found out what you've been up to Lamont. But then again, imprudent fool you are, I don't suppose it would have occurred to you to that I'm not all you had to worry about retaliating for your disruptions.

Lamont notices Guard Three take a swig, and wipe his brow of sweat. He nods and smiles.

LAMONT

What you're going to do is compensate me for the damages incurred, friend.

BLUEBOY

Come again?

Lamont turns his head to speak to Daniel beside him.

LAMONT

Daniel, if you could gather up Blueboy's camera and gear--check the equipment first, and be sure to take whatever you think you'll need to get our production up and running again.

Daniel looks to Lamont incredulous, terrified by his order he hesitates and stands still, paralyzed with fear.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Come now, Danny. These gentlemen aren't going to do a thing to stop you. I guarantee it.

Blueboy points the knife menacingly at Daniel.

BLUEBOY

Even a wayward glance towards my camera, kid... and I'll cut the eyes out of your FUCKING HEAD MYSELF.

Daniel back away, taking Blueboy's threat to heart.

DANIEL
I... can't, Lamont.

Lamont smirks and nods.

`QLAMONT
You can, Daniel. Like I said, these
boys won't do a damn thing to stop
you.

Guard Two walks over and points his shotgun at Lamont.

BLUEBOY
Lamont, you are either too crazy,
too arrogant, or fucking STUPID to
understand what is going to happen
here if you don't shut the hell up.

Guard Two starts to twitch. Lamont eyes catches Guard Two's
eyelid twitching.

LAMONT
I could be one of or all of those
things, but what I do know is that
we are leaving with your camera,
and your gear. Daniel. Pay no mind
to Mr. Blueboy here, he is more
bark than bite. I promise you no
harm, Daniel.

Sweat beads on Daniel's forehead, unable to decide whether to
trust Lamont or his strong sense of fear, he looks to
Branford.

Branford nods to encourage Daniel to obey Lamont.

Daniel works up the courage and starts to move towards the
gear. Blueboy moves towards Daniel with the knife. It glints
in the sun and the reflection shines on Daniel's face.

BLUEBOY
Try it, kid. See if I'm bluffing.

Daniel stops and Lamont gestures for him to move towards the
gear. He looks at Daniel very calm but intensely with his
eyes to reassure him.

LAMONT
Trust me, Danny.

Guard Two pulls begins to pull back the hammer on the shotgun
pointed at Lamont as Blueboy stalks towards Daniel, getting
closer to pouncing.

Guard Two struggles to pull back the hammer. His finger can't seem to align with it properly and he loses hold of it even when he is able to grasp it briefly. After several attempts he still can't seem to pull back the hammer.

Lamont brazenly moves forward towards Guard Two and is face to face with the barrel. He might as well be pointing a broom handle at it--Lamont doesn't show an ounce of fear.

BLUEBOY

What the fuck are you waiting for?
Shoot this fuck!

Lamont shakes his head with sympathy towards Guard Two.

LAMONT

Shame.

Lamont snatches the shotgun by the barrel from Guard Two, plucking it deftly from his weakening grip. He hands it to Branford who accepts it quickly and levels the shotgun directly at Blueboy with authority and purpose.

Guard Two falls rolls around his hands covering his eyes.

GUARD TWO

I can't see! I can't fucking see!

Daniel's eyes widen and he backs away in shock.

Guard One leans over and starts vomiting violently dropping his shotgun on the ground in the process. A stray round goes off above them causing oranges and foliage fall around them.

Daniel shields his head from the falling debris.

Guard One collapses, convulsing on the ground.

Guard Three doubles over and falls to his knees, drops his rifle and rolls over, unconscious and foaming at the mouth.

LAMONT

It looks like your men can't handle their liquor, Blueboy. That's 185 proof moonshine whiskey--with an added kick of foreshot. It's typically discarded from the distilled batch as you might know, but I left it in for additional flavor. It can make a man go blind in minutes. By now paralysis of the lower limbs has begun to take effect.

(MORE)

LAMONT (CONT'D)

I reckon they'll live through this ordeal with proper medical attention. As they Jake step their way to a doctor of course.

Lamont kicks an orange past by Guard One's head which stops at Blueboy's shoe.

Blueboy twitches with impotent rage, shocked by Lamont's bold move, he moves towards Lamont, but Branford steps between them with the shotgun and successfully pulls back the hammer.

Branford gestures for Blueboy to drop the knife. He hesitates and glares at Lamont, then Daniel. Daniel shakes his head to convey he is innocent and not a part of all this.

Branford moves in pointing the shotgun at Blueboy who backs off and drops the knife.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Shame, really Blueboy. We could have been celebrating a partnership right now, but c'est la vie, non?

Blueboy glares at Lamont, barely able to contain his anger.

Lamont walks over to Blueboy's camera. He gestures for Daniel to follow.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Daniel, can you work with this?

Daniel inspects the camera and quickly recognizes it.

DANIEL

Looks like a 1911 Bell and Howell... 1000 foot mag... I don't know about this... we can't take this equipment, we can't.

Lamont cuts Daniel off and hands the camera to him in a surprisingly hasty manner.

LAMONT

We can, and we are. You take this.

Lamont and Daniel gather crates of equipment and carry them over to Branford's motorcar, while Blueboy stands by watching, livid.

EXT. ORANGE GROVE - CONTINUOUS

Branford starts the car. Daniel holds the camera in shock.

LAMONT

DRIVE.

Branford steps on the gas and spins the car around like a professional stunt driver, throwing Daniel in the back seat.

As they speed away, Daniel watches in horror as another motorcar idles into Blueboy's hideout from the main road with several GOONS inside. The car stops abruptly and Blueboy points to Brandford's escaping motorcar. Several goons get out and follow Blueboy to his motorcar with shotguns and pistols drawn.

EXT. ORANGE GROVE, BLUEBOY'S HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

Blueboy gets behind the driving wheel of his car and he and the other car peel out in the dirt, speeding off after Lamont leaving the two performers in a cloud of dust.

Naked and stranded, they watch them depart, confused.

FEMALE PERFORMER

What about us?!

EXT. RURAL ROADS, LAMONT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Branford deftly maneuvers the car through the overgrown path. Daniel holds on tight for dear life.

The tires screech as they make a sharp turn onto the road, and Branford really lets her open up. The engine roars and they speed down the road, pushing Daniel back in his seat.

Lamont looks behind them and see's Blueboy's men on their tail.

LAMONT

Daniel! Can you tell me if that film is spent?!

Daniel inspects the camera in a panic.

DANIEL

Mostly! Yes I think so!

LAMONT

I want you to unload the film!

DANIEL

What?!

LAMONT

Unload the magazine! Can you do that?!

Still frozen with a look of terror, Daniel nods "yes".

The car hits a hard dip sending the Daniel and the camera onto the floor of the backseat. One of the cases tips, spilling equipment onto his head, including a portable dark room bag for changing film. Daniel has everything he needs.

Branford makes a sharp turn onto another road, but a slow moving tractor suddenly crosses in front of him. He slams on his brakes, narrowly avoiding collision, and swerves off the road.

Weaving between trees and smashing through low-hanging branches, Branford manages to steer the car past the tractor and back onto the road.

In the backseat, Daniel quickly cranks the camera to advance the remaining film into the take-up reel.

Catching a break from the tractor, Blueboy's men catch up and are hot on their tail.

Guard Four leans out of the passenger window and takes aim with his shotgun. Bang!

The shot rips through the back of the car, leaving a thousand holes in the formerly perfect exterior. Daniel ducks for cover on the floor of the car.

Lamont leans out of the car and sees the damage.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Holy lord! It seems your lady has been hit, Branford!

Daniel freezes up, clenching the camera in the back with all his strength.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Daniel! How much longer?!

Daniel snaps out of it and releases the magazine from the camera body. With surprising speed and precision for the circumstances, he seals the magazine into the changing bag and begins to unload the film.

Once again, the Blueboy's men gain on them. The Guard quickly reloads his shotgun as the Lookout drives up to the driver's side.

Daniel pokes his head out for an instance and sees the Guard taking aim. They both look into one another's eyes. Time seems to slow, as Daniel is sure this is the end.

Branford suddenly hits the breaks. They fly behind their assailants and make a frightening turn, drifting around the corner at top speed.

The Guard and Lookout attempt the same, but they lose control and their car rolls. Only Blueboy stays on their tail.

Daniel finishes unloading the film, and removes a sealed film can.

DANIEL

Done!

Daniel hands the film to Lamont.

Blueboy pushes his engine into the red, screaming vengeance as he gains on Lamont. His eyes blaze with rage.

Lamont watches Blueboy as he speeds closer in his car. Smoke pours from the overheated engine.

LAMONT

I wouldn't pay two cents to watch
your picture.

Lamont aims, and throws the film reel out of the car.

The film hits Blueboy's windshield and bounces off, leaving a giant crack across his field of view.

Lamont frowns, hoping for more damage.

The film can bounces on the pavement and comes to a slow, spinning stop. Blueboy's car slowly decelerates. Having given up the chase, he turns his smoldering car around and drives back to the film reel. Defeated, he exits his car and picks up the film while Lamont disappears in the distance.

EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

Out of harms way, the trio come to a slow stop in a secluded overlook near the Los Angeles river.

Lamont is first to step out of the car, and stretches with vigor. Daniel remains seated in the car, still in shock.

LAMONT

How's THAT for a Sunday drive?!

Branford inspects the car damage.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry Branford.

BRANFORD
Just a little body work. She'll be okay.

The film equipment didn't fare quite as well. Lamont realizes the shot hit one of the film cases. Inside are two rolls of undeveloped film, both shot and shredded to pieces.

LAMONT
This is unfortunate.

Lamont tosses the useless film cans onto the ground in frustration.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
Brandishing shotguns in the name of love... the carnage wreaked in the trenches of France made more sense dear Branford. We may need another plan to acquire...

Daniel suddenly jumps out of the car completely exasperated.

DANIEL
I'm done. I'm not doing this.

Lamont and Branford turn toward Daniel. He's having a breakdown and clearly not handling the recent excitement as well as they hoped.

LAMONT
What do you mean?

DANIEL
This! All this! What the hell happened back there!? Those men were going to kill us!

Lamont brushes off the severity of the situation.

LAMONT
Just a minor gentlemanly dispute.

DANIEL
They almost killed us!

LAMONT
It's a game! It's just a game they play. There was no real danger.
(MORE)

LAMONT (CONT'D)

I promise you it's the last you'll see any of them.

Daniel is red and fuming. He can't believe the mess he's tangled up in.

DANIEL

Who was Blueboy anyway? Who is he connected to? Is he involved with the mob?! You heard him--he said he worked for 'important people'! What if they come for us for what we just did?!

Lamont laughs off the accusation.

LAMONT

Daniel, Blueboy is just a man of big words and little action, you saw him. He was just trying to scare us, friend. His connections are likely businessmen who have no intention of seeking retribution upon us for today's dispute.

DANIEL

Really?! You stole his camera! My God, Shooting pornography! Getting shot at in high speed car chases! And we just caused an accident where people probably DIED! I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't this. I'm just a camera loader.

LAMONT

Are you Daniel?

DANIEL

I shouldn't be here. I'm sorry, but I'm leaving.

Daniel pulls out his wallet and removes the advance Lamont paid him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Look, I don't have the full hundred anymore... but here's sixty. I'll pay you back, and then I want no part of this.

Daniel places the money in Lamont's car and begins to walk away.

Branford watches Lamont to gauge his reaction. Lamont grimaces and nods reassuringly. All is not lost; as always, Lamont has a card up his sleeve, ready to be dealt.

BRANFORD

Where's he going?

Lamont lets him go.

LAMONT

To a dark place, I suspect. Give him time. He'll come around.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Violet sits at the dinner table eating dinner alone, dressed in a more sensual outfit than she would characteristically wear. She pecks at her food, uninterested, yet her plate is nearly finished. A plate set out for Daniel sits untouched and cold.

Exhausted from waiting, she stands up and begins to clear both plates. She scrapes Daniel's food into the trash when she hears a knock at the front door.

Presuming Daniel is outside, she goes to open the door while venting her frustrations loudly.

VIOLET

You said you'd only be gone two hours! I hope the studio is paying you extra for all the food I'm wasting... next time you can tell them...

Violet opens the door and is stunned to see Margot, not Daniel. She stops in her tracks, embarrassed and speechless.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry...

Margot smiles her signature, inviting smile.

MARGOT

Oh don't be, the apologies are all mine. I'd hate to be interrupting your dinner.

Margot looks past Violet, trying to see if Daniel is inside, but the room is clearly empty.

VIOLET

Can I help you?

MARGOT
I'm looking for Daniel. May I speak
to him?

Violet stares at Margot with confusion and creeping jealousy.

VIOLET
And you are?

MARGOT
How rude of me! Margot Weddington.
We work together.

Margot shakes Violet hand and lets herself into the house,
still searching for Daniel.

Violet shuts the door, still confused by the intrusion.

VIOLET
At the studio?

MARGOT
That's right.

VIOLET
I thought Daniel was at the studio
now.

MARGOT
Oh, he's not here?

Violet shakes her head "no" suspiciously.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
The director asked me to part a
message with him. They must have
missed each other on set. Would it
be alright if I stick around to
make sure he gets the message? I
can wait outside.

VIOLET
You can wait inside. Can I get you
anything? Tea? Coffee?

MARGOT
You're too kind, but no thank you.

Violet offers Margot a seat, studying her from head to toe,
still suspicious.

VIOLET
Are you an actress?

Margot chuckles at the flattery.

MARGOT

Heaven's no. I could never act. I would never be able to remember my lines! I'm an assistant to the director. Most of my work is done behind a typewriter, not in front a camera.

Violet nods with enthusiastic empathy.

VIOLET

Mine too.

MARGOT

Do you work in show business? You sure are a looker. Daniel and you will have some beautiful children.

Violet blushes from the compliment.

VIOLET

Oh no. I work for the police department.

Margot gasps in shock.

MARGOT

Is that so! That has to be dangerous for a woman. Am I right?

VIOLET

Deflecting coworkers advances.

Margot laughs and lightens Violet's mood. They can relate.

EXT. OUTSIDE DANIEL'S APARTMENT -CONTINUOUS

Daniel approaches his doorstep, his face twisted with inner conflict. His clothes are worn from a long journey. Sweat drips from his forehead. He looks like he's had the worst day of his life.

Daniel hesitates at the door, chokes back some tears and musters the courage to enter.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Margot and Violet pause their conversation as the front door opens.

VIOLET
That must be him. Excuse me...

Violet stands and walks over to greet Daniel while Margot remains seated, around the corner and out of view.

Before Violet can say a word, Daniel grabs her by the shoulders prepared to confess.

DANIEL
I have something I need to talk to you about.

VIOLET
That's fine, but your friend from the studio is here to see you.

Daniel's heart stops. He doesn't know who she could be talking about. Frank? Lamont? It's all bad news.

Daniel cautiously follows Violet to the living room and goes dead in his tracks when he sees Margot.

Margot waves her hand with a devilish smile.

Violet senses something off from Daniel's reaction, and takes notice of his ragged appearance.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Are you okay? You look terrible.

Daniel snaps out of it.

DANIEL
Oh yes. Sorry, long day.

Unconvinced, Violet excuses herself and goes to the kitchen.

Margot looks Daniel in the eye and gives him a wink. Daniel forces a fake smile and waits for Violet to be out of earshot.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
What are you doing here? What did you tell her?

Margot ignores Daniel's panic.

MARGOT
Your wife is very lovely. I was just telling her the director thinks you did a great job on set today.

DANIEL
You shouldn't be here.

MARGOT
Such a distinguished woman. You
never told me she works for the
police department.

Daniel suddenly feels frightened that he might be endangering Violet.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
I don't think ANYONE at the studio
knows that.

Margot senses Daniel's fear and places a calming hand on his leg.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
It's okay. We're all allowed our
private lives. Am I right?

Margot runs her hand over her breasts, opening her blouse slightly for Daniel's benefit.

DANIEL
Listen, this job isn't for me.
Please tell Lamont to find someone
else.

MARGOT
The director is willing to triple
the amount he promised you, but we
need film stock for the upcoming
production. Do you think you can
get it?

Daniel shakes his head in disbelief.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
He's not the only one who wants you
to stay on the project. His star
actress has faith and believes you
can do her role justice. You don't
want to upset his star actress, do
you?

Margot slowly runs her hand up Daniel's leg while teasing her blouse open even more. Daniel is caught in the moment, but likewise terrified Violet will see.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
Can you get the film stock Danny?

Margot mouthes his name with unmistakable sexual prowess. Daniel grows weak under the pressure, and nervously looks for Violet as Margot's hand slides steadily near his crotch.

DANIEL
(In a whisper)
I don't know.

MARGOT
Try. For me. Will you?

Margot's soft touch reaches Daniel's crotch... sending Daniel out of his seat.

DANIEL
(Louder)
Tell Mr. Lyman thank you. It was
nice of you to come by.

Margot reins in her sexual advances just as Violet enters the room.

MARGOT
It was very nice to meet you, Mrs.
O'Malley.

Violet forces a suspicious smile.

Margot walks out the door and Daniel watches briefly as she gets in a car with Branford and drives away.

VIOLET
You never talked about her before.

Daniel shuts the door and turns back to Violet. He now finds himself trapped deeper in a lie. He stares at her wild eyed.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
What is it you wanted to tell me?

Unable to express his emotions any other way, he takes Violet in his arms and kisses her.

Primed by her jealousy, Violet loses herself in the moment and is overtaken by the sexual desire she so often represses.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Daniel...

Her conservative side tries to protest, but with lips locked, she can't continue.

INT. LAMONT'S CAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Branford pulls away while Lamont and Margot ride in the back. Lamont stares at Margot with an inquisitive look, anxious to hear how her conversation with Daniel went down.

LAMONT

All well?

MARGOT

His lips said "I don't know" but
his eyes said "yes, yes, yes."

The situation turns Margot on, and with lustful eyes she stares at Lamont's crotch with a "come hither" look.

LAMONT

Can he procure stock?

MARGOT

He'll procure more than that.

LAMONT

Perfect.

Margot giggles seductively. Caressing her body and arching her back, she hikes up her short flapper dress and begins to masturbate in front of him.

Lamont watches with the admiration and intrigue of a voyeur, but remains distant. Branford steals a glance in the rear view mirror as Margot makes a special effort for their amusement.

MARGOT

So when are we shooting?

Lamont hesitates to answer. Margot throws herself on top of Lamont and begins to unbuckle his pants.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Come on Lamont, baby... when's the
shoot?

Lamont grabs Margot's hands and tries to resist, but her appetite is wet and she can't be stopped.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Tomorrow? TONIGHT?

Margot slides her hand inside Lamont's pants, but Lamont shudders and pulls away.

LAMONT
Margot... please.

Lamont pushes Margot back into her seat.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
There could be no greater pleasure
than watching you.

Margot's animal passion turns to anger. She fixes her dress
and sits firmly back in her seat.

MARGOT
Well what about my pleasure? It's
always the same with you. You rave
about my beauty and how much you
adore me, but you won't so much as
touch me.

Branford sinks down in his seat to avoid the private
conversation.

LAMONT
You know I care a great deal for
you.

Margot changes the subject.

MARGOT
When are we shooting?

LAMONT
When the time is right. The pot
must simmer.

MARGOT
Simmer how? This tea kettle is
fuckin blowin' and if I don't do
something soon there'll be hell to
pay.

LAMONT
We took Blueboy's most treasured
possession. That camera was his
love. I wouldn't be surprised if he
tries to steal mine away.

Lamont caresses Margot's face.

MARGOT
Oh? You think he wants me? To get
to you?

Lamont grins and shakes his head no. He has other plans.

LAMONT

Of course not. Unless you let him
of course.

Margot recognizes the look on Lamont's face. He's scheming something, and that makes her furious.

MARGOT

So I'm the bait, is that it? A pawn
in your scheme? I should have known
better. That's all I've ever been
to you, some carrot you dangle from
a stick.

LAMONT

You know that's not true.

MARGOT

Oh, come off it Lamont! Did you
ever stop to concern yourself about
my safety?

LAMONT

Blueboy is many things, but he
would never hurt you. Especially
when you can make him money.

MARGOT

You're so sure of that? Are you?!
Why don't you get one of those
nigger girls you like so much. Let
them be your pretty little chess
piece and get lynched!

The insult hits a sensitive chord, and Lamont snaps, grabbing Margot by the jaw and forcing her head against the window.

Branford slams on his brakes, alarmed and tempted to intervene.

Lamont holds Margot's face against the glass and stares her down. Margot does the best she can to ignore the pain and glare back.

LAMONT

Don't. Say that. Again.

Lamont lets go and Margot dramatically exits the car.

MARGOT

Maybe I'll be better off with
Blueboy after all.

Margot slams the door. Lamont lets her walk away, feeling a tinge of regret as she goes.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel and Violet stumble backwards onto their bed. Violet lets go and closes her eyes as Daniel removes her shirt and touches her breasts. Her trembling hands pull him closer.

But when Daniel's hand reaches into Violet's pants, she opens her eyes and suddenly becomes aware of the situation. Anxiety gets the best of her, and she feels shame and embarrassment.

Violet forces Daniel away. Unable to look him in the eye, she quickly covers her breasts and shies away from his touch.

VIOLET
I can't. I'm sorry.

Daniel's sexual frustration turns to anger.

DANIEL
That's not what it seemed like a minute ago.

VIOLET
Then you think you can just throw me into bed? You've been acting different ever since you shot that film.

Daniel rubs his eyes and mumbles under his breath.

DANIEL
Well at least you're acting the same.

Violet slaps Daniel across the face. It's a total shock to Daniel, and he instantly sees how hurt and conflicted Violet is.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Daniel has just finished taking a shower, washing away the filth and sweat from a long day.

He looks at himself in the mirror, trying to rationalize his past decisions and what he must do next. He's deeply conflicted.

Drying off, he walks into the kitchen and sees a plate of food left out for him (long after Violet went to bed).

Stress has taken away most of his appetite, but he sits down and eats what he can.

EXT. STUDIO CAFE - DAY

Daniel sits alone at a table across the street from the Foremost Studios gate. A plate of food rests in front of him. He's still not hungry.

Frank enters the cafe, spots Daniel, and takes a seat across from him.

FRANK

Holy shit, Danny, why you're a sight for sore eyes... and I thought I was bad off! I've been doing the job of two loaders since you were canned.

DANIEL

I'm not sure I'd even want to go back.

Frank is surprised and senses Daniel is depressed.

FRANK

What do you mean, Danny?

DANIEL

The studio, film, all of it. I don't know if it's for me.

FRANK

If it's not for you then I'm sure as hell in trouble.

Daniel only half listens. He has a lot on his mind.

DANIEL

Frank...

FRANK

Yeah?

DANIEL

If you had an opportunity to do something you really loved... but it might hurt those around you... or do something you hate...to protect them... What would you do?

Frank contemplates his answer. He realizes Daniel is into something serious.

FRANK

I'm not that smart Danny, but the only person a man needs to look out for, is himself. Because in the end, that's all any of us have.

Daniel lets Frank's advice sink in.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Daniel... you okay?

Daniel snaps out of his mood.

DANIEL

Frank, I need you to do something for me.

FRANK

Anything Danny. What is it?

DANIEL

I need you to get my film back.

This isn't what Frank expected.

FRANK

What?!

DANIEL

The film I was shooting. I paid for that can myself. Is it still on the studio somewhere?

FRANK

You want me to steal it back!?

DANIEL

At least tell me where it is.

FRANK

You're lucky Lyman didn't press charges, you go back there and you'll be pushing your luck. Besides, what could you want with it? You don't have any equipment...

Daniel talks to himself, formalizing a plan in his head.

DANIEL

I only shot two minutes of film... that leaves about 800 feet... roughly 10 minutes...

Daniel turns aggressively back to Frank.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Frank, I need to know where that reel is.

FRANK

Forget it Danny. They have it locked up in the orphan vault.

Daniel hastily stands and leaves, learning all he needed to know.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Danny! Hey! Where are you going?

Daniel waves goodbye without giving any credence to Frank's warning.

EXT. R.K.O STUDIO LOT - NIGHT

Daniel prowls the perimeter of the studio at night, cautiously looking over his shoulder and avoiding any attention.

Daniel spies a possible entrance onto the lot where a low wall backs up to a horse stable.

After checking to make sure the coast is clear, Daniel scales a lamppost and makes a heroic leap over the wall, landing flat on his face in a lump of hay. He's in.

Daniel dusts off, and begins to make his way to the orphan vault, ducking and creeping in the shadows.

Several old work associates stroll around a corner and nearly spot him, but Daniel hides behind the stage flats and waits for them to pass.

Daniel comes to the warehouse Frank mentioned. To no surprise, the door is locked. Daniel looks around and comes up with a plan.

Emerging from the shadows, he walks past a restroom and picks up the phone from a studio call booth. A security operator picks up on the other line.

DANIEL

Yes, this is Harris Lyman, I need the Orphan Vault opened up.

EXT. R.K.O STUDIO LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A SECURITY GUARD dangling a ring of keys walks up to the film vault warehouse. He looks around, but doesn't see anyone waiting.

SECURITY GUARD

Hello?

The security guard notices the sound of running water coming from the nearby restroom. He shrugs, and unlocks the warehouse door.

Strolling away casually, he pokes his head into the restroom...

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Vault's open!

And the Security Guard continues on his way.

Moments later, Daniel emerges from the restroom and quickly tip toes into the warehouse.

INT. R.K.O. STUDIO, FILM VAULT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Daniel snoops around in the dark, looking through rows and rows of film racks. He finally comes to a collection labeled "orphan films" (partially used, ruined or otherwise discarded undeveloped reels).

Daniel searches through the reels and finds his film. He checks the seal to make sure it hasn't been exposed. Everything looks intact.

DANIEL

(whispering to himself)

It should just be enough.

Daniel hastily exits the vault.

EXT. R.K.O STUDIO LOT - NIGHT

Daniel creeps around a building and makes his way over to the horse stables. He climbs on the roof of the stable and lifts himself over the studio wall and climbs down the wall.

He dusts himself off, checks the bag and walks away casually. He turns around only to find himself face-to-face with Harris.

HARRIS
O'Malley! What the hell are you
doing around my studio?!

Daniel hesitates.

DANIEL
Mr. Lyman!

HARRIS
Well answer me, kid.

Daniel is speechless.

Harris reaches into Daniel's bag, Daniel is frozen with fear.
He pulls out a sketchpad.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
This is why you were here, eh?

Daniel nods.

DANIEL
Yes, Mr. Lyman, Frank left it for
me at the gate.

Harris shakes his head. He looks down at the concept sketches
and storyboards.

HARRIS
These are good. Perhaps if you did
as you were told and kept to your
job we could have made a director
outta you one day. Lesson learned I
guess. Get outta here O'Malley,
before I call the cops.

DANIEL
Yes, Mr. Lyman.

Daniel scurries off and tips his cap as he does so.

Harris shakes his head, disappointed as Daniel runs off.

INT. LAMONT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Margot sleeps alone in Lamont's apartment when a knock at the
door wakes her. Groggy, but still beautiful, she goes to
answer the door in her nightgown.

She opens the door with an angry frown, expecting Lamont, but
is surprised to find Blueboy accompanied by two THUGS.

Margot tries to shut the door on the intruders, but they jam their foot inside and force it open. Blueboy reaches for Margot's face.

BLUEBOY

Don't you worry doll. I wouldn't think of roughing up a face as pretty as yours. We just want to have a friendly chat.

INT. BLUEBOY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Blueboy sits in the back of the car with Margot.

BLUEBOY

Do you know who I am?

Margot composes herself and answers assertively. She isn't afraid of these goons.

MARGOT

Of course.

BLUEBOY

Your friend Lamont has a despicable habit of interrupting other productions. And from what I hear, he's out a director these days. He's all washed-up. But there's no reason you have to be...

Blueboy pulls out a suspicious suitcase.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

Now I know you two are... close.

MARGOT

Not as close as you might think.

Margot scoffs at the idea, still sore from their fight.

BLUEBOY

Well I'm willing to wager you'll find these two-thousand friends closer.

Blueboy opens the suitcase to reveal stacks of money. It's more money than Lamont has ever offered her.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

We're shooting at a secret location in two days.

Blueboy removes a small bundle of bills from the suitcase and places it in Margot's hand.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)
Buy yourself something pretty and
sleep on it.

INT. SPEAKEASY - DAY

Daniel finds himself visiting Lamont's usual rendezvous at the speakeasy. The club is a shadow of its former self. Dark, dirty and mostly deserted. The few patrons that remain might as well be drunk or dead.

In the corner near the silent piano, Daniel finds Lamont sitting alone.

Lamont stares at a whiskey bottle. He tips it from side to side while studying the liquor sloshing back and forth inside. An untouched glass sits on the table before him. Absorbed in his depression, Lamont doesn't even notice Daniel approaching the table.

Daniel takes a seat at Lamont's table, startling him.

DANIEL
I thought you didn't drink.

Lamont puts the bottle down and picks up the empty glass with a proud smile, showing it off to Daniel.

LAMONT
Still don't.

Daniel removes his film reel from his rucksack and places it on the table before them. Lamont perks up.

DANIEL
There's one more condition.

LAMONT
Of course.

DANIEL
My wife. Leave her out of this. She
can never know. Understand?

Lamont nods respectfully.

LAMONT
You have my word.

Lamont takes out one of his business cards and quickly jots down some information for the shoot. He hands it to Daniel.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Sunday.

DANIEL

Until Sunday then.

Daniel shakes Lamont's hand and leaves the film reel on the table.

INT. LAMONT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lamont sits at a table in his apartment drinking a glass of milk and looking at a pocket watch cupped in his palm. Daniel's undeveloped film reel sits on the table in front of him.

The door opens, and Margot enters, resplendent in a brand new flapper dress.

MARGOT

Were you waiting for me?

Lamont looks up from the watch.

LAMONT

You've been a while.

They share a quiet moment and Margot goes to the bedroom to grab some of her things without saying a word.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Listen, Margot...

Margot digs around in her dresser and gathers up some of her undergarments and packs them into her bag.

Lamont is going to get right into it, but decides to change the subject for a moment.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

That's quite the new outfit.

Margot comes out of the bedroom, her bag in hand.

MARGOT

You like it?

Lamont sets the pocket watch down on the table with the lid open.

LAMONT

What I did was beyond reproach.
Inexcusable.

Margot looks down but doesn't answer.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

If you only knew why I would do
such a thing, perhaps you wouldn't
forgive me... but at the very least
you might understand.

Lamont walks over to her but doesn't touch her. He turns away
to give her space.

MARGOT

Blueboy asked me to shoot for him.

Lamont perks up, a sharp twinge of jealousy shooting through
him. He turns around, not angry, but calm.

LAMONT

Will you?

MARGOT

I don't know.

Lamont takes a deep breath and walks over to the table. He
taps on Daniel's film reel, then picks up a pen to write down
some important information.

Lamont hands a piece of paper to Margot. She reacts, slightly
surprised, but the details of the note are not seen.

LAMONT

This is where and when we'll be
shooting. If you change your
mind... we'll be there. If not...
it's Blueboy or it's me. I want you
to have this when you decide.

Margot takes it. She smiles, her eyes moist with tears.

MARGOT

Thank you.

Lamont watches with care as she takes her bag and walks out
the door.

On the lid of the pocket watch is a faded photograph of a
pretty black girl in a white dress. Lamont closes the lid,
and puts the watch in his vest pocket.

INT. TAVERN, HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Margot enters an unfamiliar tavern wearing her new flapper dress. The establishment is nearly empty, save a few regulars drinking coffee and other non-alcoholic drinks.

A BARTENDER shouts to Margot before she can even reach the bar.

BARTENDER

We're all above board, completely
dry and virgin, so don't ask, doll.

MARGOT

I'm here to see Blueboy.

The Bartender looks her over from head to toe. Without asking further questions, he opens a secret panel behind the bar and leads her into a hidden speakeasy behind the store.

Margot finds Blueboy in a small office. Various lights and camera equipment line the walls.

Blueboy smiles full of pride and arrogance. He was expecting her. Shutting the door behind them, he pours Margot some liquor and circles around her like a predator sizing up his prey.

BLUEBOY

And Lamont?

MARGOT

The poor fool thinks he's in love.
I'm here for business.

Without asking, Blueboy takes the drink away from Margot and circles her.

BLUEBOY

You've made the right decision. A
beautiful creature like yourself,
should be immortalized on the
silver screen. I can offer you
that.

Blueboy places his hand on Margot's shoulder and begins to slip off her dress.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

May I?

Margot assists with removing her clothes and stands fully naked before Blueboy.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)
Stunning. You now shoot exclusively
with me, starting tomorrow.

Blueboy runs his hand along her body, and leans in to kiss
her neck.

MARGOT
Blueboy, dear, I have to get my
beauty rest.

BLUEBOY
A woman with your sexual appetite
needs no beauty rest.

MARGOT
Blueboy...

Blueboy is miffed, but lets her go without protest. He hands
her a stack of cash and smiles savagely.

Margot turns to leave.

BLUEBOY
Oh, and Margot.

Margot pauses.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)
Don't forget. Exclusive. You work
for ME now.

The idea doesn't sit well with Margot and she saunters out
with an look of mixed feelings about the arrangement.

MONTAGE

INT. LAMONT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lamont and Branford unload a crate of gear and load it in the
back of Branford's truck. Lamont stops, looks out into the
night air outside the loading dock and checks his watch.

He puts the watch back in his pocket and walks back inside
with as Branford walks loads another heavy box.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daniel lays in bed looking up at the ceiling. On the other
side of the bed, a foot or so between, Violet is on her side
fast asleep. Daniel looks troubled but a hint of excitement
courses through him.

INT. MARGOT'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Margot stands in front of a full-length mirror in a robe, between trying on dresses. She admires her new dress in the mirror but can't seem to settle on in and tosses it aside. She holds up another dress in front of the mirror and looks deep into her reflection. Contemplating her decision and questioning her character.

INT. LAMONT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lamont locks up the back of his truck and Branford drives off.

Lamont watches intently as Branford drives off. He goes inside the loading dock and closes the bay doors behind him.

He looks off with a gaze of determination and walks away.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - EVENING

Daniel exits a cab and pays the driver with his last dollar. As the cab drives away, he looks around him and realizes he's in an abandoned industrial area.

Cautiously, he follows the directions through back alleys and rows of shipping containers. Daniel comes to a warehouse door in a filthy back alley. He knocks with trepidation and whispers a password.

DANIEL

Black, white, and blue...

The door unlocks, and Branford yanks him inside.

INT. BLUEBOY'S SHOOT - EVENING

Blueboy leads Margot into a large, open space warehouse. Large blankets cover the middle of the floor. It's unclear if Blueboy has used them for shoots before, or if vagrants just sleep here.

The disappointment can be easily read on Margot's face.

BLUEBOY

Don't worry, the audience will only
be seeing you.

Blueboy runs his hand along her figure.

MARGOT

Where can I put my face on?

Blueboy stares at her like she's ridiculous, but points to a bathroom to indulge her.

Margot excuses herself and locks the door behind her in a small, single stall bathroom. She stares at her reflection in a broken mirror.

Margot takes out the piece of paper with Lamont's instructions and considers her options.

INT. LAMONT'S SHOOT - EVENING

Daniel is led through several dark hallways by Branford to a small but surprisingly well constructed sound stage. The scene is set with a Model-T Ford race car (one of Branford's), and a painted backdrop of rolling hills. Daniel is impressed.

Lamont rushes over to greet Daniel enthusiastically with open arms.

LAMONT

Danny boy! So glad you are here.
THIS will be your canvas!

Lamont guides Daniel to the camera (stolen from Blueboy) and hands him his film reel.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

She's all yours.

Daniel looks around. A male performer waits impatiently in the corner, but Margot is nowhere in sight.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Margot seems to be running a bit
behind. You know how actresses can
be.

Lamont pulls his pocket watch out and privately opens it. He stares at the attractive black girl, NOT the time, while pacing nervously.

INT. BLUEBOY'S SHOOT - CONTINUOUS

Blueboy's scene is fully lit. The camera is loaded. A burly male performer stands half naked, masturbating, while everyone waits for Margot.

Blueboy grows impatient and calls one of his goons over to the bathroom door. Vigourously knocking, he yells for Margot inside.

BLUEBOY

Margot! We don't need any prima
donnas. It's time you come out now.

Blueboy's men laugh, but Blueboy doesn't find any humor in the situation.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

Your face won't be seen much, so
don't you worry.

Blueboy listens carefully, but hears nothing but the sound of running water inside.

Blueboy points to one of his goons.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

Break the fucking door down. Pull
her out.

With a loud thud, Blueboy and his men break the lock on the bathroom door and force their way inside.

Blueboy can't believe his eyes. The room is empty. Margot has escaped out an open window.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

She didn't...

Blueboy slams the wall in anger and looks out the window. Margot is long gone.

EXT. CITY STREETS - EVENING

Margot walks briskly down empty industrial streets, occasionally glancing behind her. No one seems to be following.

Holding Lamont's instructions in her hand, she marches forward with determination.

INT. BLUEBOY'S SHOOT - CONTINUOUS

Blueboy storms through the warehouse knocking equipment over in a rage.

BLUEBOY

Nobody stands up Blueboy! I'm going
to skin her pretty face right off!

Blueboy enters an office inside the warehouse and picks up the phone. As he waits for an operator to pick up, he points to the youngest, most junior member of his crew, (a man in his early twenties) and pulls out a revolver.

BLUEBOY (CONT'D)

You're filling in! And so help me
god, if anyone protests I'll put a
hole in your fucking head!

The kid looks terrified.

INT. POLICE STATION - HARTWELL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hartwell's office phone begins to ring while he looks over photographs of stag performers. One suspect's picture, Margot, rests on his desk in plain view.

Hartwell answers the phone.

HARTWELL

Where? Now? Who is this? Hello?
Hello?!

Hartwell scribbles down information on a piece of paper.

INT. POLICE STATION, BOOKING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hartwell runs into the booking office and shouts to Violet, interrupting a report she is typing.

HARTWELL

We need your husband.

Violet stands up, alarmed.

VIOLET

He's working late at the studio.

HARTWELL

You're coming with me then.

Hartwell grabs Violet's coat for her and frantically pushes her out the door while other officers scramble to their squad cars.

INT. LAMONT'S SHOOT - CONTINUOUS

Daniel has finished loading the camera, and everyone stands around in silence tensely waiting.

Lamont paces back and forth, quietly whispering to himself.

LAMONT

She'll come. She'll come.

They continue to wait. Daniel's anxiety continues to grow. Maybe this was a bad idea.

Finally, breaking the silence, a door slams and Margot makes a dramatic entrance, strutting onto the set.

MARGOT

Sorry boys! Got a little caught up.

Lamont lets out a huge sigh of relief. Margot approaches him and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

Margot drops her dress to reveal stunning lingerie. She walks seductively over to Daniel and places her hand on his shoulder.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Where do you want me, Danny?

Margot is so beautiful he's nearly dizzy. He takes off his cap and wipes his forehead, trying to not get too worked up.

DANIEL

I thought I was just rolling camera.

Lamont laughs and give Daniel a pat on the back.

LAMONT

You're the director here, Daniel.
This is YOUR picture.

Daniel nods dutifully as the realization hits him. This is his moment to shine. Daniel quickly steps away and returns with the prop camera used on his prior shoot.

DANIEL

I have an idea, actually.

Lamont looks at the prop and smiles.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

Police cars race down the streets at the shipping docks, shining lights down every alley they pass. They're hot on someone's trail.

Police officers get out on foot and peer inside warehouse windows, looking for any trace of suspicious activity.

One cop shouts and whistles to his fellow officers.

COP

This might be it!

The squad begins to approach a seemingly abandoned building with a suspicious light spilling from a sky light.

INT. LAMONT'S SHOOT - CONTINUOUS

Daniel's MALE ACTOR plays the part of a Camera Man. He looks through the lens of the prop camera, raises his hand, and calls action.

MALE ACTOR

Action!

His actress, Margot, walks into the frame carrying a bouquet. Taking time to smell the sweet flowers, Margot is playing the part of someone much more innocent.

Behind it all, Daniel cranks away on the real camera, filming a scene similar to the one ruined at R.K.O. Studios.

The Male Actor stares at the Margot completely infatuated. Margot blushes, and then, begins to tease the camera man... dropping one corner of her dress at a time.

DANIEL

Cut! Okay, I'm going to move in closer for this. This angle will be from the point-of-view of the camera man.

Daniel quickly changes the position of the camera and adjusts the focus and aperture like a pro. He then takes a moment to direct his beautiful talent.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Margot, this is wonderful. Lets have you look directly into camera for this... and slow everything down like you're swimming in molasses.

Lamont watches from the sidelines, grinning ear-to-ear. Daniel is a true director, coming alive on set like he could nowhere else. He exudes confidence, and all the hesitation and anxiety of shooting blue films has melted away.

Daniel continues to whisper some intimate direction into Margot's ear. She giggles and seductively runs her hand across his chest.

Daniel resumes his place behind the camera and starts filming again.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Action!

Margot drops her dress to the ground, revealing perfect breasts. With a naughty look in her eye, she sinks to her knees, and...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

The cops begin to surround the building with guns drawn, taking strategic positions on top nearby rooftops, behind dumpsters, and under windows.

A SENIOR OFFICER, second in charge under Hartwell, moves around the team, ducking in shadows like they're in war. A COP asks for the go ahead.

COP

Are we waiting for Hartwell's command?

SENIOR OFFICER

No, we're moving without him. Prepare to give your men orders on my signal...

Another officer positions himself near the entrance with a door ram.

INT. LAMONT'S SHOOT - CONTINUOUS

Daniel watches through the speeding camera as Margot finishes a blowjob and begins to climb onto her partner. She's even more breathtaking through the lens.

Daniel is entranced, but he keeps his composure and never loses sight of the task at hand.

As Margot begins to ride on top of the fake camera man, Daniel suddenly stops them.

DANIEL

Cut!

Lamont looks temporarily concerned, but watches as Daniel approaches Margot and guides her to turn around so that she's more open to the camera.

Margot smiles, breathing heavy, and blows Daniel a kiss.

The actors resume intercourse and Daniel cranks the camera with increasing speed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Action!

Margot moans and throws her hair back. The film speeds through the camera... quickly approaching the end.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Senior Officer counts down from five. The battering ram swings back and forth, prepared to breach the entry.

SENIOR OFFICER

Five! Four! Three!

INT. LAMONT'S SHOOT - CONTINUOUS

Daniel moves the camera in closer without cutting. Margot continues to ride on top her partner. She grips her breasts and caresses her body in ecstasy. She's having sex with the camera. She's having sex with Daniel.

Margot begins to scream in orgasm.

This is sex like Daniel has never experienced, or fantasied about... and it's intoxicating.

EXT/INT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Senior Officer finishes the countdown.

SENIOR OFFICER

Two... one... Go!

A cop smashes through the door with one swing. Agents break every window and jump inside with guns drawn. They scramble furiously through dark hallways, trying to locate the set inside.

INT. LAMONT'S SHOOT - CONTINUOUS

Margot's orgasm reaches a peak and they both climax. Her erotic screams fill the studio.

Daniel stares through the viewfinder, transfixed by what he sees...

INT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

The armed police officers smash through a final door, busting into a live set. Cops and agents instantly fill the room. The shoot goes into chaos.

COP

On the ground! Hands up!

In the middle of the action, two male performers are caught having anal sex in front of the camera. It's not Daniel's shoot being busted, but Blueboy's.

Blueboy is forced to the ground and handcuffed. His camera falls and breaks, exposing the undeveloped film inside.

Everyone on Blueboy's crew is cursing and struggling, but they're clearly outnumbered. It's a sweeping victory for the police department, catching the production with its pants down.

INT. LAMONT'S SHOOT - CONTINUOUS

Margot finishes a beautiful climax and ends the scene with a silent kiss.

The camera reaches the end of the reel.

DANIEL

Cut!

Lamont claps from behind the scene, clearly pleased. He pats Daniel on the back and shakes his hand.

LAMONT

You, friend, are a tried and true
auteur! You were made for this!

Daniel beams proudly, totally hooked by the experience.

Margot runs up to Daniel, completely nude and embraces him.

MARGOT

You did wonderful, Daniel!
Wonderful! It was just magic!

She kisses him on the cheek and walks away to fetch her robe. Daniel can't help but stare after her, euphoric.

Margot joins Lamont's side and rests her head on his shoulder while the rest of the crew begins to clean up. Lamont strokes her hair.

LAMONT

What of Blueboy?

Margot gives Lamont a wink.

MARGOT

His act is all dried up.

Margot hands Lamont the piece of paper given to her earlier. Lamont opens it with a triumphant smile. A phone number with the words "HARTWELL - INDECENCY DIVISION" is written underneath.

Lamont crumbles up the paper and holds Margot affectionately.

EXT. R.K.O STUDIO LOT - NIGHT

Violet stands outside a security guard booth talking to the same SECURITY GUARD that Daniel gave the slip earlier. Hartwell waits just outside the gate in a police car with lights flashing.

Violet appears stunned and confused.

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry, nope. Mr. O'Malley isn't listed here. Are you sure you have the right studio?

VIOLET

Yes. That's not possible. He works for Harris Lyman. They were shooting a western.

The Security Guard laughs.

SECURITY GUARD

Everyone is shooting a Western, ma'am.

Violet backs away, upset and embarrassed. Something is clearly not right, but the obvious explanation seems impossible to her.

Violet walks back to the police car empty handed.

HARTWELL

What's the problem?

VIOLET

He left early. I guess we just missed him.

She sits in the police car, uncomfortable in her lie.

Hartwell senses personal drama, and doesn't press further. Together, they pull away, and head to the crime scene.

EXT. LAMONT'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Lamont walks outside alone, laughing to himself with an air of victory. He stares into the night air wistfully.

Suddenly mob boss DON GARGANO and two BODYGUARDS emerge from the shadows with machine guns drawn.

Lamont stands firm, and doesn't so much as flinch. He remains fearless, as if he was expecting this encounter all along.

DON GARGANO

You don't know me, but I know you Mr. Beaudrie. Blueboy works for me, and he tells me you have been a thorn in his side, OUR side for some time now. And now you're gone into business for yourself, with equipment we've paid for. We don't appreciate it. At his request, we have decided to put an end to this.

The gangsters cock their weapons and prepare to fire.

LAMONT

Before you gentlemen do anything rash, it might behoove you to check on the status of your production.

The Garganos look at one another confused.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

You may find dear Blueboy is taking an indeterminate production hiatus.

They slowly lower their weapons.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

And it just so happens my team is
aptly suited to fill the role.

Lamont straightens his tie and settles his hat on his head,
grinning from ear to ear.