

THE THREE ACTS OF
NORMAN LEONARD

Written by
Joseph Nelms
&
Chadwick Harman

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1 EXT. DOWN TOWN LOS ANGELES - MONTAGE

1

LOW ANGLE on the mid-century architecture of downtown Los Angeles.

*

Monumental stone figures.

*

Gilded roofs.

*

Gargoyles, cherubs, and marble columns.

*

TILT DOWN to the drek below. The *real* Los Angeles that lives down at the street level.

*

Homeless tents,

*

Trash, and

*

Bad street performers.

*

Shots across the city, from downtown to Hollywood to the valley, show a city in shambles, but no less beautiful for it. Tent cities and homeless camps in every shot. We see a full day, beginning to end.

*

We stop on a dark, lonely alley.

INSERT - TITLE CARD

*

The Three Acts of Norman Leonard

2 EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD ALLEY - DAY

2

A camping tent glows from the inside. A figure scrambles around inside, muttering incoherently, like a shadow puppet on the tent's nylon walls.

On the sides of tent are posted signs: "For questions for the inhabitant of this residence, contact the law firm of Roberts & Smeltz."

Trash blows past the tent like an L.A. tumble weed. CAMERA settles, CENTERED on the tent. The dark figure inside crouches just on the other side of the entry flaps. We hear him take a deep breath.

INSERT - TITLE CARD

*

Act One
The Play is Called...

NORMAN LEONARD, a disheveled drunk, flips open the flap and stumbles out. *

He takes a look at the dark alley. He acknowledges people that aren't there.

NORMAN

Ladies and gentlemen thank you for coming out. The play is called "Our Town". It is written by Thornton Wilder. The name of the town is
(slurred)
Grover's Corner New Hampshire. Latitude forty two degrees forty minutes. Longitude seventy degrees, thirty seven minutes. Well, I better show you how our town lies...

Norman stumbles over to a blue dumpster. He flips open the lid and rummages through.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Up here.

He comes up empty, and stumbles down the alley further.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Is main street.

He comes to a cross alley.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Cuttin' across, is the railroad tracks. Across the tracks is Polish town

(under his breath)

Whole town made of poles...

(back to monologue)

Catholic church here. Other church there. Somethin', somethin'.

His stomach growls.

He spots a trash can near by and takes a peek inside. Whatever's in there doesn't look good.

3 EXT. SECOND ALLEY - LATER

3

Norman walks down another alley in search of food.

He checks another garbage can. Again - nothing worth eating. He walks off.

SERIES OF SHOTS: *

Norman checks three different trash cans or dumpsters. No luck.

4 EXT. BACK STREET - LATER 4

Norman shuts the lid to a dumpster he was pilfering through. He hears a noise in the distance. The faintest sound of a crowd. *

LATER *

Norman walks down a slender little back road towards the street, following the distant sound of the crowd. *

He turns onto the street. It's clear he sees something in the distance. *

5 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: BACK YARD - DAY 5

The lawn is a haze of soft golden lights. Party goes laugh, eat, and drink. A jazz pianist plays on the porch.

ROSEMARY MOFFETT, mid forties and dressed to the nines, steals the party's attention as she tours JIMMY PRESLEY through the crowd. Jimmy is in all respects a man that wants to be regarded as an artist, as seen in his wardrobe, body language, and posture.

ROSEMARY

Can you believe it? Love after all this time?

AT THE BAR:

GEORGE MOFFETT, the exact opposite of Jimmy, and JACK, a young and up-and-comer, work through their respective drinks at a steady clip. *

JACK *

Really, Mr. Moffett, you look, well, honestly, I'm shocked at how well you're holding up. *

GEORGE *

Call me Pinocchio 'cause I got no strings on me. *

JACK *

You mean you're really over it? *

GEORGE

I mean that I can stand on my own
two feet, Jack. And that's all that
defines a man, you know, standing on
his own two feet. My wife thinks
she's wounding me, but in fact,
she's making me stronger than ever
before.

JACK

(not buying it)

You're a tribute to the modern man.

George grabs Jack drink and finishes it for him.

Rosemary winks at George from a distance.

George storms off.

ROSEMARY

(calling after
George)

George, you aren't turning in, are
you?

George stops awkwardly in the side door to the house, and
turns to Rosemary. Te party guests stare right at him.

GEORGE

What are you doing Rosemary?

ROSEMARY

Being noticed George... I just
wanted to say goodnight if you were
heading to bed.

GEORGE

Well, I'm heading to bed.

ROSEMARY

Then goodnight.

George groans and slams open the door. He disappears into
the house.

ANNETTE MOFFETT (30s), her sister SYLVIA MOFFETT (30s) ,
Jack joins the two.

JACK

Evening, ladies.

ANNETTE

I can't believe our family has committed such a sin.

SYLVIA

Mother's affair?

ANNETTE

Mother's party. I'm aggrieved.

SYLVIA

Didn't you plan this thing?

ANNETTE

Yes but the guests are all hers. Utterly boring. Utterly sinful.

SYLVIA

Feel free to see a priest, if you're banged up about it.

ANNETTE

Can you confess on behalf of your family?

SYLVIA

I should hope so or you're going to hell.

Annette lets out a pathetic, board moan. She stands up to leave.

JACK

Where's she going?

SYLVIA

To break something, I'm sure. She's been in a worse way since mom started screwing Jimmy.

JACK

She'll get over it

SYLVIA

Mom? Jimmy's a real John if you catch my meaning.

JACK

(clarifying)
Annette.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

SYLVIA
Over it? I would think you'd know
us better by now, Jack.

Sylvia starts after her sister.

JACK
You too?

SYLVIA
We've got to get out these
frustrations with life somehow.

6 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

6 *

Norman stands at the property line of an enormous estate.
Party goes and music can be heard just around the other
side of the house.

A faint glow illuminates the property from behind.

Norman looks at the house and weighs his courage.

He buttons up his shirt and tucks it in. Cleans a smudge off
his shoe. Combs his hair back.

He takes a step towards the house.

7 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: HIDDEN NOOK - NIGHT

7 *

Sylvia lines up an eccentric little bust on the ground - the
kind of sculpture affluent denizens turn to purchasing after
running out of ways to spend their money.

JACK (O.S.)
Where'd you get all these?

ANNETTE (V.O.)
Mrs. Baldwin next door.

JACK (O.S.)
Don't you think she'll miss them.

Sylvia backs away. Annette smiles and pulls down her safety
goggles.

ANNETTE
She hasn't yet.

Annette swings a sledge hammer at the bust, smashing it to
bits.

*

8 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: SIDE YARD - DAY

8

Blocking the entrance to the party is a triad of older men and women, enjoying each others company, without the bother of music and crowds.

Norman spots them and approaches.

PARTY GOER #1
Well hi-de-do, whose this?

*

Norman doesn't miss a beat.

NORMAN
Good afternoon. I'm looking for the man of the house.

*

PARTY GOER #2
Whatever for.

NORMAN
His congratulations, of course.

PARTY GOER #3
You mean to say that you'd like to congratulate him or that he should congratulate you?

NORMAN
(with a sly smile)
Congratulations, you got me.

Norman starts shaking hands. Annette and Sylvia's bust breaking can be heard around the corner.

*

NORMAN (cont'd)
Now where is the man of the house?

*

PARTY GOER #1
Isn't that the question.

PARTY GOER #2
Who *is* the man of the house?

*

*

NORMAN
Actually, that wasn't my question.

*

PARTY GOER #3
George or Jimmy?

*

NORMAN
Is this multiple choice?

*

PARTY GOER #3
How did you find this party? I
assume you weren't invited.

NORMAN
I find that if I look for places
that don't want me, I can always
find them.

PARTY GOER #2
(sincerely can't tell
the difference)
So, I have to ask, are you homeless
or an artist from North Hollywood?

NORMAN
Both are possible.

PARTY GOER #1
That *would* explain the bohemian
look about you.

NORMAN
And my accent.

PARTY GOER #3
(to the others)
Should I call the police?

NORMAN
(charming)
You'd call the cops on the evenings
entertainment?

A loud crash from another bust being smashed.

CUT TO:

Annette pulls up her safety goggles. Sylvia sets another
bust in the background.

ANNETTE
Did I just hear someone say
entertainment?!

Annette hands the hammer over to Sylvia. Sylvia tosses it
on the ground.

ANNETTE (cont'd)
No one said *anything* about
entertainment.

DOLLY BACK with Annette as she marches around to the side yard. Jack and Sylvia follow.

ANNETTE (cont'd)
And I planned this thing!

JACK
Weren't you just complaining about the party being boring?

ANNETTE
I was complaining about the party-goers being boring.

PARTY GOER #2
Boring?

Annette, Jack, and Sylvia interrupt Norman's little circle.

ANNETTE
Entertainment, you said?

NORMAN
So I did.

SYLVIA
Well, well, this party's getting less dull by the moment.
(sizing him up)
Do I know you? *

NORMAN
Find yourself in back alleys often?

SYLVIA
You aren't... homeless?

ANNETTE
Unhoused is how you say it now.

NORMAN
What's with the goggles?

ANNETTE
We had to entertain *ourselves* before you arrived.

NORMAN
You've been expecting me?

ANNETTE
I always expect to be entertained. *

NORMAN

Must be nice.

ANNETTE

It's dreadful, actually. From pleasure to pleasure without a trace of melancholiac recess to look inside oneself for reflection. I'm sure you know *yourself* very well.

NORMAN

Melancholia is as much a distraction.

SYLVIA

Oh, he's good.

*

JACK

Doesn't smell good, though, does he?

ANNETTE

Go ahead then.

NORMAN

Sorry?

ANNETTE

Entertain me!

Norman takes a step back and clears his throat. He recites like a medieval bard:

NORMAN

(quite charming)
The play is called ... Our Town!
The name of the town is Grover's
Corner Newhampshire. Latitude forty
two degrees forty minutes.
Longitude seventy degrees, thirty
seven minutes. Well, I better show
you how our town lies --

JACK

What is that, I know that, what's
the name--

SYLVIA

It's a play, I think.

JACK

He did begin this by saying...

NORMAN

The play is called--

JACK

That.

NORMAN

The play is called "Our Town"--

ANNETTE

I love plays! -- Oh! I'm sorry, I interrupted.

SYLVIA

Hilarious. A homeless guy doing Forton--

JACK

Thorton--

ANNETTE

Unhoused.

SYLVIA

Thorton Wilder's shown up drunk at our party?

(to Annette)

You do know how to throw a humdinger.

Sylvia approaches Norman and places her arm around Norman's leading him further into the party.

NORMAN

Where are we going?

SYLVIA

A proposal for you...

NORMAN

Norman.

SYLVIA

Norman, pleased to meet you. I'm Sylvia Moffett and my sister back there, Annette. My sister and I are that loneliest branch of the human species known as childhood actors. My parents always make us turn tricks at parties like this. I was thinking this time, you put in the effort and I pay you, I don't know... five hundred dollars.

*
*
*

She pulls the cash from her wallet.

NORMAN

You seem unhappy, Sylvia

SYLVIA

Oh, very much so.

Norman's good mood fades.

NORMAN

Shall I put on my best clothes?
What is it court jesters wear these
days? And what is union minimum?
It's been too long since my last
employment.

*
*

SYLVIA

No need to be a smart guy about it
-- and this is strictly non-union.

*
*

NORMAN

Unfortunate.

*

SYLVIA

Well?

*

She waves the money in his face.

Annette watches the exchange. It makes her uneasy.

*

NORMAN

(sarcastic)
I... am... terribly flattered. I
mean wow, *five hundred*? I've never
heard a sum so large.

*

He jerks the cash from Sylvia's hand.

*

NORMAN (cont'd)

You'd better come with me.

*

Grabs Sylvia by the hand and drags her towards the back
yard.

Annette follows, curious.

9 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: BACK YARD - DAY

9 *

Norman enters the back yard holding Sylvia's hand. He can't
help but notice the high life these people live. The lights.
The music. The food... especially the food.

NORMAN
(announcing)
Good evening!

Everyone turns to Norman.

NORMAN (cont'd)
I have been asked -- nay
persuaded -- nay paid -- to perform
monologues for your entertainment!
As a motion of gratitude, this
performance is dedicated to George
and Jimmy. The happy couple.

Annette cackles and claps her hand gleefully. Sylvia looks
back at her sister with a "this is crazy, but at least
exciting" kind of look.

NORMAN (cont'd)
And look, I've brought a partner,
my new friend Sylvia.

A light applause. And a beat. Norman composes himself.
PUSH IN.

NORMAN (cont'd)
(quite dramatic)
Say! I like green eggs and ham!
I do! I like them, Sam-I-am!
And I would eat them in a boat.
And I would eat them with a goat...

And I will eat them in the rain.
And in the dark. And on a train.
And in a car. And in a tree.
They are so good, so good, you see!

So I will eat them in a box.
And I will eat them with a fox.
And I will eat them in a house.
And I will eat them with a mouse.
And I will eat them here and there.
Say! I will eat them anywhere!
I do so like
green eggs and ham!
Thank you!
Thank you, Sam-I-am!

No applause... except one of the older party goers.

NORMAN (cont'd)
Maybe you expected something more
high brow? Please understand my
dilemma. I had to chose something
here, that even someone so simple as
a childhood actor could understand.

*

Norman puts a hand on Sylvia's shoulder.

NORMAN (cont'd)
Did you like it?

*

Sylvia storms off. No one is amused. No one except for
Annette who can't stop laughing.

Norman turns to leave as well.

NORMAN (cont'd)
Well, you get what you pay for.

He makes for a swift exit --

10 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: FRONT LAWN - DAY

10 *

Norman marches through the front yard.

Annette chases after him.

ANNETTE
Don't leave! You really add
something to this party!

*

*

NORMAN
Humanity?

*

ANNETTE
You know more about humanity, do
you?

*

*

NORMAN
Tell me, how does one get to a
place in life where they might toss
the homeless hundreds instead of
quarters?

*

*

ANNETTE
Daddy's a movie producer. Mother was
born rich. Sylvia and I were child
actors who had to get out of the
game before we --

Pretends to blow her brains out.

NORMAN

What's stopping you now?

ANNETTE

(diving head in)

I like you -- you're so... sincere.

NORMAN

That's a good thing?

ANNETTE

Might as well be a nonrenewable resource in these parts. What's your name?

NORMAN

Norman.

ANNETTE

Well, aren't you curious, Norman?

NORMAN

Curious about what?

ANNETTE

The party. Usually, I'll invite someone to a party and they'll ask why, and then I'll say birthday, or a promotion, or some such thing. It's only good manners.

NORMAN

Don't think I made the party list.

ANNETTE

Well *I* make the list, and I'm asking you... would you like to go to a party with me?

11 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: SIDE YARD - DAY

11

Annette leads Norman to the food spread to grab a plate. He skimps, making the appropriate portion. You can always go back!

Annette slips more of each item he gets onto his plate. He gets two meat balls, she adds to his plate two more, so on and so forth.

NORMAN

What is all this food for? *

ANNETTE

Well it's juicy news Norman. My parents have been married for twenty years, maybe not happily, but married you know, and the craziest thing happened only two nights ago.

She waits for him to ask what. .. He doesn't. She carries on anyways.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Jimmy, who my mother's been sleeping with for quite sometime, daddy's assistant--former assistant, moved in.

NORMAN

So it's a house warming party for your mother's lover at your father's house?

ANNETTE

It's every bit as much *her* house as it is *his*, Norman, as much as it is my house and Sylvia's. Don't be a caveman about it. *

O.S., Rosemary spots Norman and Annette at the buffet. She comes around to say hello. *

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Speak of the devil.

ROSEMARY

Now who is this? *

She gets a serious look at Norman. A normal guy at first glance, but upon more inspection - unshaven, unwashed, and dingy.

ANNETTE

This is Norman. *

NORMAN

How do you do? *

He puts out his hand. Rosemary reluctantly shakes it.

ROSEMARY

Quite the performance earlier.

(to Annette)

You haven't seen your sister? I know you went off somewhere.

(a beat)

You have one of those faces, don't you Norman?

NORMAN

I've been told.

ANNETTE

I haven't seen her since Norman upstaged her.

ROSEMARY

God, Annette. Be civil.

(to Norman)

Enjoy the party, Norman. I'm just going to powder my nose--

She walks off into the darkness.

NORMAN

Where's she going?

ANNETTE

To screw Jimmy on the front lawn for all I know. Hard to keep up.

Sylvia surprises them from behind. She's gotten herself a drink.

SYLVIA

Norman! I'm starting to think you don't like me.

She cuts her eyes to her sister and back to Norman.

SYLVIA (cont'd)

I see it wasn't money you wanted after all. Silly of me to ignore man's first need.

ANNETTE

Here's an idea Sylvia. Why don't you stuff a meatball in that pretty mouth and shut the hell up.

SYLVIA

No food for you Annette? Don't want to throw it up in front of your new boy toy?

NORMAN

Who's that?

SYLVIA

You.

NORMAN

No. Who's that?

Annette and Sylvia looks up to see:

ANNETTE

Not the Tims.

The TIMS. Producers. BIG TIM, LITTLE TIM, THIRTY-SOMETHING-TIM, and TIMMY. PUSH IN. LOW ANGLE. *

ANNETTE (O.S.)

Daddy's... partners.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Angry looking bunch. *

SYLVIA (O.S.)

You'd be angry if all your friends were named Tim.

The march through the party, straight to the girls.

BIG TIM

Where's George?

Annette steps into frame and puts herself between Big Tim and the Norman.

ANNETTE

I'm not sure if you've noticed, but we're having a bit of a get together.

LITTLE TIM

We have noticed. And what's with the no invite?

ANNETTE

No party worth going to has invites!

BIG TIM

We just want a word with George.

ANNETTE

Well, he's not available right now.
You'll have to take it up with his
assistant.

THIRTY-SOMETHING-TIM

Jimmy?

*

ANNETTE

Different Assistant. *New* assistant.
Norman?

WHIP TO:

Norman, who's got a whole bunch of food in his mouth.

NORMAN

(mouth full)

Yes?

The producers circle up.

TIMMY

This is your father's assistant?

ANNETTE

That's right.

BIG TIM

Kind of dirty for George's taste.

ANNETTE

He just did a scene from a play. You
wouldn't get it.

BIG TIM

Hey! We love the theater!

*

NORMAN

Then make with the theatrics
already.

BIG TIM

OK. Alright -- you think you're
clever -- Norman was it?

NORMAN

Was it?

ANNETTE

Anything you can say to my father
you can say to him.

She backs away.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

You know what to do, Norman.

And Annette leaves. As if arranging a business meeting.

TIMMY

You tell George that we know what
he did.

BIG TIM

And we're not happy about it.

NORMAN

Care to share?

LITTLE TIM

Love to. Tim?

*

Thirty-Something-Tim steps up to Norman and lays him out
with a punch --

*

-- Norman on his back, bloody nose. The Tims look in on
him.

BIG TIM

Next time we crash more than his
party.

And the Tims leave.

INSERT - GEORGE WATCHING

*

George watches from a window with opera glasses.

*

George takes out a tape recorder and records himself
talking.

*

*

BACK TO SCENE

*

Annette approaches Norman and offers out her hand to help
him up.

*

He refuses Annette's hand and stumbles to his feet himself.
He storms off.

*

12 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: FRONT YARD - DAY

12

Norman marches down the front yard, shoveling food into his mouth. Annette runs to catch up.

ANNETTE

Did we do something?

NORMAN

(steaming)

No, I found the whole house quite hospitable. Really.

ANNETTE

You know if you're going to learn to really act, you might consider how body language can sometimes be read.

NORMAN

If I seem angry it's because I'm angry. Your sister offers to pay me what for some people is a month's rent to be a party clown and I'm sopped in the face by one Tim or another... It's upsetting. I'm homeless, not brainless.

ANNETTE

The appropriate term is actually unhoused.

NORMAN

Is it!

He turns back to the street and continues his path.

ANNETTE

I don't think you've treated me fairly, Norman.

NORMAN

Well excuse me.

ANNETTE

I agree the behaviors of others was... circumspect. Mine was spot on.

NORMAN

And what behaviors are those?

ANNETTE

Genuine intrigue. So what if I'm a little spoiled. I'm rich. Can't help that. I offered you a invitation to a party on friendliness alone.

NORMAN

Agreed. And I assure you I can be quite upset at a crowd of people and myself at the same time.

ANNETTE

I don't want you to be upset with yourself.

NORMAN

Yes you do.
(a beat)
Goodbye.

ANNETTE

For long?

NORMAN

Forever.

Norman leaves.

ANNETTE

What's your address?

NORMAN

(mean/sarcastic)
2020 Alley Way.

He takes a bow and turns to the street.

ANNETTE

I'll write!

Norman's gone.

MUSIC CUE

*

13 EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT - MONTAGE

13

- Norman takes the long way home passing by encampments.

- Annette follows suit. Each time Norman crosses frame, she crosses a second later.

14 EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD ALLEY - NIGHT

14

Norman spots his tent in the alley. He isn't happy to see it. Hard to return to an asphalt home, after living it up with the rich, even if only for a moment.

The light in Norman's tent flicks on. A shadow moves inside.

On Norman: WTF?

The light flickers on and off.

Norman walks up to the tent and unzips it:

NORMAN

You have to be kidding me.

ANNETTE sits inside.

ANNETTE

(so happy to see him)
Hello, Norman.

NORMAN

This could have been anyone's tent!

Norman crawls into the tent.

15 INT. NORMAN'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

15

ANNETTE

But it isn't. It was yours. 2020 Alley Way, was it? This is the first tent I've been in you know. I mean street tent. I've seen them everywhere, but this is the first-- I'm just so curious. I couldn't help myself.

NORMAN

Sure.

ANNETTE

Here's the thing, Norman. I feel awful. I mean truly awful. And I can't have our first fight ending with you walking away like that.

NORMAN

First fight? Now listen here, Annette.

*
*

ANNETTE

I love the way you say my name. I could just melt.

NORMAN

I wish you would.

ANNETTE

Let me ask you something. Can I?

NORMAN

And you'll leave my tent?

ANNETTE

No promises.

He reluctantly motions for her to continue.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Why do you live here? How does this happen?

NORMAN

Well I meant to buy a house in the hills, but I felt so guilty you know.

ANNETTE

Guilty?

Norman moves to the side of his tent where he keeps his little pantry. He pulls out a jug of water.

NORMAN

We need to get on with green living if this climate thing's gonna get fixed. So here I am. Doing my part.

ANNETTE

Oh. Quite sensible.

NORMAN

Quite.

Norman tries to find two clean glasses.

ANNETTE

Here's the thing Norman. We're going to be seeing quite a lot of each other.

NORMAN

How do you figure?

ANNETTE

Well.

Annette takes out George's tape recorder. She pressed play.

GEORGE

(from the recorder)

Annette, this is your father, I'm recording myself on this machine instead of asking you in person because I've told your mother I was going to bad and it is very important I keep up the appearance of hostility. At any rate, that friend of yours who the Tims hit, tell him I'm hiring him as my personal assistant.

The recording ends.

ANNETTE

He was very impressed.

NORMAN

With how I took a punch?

ANNETTE

Apparently. You're hired. You're daddy's new assistant.

She snaps her fingers.

NORMAN

Don't believe I applied for it. And besides--

He waves the five hundred Sylvia gave him.

NORMAN (cont'd)

I'm quite taken care of.

ANNETTE

(disappointed)

I see... well, if you change your mind you'll also want to change your clothes. And I do hope that you do - change your mind that is.

NORMAN

I'm just a bum in a tent.

ANNETTE
 And I'm just an heiress in a
 mansion. Or maybe we're more than
 that.

*
*
*
*

NORMAN
 Are we?

*
*

ANNETTE
 Why else would I be here?

*
*

NORMAN
 You've got me there.

*
*

ANNETTE
 Do you believe in love at first
 sight?

NORMAN
 No.

ANNETTE
 (unconvincingly)
 Me either.

16 EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

16

Annette struggles to force herself to leave.

ANNETTE
 I'll see you tomorrow, Norman.

The light inside the tent clicks off... no reply. TILT UP to the night sky.

INSERT - TITLE CARD

*

Act Two
 I'm Going to Kill Myself.

INSERT - HAND

*

A hand raps against the front door.

17 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: FOYER - DAY

17

TIGHT on door. A knock from the outside. No one answers. The doorbell rings. Still no answer.

INSERT - HAND

*

A hand jiggles the doorknob. It turns and the door falls open.

18 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: FOYER - DAY

18

Norman stands at the door, almost unrecognizable. He's in a clean suit, freshly shaven and with a haircut.

He steps inside and takes the house in.

NORMAN

Hello? It's... me...

Norman crosses from the Foyer and into--

19 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: DINING ROOM - MORNING

19

TOP DOWN: Lazy Susan, spinning - you guessed it - lazily. Stacked with the used dishes of breakfast.

MUSIC CUE

*

Note: Norman is about to be moving around the dining room a lot, but the family is too hung over to pay much attention.

The whole family (minus George) are practically comatose at the breakfast table.

Norman enters -- can't help but smile at the lot -- and gets to work.

Norman grabs a stack of plates from the lazy Susan as Rosemary grabs his arm:

ROSEMARY

Just make it stop.

NORMAN

What's that?

Rosemary points to her head.

At the fridge, Norman scoops ice into a towel.

Jimmy sleeps with his head fallen backwards, in sunshades. Opposite Jimmy is an empty seat at the table. The seat is pulled slightly out as if someone left in a hurry.

A half eaten bagel and bowl of fruit sit on the plate.
Norman clears the plate and sets the seat straight.

Rosemary sits to Jimmy's right. She looks straight down at the table, in between sleep and wakefulness.

Norman sets a Bloody Mary in front of Sylvia and gently shakes her awake. Practically moves the straw to her lips.

Norman sets out five clean mugs.

Did I say no one noticed he was there? Of course that's no one besides Annette... who watches his every-move. He's flattered, but keeps to his tasks.

He returns to the table with a fresh pot of coffee. He pours everyone at the table a fresh cup.

Norman pulls out the empty seat at the head of the table.

WIDE on the table from Norman's perspective. Everyone is awake, even if only slightly. They all drink their coffee. Jimmy is the last to wake. He begins to feel around. He checks both his pockets.

JIMMY

I had this killer idea while I slept.

(to Rosemary)

You got a pen on you, sweet bean?

ROSEMARY

(yelling)

Pen!

Everyone flinches from the sound.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Norman pulls open a drawer to look for a pen. Nothing. *

- Another drawer. Nothing.

- Another. Finally. Plenty of pens. He pulls one out and turns-- *

20 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

20

-- Annette stands uncomfortably close to Norman.

ANNETTE

Good morning.

NORMAN

Good morning.

ANNETTE

So you came after all.

NORMAN

So I did.

ANNETTE

For me?

NORMAN

For the job of course.

ANNETTE

(confused)
Of course.

NORMAN

The assistant job.

ANNETTE

You're not taking Jimmy's place?

NORMAN

Your father hired me...

ANNETTE

You know, I do vaguely remember something like that.

NORMAN

Vaguely?

ANNETTE

I remember you. Let's hope you're a good assistant. I'll get to see even more of you!

NORMAN

I'm trying to be.

ANNETTE

You're absolutely the most attractive man I've ever seen.

NORMAN

Excuse me.

ANNETTE

Don't you want to talk? Get to know each other.

NORMAN

Maybe some other time. I have just started the job.

ANNETTE

The job, the job. Listen, I don't want you to lose focus, so I'm going to come out clean and say it.

NORMAN

Oh god, there's no job is there?

ANNETTE

Will you shut up about the job? You see Norman, you may not very well believe in love at first sight, but--

NORMAN

That's what you remember from last night?

ANNETTE

You see Norman, I have a confession to make, you're in love with me. In fact, you're crazy about me.

*
*
*

NORMAN

... am not.

ANNETTE

Are too. And oh, we're going to have such a good time of it. It's going to be love and it's going to be true. Don't you think some things are written in the stars?

*

NORMAN

Wouldn't know. Can't see them in the city.

ANNETTE

Didn't you come in here for a pen?

She holds up the pen he grabbed from the drawer. She must have stolen it right from under his nose.

Norman moves to go back to the pen drawer. Annette blocks him.

NORMAN

Well?

ANNETTE

Well?

NORMAN

Do you intend to give it back?

She wraps her arms around Norman.

ANNETTE

Do I?

She stares him down, waiting for...

NORMAN

Say I was to agree to this indecent proposal of yours--

ANNETTE

There's nothing indecent about love, Norman.

NORMAN

Something very indecent about a hostage situation.

ANNETTE

Not in Stockholm there isn't.

NORMAN

We aren't in Stockholm.

ANNETTE

Oh the beginning of a relationship is a beautiful time Norman. This is where the magic lives.

NORMAN

And what precisely would a relationship of this... Nature entail?

ANNETTE

I'm not coercing you into... you know...

She makes an obscene gesture with her hands.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

--if that's what you mean. It's very simple. I'm not entirely certain, I am young after all, but I suspect there's something happening here.

(MORE)

ANNETTE (cont'd)
And I would like nothing more than
for you to admit to it.

NORMAN
That there's something happening?

She nods.

NORMAN (cont'd)
Between us.

She nods.

NORMAN (cont'd)
OK, so there is.

ANNETTE
I knew it!

NORMAN
A business agreement.

ANNETTE
A contract--

NORMAN
A verbal agreement, that I will
entertain the idea of being your
lover on the terms that I do not
lose my job.

ANNETTE
It's a start.

She hands the pen over. Norman exits and Annette takes a
seat on the couch, content.

*

21 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: HALLWAY - MORNING 21

Norman's shoes slap against the floor in a quick,
determined walk.

22 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: KITCHEN - MORNING 22

ON NORMAN: Norman triumphantly enters the kitchen, having
passed his first trial.

NORMAN

Now then, I hope the morning has been as kind to you as it has to me. I've enjoyed coffee with you, I've broken bread with you, and yet I have neglected to formally introduce myself. For someone of your prominence and talents it is a great kindness to pull me off the street and offer me employment. I've brought a copy of my credentials, should they be in question, but suffice it to say for now, my name is Norman Leonard, a Los Angeles native, a dedicated worker. And for you, your pen.

He holds out the borrowed pen.

REVERSE ON: The kitchen table. Sylvia and Rosemary sit on Jimmy's right and left, all terribly confused.

JIMMY

Who the fuck are you?

ROSEMARY

Sylvia, be a dear and call the police. There's a strange assistant in the house.

SYLVIA

(to Norman)

Where do I know your face from?

ROSEMARY

From a wanted poster I'm sure. Probably doing this bit in every house in the hills. We've seen it time and time again Sylvia. People are desperate to work, you know.

SYLVIA

You were at the party last night. The entertainment.

NORMAN

Sam-I-am and all that.

*

SYLVIA

You look ... where did you get those clothes?

NORMAN

I recall you paying me \$500 for my services.

SYLVIA

Very well spent.

ROSEMARY

So George has a new assistant.

(to Jimmy)

Looks like he's finally getting over you, Jimmy.

*

JIMMY

So long as you never do.

Rosemary puts her hand on Jimmy's.

*

NORMAN

Jimmy?

Annette walks into the room, gentle and calm. She takes her seat and sips the now lukewarm coffee.

SYLVIA

I see you've got a new scheme.

ANNETTE

Isn't Norman great?

SYLVIA

As an assistant? No, I'd say it doesn't seem that way.

NORMAN

(to Annette)

Is he not your father?

*

ANNETTE

Who, Jimmy? Mother's lover?

*

SYLVIA

(disgusted by it)

Oh my god.

*

*

*

NORMAN

(to Jimmy)

You're the lover?

*

JIMMY

Look at 'im! The little nugget's getting it.

*

ROSEMARY

Hey just moved in with me , dear.
Annette, am I to understand you'd
prefer it if I didn't call the
police on this man?

*

ANNETTE

The police?

SYLVIA

For intruding.

ANNETTE

But daddy hired him. He said so
himself.

NORMAN

And if I'm to remain employed--

ANNETTE

Daddy's office is down that hall.
Nice of you to stop in on breakfast,
though. Looks like you've taken care
of the whole family!

Sylvia snaps her fingers.

SYLVIA

Don't be late for work, Norman. He's
a demanding employer.

*

23 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: HALLWAY - DAY

23

Norman slowly approaches a door at the end of the hall. On
the other side of the door, shouting, arguing. All manor
of exciting office noises. Fax machines. Typing. Telephone
ringing.

Norman finally arrives at the door. He knocks a timid
little knock. The daintiest knock you've ever heard.

The door flies open. In the frame stands George Moffett,
sleeves rolled up, suspenders and pleated khakis.

GEORGE

Norman, you wasteful sod. You
ungrateful, meandering time-wasting
sunuvabitch... Haul it in son. We
gonna do business or we gonna do
business?

Norman enters the office. George slams the door shut.

24 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: GEORGE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

24

George's office is a shrine to his ego. Full sized movie posters for movies no-one's ever heard of. Trophies to award shows no one would recognize.

George's desk is covered in papers, folders, and movie scripts. Two old, beaten chairs face his desk.

George moves around to the desk again and finishes the paper he was reading.

Norman takes a seat in one of the chairs. As soon as George finishes reading the sheet, he looks up to Norman, seated, just looking around.

GEORGE

What the hell is this? You work in the movies now, Norm, doesn't mean you're at the movies. What, what, what, you want me to grab you a coke? Something from the Cocacola Freestyle machine? Maybe spritz some passion fruit flavor in your doctor pepper? What, you want popcorn, Norm? Want me to grab some goobers while I'm at it?

Norman jumps back to his feet, getting the point.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Did you think this would be the job? Sitting around, looking at *my* hard work?

NORMAN

What *would* you like me to do?

GEORGE

What do I want you to do? For god's sake Norman, you're a personal assistant in Hollywood. Everything--I want you to do everything. This is the nature of your job. Do you have any idea the kind of nonsense these saps put me through Norm? Any idea?

NORMAN

Enlighten me.

GEORGE

Look at this. Take a peek.

He grabs a screenplay off his desk.

GEORGE (cont'd)
I get two screenplays a day, every day of the year. And you know why they do it, Norman, do you know why? To piss me off, that's why. Sure they could email them. But look.

He flips open a screenplay.

GEORGE (cont'd)
See how it bulges in the middle. They only put brads in two holes... but they punch *three* holes! It's every script Norman! It's like Chinese water torture!

Norman sets the screenplay back neatly in the pile.

GEORGE (cont'd)
I want you to fix things, Norman. That's what I want from you. Beginning with my headache. I take a martini every three hours. As you may have noticed, I've been up for longer than three hours, and yet - no martini.

NORMAN
You'd like a martini?

GEORGE
No, I'd like a perfect martini. Bring me the perfect martini, or don't you ever show your face here again... no, scratch that. Just do the martini. I need it. I need it Norman. I'm stressed and I need it.

NORMAN
Then you will have it.

CUT TO:

25 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: KITCHEN - MORNING

25

Norman spots the drink cart. He pulls vodka, sweet vermouth, and a few tools from the cart.

He taps his fingers against the counter, trying to remember the recipe.

He spots George's tape recorder with a sticky note reading "play me." Norman picks up the tape recorder and plays:

ANNETTE
(over the tape
recorder)

I had planned to be there when daddy inevitably sent you to make the perfect martini, but Sylvia wanted to try on some wigs and she really does need help putting them on, so here we are!

NORMAN
(can't help but enjoy
the game of it)
Annette.

ANNETTE
(over the tape
recorder)

Here we go, the recipe for a perfect martini: One jigger of gin. Half a jigger sweet vermouth. Half an ounce of olive juice. Then, you know. Ice, stir, serve, olive.

NORMAN
Thanks, Annette.

SYLVIA
(over the tape
recorder)
Annette! Wigs! Now!

ANNETTE
(over the tape
recorder)
Good luck, Norman!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Ice tossed in.
- Quick stir.
- Pour the mixture into a martini glass.

- Norman sets a tooth-picked olive gingerly across the rim.

26 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

26

Norman enters the room with his 'perfect martini'. George reads something at his desk. As Norman turns the corner he sees another man in one of the chairs opposite the desk, Jack.

*

GEORGE
Bout time, isn't it Norm?

George looks up to the martini.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Well what the hell Norman, I told you to make a double.

NORMAN
You wanted two martinis... at the same time?

GEORGE
Come on Norm. One for me, one for Jack. I'm not an alcoholic.
(to Jack)
God I'm terribly sorry about this. New hire.

*
*
*

George stares Norman in the eye until he turns and leaves.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Repeat the martini montage, but quicker.

27 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

27

Norman enters with two martinis. He hands one to George and one to Jack.

*

JACK
Thanks, Norman.

*
*

GEORGE
You could've made your self one, Norm.

NORMAN
Better for everyone if I don't drink.

GEORGE

You're always welcome to. Just remember that. No shame in a little dependency. Some folks have God, we have Vodka.

Norman takes the empty seat and hands George the tape recorder.

NORMAN

I think this is yours.

GEORGE

Where in the world did you come across this?

NORMAN

Your daughter, sir.

GEORGE

You've spent some time with both my daughters... what do you think of them? Honest opinion?

Jack adjusts his chair and pays careful attention to Norman's answer.

NORMAN

They're... lovely.

GEORGE

Hmmm... both of them?

NORMAN

In a strictly professional sense.

GEORGE

You bet you ass in a strictly professional sense. You listen in and close, there is nothing but the professional sense between you and any of the women in my family do you understand that?

NORMAN

... yes. Sir.

JACK

George is still reeling from the loss of his wife.

GEORGE

Loss? Hell, it's Jimmy loss to be tied to that sow.

(to Norman)

But I've made my point, haven't I, Norm? It's the most important thing that you and I are of one mind.

JACK

Enough about your wife, you told me at the party last night that you could find me a job.

GEORGE

(handing Jack a stack of scripts)

Be my guest.

JACK

I was sort of hoping that there might be so, something ready to go into production. I could use the money, George, sooner rather than later.

The office phone rings.

GEORGE

We could all use the money, Jack. Hell, I could use twenty-five million dollars if you happen to have laying around.

JACK

Don't tell me the wells dry.

GEORGE

The wells been stopped up.

The office phone continues to ring.

GEORGE (cont'd)

(to Norman)

I wonder Norman, do you think a ringing office phone falls under the purview of an *office assistant*, or is it a boss kind of thing. Would you like me to answer it for you?

Norman stands. TILT UP to reveal a portrait of Annette on the wall, hanging right at Norman's eye level. Norman picks up the receiver.

CUT TO:

INSERT - ECU OF BIG TIM TALKING ON THE PHONE. *

Only the bottom half of his face is visible.

BIG TIM

Listen here you monstrously insignificant embryo of a man, if this sinks, we all sink. But you'll sink further. You understand? You'll sink so far the titanic will look like the surface from where you are.

BACK TO SCENE *

NORMAN

(into phone)
Yes, just a moment please.

JACK *

How hard is it to get a picture up? *

GEORGE *

I'm not made of money, Jack. *

JACK *

You practically shit money, George.

GEORGE *

Then let me finish my coffee and you can pick the gold from my droppings.

NORMAN

Excuse me... sir.

GEORGE

What is it Norman?

NORMAN

I believe it's for you.

GEORGE

Of course it's for me. They're all for me. It's my office. What did they say? *That's* the job, telling me what they said, not that they're all for -- *

NORMAN

Listen here you monstrously insignificant embryo of a man--

GEORGE

Hot damn Norman, I didn't mean anything by it.

NORMAN

Verbatim sir.

GEORGE

I see.

NORMAN

(formal, not at all threatening)

If this sinks, we all sink. But you'll sink further. You understand? You'll sink so far the titanic will look like the surface from where you are.

GEORGE

Oh man, that's good. Some Humphrey Bogart stuff right there.

(to Jack)

What do you think it means? *

Jack makes the universal sign for money. *

GEORGE (cont'd)

Yeah yeah yeah, we'll call 'em back Norm.

INSERT - ECU OF MAN SPEAKING INTO PHONE *

NORMAN (V.O.)

Mr. Moffett will call you back at his earliest convenience.

BIG TIM

Wait, wait, wait--

BACK TO SCENE *

JACK

Anything, George, a commercial even. *

GEORGE

I'm laying low for a few months and when that's done, you'll be the first one I'll call. *

(MORE) *

GEORGE (cont'd)

Well, there's this list of women I
have to call first, you understand,
but you'll be the first one I hire.

*
*
*

Phone rings again. George makes a motion for Norman to
answer it.

*

INSERT - ECU OF TIMS SPEAKING INTO PHONE

*

BIG TIM

You salty, sodden, crusted old--

TIMMY

Pigeon brained, pigeon toed...
pigeon--

THIRTY-SOMETHING TIM (O.S.)

He's not a pigeon, Timmy. If you
can't think of another insult--
wait, who is that. That breathing.
You messing with us George?

28 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: SYLVIA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

28 *

Annette listens to the conversation via another line while
fitting a wig onto Sylvia.

*

BIG TIM (V.O.)

Who is that? You tell me if you're
recording this George!

*

TIMMY

Stupid little pigeon man!

*

*

Annette hangs up the phone and thinks for a second.

*

SYLVIA

Who was it?

*

*

ANNETTE

I think someone was trying to sell
Daddy a pigeon.

*

*

*

SYLVIA

But we don't need anymore.

*

*

29 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: GEORGE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

29

NORMAN

(into phone)

I'm to assume these are the Tims?

*

*

BIG TIM (V.O.)
One of 'em. Who is this?

*

NORMAN
(into phone)
Norman.

*

Insert - ECU of Tims speaking into phone

BIG TIM
Norman?

*

TIMMY
The assistant from the party?

*

The other Tims laugh off screen.

BACK TO SCENE

George stands.

GEORGE
(to Norman)
Hang it up, Norman. We've got
business.

Norman hangs up the phone.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Go through this mountain for me,
Jack, by the time you're through,
I'll have enough money to produce
three of them.

*
*
*
*
*

The phone rings a third time. Norman answers without being
asked to.

*

Insert - ECU of Tims speaking into phone

BIG TIM
THE RIGHTS, NORMAN! WE KNOW ABOUT
THE RIGHTS!

BACK TO SCENE

The men hang up on Norman this time. He sets the phone
back to the receiver.

*

Jack takes the stack of scripts and downs his martini.

*

JACK
Till next time, George.
(to Norman)
I believe this is for you.

*
*

He hands Norman the empty glass. Jack leaves the office.
George plops back down into his chair and sighs.

*

GEORGE
Poor sap. Wins one South by South
West and thinks I owe 'im a swing
at the Oscars. Who was on the
phone?

*
*
*
*

NORMAN
The Tims say they know about the
rights.

GEORGE
Goddammit, Norm. We're in a pickle.
Hell of a first day.

NORMAN
Loop me in. I'll see what I can do.

GEORGE
Tell me and tell me
truthfully, Given your situation,
your previous one, I mean, what do
you know... I mean your previous
situation as you were--

NORMAN
Homeless?

GEORGE
Annette said I had to say
unhoused... what do you know about
larceny?

NORMAN
What do I know about theft, because
I'm homeless?

GEORGE
Grand theft. Sabotage. Strictly
white collar stuff.

NORMAN
My collar's not been white for a
while.

GEORGE

You've met my wife and her...
lover?

NORMAN

Jimmy? Met him over breakfast. He
called me a nugget.

GEORGE

He's such a --

George has no words for his hatred of Jimmy.

GEORGE (cont'd)

You were late because you had
breakfast with Jimmy?

NORMAN

What does any of this have to do
with larceny.

GEORGE

Ah! I knew you knew more than you
were letting on.

NORMAN

An accident, I assure you.

GEORGE

My wife, Norm she's stolen from me.

NORMAN

That lacks a certain spousal trust
don't you think?

GEORGE

Robbed me blind, Norm.

NORMAN

How much?

GEORGE

Twenty-one million dollars.

NORMAN

Oh my.

GEORGE

No. Mine. Right from under my nose.
And couldn't be at worse time.

NORMAN

Is there a good time for twenty one million dollars to vanish?

GEORGE

I can tell you an especially bad time. When I've been entrusted with that money by my business partners to by a certain intellectual property.

NORMAN

The rights...

GEORGE

It's all the Tims' money, every gleaming Peso. It was meant to purchase *The Humans*.

NORMAN

Which humans?

GEORGE

The play, you nimrod. The award winning play. Have you ever heard of the theatre?

NORMAN

But Rosemary took it out from under you? That's the idea?

GEORGE

Bank confirmed she initiated a transfer from my business account to an off shore account in Sydney Australia. Of all places... why'd it have to be Sydney, Norman?

NORMAN

What's wrong with Sydney?

GEORGE

That's where I married her.

NORMAN

You should have gone to the authorities--

GEORGE

She's my wife, Norman. Sure, she made a cuckold of me. Sure she made a mockery of me.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
But she's still the love of my
goddamn life, Norman, and if she
thinks she needs to steal twenty-
one million from me, whatever the
reason, then she's gonna steal
twenty-one million from me and not
a penny less.

NORMAN
That's oddly moving.

GEORGE
I've not been a good husband, but
that doesn't mean I'm gonna send my
wife to the slammer.

NORMAN
Sure.

GEORGE
Now what the hell are you still
doing here?

NORMAN
I'm sorry?

GEORGE
You're supposed to be across town
meeting with Warren Gabel.

NORMAN
The actor?

GEORGE
You know him?

*

CUT TO:

30 INT. CAFE - DAY

30

Norman and WARREN GABEL sit across each other at the
table.

A long moment before:

WARREN
Well, this is strange, I'll admit
it.

NORMAN
Not exactly how I planned my
morning either.

WARREN

What the hell are you doing, Sam?

NORMAN

I think I'm supposed to convince you to star in George Moffett's movie.

WARREN

No, I know why we're here, but the specificities of your engagement with the Moffetts is beyond me.

NORMAN

Warren, it's nothing too strange -- actually, the whole thing is beyond strange.

WARREN

The last time I saw you was closing night of our play. Which one was it?

NORMAN

Norman.

WARREN

Right. Norman. A week later you've divorced Catherine.

NORMAN

Other way around.

WARREN

God, how long has it been Sam?

NORMAN

I'm homeless, Warren.

WARREN

You mean unhoused?

NORMAN

(annoyed)
Yes.

WARREN

Does Catherine know?

Norman shakes his head.

NORMAN

And as it seems like we're going to be working in the same circles you and I, and I'd prefer your discretion.

WARREN

About your condition you mean?

NORMAN

I'm not going by "Sam" these days.

WARREN

You've got an actor's alias?

NORMAN

I go by Norman.

WARREN

Jesus Christ.

NORMAN

It's just a favor.

WARREN

Not a healthy favor... what does George Moffett want to do with me?

NORMAN

You were in The Humans a year ago?

WARREN

You missed it?

NORMAN

I don't recall any matinees on the boulevard.

WARREN

Must've just missed you.

NORMAN

Anyway, he's filming an adaptation of the piece and he wants you to reprise Richard.

WARREN

No shit.

NORMAN

It's a good a role.

WARREN

Sure it is. The Goldheart sisters offered it to me last week.

NORMAN

The who?

WARREN

George couldn't possibly have the rights to it.

NORMAN

We're working on it.

WARREN

Well, you've been beat to the punch. I've already been cast.

GEORGE (V.O.)

This is very upsetting, Norman.

31 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: BATHROOM - DAY

31

George is bathing. Norman sits nearby with a tray of foods and a martini glass.

NORMAN

I can imagine.

GEORGE

The Goldhearts? You're sure he said the Godhearts?

NORMAN

Quite sure.

GEORGE

Well that's bad news Norm. You don't know these young women. Real Jane Fonda types, if you catch my drift. Out for my masculine pride!

NORMAN

I'm sure you'll heal.

GEORGE

I want you to follow that paper trail and see what futz bought those rights out from under me!

NORMAN

Didn't the Goldhearts buy the rights?

GEORGE

Grow up, Norman. Owning the rights isn't the same as buying the rights. They can't produce the film and do legal transfers. There's a certain separation of vocation in this town.

NORMAN

I strongly recall you not having any money to purchase the rights to begin with.

GEORGE

(a really mean look
in his eyes)
You're a real Jesus Christ, you know that?

NORMAN

Thank you?

GEORGE

Find those rights! Now!

NORMAN

(starting to leave)
Yes, sir.

GEORGE

And don't let the Tims find out this time!

Norman exits.

GEORGE (cont'd)

I'm going to kill myself.

George closes his eyes and lowers his face under the water.

32 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: POOL - DAY

32

Rosemary floats in the pool. Jimmy tans.

Enter Norman.

NORMAN

(to Rosemary)
There's some business for you.

ROSEMARY

That doesn't sound right. Jimmy?

Jimmy shrugs.

NORMAN

Just some appointment coming through -- I think on Friday?

JIMMY

Let me see that.

NORMAN

It's strictly for Rosemary.

ROSEMARY

Oh, let him, Norman, your chivalry, re: my mail is touching, and frankly an impulse often lacking in this house, it's Jimmy! Hell always signs for me.

Jimmy snatches the mail.

NORMAN

(resigned)
It's your mail.

ROSEMARY

Oh and Normy.

NORMAN

Yes?

ROSEMARY

You'll set out some sandwiches this afternoon.

NORMAN

Not to be a nag --

ROSEMARY

Nag away dear.

NORMAN

--that seems outside the scope of my job.

ROSEMARY

Really, it's just a few finger sandwiches. The twins are bound to be starving after their ordeal.

NORMAN
The twins?

ROSEMARY
How long have you worked here?

NORMAN
Not long enough to know any twins. *

33 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: DRAWING ROOM - DAY

33 *

Annette and Sylvia sit at a table playing poker. The table is set for six poker players. They rotate each seat after each turn. They know their game well enough at this point they don't even acknowledge it. *

ANNETTE
Tell me something, Sylvia. *

SYLVIA
Why must we always talk? *

ANNETTE
Because if we don't talk who are we going to talk to? *

SYLVIA
I like my own company, thanks. *

ANNETTE
Why do you think we're supposed to stay unhoused instead of homeless? *

SYLVIA
Here I was hoping for something more bechdian. *

ANNETTE
You didn't even want to talk. *

SYLVIA
But if I have to... *

ANNETTE
I'm more interested in the human condition, never mind how I got there. Aren't you curious? *

SYLVIA
No. *

ANNETTE

I think unhoused puts the blame on others because unhoused is something that happens to a person as opposed to homelessness which happens because of a person.

SYLVIA

I really don't want to talk about this.

ANNETTE

But only because you have a house.

SYLVIA

No, only because one of them is the next room.

ANNETTE

This isn't about Norman.

SYLVIA

Oh no?

ANNETTE

It's about his neighbors.

SYLVIA

Greater than you have cashed in a bleeding heart for a pass at responsibility, but believe you me pontification isn't a path sainthood. We're just lucky your project isn't mentally ill.

ANNETTE

Well, we don't know that yet.

SYLVIA

What?

ANNETTE

People have called us mentally ill.

SYLVIA

But I've learned to live with myself.

ANNETTE

I'm glad someone has.

The girls look at their poker game.

SYLVIA
Do you ever think we need more
friends?

*
*
*

Rosemary pokes her head in:

*

ROSEMARY
The Twins are here?

*
*

ANNETTE
The twins?!

*
*

SYLVIA
Did Guinhieser pay the ransom?

*
*

ROSEMARY
We'll find out.

*
*

34 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: DINING ROOM - DAY

34 *

The TWINS, a brother and sister combo, TABITHA and RICKY
SANCHEZ, have joined the family. The Twins have some
scares and some light evidence of torture induced trauma.
Ricky has an eye-patch.

*
*
*

TABITHA
You really must go -- there isn't a
place quiet like the Democratic
Republic of Congo.

RICKY
Somehow neither Democratic, or a
Republic.

TABITHA
But *all* Congo.

RICKY
There's this great little restaurant
there.

TABITHA
Well, not so much restaurant.

RICKY
Yes, more internment camp than
restaurant.

TABITHA
But the boeuf bourguignon --
practically from Paris itself.

RICKY

Yes and you hardly notice the malaria.

TABITHA

Unless you get it.

RICKY

But fortunately there's medicine.

Tabitha laughs.

TABITHA

Remember when I thought I had malaria but it ended up just being food poisoning?

RICKY

Yes, one of the help, you can call them that, one of the help had slipped something into her food.

TABITHA

Ended up just being a bad case of food poisoning.

RICKY

The chef was fired.

TABITHA

Was he a chef?

RICKY

Well, more indentured prisoner of war than chef, but you get the idea.

TABITHA

Anyway, he was shot the day after.

RICKY

They take tourism very seriously in the DRC.

TABITHA

The best part and I can't even begin to make this up,

RICKY

I had malaria that whole time!

REVERSE ON:

The family. Very upset by everything they've heard.

ROSEMARY
How exciting.

Sylvia pushes away.

SYLVIA
Excuse me.

35 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: KITCHEN - DAY

35

Norman digs around in one of the upper kitchen cabinets.

SYLVIA (O.S.)
Norman, Norman, Norman.

Norman knocks his head into the cabinet out of surprise.

PEDESTAL DOWN to reveal Sylvia watching him, sitting on the opposite counter.

Norman steps down with a silver tray in hand.

NORMAN
Sylvia.

SYLVIA
What do you think about your new place in our family?

NORMAN
Very exciting.

SYLVIA
Yes, we do lead interesting lives, don't we?

NORMAN
More interesting than living on the street for sure.

SYLVIA
Now I doubt that's true. Say, Norman, do you remember when you made a fool of me at the party?

NORMAN

Afraid I also remember you embarrassing me. All the same, very sorry.

SYLVIA

I thought it was terrible fun.

NORMAN

More terrible than fun, I suspect.

SYLVIA

Still don't like me?

NORMAN

I don't like most people.

SYLVIA

Well, fortunately I'm not sure anyone in my family is an actual person.

NORMAN

Any advice?

SYLVIA

Stay on my good side.

NORMAN

Not sure I've seen one.

SYLVIA

One word from me, and daddy would put you back on the street, you know... but then... where would be the fun?

She takes a mustard bottle and squirts it on her shoe.

SYLVIA (cont'd)

I believe you just spilt something on my shoe. Mind taking care of it?

Norman doesn't give her the satisfaction of a battle of egos, he grabs a napkin. He kneels down low enough to reach Sylvia's shoe and wipes it off.

Annette listens to their conversation, just around the corner.

37 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

37 *

Norman throws the napkin away and turns back to his snack tray.

SYLVIA

We'd like to put food in the twins mouth before they talk anymore.

NORMAN

Coming right up.

Norman grabs his tray and leaves.

Sylvia turns down the hallway.

38 INT. MOFFET HOUSE: HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

38 *

Sylvia breezes past Annette without paying her any attention.

ANNETTE

I saw what you made him do.

SYLVIA

Pick up after himself?

ANNETTE

No, pick up after yourself!

Annette follows after her sister, down the hall.

SYLVIA

And if I did?

ANNETTE

You're gonna leave him alone is what you're going to do.

SYLVIA

Oh, and you're going to be the one to make me, tough little sister?

ANNETTE

A kick to the teeth will make you.

SYLVIA

Aren't you quite the brute these days?

Sylvia turns into her bedroom.

ANNETTE

I'm the boss about this, got it?
About Norman?

Annette stops Sylvia from shutting the door.

SYLVIA

You've fallen in love with a stray,
but you know we'll have to take him
to the pound eventually. And what
about when dad finds you've been
trying to screw his assistant?

Sylvia coolly walks to a chair in the corner.

ANNETTE

Daddy isn't gonna find out, unless
you also want him to hear about the
actual reason you were *forced* to
take a gap year off from college.

SYLVIA

Well if dad finds *that* out, it's
your own teeth I'd be worried
about.

Sylvia slams the door.

*

39 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

39

Norman tries to feign interest in the twins. The door slam
from across the house startles him awake.

40 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE - DAY

40

The next day.

Norman stands outside the house. Takes a deep breath. And
enters.

41 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: FOYER - DAY

41

Norman enters with a brisk step, Annette is right behind
him.

ANNETTE

Good morning, Norman.

NORMAN

Good morning, Annette. Sorry to say I won't have time our usual fencing match.

ANNETTE

En guard.

NORMAN

Pret. But I am running a bit late.

ANNETTE

Bad traffic in the alley?

NORMAN

That's a Black Card, miss.

ANNETTE

Touché. But I'll be available for a little corps-à-corps if you're game.

NORMAN

Why in the world do you know this much about fencing?

ANNETTE

Private school. What's your excuse?

NORMAN

Stage combat.

ANNETTE

(doesn't know
Norman's an actor)

Huh?

Annette follows him to George's office.

BIG TIM (O.S.)

Twenty-one... twenty-one million dollars!

Norman stops when he hears the voices.

ANNETTE

(whispers)

The Tims?.

NORMAN

Sounds like it.

ANNETTE

When you're done enjoying your job,
feel free to enjoy me.

(a beat)

And you forgot the Martinis.

42 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: GEORGE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

42 *

The Tims stare down George.

GEORGE

Come on, I've been busy with other
things! You know that Rosemary and
Jimmy have been sleeping together,
and I'm very distracted about it.

TIMMY

Oh please! Everyone knows Rosemary
and Jimmy have been boinking since
that Shakespeare flick.

Insert: A Midsummer Night's Dream

BIG TIM

Sex is sex George. You'll do it,
she'll do it. We all do it. We
don't all, however, string our
colleagues out to dry -- twenty-one
million dollars and no rights!

*

GEORGE

I'm working on it.

BIG TIM

I'm gonna give it to you straight,
George. We took a vote. Kidnapping,
blackmail, I don't know, we're not
used to this kind of thing, but we
had to do something.

THIRTY-SOMETHING TIM

Landed on the physical option.

BIG TIM

Here it is, George. Either you find
a way out of this mess, or we're
going to break your legs.

GEORGE

What, both of them?

Unsure... they didn't plan for that question.

BIG TIM

We don't want to just half-ass
it --
Yeah, but both legs. I mean, wow--

LITTLE TIM

Put it to a vote, yeah? Quicker.

THIRTY-SOMETHING TIM

Great idea.

BIG TIM

OK, OK. Both legs, thumbs up. One
leg, thumb down. Enough thumbs down
and we'll do a second round to see
which leg. Good?

The Tims all gives a thumbs up.

LITTLE TIM

Wait... so was that--

THIRTY-SOMETHING TIM

No. That wasn't the vote. Right? *

LITTLE TIM

Yeah, that was just a like, do you
want to vote thumbs up. Which we do,
we clearly do, but you know--

BIG TIM

Still have to vote. Ready? Here
goes. Up or down, folks.

SERIES OF SHOTS: *

Each Tim gives a thumbs down in their own way.

BACK TO SCENE *

TIMMY

Yikes. Two legs it is buddy.

Enter Norman with a tray of Martinis.

NORMAN

Martinis?

The Tims look back at Norman.

GEORGE
 Right on time, Norman, I was just
 telling the Tims how you landed the
 rights to The Humans.

NORMAN
 ... really?

GEORGE
 Oh yes.

NORMAN
 Well, good for me.

The phone rings. *

GEORGE
 Yes, just secured them.

NORMAN
 I probably deserve a raise.

GEORGE
 ... yes. I suppose you do.

NORMAN
 (answers the phone) *
 Hello? *

ANNETTE (O.S.) *
 (over the phone) *
 Oh, don't worry, Norman, its for me. *

JIMMY (O.S.) *
 (over the phone) *
 No! Annette, it's for me. *

43 SPLIT SCREEN THE THREE ON THE PHONE

43 *

NORMAN *
 And who are we all on the phone *
 with? *

A fourth voice, a woman's voice, joins. *

A WOMAN'S VOICE *
 I was hoping to speak with Mrs. *
 Moffett. *

George hangs up the phone. *

BACK TO SCENE *

GEORGE
(with fire in his
eyes)
Now, about that raise...

*
*
*
*

LITTLE TIM
Good for you, Norman.

*

THIRTY-SOMETHING-TIM
I do enjoy a classic Hollywood
success story.

BIG TIM
Yes, yes, we're all very impressed
with Norman's ability to climb a
ladder, but I want to see *The
Humans* on the big screen. How it
was meant to be seen, at the
Cinerama dome! Just like you
promised!

*
*

GEORGE
Are you even listening to me? I
said I've taken care of it.

*

Big Tim takes a deep breath.

BIG TIM
You better hope so, George.

Big Tim breaks a pencil in half.

44 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: CLOSET - DAY

44 *

A single light over George and Norman.

GEORGE
We're in it now, Norman.

NORMAN
OK, so what's the plan?

GEORGE
I don't have a fucking plan,
Norman! My plan is that you figure
out who took my rights! *That's* the
only plan.

NORMAN
Well I've reached out to the rights
holder, just to see if we can't
strike a deal.

GEORGE
They're just gonna hand them over
for free?

NORMAN
There is one other option. Sir, it's
just the money that Mrs. Moffett has
stolen from you. *

GEORGE
Norm!

NORMAN
Theft is theft.

GEORGE
Do you know nothing of love,
Norman?

NORMAN
Touching, but a bit naive.

GEORGE
How's that?

NORMAN
Have you read her mail?

GEORGE
(gasp)
That's illegal.

NORMAN
So is fraud, Mr. Moffett, and the
Tims have a mounting case for it.

George doesn't like what he hears. He clicks off the closet
light and steps out.

He looks back at Norman and shuts the closet door on him. *

45 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

45 *

Jimmy walks into the room from the side entrance and
stops. He records on his super eight camera.

Annette reads a book on the couch.

SYLVIA
(to Jimmy)
Can we help you?

JIMMY

Keep going, keep going. I'm recording.

SYLVIA

Keep going with what?

ANNETTE

I think he wants raw footage of a bitch in the wild, like a National Geographic kind of thing.

JIMMY

Great, like that. Real sister talk.

SYLVIA

My god Jimmy, you know dad won't let you stay here forever.

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

Jimmy, dear!

Rosemary turns the corner.

ROSEMARY

Oh don't film me, Jimmy. I can't stand to see myself on film.

JIMMY

Then I won't show it to you.

ROSEMARY

Let's not be extreme. You've decided on the movie tonight?

SYLVIA

My god, we're right here. Your children are right here. If you want to cheat on dad, go right ahead. But couldn't you hide it a little better?

ROSEMARY

Hide what? True love. Your father wouldn't know it if he saw it anyways.

JIMMY

I was thinking the new Darren Aronofsky picture.

ROSEMARY

Oh, what about?

JIMMY

It's a retelling of Song of Solomon, told through the eyes of a desperate up and comer on Broadway.

ROSEMARY

Sounds intellectual.

JIMMY

I hear there's a can-can line at the end.

ROSEMARY

Ah, just like Paris!

(noticing her daughters)

Look at the two of you. Hanging out. Being sisters for a change.

Mr. Moffett enters the room, still a bit shaken from the meeting in his office. He sees Jimmy.

GEORGE

How's the move coming, Jimbo?

JIMMY

Don't mind me George. Rosemary and I will be out of your hair lickety split.

George looks like he may kill Jimmy any moment.

Annette starts to leave.

GEORGE

(to Annette)

Where are you going?

ANNETTE

Norman should be here for this.

GEORGE

Norman isn't family. Stay here for a minute. You don't mind if we dive into a family discussion, do you Jimmy?

JIMMY

Wait. Just let me grab it from the wide.

ROSEMARY

Just like Lawrence of Arabia!

Jimmy jumps up and continues to record from the corner of the room, presumably a wide angle.

ROSEMARY (cont'd)
Tell me, George, this isn't going to be another one of those long money meetings.

GEORGE
As a matter of fact we are, dear wife. I produce movies. I do not produce the wanton desires of your black little hearts.

ANNETTE
Not this again, daddy.

GEORGE
Yes, yes this again.

ROSEMARY
How about we not talk about money?

GEORGE
You'd like that wouldn't you?

ROSEMARY
(isn't that what I
just said)
Yes.

JIMMY
It's always money with you, George. It's always bounced checks and false profits.

ROSEMARY
Now you've upset, Jimmy. Why must you always fight -- he was such a good assistant.

GEORGE
He slept... with my wife!

ROSEMARY
I'm not your property, George.

SYLVIA
Oh my god.

George storms off to the edge of the room.

ROSEMARY

George, you're just drunk. You probably don't even know what you're saying.

GEORGE

I've had only three martinis today, and am entirely coherent. More so than the lot of you.

SYLVIA

Why are we having a family meeting?

GEORGE

For a family enterprise. We're going to make a movie together. A real Moffett Family picture. We're doing *The Humans*. With Sylvia and Annette to star, Jack to Direct, me to produce --

JIMMY

You don't own the rights to *The Humans*!

GEORGE

Now how the hell would you know that?

JIMMY

I was your goddamn assistant, George!

ROSEMARY

Are you upsetting Jimmy again? Stop your nonsense George, you're upsetting my Jimmy.

GEORGE

Throw Jimmy off a cliff for all I care!

ROSEMARY

Well, I never...

SYLVIA

How much does it pay?

GEORGE

You're family. You'll do it for back-end points.

A groan from all.

GEORGE (cont'd)
Besides, who needs rights! We'll
sell it on the Internet, Thailand,
or Time Square for all I care!
Anywhere where infringement is a
proud tradition!

*
*
*
*

Norman turns the corner into the room, much to Annette's
delight. She latches on to his arm -- Sylvia notices.

NORMAN
Hope I'm not intruding.

ANNETTE
Daddy was just giving us the run
down on his mildly Producers-esq
plan.

GEORGE
It's nothing like *The Producers* .

JIMMY
It's half as funny and twice as
desperate.

GEORGE
Fuck off, Jimmy.

ROSEMARY
It should pay *something* upfront.

GEORGE
There is no money, that's why I'm
hiring you.

ROSEMARY
Independent film is a little...
90s, if I'm being honest.

GEORGE
Well, we've got no choice. It's a
movie together or the streets
together.

NORMAN
(sarcastic)
I know some prime real-estate if
you're looking.

SYLVIA
If cutting money would help, how
about this business of employing
the homeless?

(MORE)

SYLVIA (cont'd)
I think we'd all prefer to not be
shanked in the night?

ROSEMARY
Shanked you say? What is that? What
is shanked?

SYLVIA
I'm only saying we don't know
anything about some people. That
maybe a background check would have
been in order. Did you know we
don't know if he's mentally ill? *

ANNETTE
Shut your mouth.

ROSEMARY
I only wanted to know what a
shanking was. *

ANNETTE
(claryifying)
No, Sylvia. *

SYLVIA
Sorry if I value my going on
living. *

ANNETTE
You won't go on living talking like
that! *

ROSEMARY
Oh come on girls.
(to Jimmy)
Jimmy dear, would you like a snack
before we leave? I know you hate
those concession prices.

Jimmy continues to look out the window.

ROSEMARY (cont'd)
You've truly hurt his feelings,
George -- apologize to him.

GEORGE
Jimmy, I'm going to murder you one
day. I want you to be able to look
back and realize this was the
moment I told you so.

SYLVIA

I don't know why dad couldn't have
hired a professional to replace
Jimmy.

*

Annette starts to cry. One by one, her family shuts up and
move their attention to her. She backs slowly to the
coffee table.

Sylvia rolls her eyes.

ROSEMARY

Will you stop at nothing, George?
Now you've upset your own daughter.

SYLVIA

Not this again.

ANNETTE

(through tears)
Norman only just got here.

SYLVIA

It's nothing personal, little
sister. But dad's looking to save
money, and here we have a bum on
the payroll. It's easy math.

ROSEMARY

Now George, don't get between
Annette and Norman.

GEORGE

I've said nothing about firing,
Norman.

ROSEMARY

Can't you see she's fond of him?
The two are already best friends.
(to Annette)
I'm sure your father will make the
right decision, Annette. No need to
panic.

Annette opens the drawer from the coffee table.

ROSEMARY (cont'd)

Oh dear.

Annette opens the coffee table drawer and pulls out a gun.
She pushes it against her temple.

ANNETTE

I'm going to kill myself.

SYLVIA

I knew it! I knew she was going to do this! God, Annette, just do it.

ROSEMARY

Sylvia!

SYLVIA

(to Annette)
Booo! We've seen this episode before!

NORMAN

What is going on?

George sighs and sinks into the couch.

ROSEMARY

Aren't you going to do anything! You're daughter's threatening to shoot herself.

GEORGE

It's only a prop gun.

JIMMY

We all know that, George. But it's serious, in *her* mind.

Annette weeps inconsolably.

ANNETTE

I'll do it. I'll really do it.

Rosemary tries to help Annette to the couch.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Don't take my gun!

ROSEMARY

Nobody's going to take your gun, dear. I just want you to lie down, get comfortable.

She helps Annette lie down. Annette keeps the gun to her temple just as if she were still standing.

SYLVIA

This act is getting old, sis.

NORMAN

Why is there a prop gun in the house?

ROSEMARY

What do you want dear? A Coke? Want me to put a movie on?

ANNETTE

I only want to die! To forget how to feel!

ROSEMARY

Yes well... maybe I'll have Norman grab a Coke anyways.

ANNETTE

Oh, Norman.

SYLVIA

That's it. I'm out.

Sylvia stands and leaves the room just as Norman:

NORMAN

(to George)

I'll make everyone a martini.

GEORGE

Read the room, Norm!

George stands.

GEORGE (cont'd)

(shouting)

Everyone is doing the movie, like it or not. You too, Norm, I hope you can act.

George exits.

ANNETTE

Is Sylvia still over there?

ROSEMARY

Just left. Norman's here though. Would he cheer you up?

She nods.

ROSEMARY (cont'd)

Very good. Norman, come here!

(MORE)

ROSEMARY (cont'd)

(to Jimmy)

Jimmy, get the tickets and my coat.
Don't want to miss the previews.

(to Annette)

Norman's here for you darling.

(to Norman)

Look after her. That's your job,
you understand? My husband's
money--whatever he does pay you, is
the same as if I paid you. And I'm
telling you, look after her.

Jimmy wraps Rosemary's coat around her shoulders. Rosemary looks up to see Norman. They're the only two left in the room.

ANNETTE

Norman. They're going to keep you
after all.

Norman looks at the gun.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Oh it's only a prop. I'm still a
pretty good actor.

*
*

She lets the gun drop to the ground. Norman eyes it, still a little freaked out.

*

ANNETTE (cont'd)

We're going to be in a movie
together, Norman.

*

She motions for him to lean in. He does... reluctantly.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

On the silver screen, Norman.

She motions for more. Slowly, he leans in.

She grabs Norman by the jaw and brings him in for a kiss. He doesn't fight it, but he doesn't kiss back. She lets him go. Annette smiles. For a half second, Norman is bamboozled, but he catches his senses.

*

NORMAN

We should have some very strict
rules, Catherine.

ANNETTE

Sure... who the hell is Catherine?

NORMAN

I mean Annette. Excuse me.

*
*

He awkwardly rushes out of the room, nearly running into the wall.

Annette kneels up on the couch.

*

46 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

46 *

Norman wipes the lipstick from his mouth with a handkerchief. He looks down at the stain on the handkerchief. Looks himself in the mirror and smiles.

Annette barges in. Love struck.

NORMAN

You can't come in here!

Annette locks the door and rests her back against it.

ANNETTE

It's *my* house!

NORMAN

Your parents' house.

ANNETTE

And mine, *one* day. But it's besides the point. I just wanted to talk some more.

NORMAN

Later. And not in here.

ANNETTE

You would kiss me and then demand I leave?

NORMAN

I would kiss *you*, you say?

ANNETTE

This is a quick moving romance, isn't it? To think, before I hardly knew you, and yet here we are. We could be doing anything in here. Bathrooms are for private things, after all.

NORMAN

And yet here you are.

ANNETTE

Don't you see, Norman? Now that you're here to stay, we don't have to keep this secret anymore.

NORMAN

I can assure you, I spoke to your father about such things, and if I want this job, and I *do* want this job, then coming out as his daughter's lover would be counter-productive. Just ask his last assistant.

She moves away from the door and towards Norman.

ANNETTE

That's fine. We'll keep it secret. All the great loves are secret.

NORMAN

Haven't you heard of professionalism? If you had my job, would you be your lover?

ANNETTE

Oh, I've never had a job, Norman. There's no telling how I'd behave.

NORMAN

You do want me to stay here, in this house with you, as long as I can Annette, don't you?

ANNETTE

More than anything.

NORMAN

Then I have to keep my job.

ANNETTE

Then I'll be very secret.

NORMAN

I won't be your lover.

ANNETTE

You're very handsome Norman--wait, you won't?

NORMAN

I'm afraid I'd prefer our relationship to be professional.

ANNETTE

You mean you don't like that I followed you into the restroom?

NORMAN

No, I can't say I cared for it.

ANNETTE

It's this Catherine person, isn't it--

NORMAN

I'll see you when I come in for work and when I leave and at parties and things I'm sure you'll be at. But for me, that's enough.

ANNETTE

But... what about our kiss?

Norman takes a beat, reluctant to say--

NORMAN

It was only *your* kiss.

Her heartbroken eyes turn quickly to anger.

ANNETTE

(angry)
Oh Norman.

He backs off a bit.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

(sad)
Oh Norman.

He retreats to sitting on the tub. Annette turns and storms out of the bathroom. She slams the door behind her.

ANNETTE (O.S.)

(pitiful)
You're going to regret that, Norman!

47 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE - DAY - MONTAGE

47 *

The week passing as:

(-) Annette and Sylvia play lawn bowling.

*

(-) The family making the movie.

48 EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD ALLEY - EVENING - MONTAGE 48

Norman returns home to his tent ... still living there.

49 INT./EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE - DAY - MONTAGE 49 *

(-) Rosemary and Jimmy playing croquet in the yard.

(-) Norman typing at a computer, PAN OVER TO, Annette far off and away looking Norman with a sad far off and away look. Pretending not to watch him.

(-) Jack directs the movie.

50 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: BACK YARD - DAY 50 *

Jimmy stands in the corner of the lawn with a music stand. He sings a traditional Italian opera (song TBD). It's quite moving. CAMERA DOLLY BACK, PAN to reveal Norman wiring an elaborate projector set up.

Rosemary is taken with Jimmy's performance, tears in her eyes.

ROSEMARY

(whispering to Jimmy)
Your soul is beautiful.

Norman restrains himself from rolling his eyes as he detangles a snake den of cables.

ROSEMARY (cont'd)

Do you know the opera, Norman?

NORMAN

Can't say I've heard much of it.

ROSEMARY

Jimmy's a true artist, Norman.

NORMAN

Yes, I can hear.

ROSEMARY

This is why our ancestors sailed their pretty little boats here, Norman.

NORMAN

Movie premieres?

ROSEMARY

Music... painting... sculpture...
sex. The arts.

NORMAN

Did they? I took their motivations
to be somewhat different.

ROSEMARY

Oh no, Norman, those pilgrims made
their sacrifice, so our souls could
sing.

ROSEMARY (cont'd)

So beautiful men, with beautiful
voices could do more than
mercilessly grovel for money.

NORMAN

I don't think there was much opera
in the original colonies.

ROSEMARY

Yes well... those Indians you know.

Norman cringes a little.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

Native Americans.

Sylvia walks into the living room and takes a set.

ROSEMARY

What about them?

SYLVIA

You're supposed to say Native
Americans, not Indian. It's
respectful, they were here first
after all.

ROSEMARY

Even if I meant to be a little
insulting?

SYLVIA

A little racist you mean?

ROSEMARY

Just a little. An appropriate
amount.

SYLVIA

Yes, even if you want to be a little racist, you still have to use the correct name. That way you keep your racism to yourself.

ROSEMARY

Well how about that. Learn something new every day, don't you.

She winks at Norman.

NORMAN

So you do. Mr. Moffett said Annette would be running the premiere. I haven't found --

ROSEMARY

Here she is, right now.

Annette exits the house into the yard in an Oscar winning dress. She strikes a pose at the edge of the yard.

ANNETTE

What is it, mother?

ROSEMARY

Don't you look cute? Norman had some questions for you about the premiere tonight.

Norman approaches Annette.

NORMAN

I had some questions about where we'll put the chairs.

ANNETTE

Chairs? Am I dressed like a woman who knows where chairs go? *

NORMAN

No, but you're dressed like a woman expecting to sit somewhere. *

She makes a little flair with her dress and walks off. *

ROSEMARY

Oh, little Annette. You're doing a very important job for your father tonight. *

SYLVIA
Is she the official host this time?

ANNETTE
(to Sylvia)
And you aren't on the list. *

SYLVIA
I'm sure our poor old dad will sick
his guards on me.

ANNETTE
(to whole family)
All I've got to say is some
people... waste the opportunity
right in front of them. *

ROSEMARY
I suppose that's true enough.

JIMMY
What opportunity?

ANNETTE
Some people will know what
opportunity, but by then... it will
be too late.

Norman, frustrated at Annette's dramatics, keeps his cool
and continues with the equipment.

JIMMY
I'm confused.

ROSEMARY
Naturally. That's because you're
the kind of man that seizes every
opportunity. You wouldn't
understand the predicament.

SYLVIA
Know anything more romantic, Jimmy?
Annette's having a moment.

ANNETTE
Shut your *damn* mouth.

SYLVIA
Is this performance for anyone in
particular? I think Norman would
like it very much if he only turned
around.

Norman pretends not to hear and keeps at the cords.

Annette strikes a pose clearly in Norman's view.

SYLVIA (cont'd)
Look at that. Where have I seen
that pose before? Art history?
Cleopatra? It's very dramatic.

Sylvia does a pretend clap.

SYLVIA (cont'd)
Oh I'm not interrupting am I?

ANNETTE
Please, I haven't even noticed you
yet.

SYLVIA
Ah.

Annette walks off, extreme as ever.

Norman, growing in frustration, walks back to Rosemary.

NORMAN
Do you think she'd like the chairs
facing the house or away?

Annette crosses into the frame--

ANNETTE
Oh... what is love?

And then out again--

Rosemary turns to look at Annette and turns back.

ROSEMARY
(to Jimmy)
Do you think she's alright? I'm
beginning to think she may be upset
about something.

SYLVIA
Just tell them where you want the
people to sit, Annette.

Annette continues to cross in and out of frame as she throws
about her theatrics.

ANNETTE

It wouldn't make a difference where
people sit tonight.

*
*

Annette cuts her eyes to Norman as he leaves, without moving a muscle. Norman looks back to her, when out of her sight. Sylvia laughs from across the yard, which catches on with Rosemary before long.

51 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

51

Thirty-Something-Tim leaves the coffee shop with a five coffees in a drink carrier.

*

He carries the coffee to a car in the parking lot and opens the back door.

The other Tims are crammed inside. Timmy steps out of the car.

THIRTY-SOMETHING TIM

You think I'm gonna get the coffee
and sit middle? Better crawl your
ass back inside.

TIMMY

I just set middle the whole way.

THIRTY-SOMETHING TIM

And you're gonna keep at it.

Thirty-something Tim shoves Timmy back into the car.

BIG TIM

You got the sugar?

THIRTY-SOMETHING TIM

Got the sugar? I am the sugar.

As thirty-something Tim forces his way into the cramped car, a miniature baseball bat falls out, and raps against the concrete

CAMERA PEDESTAL down to follow the bat. A hand picks it back up. Door slams O.S. The car cranks.

*

52 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: SIDE LAWN - NIGHT

52

The yard is done up in simple decorations. A large projector screen stands before an elegant little seating area. Catering has set up in the pagoda. Guests hang around the yard, drinks in their hands.

Not a big party. The five producers from before. Maybe fifteen other guests. Everyone knows everyone.

Jimmy finishes his song.

REVERSE on George, at the bar. Steaming that Jimmy is still anywhere near his house. He rolls his eyes and searches the party.

The TIMS are arrived.

Annette wanders the party in a fog, wearing the same funeral dress as before.

Jack dressed in well-tailored Hollywood business-casual, walks up and offers Annette his arm.

She takes one look at Jack and rolls her eyes.

JACK

Ah, come on Annette. A hot young director should have a hot young date, don't you think?

ANNETTE

Are you stupid Jack? Do I look like I'm in the mood for a date?

JACK

What's with the get up?

ANNETTE

It matches my soul.

JACK

Well I like it. You like beautiful.

Annette pushes him away.

ANNETTE

I'm meant to look distracting.

JACK

Why not be beautifully distracting?

George waves Jack down from across the yard.

JACK (cont'd)
Well that's my cue. Can't say it's
been a pleasure Annette.

He leaves for George and Annette continues her solitary
performance.

George joins Jack.

GEORGE
Jack, you've met the twins.

PAN:

To the twins.

RICKY
Hello.

TABITHA
Evening.

JACK
(really weird-ed out
by them)
Pleasure.

GEORGE
Norman!

NORMAN
Sir? *

GEORGE
Ready? *

NORMAN
Yes. *

RICKY
Norman! *

NORMAN
Oh... *

TABITHA
Tabitha.

RICKY
Ricky.

TABITHA & RICKY
Congo *

NORMAN

Right.

*

Both laugh at the memory.

RICKY

I can't believe you got the girls to act.

TABITHA

Your daughters are coming out of retirement before you make it to your own! It writes itself.

GEORGE

They've both had time to process their resentment towards their mother and I for making them act so young.

RICKY

That's a big deal.

NORMAN

How resentful can they be about being handed a career?

CUT TO:

53 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: SYLVIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

53 *

Sylvia hangs a belt from her ceiling fan and loops the other end around her neck.

She looks over to the light switch.

Back to the fan.

She tries to reach the light switch. It's too far away.

She contemplates the predicament.

CUT TO:

54 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: BATHROOM - DAY

54 *

Annette pulls a razor blade from her razor. She looks at it closely, before--

Accidentally dropping it down the sink drain.

She looks at the drain with a "what now" expression.

55 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: SIDE LAWN - NIGHT

55 *

Norman is shocked.

NORMAN

That resentful.

*

GEORGE

That's why there's a prop gun in the house, Norm. Let's them get out the aggression, without, you know...

NORMAN

I see.

RICKY

I'm sure they're talented as ever.

GEORGE

The same level of brilliance that drove them insane, I'm sure of it, only this time with anti-depressants.

OFF NORMAN: Clearly not comfortable.

RICKY

And Jack to direct?

TABITHA

He's hot.

RICKY

He's young.

TABITHA

An auteur in the making.

RICKY

A great idea.

TABITHA

Truly brilliant.

GEORGE

And you'll be sitting next to him during the movie.

JACK
Actually --

TABITHA
Brilliant!

Ricky puts his arm around Jack.

RICKY
Jack, tell me, what's your
experience with Ethiopian cheeses?

Norman spots Annette in her sparkly dress. He slides next
to Annette.

56 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: SIDE LAWN - NIGHT

56

Norman slides next to Annette.

NORMAN
We haven't been totally honest with
each other.

ANNETTE
I have been nothing but honest with
you.

NORMAN
I don't just mean you.

ANNETTE
We're not talking.

NORMAN
I would like to share a thing with
you, if you'd let me.

ANNETTE
I don't talk to men that broke my
heart.

NORMAN
Enough with the theatrics already.

ANNETTE
"Theatrics theatrics." It's all
theatrics when it's a woman's
heart! It's all "she's a little
unstable" when she's just a little
in love! What do you want to talk
about?

NORMAN

A little unstable? You're a woman with the proclivity to kill herself if the means weren't padded as props!

Annette looks utterly destroyed.

ANNETTE

Perhaps we shouldn't be honest with each other.

Annette leaves.

The movie cues up on the big screen: George Moffett Presents. The original *King Kong* score sounds over the titles. *

George and Jack arrive:

GEORGE

Norman. We've got trouble in paradise. The Goldhearts are here. *

NORMAN

Start with cocktails?

CUT TO:

57 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

57

A stack of papers are slammed down in front George. Behind him: the family. The Tims. Everyone has a drink. *

Across from them the GOLDHEARTS, Heather and Friday, two powerhouse sisters in pinstripe suits.

GEORGE

So the infamous Goldheart sisters are suing *me*.

He shoves the stack of papers out of the way.

HEATHER

You stole our movie. *

GEORGE

You stole *my* movie.

BIG TIM

This is *our* movie. *

ANNETTE

To be fair it's kind of *our* movie.

FRIDAY

We have an investor, a rights holder, and a production that say it's *our* movie. You don't got Jack!

*

ROSEMARY

(confused)

Yes we do. Jack was directing.

*

GEORGE

Fine. We'll cut the baby in half.

HEATHER

Absolutely not.

NORMAN

Where do I recognize your voice from?

*

*

*

HEATHER

Mine?

*

*

NORMAN

Yes.

*

*

ROSEMARY

George what have you done? What are all those papers?

GEORGE

Tried to keep this family afloat! We're broke, Rosemary! And whose fault do you think it is?

ROSEMARY

... *yours*?

GEORGE

I know about Sydney, Rosemary! I know about the whole thing!

Friday sends a large and obvious wink Rosemary's way.

Heather does the same.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Why the hell are you winking at her for?

ROSEMARY

How would I know, George?

GEORGE

Listen, Heather, Friday -

A detail that Norman clocks.

GEORGE (cont'd)

--we go into business together.

BIG TIM

We're out twenty-one million for
the rights to this play.

HEATHER

And you're about to be out a lot
more when this is settled in court.
If any human being sees this movie,
we're coming for everything you
own.

NORMAN

No humans can see *The Humans*. Got
it.

ANNETTE

It's a shame you didn't see it --
we put so much work into it.

HEATHER

Next time, don't put work into
something you can't show on screen.

Heather and Friday stand in unison.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Lawyer up asshole.

The Goldhearts exit.

*

A long beat while George fumes. He waits for Heather and
Friday to shut the door.

*

GEORGE

You're all making a Judas out of
me!

ROSEMARY

Oh, George, not this.

GEORGE

The lot of you! I'm nothing but a
Judas for you to betray!

*

Norman looks back at the family with a WTF kind of
expression.

*

CUT TO:

*

INSERT - CEASER'S PASSION POSTER

*

The same movie poster from George's office. A movie that
clearly mistakes the characters of the Passion and those of
Julius Caesar.

*

BACK TO SCENE.

ANNETTE

It was a confusing movie.

SYLVIA

He means, Julius.

George whips around:

GEORGE

And one of you is the Brutus.

SYLVIA

He means Judas.

ANNETTE

Why are the twins here?

ROSEMARY

I invited them to the screening.

RICKY

Wish we could have seen the movie,
though.

TABITHA

What was the theme?

ANNETTE

Betrayal. You wouldn't get it.

GEORGE

And how apropos for one of you - my
kin, my senate, my disciples -

NORMAN

Sounds like quite the movie.

ANNETTE

The third act is a little graphic.

GEORGE

One of you have betrayed me!

*

ROSEMARY

You're not making any sense,
George. Really.

JIMMY

Out with it, man!

GEORGE

One of you told the Goldhearts that
we were doing our little production.
We're the only ones who knew!

NORMAN

That's not entirely true... I told
Warren Gabel that you were pursuing
the film. *He* must have told the
Goldhearts.

A long beat while George processes his betrayal.

GEORGE

Ét tu Norman?

The doors to the drawing room fly open and slam against the
wall. Big Tim stands in the opening - his lackeys behind
him. He points at George.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Jesus Christ!

BIG TIM

Just the one for now... but make it
hurt.

Little Tim tosses Timmy the baseball bat. Timmy marches to
George.

*

GEORGE

What the hell are you doing Tim!

TIMMY

It's Timmy!

*

*

NORMAN

Now hold on one minute.

Norman stands to block Timmy. Timmy shoves him out of the way. Timmy drags George from his chair.

BIG TIM

We're takin' it easy on you pal,
just the right one for now. But come
on, let's build some trust? We're
supposed to be partners, you and us.

One of the Tims holds back Norman. The others pin down George.

On Timmy as he lifts the bat high in the air. *

George screams! Annette screams! Hell - everyone screams! *

58 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - LATER

58 *

George sits on the couch, his leg propped up on the table. Annette ices it. Sylvia fluffs a pillow for his back. Rosemary brings him a drink.

Jimmy sits to the side. Norman, odd man out, stands pensively in front of the family.

JIMMY

Shouldn't the ambulance be here?

ROSEMARY

They'll get here when they get here. I'm sure they're doing their best.

GEORGE

What do you think I'm about to say to you, Norman?

A long beat.

NORMAN

That you could really use a drink.

GEORGE

You're fired, Norman.

ANNETTE

Daddy--

GEORGE

You're fired.

Annette is on the verge of tears.

59 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE - NIGHT

59

Norman saunters down the front steps of the house.

Sylvia comes coolly from around the corner.

She gives him a sarcastic slow clap.

SYLVIA

Are we ever going to talk about why
you're so good at acting?

*
*

NORMAN

I deliver my lines. Everything
after that is luck.

*

SYLVIA

How about a drink?

NORMAN

It's best if I don't.

He turns to Sylvia.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Goodbye, Sylvia.

SYLVIA

Do you really think I don't know? I
clocked it nearly the moment we
first met. I know who you *really*
are, Norman.

Norman stops in the doorway.

NORMAN

I'd be forever indebted if you
could tell me who.

SYLVIA

You're a man who knows better than
to turn down the good stuff.

*
*

She raises a bottle of scotch from inside her coat.

*

60 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: BACK YARD - NIGHT

60

Overlooking L.A.. Sylvia and Norman share drinks straight
from the bottle.

*

SYLVIA

Sam Leonard. That's a real name, a good Golden age name. An actor's name, if I recall, and a good one too. I've seen two of your plays, you know. Must have made an impression.

NORMAN

You wouldn't like Sam Leonard.

SYLVIA

To be fair, I don't much like *Norman* Leonard.

NORMAN

Sam was a coward.

SYLVIA

Oh, and now you're a master of courage.

NORMAN

I'm saying there's no reason I was homeless. I was well off, successful. Some people in this city have no choice and I hid behind them.

*
*
*
*
*

SYLVIA

... you were only a stage actor. How long were you--

NORMAN

I spent three years in that lonely little tent.

SYLVIA

No family, no nothing?

NORMAN

An ex-wife. Somewhere.

SYLVIA

Ooof... ooofff!

Sylvia downs a gulp and passes the bottle.

SYLVIA (cont'd)

Your ex-wife is why we aren't civil to each other?

NORMAN
(sincerely)
Am I not civil?

SYLVIA
(direct and to the
point)
Why won't you like me? We're alike,
you and I.

NORMAN
We aren't alike, we're just alone...

SYLVIA
We are that, Sam. We are that.

NORMAN
Norman.

SYLVIA
Sam is better.

NORMAN
Unhoused is better than homeless,
Sam is better than Norman, is there
any opinion you don't have about
how I should present myself?

SYLVIA
I only want you to be real.

Norman takes a swig.

NORMAN
Didn't you have any glasses?

SYLVIA
Boojie actor too good for the
bottle?

He passes the bottle.

NORMAN
Go ahead and be real then. Let's
talk about *your* past. Let's talk
about *your* childhood.

SYLVIA
Someone's been hearing rumors, I
see.

Sylvia stands up and shouts:

SYLVIA (cont'd)
I'm going to kill myself!

Her shout echoes off the house.

SYLVIA (cont'd)
How do you like that?

NORMAN
No one seems to care.

SYLVIA
(smug)
No one ever has.

She takes a drink and passes the bottle back.

SYLVIA (cont'd)
And what do you think about *me*?

NORMAN
As Norman or Sam?

SYLVIA
Dealers choice.

NORMAN
I think... maybe I was wrong.

She falls back to her seat.

NORMAN (cont'd)
Maybe you are like me. Maybe we both
hate ourselves, and *that's* how we're
alike.

SYLVIA
No... I'm an original.

Sylvia leans over and kisses Norman.

Norman kisses her back. After a beat, he hesitates.

Sylvia pulls her lips away from Norman.

NORMAN
Your sister.

Sylvia pushes him away from her and stands up. A beat
while she looks at the view.

SYLVIA
I'm stronger than my sister.

NORMAN

If you see me again, just call me
Norman.

Sylvia turns back to Norman and looks him in the eye.

SYLVIA

Goodbye, Norman.

Sylvia walks away.

Norman drinks alone before the view of Los Angeles.

INSERT - GUN

*

Norman picks up and holds the fake gun inside the house.

BACK TO SCENE

*

Norman looks at the view.

He looks at the bottle.

He drops the bottle to the ground.

INSERT - TITLE CARD

*

Act Three
All That Glitters

MUSIC CUE

*

61 EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD ALLEY - MORNING

61

Norman walks down the alley towards his encampment. Sees
his tent.

*
*

SERIES OF SHOTS:

*

- Norman carries some his belongings to the trash.

- Norman pulls apart his tent.

- Norman breaks down the tent poles.

- Norman folds his tent.

*

- Norman tosses the tent in the trash.

- Norman looks at the spot his tent used to rest. You would
never know someone had lived there.

*
*

- Norman looks, with no small mixture of guilt and self-loathing, on those who live on the streets with no real change in hell of getting off the street without help.

*
*
*

62 INT. CAFE - DAY

62

Norman downs a mug of black coffee as if it gave him life. He sits at a table with Warren.

WARREN
Don't go too hard, tiger.
(sarcastic)
All that caffeine.

Warren downs the rest of his dark and stormy.

He makes a motion to someone O.S. As to request another.

WARREN (cont'd)
Long night?

NORMAN
I really shouldn't drink.

WARREN
So... Norman?

NORMAN
Sam is fine.

WARREN
I've missed you, Sam, I really have.

*

Norman nods as he drinks his coffee.

WARREN (cont'd)
Did you think I wouldn't have helped you out? If you had called?

NORMAN
Sure you would have. There are a dozen people who would have.

*
*
*

WARREN
Then why not call?

*
*

NORMAN
There are things that happen in a life that make you realize you're not so stable as you think.

*

(MORE)

NORMAN (cont'd)
Stilts of emotional support that
you think are stronger than steel
turn out to be paper. Money,
marriages, mortgages. But those
stilts were never solid. You're
unstable. And all you can do is run
away as the house collapses.

*
*
*
*
*

WARREN
Catherine was a special woman.

NORMAN
Catherine's not who bothers me
anymore. I love Annette Moffett,
I've loved her from the moment she
told me that I did.

*
*
*

WARREN
She's nuts.

*

NORMAN
So am I.

*
*

WARREN
You're not. Quit her. I'm staging
Company at Pasadena Playhouse and
you'd make a killer Bobby.

*
*

NORMAN
I'm actually a good assistant.

WARREN
You'd be a better Bobby.

Norman finishes his mug.

NORMAN
More coffee?

WARREN
Wouldn't you rather mimosas?

NORMAN
It *really is* best if I don't drink.

WARREN
Alright two coffees then. But
first, you're going to tell me why
we're here.

NORMAN
I was fired.

WARREN

Then you won't have to quit them
after all.

NORMAN

You told the Goldhearts we had a
production.

WARREN

Me? I wouldn't in a million years.

NORMAN

Well, make a double ass of me then.

WARREN

How do you mean?

*

NORMAN

If you didn't tell them...

Norman reveals an envelope.

WARREN

What's that?

NORMAN

Mrs. Moffett's mail. I picked it up
while I was drunk last night.

WARREN

You really *shouldn't* drink.

NORMAN

I've been saying it.

WARREN

To the booze free life.

NORMAN

(distracted)
Here here.

WARREN

Now get to your point.

NORMAN

I was going to ask you a favor, but
how about the opposite.

*

Norman leans in.

NORMAN (cont'd)

How about a job?

Warren leans in.

WARREN
Union or non?

*

NORMAN
Strictly non.

*

*

63 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

63

Jimmy reads aloud from Poe's short story - *The Masque of the Red Death*... With excessive gusto.

JIMMY
It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven - an imperial suite. In many places, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole is scarcely impeded.

ROSEMARY (O.S.)
Skip this part, Jimmy. This is the boring part.

JIMMY
Let's see then... here we go. And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall.

REVERSE on Sylvia.

SYLVIA
Why are you still here? You screwed my mom---

ROSEMARY
Sylvia, please.

SYLVIA
Like a month ago. And you're still here.

(MORE)

SYLVIA (cont'd)
Who does that? Robbers don't steal
someones television and then move
in. Muggers don't go home with
their victim.

ROSEMARY
Well, I wasn't a victim.

JIMMY
No it was quite consensual.

ROSEMARY
(smiling)
Quite.

SYLVIA
Ugh.

Sylvia storms off.

64 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: ANNETTE'S ROOM - DAY

64

Sylvia opens the door to Annette's room.

Annette looks up from writing in her journal.

SYLVIA
I frenched your boyfriend last
night.

A beat.

Annette throws a shoe at Sylvia.

Sylvia runs out of the room.

Annette chases her.

65 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

65

Rosemary and Jimmy sitting alone. Jimmy snuggles up close.

ROSEMARY
Get off of me.

She pushes Jimmy off.

He sulks.

The girls run into the room.

Rosemary leans into Jimmy.

ROSEMARY (cont'd)
How I love me some Jimmy!

The moment the girls are gone, Rosemary drops the act.

66 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY 66

George waits in his office like Scarface waiting for the police. Annette and Rosemary can be heard shouting across the house.

67 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE - DAY 67

A man in jeans, boots, a brown leather fringe jacket, and a cowboy hat. A bandana covers his nose and mouth. Where have we seen those eyes before?

BIG PUSH IN. He draws a gun.

*

68 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: LIVING ROOM 68

TOP DOWN ON:

A Wurlitzer electric piano. Jimmy sits down to play.

He plays Bach over:

69 INT./EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE - MONTAGE - DAY 69

(-) Annette chasing Sylvia.

(-) The ARMED MAN making his way through the house.

(-) Rosemary looking really angry at Jimmy's noise and putting in headphones of her own music.

70 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY 70

The door opens. George is surprised to see someone.

GEORGE
(really angry)
You.

71 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

71

Chaos mounts as Rosemary barks Jimmy to stop playing.
Annette and Sylvia continue to fight.

ROSEMARY

Why do you have to play that
contraption now?

JIMMY

I've got to have some kind of
career, darling.

Music building until--

The cowboy enters the room - looks from Rosemary to Jimmy -
throws Jimmy from the piano bench and presses the knife into
his throat.

COWBOY

Jimmy Presley?

JIMMY

Hmmh?

COWBOY

Are you the man they call, Jimmy
Presley?

ROSEMARY

Yes, that's him, dear.
(looking up)
Wait who are you?

Through a window, Sylvia catches Annette.

JIMMY

Yeah, who are you?

WARREN

We'll get to that in a second.

ROSEMARY

Well, what are you doing here?

WARREN

We'll get to that the second after.

ANNETTE (O.S.)

Who's the cowboy?

WHIP TO:

Sylvia, with Annette in a choke hold.

ROSEMARY
He'll tell us in a second dear.

Jimmy escapes long enough to pull open Annette's famous gun drawer in the coffee table - but the drawer is empty!

JIMMY
Where is the gun?!

ANNETTE
It's only a prop.

JIMMY
HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT!

SYLVIA
Does now.

WARREN
Where's Mr. Moffett!

GEORGE (O.S.)
Right here. What seems to be the trouble.

WHIP TO:

George and Norman.

The cowboy's eyes are full of panic as he looks at George. George squints back. Where has he seen those eyes before?

GEORGE
Warren?

WARREN
(reluctant)
No...

Warren looks around as everyone comes to realize exactly who he is.

SYLVIA
Warren Gabel the actor?

ROSEMARY
Have I seen you in anything?

Norman makes a motion for Warren to drop the disguise.

Warren pulls down his bandana and tightens his grip on Jimmy.

WARREN

It's me. Warren Gabel. You may have seen me at the Pasadena Playhouse and Centre Group. I as recently in a production of *The Humans*.

*

ANNETTE

Small world! So were we!

WARREN

(to George)
The Goldhearts sent me.

GEORGE

Damn Goldhearts! They can't just send armed actors to my house and expect to intimidate me! I'm George Moffett, goddamnit!

WARREN

Oh! Sorry. So sorry... I'm not here for you. Mr. Moffett. Just Jimmy.

JIMMY

What?

ROSEMARY

He did explicit ask for you earlier, Jimmy, don't act surprised, its beneath you.

JIMMY

The Goldhearts sent you to kill me?

WARREN

Kill? Nope. Just intimidate.

JIMMY

Well, if that's all!

Warren presses the gun into Jimmy's back so hard Jimmy can hardly speak.

*

JIMMY (cont'd)

What the hell?!

Norman cuts Warren a look, "Too much"

ON WARREN: "Whoops"

WARREN

OK, get up. Get up right now.

Warren helps Jimmy stand.

WARREN (cont'd)

There we go. Dust it off buddy.
Take a seat.

He leads Jimmy to a chair.

WARREN (cont'd)

That's it. Just like that.

Jimmy takes a seat.

JIMMY

(thoroughly shaken)
It's George you want!

WARREN

I get a call last week saying that
Moffett Pictures is stealing *The
Humans* right from underneath us and
that leading the charge is Jimmy
Nelson. You are Jimmy Nelson?

JIMMY

I'm not his assistant anymore. The
Goldhearts know that!

WARREN

The Goldhearts don't like that
you're helping Moffett get this
picture up. They don't like it one
bit, Jimmy!

JIMMY

I'm not I'm not I'm not!

Jimmy breaks down and starts to cry.

JIMMY (cont'd)

I'm there business partner!

WARREN

We both know that Rosemary is their
business partner!

The room is shocked.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

SYLVIA

(to Rosemary)
You've been in bed with dad's
assistant *and* his competition?

GEORGE

Is that why the Goldhearts were
winking at you last night?!

ANNETTE

Really, this family is too much.

JIMMY

Tell the Goldhearts that I'm the one
they've been doing business with!
It's been me the whole fucking time!

ROSEMARY

Jimmy?

GEORGE

I'm confused...

NORMAN

Let me clear things up: You told me
to get to the bottom of who had the
rights? Well the rights holders
wouldn't tell me, but I did happen
upon Mrs. Moffett's mail in a
drunken stupor.

ROSEMARY

That's a federal offense, Norman.

NORMAN

I misread one of the items as an
appointment *on* Friday, instead of
an appointment *with* Friday. That
is, Ms. Friday Goldheart.

Norman holds the piece of mail to the sky.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Add in a phone call from Heather
Goldheart that Annette mistookingly
took.

FLASH BACK TO:

72 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: GEORGE'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

72 *

NORMAN
(answers the phone)
Hello?

*
*
*

ANNETTE (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Oh, don't worry, Norman, its for me.

*
*
*

JIMMY (O.S.)
(over the phone)
No! Annette, it's for me.

*
*
*

SPLIT SCREEN THE THREE ON THE PHONE

*

NORMAN
And who are we all on the phone
with?

*
*
*

A fourth voice, a woman's voice, Heather Goldheart's voice.

*

HEATHER
I was hoping to speak with Mrs.
Moffett.

*
*
*

BACK TO SCENE

*

NORMAN
I would guess the Goldhearts were
confused about the arrangement as
Mrs. Moffett's name is listed as
one of the plaintiffs in the suit
against Moffett Pictures, but it
does seem as though Jimmy has been
playing you all the whole time

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

JIMMY
(to warren)
See? So let me go, huh?

*
*
*

NORMAN
You really should read your mail.

*
*

GEORGE
That's *your* job, Norm.

*
*

NORMAN
Was my job.

GEORGE
Is your job. Obviously you're
rehired.

*
*
*

NORMAN

Well, I've got conditions this time.

*

ROSEMARY

There's this one thing I don't understand.

*

JIMMY

Oh, there's something new.

ROSEMARY

What reasons does Jimmy have to steal our money?

GEORGE

My money.

JIMMY

It's "The Humans" money *not* yours.

Jimmy stands up and points to George.

JIMMY (cont'd)

I wanted to do *The Humans*! I pitched it to you five years ago, George, and you said I could produce it with you! We were meant to be partners.

*

GEORGE

Doesn't ring a bell.

JIMMY

But you went behind my back and pitched it to the Tims without me!

GEORGE

You made a cuckold of me, you fool! It was retribution!

JIMMY

You people don't care about *anyone*. You stole from me, George. So I stole from you. I stole your wife, your money, ratted you out to the Goldhearts! *The Humans* is my movie!

(to George)

You are the Brutus!

ROSEMARY

And who exactly... do you think you are?

Rosemary stands and crosses to Jimmy. She nudges Warren out of the way.

JIMMY
I'm not a used up hag.

George tenses up at the insult. Rosemary slaps Jimmy hard across the face.

ROSEMARY
You're a distraction.

FRIDAY (O.S.)
What sort of zoo has the Moffett family devolved into?

WHIP TO REVEAL

The Goldheart sisters. They watch the scene unfold.

HEATHER
Is that Warren Gabel?

They both see him and he waves at them.

FRIDAY
Is that a gun? *

WARREN
Oh. Sorry. Prop gun. *

He hands it to Norman. *

WARREN (cont'd)
I was performing. *

ANNETTE
You wouldn't get it. *

73 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: DINING ROOM - DAY

73 *

The Moffetts and the Goldhearts sit at the table.

FRIDAY
It's just a big misunderstanding,
is all.

GEORGE
Uh-huh.

HEATHER

Crazy to think it was your money
all along.

GEORGE

Not my money. The Human's money.

HEATHER

Very well said.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Fuck you!

GEORGE

Norm, his gag fell out.

Norman and Annette sit against the wall, Jimmy tied up
between them. Norman re-gags Jimmy.

HEATHER

(to Rosemary)

You're saying you had no idea you
were the investor the whole time?

ROSEMARY

Who would have thought I was so
good at business?

*

FRIDAY

We just thought you were cutting
your husband out of the deal.

ROSEMARY

He may be in idiot. He may be
easily distracted and forget his
priorities, but he is my husband...
I love him.

NORMAN

Again, oddly moving.

Annette leans against Sylvia.

NORMAN (cont'd)

Are you OK?

*

ANNETTE

Love makes me sick.

He leans back.

NORMAN

(to himself)
Me too.

HEATHER

Well, I really would hate for any
of this to slow down production, so
what do you say we drop the suit
and keep on?

ROSEMARY

No.

GEORGE

No? Damn it, Rosemary--

ROSEMARY

We--

She motions to the Goldhearts, George, and **herself**.

ROSEMARY (cont'd)

Keep on.

GEORGE

You want to produce?

ROSEMARY

What I want is to be noticed for
once, George. If I have to crawl
into your seedy little world to
make it happen, so be it.

George smiles ear to ear.

GEORGE

Noticed by *me*, you say.

*

NORMAN

Time to sign some papers.

74 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

74

Annette and Sylvia lean shoulder to shoulder on the couch.
Annette writes in her journal. Sylvia reads.

SYLVIA

(not looking up from
her book)
Sorry I kissed your boyfriend.

ANNETTE

He's not my boyfriend. He's just
daddy's assistant.

SYLVIA

I'm also sorry I'm not a good
sister to you. *

ANNETTE

Why can't love be real, Sylvia?

SYLVIA

(amused)
Who says it isn't?

ANNETTE

(weeping)
Life says it isn't. Real life.

SYLVIA

You *really* like him?

Annette nods.

SYLVIA (cont'd)

Just throw yourself into the man's
arms and get it over with.

ANNETTE

You're the one he kissed.

Sylvia sits up and pushes her sister away.

SYLVIA

If he walked into this room right
now, do you think he would even
notice I was here?

(a beat)
Go. Tell him how you feel.

Annette sits up and thinks it over.

SYLVIA (cont'd)

Love is as real as you make it,
little sister. *

75 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: HALLWAY - DAY

75

Annette walks slowly down the hall.

At the end of the hall, she knocks on George's office
door.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Come in!

Annette opens the door and walks in.

76 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: GEORGE'S OFFICE

76

Annette takes a seat. Another enormous stack of papers block Norman from her.

She slides them to the right, only to find Norman turned around in George's chair.

ANNETTE

Where's everyone?

NORMAN

Stepped out for a bit. Celebrating.

ANNETTE

But you stayed behind...

He spins around.

NORMAN

Someone has to actually read these contracts.

He looks up from the paper work.

NORMAN (cont'd)

There's something I should tell you.

ANNETTE

Ok. Me first.

NORMAN

Sure.

ANNETTE

(loses her nerve)
You look cute in the big chair.

NORMAN

Thanks. Cute is what I was going for. That or Hollywood mogul.

*

ANNETTE

Now you.

NORMAN

My real name is Sam Leonard.

ANNETTE

Oh... I like it.

She can't decide if she's going to say what she came here to say or keep it light.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

That's... all you had to say?

Neither can he.

NORMAN

Yeah, that's it. That's all you had to say?

Annette nods.

ANNETTE

Well--

She stands and puts out a hand.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Pleased to meet you Sam Leonard.

She exits. Norman looks after her. He should have said more.

George bursts into the room.

GEORGE

We're going to make a lot of money on this production, Norm.

A look to Annette.

ANNETTE

Have fun with the business stuff.

She leaves.

GEORGE

What's wrong with her?

NORMAN

You wouldn't get it, George.

GEORGE

Try me.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

NORMAN

George, I want to keep working for you, but I want to know that working for you is also working for people like me.

GEORGE

(not getting it)

OK.

NORMAN

George, I think that you should seriously consider taking a walk down my old neighborhood and seeing if there isn't something you could do for its residents.

GEORGE

Where did you live again?

NORMAN

If you'll excuse me.

Norman exits.

77 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: KITCHEN - DAY

77 *

Sylvia eat a ham sandwich as she leans against the kitchen counter.

Norman crosses the kitchen doorway in a hurry.

SYLVIA

Norman!

Norman backtracks to the doorway.

NORMAN

Yes?

SYLVIA

How's it going?

NORMAN

Just fine thank you.

He continues down the hall again.

SYLVIA

Norman.

He backtracks again.

SYLVIA (cont'd)
I think there's a little something
we need to talk about.

NORMAN
I can't imagine what about.

SYLVIA
I told Annette about us.

NORMAN
... it was the right thing to do.

SYLVIA
(smug)
You're always so upstanding.

NORMAN
Someone around here has to be.

SYLVIA
I liked you more when you were
drunk.

NORMAN
I like me more when I'm drunk, but
that's one of those things I'm
working on.

ANNETTE (O.S.)
Norman, could you come here a
minute!

NORMAN
(to Annette in the
other room)
Just one second!

ANNETTE (O.S.)
OK, but don't forget!

NORMAN
What did you want?

SYLVIA
(obviously wanted to
say something else)
Why are you keeping my sister
waiting?

NORMAN
Right.

SYLVIA
See you later, Norman.

NORMAN
Sam.

He takes a bow and leaves the room. Sylvia smiles.

*

78 INT. MOFFETT HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

78 *

Norman enters the living room, looking for Annette. As soon as he sees her, he stops in his tracks.

REVERSE on Annette. She's standing in the center of the room. She holds a gun to her temple.

NORMAN
We've been through this, Annette.

ANNETTE
You drove me to this, Norman--Sam!
You drove me to this.

NORMAN
I'm not Norman. My name is Sam.

ANNETTE
Okay, fine, Sam, you drove me to
this.

NORMAN
You do this like what, once a
month?

ANNETTE
I do not.

NORMAN
That thing's like a security
blanket for you. Security gun.

ANNETTE
Admit you love me right now!

NORMAN
Or what, you'll shoot yourself?

ANNETTE
Why not?

NORMAN

Because it's not a real gun?
Because it's crazy!

ANNETTE

So? I'm crazy about you.

NORMAN

You want me to tell you exactly how
I feel about you. You want to force
it from my lips?

ANNETTE

If that's what it takes.

Sylvia wanders into the room and takes a seat.

SYLVIA

Did I miss the commercials? I've
seen this film so many times
before.

ANNETTE

I'm holding Norman emotionally
hostage.

SYLVIA

Please continue.

NORMAN

(to Annette)

Don't you think this should be a
private moment?

ANNETTE

I've tried in private. Just say it,
it isn't a big deal.

SYLVIA

Just say it Norman.

ANNETTE

Just say it.

NORMAN

Fine. You want to know how I feel?
Yes!

ANNETTE

Yes what?

NORMAN

Yes I believe in love at first sight. Obviously I believe in love at first sight, but I must have poor vision, because this is the second time it's struck me and it doesn't always end great, does it?

ANNETTE

You do believe in love?

NORMAN

I love you Annette. I've loved you since we shared a drink in my rotten, crumpled tent. But *I* don't want to be in love. I don't like being in love. It isn't fun for me.

ANNETTE

Fun's besides the point. It's love! If you're in love with someone you tell them.

NORMAN

Not when you've just barely recovered from the last one.

George enters the room.

GEORGE

What's this?

SYLVIA

Norman was just admitting his feelings for your youngest daughter.

GEORGE

And what feelings are those?

NORMAN

I love her.

GEORGE

I just hired you back, Norman.

Annette slowly raises the gun to her temple again.

ANNETTE

Don't you dare fire him!

GEORGE

Oh, give me that.

George grabs the gun from Annette.

Rosemary enters the room.

ROSEMARY

Oh you too now, George? I thought we were just figuring things out.

ANNETTE

Norman loves me, mommy.

ROSEMARY

Oh! Good! I love that journey for you two. Things are really working out.

JIMMY (O.S.)

For you twats!

WHIP TO:

Jimmy, steps out from the shadow of the hall. He carries the enormous contract everyone just signed.

GEORGE

What the hell are you doing?

ROSEMARY

It's getting pathetic, Jimmy.

*

ANNETTE

Norman loves me!

JIMMY

Oh! Does he! That's so GREAT. Why don't you go Juliet yourself over the whole thing?

He rips as many contract pages as he can.

ANNETTE

You mean... kill myself?

JIMMY

Every single person here is so goddamn suicidal... how the hell are none of you dead!

Annette grabs the gun back from George and points it at Jimmy -- pulls the trigger.

BAM!

Jimmy falls to the ground. He grabs his right leg. Blood begins to pour.

JIMMY (cont'd)
WHAT THE FUCK!

ANNETTE
It's real?!

JIMMY
You shot me! You bitch!

ROSEMARY
George, has there been a real gun
in the house the whole time?

GEORGE
I could have sworn it was a prop.
We shot a whole movie with that
thing! *

SYLVIA
And here we were dangerously close
to breaking Chekhov's gun rule.

ANNETTE
Really does make all our moments
with the gun more impacting.

SYLVIA
You impacted his leg quite nicely.

ANNETTE
Where's Norman?

Annette looks around.

ANNETTE (cont'd)
Sam?

Annette leaves.

ROSEMARY
Who the hell is Sam? *

79 EXT. MOFFETT HOUSE: BACK YARD - DAY 79

Norman looks over L.A.. *

ANNETTE
(to Norman)
There you are.

NORMAN

Should probably call an ambulance.

ANNETTE

It's only Jimmy.

NORMAN

Why are you so desperate to love me?

ANNETTE

You really have it all backwards.

NORMAN

I'm better off on my own, thank you. Much better off.

*

ANNETTE

I don't think I'm being too harsh when I say you were an alcoholic de-housed person on your own.

NORMAN

Will you just...

ANNETTE

Yes...

NORMAN

Just...

ANNETTE

Yes?

He's done fighting.

NORMAN

Oh, let's be done with it.

Norman places his hand on Annette's neck and draws her close for a kiss.

She kisses him back.

DOLLY IN

A long kiss.

*

TILT UP to the twilight of the Los Angeles sky.

*

THE END

*