

DEALBABY

Written By

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EXT. LOS ANGELES - SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

SUPER: LOS ANGELES, 1982.

A flashy tricked out CHERRY RED CORVETTE WHIPS around traffic on the strip. The engine RUMBLES as it accelerates, running a red light. Causing chaos. Blaring out the window something like *DON'T TELL ME YOU LOVE ME* by NIGHT RANGER.

INT. CHERRY RED CORVETTE - NIGHT

DRUNK behind the wheel is silver-screen heart-throb and A-List celebrity LOHN ROCKWELL (50's). Handsome on most nights. On this one? Even in a dashing five-thousand dollar tuxedo, he's looked better. He stares out at the road, ignoring arguably one of the most beautiful women in the world.

Seductively, she removes the last article of clothing she has on, LEOPARD PRINT PANTIES and flings them at Lohn.

His attention turns to pretty things at last! Both eyes on the prize. Down, down...

In her lap, his JUST WON ACADEMY AWARD GOLDEN STATUE for BEST ACTOR. She clutches it with a firm fist atop her thighs. She's a high-end escort / actress. He calls her SUGAR (Late 20's). She snorts the remains of COCAINE from a VIAL.

LOHN

Sugar, that is the sexiest thing
I've seen in my whole life.

SUGAR

God, they always say how heavy
these are, you know? When they get
up there all weepy and shit. You
think you know what it'll feel like
to hold one but... fuck, it's so
heavy! I can't believe I'm holding
an Oscar. I'm holding a fucking
Oscar, Lohn! I'm--

LOHN

You want it?

SUGAR

You don't?

LOHN

How bad do you want it?

Glossy eyes glaze over at him, completely genuine.

SUGAR

I want it more than anything in the whole world.

LOHN

Show me.

A coy smile. She clutches Oscar with both hands. Her TONGUE GLIDES down its length, lips folding around it. She sucks and pets it, playfully then comes up giggling. She thinks she's done well. Oh poor, sweet, Sugar...

Lohn's eyes darken with a wilder thought. He grabs Oscar and secures that statue between his legs.

LOHN (CONT'D)

Hop on.

SUGAR

What?

LOHN

You heard me.

She searches the strip for signs of trouble. Finds plenty - a COP CAR in sight, night-lifers smoking outside bars, tipsy pedestrians roaming the strip. She hesitates.

In the backseat is a SWAG BAG. He pulls an open bottle of CRISTAL CHAMPAGNE and offers her a guzzle. The bubbles fizz down her chin, over her glorious chest.

LOHN (CONT'D)

It's just you and me, Kid.

Lohn deserves this golden phallus - a gifted actor.

There's a tinge of fear in her eyes, but she does as told, fanning a leg over to straddle him. She licks her fingers and grips Oscar at the base. Slow and tantalizing, she slides down onto it. Her head tilts back as she moans.

His expression is rapt.

LOHN (CONT'D)

Atta girl. Harder.

She grinds into him, cradled to his right. As he sneaks peeks over the steering wheel, he forces speed. Sharp-turn on a corner. He slips a hand off the wheel, pressing it to the small of her back to guide her thrusts.

LOHN (CONT'D)

Say my name.

SUGAR

Fuck, Lohn.

LOHN

No. Say the full thing. Say you're
fucking the greatest actor in the
world! Say it. Scream it.

They turn down a backstreet. Head towards the back entrance
of the hotel.

SUGAR

Lohn Rockwell! I'm fucking the
greatest actor in the world! Lohn
Rockwell!

(purring in his ear)

Lohn. Rock. Well.

He's over the edge - ORGASMS. His foot flexes as he comes.

Ramping speed on the odometer. With his fingers busy, the
glimmer of TRAFFIC LIGHTS bloom into bouquets of warped
speed. THEY RACK INTO FOCUS. He SLAMS THE BREAK. Sugar
SCREAMS as the corvette collides with the BACK ENTRANCE STONE
to THE CHATEAU MARMONT.

On the hood of the smoking car is Sugar's naked body face up.

EXT. THE CHATEAU MARMONT - NIGHT

The wreckage is savage. Smoke and steam rise from the engine.
Shattered glass, splintered across the road. It's a miracle
they're not dead. Lohn whinges out of the driver's seat and
onto the pavement.

Oscar ROLLS, colliding with and stopping under A PAIR OF
SHINY SHOES. A hand reaches down to pick Oscar up. Up we go
with it... JAMIE SHARP in his prime, nearing forty, gorgeous,
stylish and smarmy as hell. He's our Brando.

Jamie checks for witnesses - no one yet.

JAMIE

Lohn, why does your Oscar smell
like pussy?

Lohn winces. Some will have heard the impact. Jamie has to
move fast. He runs to inspect the car. WHAT A FUCKING MESS.

He checks Sugar's pulse then turns to help Lohn to his feet,
brushing away glass.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The good news is she's not dead.
The bad news is she's not dead.

CUT TO SEXY TITLE SEQUENCE:

D E A L B A B Y

EXT. CALABASAS MANSION BACK YARD - DAY

A rich backyard of wealthy socialites and so-and-so's.

A SPOILED BRAT (6-7), is setting FIRE to SMALL OBJECTS using his BIRTHDAY CANDLES. There are TWENTY or so CHILDREN (5-10), running around frenzied in mid-day sugar-highs. Yikes.

Tormented most by this is VIVIAN KEAT (20's). A down-on-her-luck, highly intelligent, force to be reckoned with. She's also a pretty young woman but you'd never know it because honestly, we can't see her face behind the cake of MAKEUP. She's dressed in a CLOWN COSTUME. No really, she is and she's the saddest damn clown these kids have ever seen.

She ties BALLOON ANIMALS and PAINTS FACES. She's horrible at it, just horrible.

VIVIAN

It's a goose.

Is it? An unimpressed LITTLE GIRL (8), blinks disdain. She SPITS in Vivian's face and tosses the balloon in the pool. Satan's spawn incarnate.

Vivian wipes the snot-glob clear from her eye.

INT. LA CITY BUS - DAY

Our clown is crying. No not crying, blubbering violently. STREAKS of tears cut through her makeup. No one cares. Not even to look her way let alone comfort her. Stiffen up buttercup. This is a bus that minds its business.

A loud mouth, twenty-something, gets on - yapping on her BLOCK MOBILE PHONE. Giddy. She's dressed like MARILYN MONROE and clearly having a fabulous day.

MARILYN MONROE

I know! TPA! I'm gagging. He said I had a "confidence most blondes lack." Do I tell him it's a wig? I know! I'm dying! Shut-up! I know. He gave me his card.

Marilyn pulls out a RED BUSINESS CARD from her little purse.

Vivian's eyes hone in on it, intensely. She leans forward.

MARILYN MONROE (CONT'D)
 It's only an interview for the mail
 room but--
 (beat)
 Yeah, exactly, gotta start
 somewhere.

The bus slows. Marilyn YANKS the STOP STRING.

MARILYN MONROE (CONT'D)
 Shit, my stop! I gotta go, Annie!
 I'll call ya later!

Marilyn jams the business card in her... oh no! It's FALLING!
 It's not in your purse Marilyn! Mar, you dropped the--

Vivian's CLOWN SHOE flops down over it. Sketchy. Marilyn has
 no idea she's just thrown her life and bright future away.
 She exits the bus, running - late for something.

Vivian picks up the card. We may get a quick sight that the
 card belongs to: JAMES SHARP. PRESIDENT & FOUNDING PARTNER.
 TPA. [PHONE NUMBER]. She flips it over. In RED PEN
 HANDWRITING it reads: TPA. ONE PM. SHARP.

INT. TPA - FOYER / STAIRWELL - DAY

SHINY SHOES we recognize enter the foyer and ascend the long
 cascading stairwell to the top floor of the building. You
 guessed it, folks! The one and only, Jamie Sharp. The very
 air around him is charged with electricity.

Jamie's PA approaches. They speak in rat-a-tat about the
 decade's biggest names as they walk.

JAMIE'S PA
 Lorne for you. Lunch. Matsu Bar.
 Friday?

JAMIE
 Tell him I'll get back to him.

JAMIE'S PA
 Sly wants a week in Fiji after the
 sequel.

JAMIE
 Done.

JAMIE'S PA
 Spielberg still hasn't called back.
 He's on set. Wants to talk about
 the script swap with Scorsese.

JAMIE
 Fine.

JAMIE'S PA
 A reporter from Variety requested a
 statement about Lohn's--

JAMIE
 "Fuck off."

JAMIE'S PA
 "Fuck off." Got it. Also, Sokhoff's
 on line one. He's at Block now.
 Calls every twenty minutes, holds
 two, then calls again.

JAMIE
 Dan here?

EXT. TPA - PARKING LOT - DAY

Vivian, now with a clean face in smart dress, exits her
 shitty car and checks her wristwatch.

The time reads: 12:30 PM.

A gargantuan, egg-shell white building towers before her. So
 exquisite in design, it could easily be mistaken for the
 entrance to a grand museum.

INT. TPA - FOYER - DAY

Vivian enters to a BURST and FLURRY of movement. People fast-
 walking or running from office to office, floor to floor,
 delivering word. PHONES briiiinnngg! BUZZERS sound loudly. The
 elevators DING. Echoes of laughter and angry yelling waft
 from the above floors.

This building is ALIVE.

Vivian moves about the foyer, observing operations and the
 space itself. There's a palpable rhythm. GREY BOX COMPUTERS
 BEEP and ACRYLIC NAILS CLACK on KEYBOARDS.