

**YOURS TRULY, JOHNNY DOLLAR**  
**THE BRIEF CANDLE MATTER**  
Script Version Two: David Gallaher  
February, 8<sup>th</sup> 2002

**NOTE:** Garrett, Eric, Joe, etc ... Since this is your standard Noir story, I'd like the visuals to look as 1950's as possible. Fire is going to play an important thematic element here – it serves as a reflection of ambition and how that fires that fuel us can consume us and leave us as ash-ridden husks of our former selves. Emphasize LOW CAMERA ANGLES! Keep in mind that each major scene transition in the story will be framed by Johnny's line-by-line CAPTION explanation of expense account. I envision those panels to be sort of like captions "pulled" or "extracted" from his form letter ... so, I'd like them to look as 'typewriter' fontish as possible. During phone conversations, use a different style of lettering balloon.

**OUR CAST:**

**JOHNNY DOLLAR** – He's young, calm, cool, and collected. Notorious for tipping bellhops and cabbies with silver dollars, Johnny can be very generous. He is a thinking man's detective. Standing at 5'9", Johnny doesn't look all that tough, but he can surprise you with both his wit and tenacity. He has a thing for cigarettes, liquor, and the ladies ... though not in that order. When he is nervous, he fidgets with his lighter and when he is frustrated he can get short and terse with those around him. Despite appearances, Dollar is a lonely man ... his job ensures both his desire for justice and his emotional isolation.

**NATALIE GORMAN** – The Lady MacBeth of our tale. Driven by both revenge and ambition, Natalie could be described by some as a 'sociopath' ... but everyone who knows her thinks she is the cat's meow. She seems gentle, sweet, and alluring. Many would suggest that she looks like a Jewish version of Natalie Wood ... and others might suggest she was the 'girl next door' but in fact, the truth is far more dangerous.

**MATTHEW HUNTER** – Is there anything more important than a second chance? That's the very thing that fuels Matthew Hunter. His steady diet of heroin and alcohol has left his body gaunt and wasted. Now thirty, his handsome looks have all but faded. He looks like Farley Granger. His eyes are sullen and deep. His behaviors are erratic and quirky. What's more important to him ... the new lease on theatre career or the constant stream of heroin he craves?

**ART BLACK** – 'Beatnick Hitchcock' would be the best way to describe Arthur Black both visually and spiritually. He is uptight, angry, and insufferable when he can't get his way, but when things flow at a steady beat, he is very lucid and at ease. As a child, Black was surrounded by images of failure and those same images drive him to control the chaos in his life with an iron grip.

**CHARLES TWEEDLY** – Tweedly looks like a human weasel. He is a balding and super-thin rail of a man. Formerly known as the "Prince of Darkness" in certain theatre circles, Tweedly's power was his ability to create stars from nothingness. A modern-age Dorian Gray, Tweedly is torn by the desire to redeem himself and the desire to sell his soul for eternal infamy.

**BAILEY** – Bailey is not a man for words. He says what he has to say – nothing more. He prefers to get on with his job and not waste time talking. He is 5'9" – has dark hair, and dark eyes.

**PAGE ONE**

**Panel One:** Top 1/3 tier of the page. BIRD'S EYE VIEW. MEDIUM SHOT. The AFTERNOON sun cascades through the office blinds. We can feel the nicotine as it forms storm clouds in the office of Johnny Dollar. His cigarette burns like a stick of incense. His office is the epitome of clean ... and, as they say, cleanliness is next to loneliness. JOHNNY DOLLAR, sits behind his oak desk in his old wooden chair ... reading a book of poetry by EDNA ST VINCENT MILLAY. On the desk lies his pistol, his box of CLARK cigarettes, his fedora, and his phone. His only solace is in the poet's free verse. He seems strangely at rest ...

NO COPY

**Panel Two:** Top 1/3 tier of the page. Until the silence breaks. This panel is set up in the same way the last one is. It is mostly a static reinforcement of the previous panel ... with only slight differences. Johnny's hand reaches for the phone. His other hand firmly on the grasp of his poetry.

SFX 1: RING

**Panel Three:** Second 2/3 tier of the page. Close up of Johnny's face as he answers in his patented phrase.

JOHNNY 1: Johnny Dollar

**Panel Four:** Second 2/3 tier of the page. Focus as he holds the phone with his right shoulder. Through the other end of the phone we hear ...

BAILEY [on phone] 1: Bailey here at Universal Adjustment. Ever been in theatre, Johnny?

**Panel Five:** Second 2/3 tier of the page. Close up of Johnny's hand as he reaches for the table. After a man has answered so many calls of this sort, he knows adventure is afoot.

JOHNNY 1: No, but my mother always said I had a face for radio.

**Panel Six:** Second 2/3 tier of the page. Close up as slides his pistol into his shoulder holster. In the meantime, he is still holding his book of poetry in the other hand ... and he still has the phone held by his shoulder – all while still smoking with the cigarette off his lip.

BAILEY [on phone] 1: I'll be **brief**. Familiar with **MacBeth**?

JOHNNY 2: Sure, I've heard of it.

**Panel Seven:** Bottom 3/3 tier of the page. Close up of the poetry book, as he puts it down. The spine of the book faces up and upon its cover lies the author's name: EDNA ST VINCENT MILLAY.

BAILEY [on phone] 1: I need you to come by the office.

BAILEY [on phone] 2: The Tivoli Theatre was torched.

BAILEY [on phone] 3: Their production has stalled –

JOHNNY 4: Fraud?

**Panel Eight:** Bottom 3/3 tier of the page. Close up of the box of CLARK cigarettes as Johnny reaches for them.

BAILEY [on phone] 1: That or a **curse**.

JOHNNY 2: heh ... [in small font]

**Panel Nine:** Bottom 3/3 tier of the page. Johnny takes a puff of his cigarette. The wisps of smoke bleed off the page ....

NO COPY

**PAGE TWO**

NOTE: The three images on this page are EXTREME CLOSE UPS of photos that are laid out on Bailey's desk. On the next page we will ZOOM OUT to reveal that these images are photographs sitting on the desk.

**Panel One:** 1/3 SPLASH. SNAPSHOT #1. The smoke spirals into the billows of smoke coming from the TIVOLI THEATRE, which was once **regal** in its appearance. The marquee with the words: MACBETH are slowly melting away. Fire screams from building. The brick and mortar façade is charred and covered in black soot. Juxtapose this scene with the other scenes on this page.

NO COPY

**Panel Two:** Not really a panel, per se. This text will fall in the gutters of the two panels.

CAPTION 1: Get ready for passion, thrills, and suspense as we proudly present the transcribed adventures of the Man With The Action-Packed Expense Account - America's Fabulous Freelance Insurance Investigator... Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar!

**Panel Three:** 1/3 SPLASH. SNAPSHOT #2. Again, this is a shot of the Tivoli. The flames have gone out. Extinguished by the firefighters. Soot and ash cover the entrance. The marquee is still warped.

NO COPY

**Panel Four:** Again, not really a panel, per se. This text is JOHNNY'S EXPENSE ACCOUNT and it frames the rest of the story.

CAPTION 1: Expense Account Submitted by Special Investigator Johnny Dollar, to the Universal Adjustment Bureau, Hartford Connecticut. The following is an accounting of expenditures during my investigation of **The Brief Candle Matter**.

**Panel Five:** 1/3 SPLASH. SNAPSHOT #3. We still repair crews slowly starting to mend the theatre. Scaffolding and drop clothes cover parts of the torched building. Restructuring is at hand.

NO COPY

### PAGE THREE

**Panel One:** ESTABLISH: BAILEY'S OFFICE. It's clean and well-ordered. It looks sort of like the office of a banking professional ... that is aside from the giant oak desk in the middle, which seems oddly out of place. A phone lies quiet upon it. CLOSE UP: Focus on three snapshots of the Tivoli's exterior, basically I need you to juxtapose the images from PAGE TWO into SNAPSHOTS that Johnny and Bailey are looking at here on PAGE THREE. The photos are face-up on Bradshaw's oak desk.

CAPTION 1: Account Item One – \$1.15. Taxi to the offices of Universal Adjustment Bureau.

CAPTION 2: Wasting no time, we got to the matter at hand.

**Panel Two:** MEDIUM SHOT reveals BAILEY. Both he and Johnny are sitting in chairs across from each other. Johnny studies the pictures while also diverting his attention to BAILEY.

JOHNNY 1: What's this baloney about a curse?

**Panel Three:** Move to a Close Up of Johnny's POV holding the snapshots in his hands. Studying them. Off screen, we hear ...

BAILEY 1: Tradition has it Shakespeare borrowed lines from sacred mystical tomes.

BAILEY 2: Displeased, an order of witches hexed **all** productions of the play.

BAILEY 3: Regardless, **this** show is insured for millions.

**Panel Four:** CUT TO: CLOSE UP of Bailey. He is sort of shrugging his shoulders.

JOHNNY 1: What can you tell me about the owner?

**Panel Five:** MEDIUM SHOT: Bailey offers a bit of a scowl ... while Johnny places the pictures back on the desk.

BAILEY 1: A bit of a scamp, he is. Like to play the books. Goes by the name of Tweedly.

BAILEY 2: I don't think he gives two bits about this thing.

BAILEY 3: The show's been plagued with set problems, lousy acting, and now – this fire.

**Panel Six:** CLOSE UP of Johnny. He reaches to pull out a cigarette. Johnny seems to have his first lead. Johnny flicks open his Zippo. His cigarette hangs from his lip. Asking questions like these is part of the job that never gets tired of.

JOHNNY 1: So, aside from this unlikely **curse** ...

JOHNNY 2: It's either fraud or sabotage.

**Panel Seven:** MEDIUM SHOT. We profile Johnny's face as he lights his cigarette. The flame flickers as he reaches for the phone.

BAILEY 1: Whatever it is – get this show back on track, Dollar.

JOHNNY 2: Will do. Tweedly, did you say?

**PAGE FOUR**

**Panel One:** EXTERIOR SHOT of the Tivoli. DAYTIME. Johnny, dressed as a banker, exits the cab and finds himself before the theatre. It looks slightly different in person .... Somehow more majestic. It smells like burnt toast and feels like eternity won't be enough time to fix this thing. The drop clothes wavers in the mild breeze that flies through the air. The scaffolding tilts back and forth.

CAPTION 1: After a phone call to Tweedy, I had the office dummy up some false references. I figured the best way to cozy up to the cast was to appear to them as an investor interested in their show.

CAPTION 2: Item Two – \$271.75. Transportation and lodging from Hartford to a small hamlet outside of Baltimore, Maryland.

CAPTION 3: It was there that I found the Tivoli.

**Panel Two:** Under the scaffolding, Johnny stares at the side of the warped marquee with the melted letters: **MATTHEW HUNTER AS MACBETH**. Under the letters [in smaller letters] reads: **NATALIE GORMAN AS LADY MACBETH**. The drop clothes still whipping in the wind.

NO COPY

**Panel Three:** ESTABLISH: MacBeth's Castle INTERIOR. The set is elaborate. You can see the detail work of the fine cast. On the stage we see CLOSE-UP SHOTS OF LORD MACBETH [MATTHEW HUNTER] reciting their lines in full costumes. NOTE: **HUNTER IS WEARING A ROBE!** NOTE: As we pull back the camera in later scenes, we should be able to see set designers rebuilding parts of the set and rigging the lights.

HUNTER [AS MACBETH] 1: Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow

HUNTER [AS MACBETH] 2: Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

**Panel Four:** CLOSE UP on Hunter. He looks determined and absolute. Ambitious.

HUNTER [AS MACBETH] 1: To the last ....

HUNTER [AS MACBETH] 2: last... [in small font]

HUNTER [AS MACBETH] 3: ummmm ....

**Panel Five:** His face carries a blank stare.

NO COPY

**Panel Six:** Finally, he utters ...

HUNTER [AS MACBETH] 1: ... **LINE?!**

**PAGE FIVE**

**Panel One:** I'd **PREFER** to have each "NO!" here set up in **short separate staccato panels**. I think it would add a greater sense of "PISSED OFF DIRECTOR" ... like a series of stet images. Like I said, I think it conveys a greater sense of urgency, but ... I trust your judgement, if you think it would work better in ONE panel. These are all CLOSE UPS of ARTHUR BLACK, the director, throwing a tantrum.

BLACK 1: **No!**

BLACK 2: **No!**

BLACK 3: **No!**

BLACK 4: **No!**

**Next Panel:** Pull back to a MEDIUM SHOT. At this point, we should get a good feel for the HUGE size of the Tivoli. The ceiling is cathedral-like. There is a layer of elegance to the whole place ... the interior is fit not for a king, but for a God. We get a good shot of BLACK holding a script in his hands ....

BLACK 1: Know your lines!

**Next Panel:** And he throws them behind him.

BLACK 1: Off the stage, you **SIMPLETON!**

**Next Panel:** Follow the flying script in the air ...

NO COPY

**Next Panel:** ... till it lands by the feet of Johnny Dollar. CLOSE UP of Johnny's wing-tip shoes ... all polished and clean.

JOHNNY 1: I take it I'm in the right place?

**Next Panel:** Focus on the uptight sneer of Arthur Black. He seems both disappointed and disinterested.

BLACK 1: And **you** would be?

**PAGE SIX**

**Panel One:** ZOOM OUT AND PAN RIGHT to reveal a well-dressed, yet still VERY weasel-like CHARLES TWEEDLY, who has come from back stage. Behind him is the empty stage. [The actors who were previously there have left!] There is a slight distance between the characters, one that is closed by the next panel.

TWEEDLY 1: **He** would be the man who **might** invest in this tragedy.

**Panel Two:** Tweedly extends his arm indicating an introduction of sorts. By this point, the script that was thrown earlier is now in Johnny's hands. Arthur Black feigns interest and mutters under his breath ...

TWEEDLY 1: Johnny Dollar, meet our director, Arthur Black.

BLACK 2: ummm ... hello Mr. Dollar. [small font]

**Panel Three:** Tweedly shakes Johnny's hand and extends a greeting. The handshake is firm and should be the highlight of the panel, yet there seems to me something sinister in Tweedly's eyes.

TWEEDLY 1: It is truly a pleasure, Mr. Dollar.

TWEEDLY 2: Please let me show you around.

JOHNNY 3: Thank you, Mr. Tweedly

**Panel Four:** Before Johnny and Tweedly walk away, Johnny extends the script that Black threw earlier.

JOHNNY 1: You dropped this.

BLACK 2: [grumbles]

**Panel Five:** Pull the camera back to a Long Shot. We see that after Tweedly and Johnny left, Black stands alone in the theatre. Everybody high-tailed it out of there when the director started his tantrum.

NO COPY

**Panel Six:** EXTREME CLOSE UP. Black's face offers both a scowl and a twisted frown. Is he up to something?

NO COPY

**PAGE SEVEN**

**Panel One:** ESTABLISH the backstage of the theatre. Although the set crew SHOULD BE rushing around ... the place is empty. Things feel a little chaotic, however because of all the tools and props lying about. Given the size of the set, the backstage lighting is poor. Shadows dance everywhere. In this first panel, we see Tweedly and Johnny walking side by side. Neither is really playing much attention to the chaos.

JOHNNY 1: Is he **always** like that?

TWEEDLY 2: Tensions are high. The fire put us behind.

**Panel Two:** Absent-mindedly, Johnny starts to speak, but collides mid-thought .... right into Natalie Gorman, who [dressed in her Lady MacBeth outfit from earlier] begins to fall to the floor.

**NOTE: Natalie and Johnny crash in unison.**

JOHNNY 1: I underst ... uh!

NATALIE 2: .. uh!

**Panel Three:** She falls to the ground with a ...

SFX 1: [THUD!]

**Panel Four:** Worm's eye view extending his hand towards the camera. He seems VERY apologetic and concerned. Natalie accepts his hand, as she is pulled up to greet him.

JOHNNY 1: I'm **so** sorry, Mrs..?

NATALIE 2: Miss Gorman. Natalie.

JOHNNY 3: I'm Johnny Dollar.

**Panel Five:** We get both a shot of Tweedly and of Natalie's faces. She smiles with a deceptive grace – there seems to be a gleam in her eye towards Johnny – is it attraction or something else? She is CERTAINLY attracted to his money. Meanwhile, Tweedly flashes a money-grubbing smirk.

TWEEDLY 1: Mr. Dollar here is an investor.

NATALIE 2: Well, if I weren't so embarrassed, it would be an honor.

JOHNNY 3: Please, let me make it up to you.

JOHNNY 4: Over dinner, perhaps?

**Panel Six:** Pan towards Natalie. She also seems interested ... but for what reasons? She cracks a wry smile.

NATALIE 1: Your invitation is **almost** as clumsy as you are Mr. Dollar.

NATALIE 2: Dinner? Perhaps.

**Panel Seven:** Distracted by Johnny, Natalie seems lost in thought until Tweedly makes a remark. He seems suspicious.

TWEEDLY 1: \*Ahem\*

TWEEDLY 2: What are **you** doing back here?

**PAGE EIGHT**

**Panel One:** CLOSE UP on Natalie flashes an innocent wide-eyed smile.

NATALIE 1: **Me?** I'm looking for Hunter, have either of you seen him?

**Panel Two:** Cut to Tweedly. The fact he was ignored during the last exchange doesn't really seem to bother him that much. As long as Tweedly gets Johnny's money, he doesn't care!

TWEEDLY 1: Did you try the dressing room?

NATALIE 2: No ... I'll try that. Thank you.

**Panel Three:** Natalie quickly pardons herself ... as she leaves she curtsies to Johnny. Johnny muses to himself.

CAPTION 1: Natalie seemed like a nice girl.

NATALIE 2: It was a pleasure, Mr. Dollar.

**Panel Four:** Johnny's POV. Johnny watches Natalie move further away. Her back to the readers, we can see that her gait is not like that of an actress, but more like the 'girl next door.' It's not that Johnny is staring, per se ... but she made a very nice first impression on him.

CAPTION 1: In fact, she seemed like the best girlfriend I'd never had.

CAPTION 2: Something I wanted to remedy.

**Panel Five:** CLOSE UP on Johnny. Tweedly's head can be seen over his left shoulder. Caught off guard, Johnny blushes.

JOHNNY 1: It ... umm... seems like your cast works hard.

**Panel Six:** Johnny looks around at the props and tools everywhere, trying to recover from his distracting thoughts of Natalie. Tweedly is grinning from ear to ear.

JOHNNY 1: This **might** make for a good investment.

TWEEDLY 2: The best way to find out is to come to rehearsal tonight.

**Panel Seven:** As Johnny starts to speak, they hear a loud snap above them and they look up towards the rafters.

JOHNNY 1: What ti --- ?

SFX 2: [SNAP!]

**PAGE NINE**

**Panel One:** JOHNNY'S POV [or a WORM'S EYE VIEW] -- The FLY RAIL and part of the SET [from MacBeth's Castle] fall from the shadowed sky. These are ALL horizontal panels.

NO COPY

**Panel Two:** It comes closer .... While the shadows get darker.

NO COPY

**Panel Three:** and closer ... and darker ...

JOHNNY 1: **TWEEDLY!** [in a big font – it's ALMOST like a SFX balloon!]

**Panel Four:** This panel is totally black.

NO COPY

**PAGE TEN**

**Panel One:** Black panel [similar as to the previous page]. A few captions fill this page but can be arranged in a staggered manner.

CAPTION 1: Item Three – \$15.81. First Aid: A bottle of aspirin, plenty of bandages, and alcohol – the rubbing **and** the drinking kind.

CAPTION 2: Neither Tweedly nor myself were prepared for the bruises and scrapes that occurred as a result of the broken fly rail.

CAPTION 3: Although I was able to prevent our untimely theatrical demise, our landing into a pile of prop swords proved most unfortunate.

**Panel Two:** Open to a CLOSE UP image of Natalie Gorman. Johnny's POV allows us to see her beautiful smile and innocent looks.

CAPTION 1: But, I can think of worse things to wake up to.

NATALIE 2: I didn't think you investor types could be so heroic.

**Panel Three:** ZOOM OUT. Johnny's shirt is lightly bloodied. With a bottle of scotch and a stack of bandages by his side, we find him propped up in the DRESSING ROOM. His body is covered in scrapes. Natalie is dressing Johnny's wounds.

JOHNNY 1: I'm glad I could surprise you.

**Panel Four:** As Natalie swabs Johnny's face with rubbing alcohol, he cringes and bites his lower lip. Obviously groggy, Johnny tries to shake of the feeling and tries to get back to the matter at hand. By looking at him that the whole event took the wind out of his sails, but his seems determined to get back to business. Natalie seems MORE focused on both nursing and wooing Johnny [not that he minds one bit].

JOHNNY 1: enh.

JOHNNY 2: How's Tweedly?

**Panel Five:** Johnny looks towards his bottle of scotch. Disinterested in Tweedly's well being, Natalie dismissively notes:

NATALIE 1: He'll be fine.

NATALIE 2: He's a **little** better off that you are.

JOHNNY 3: Aside from this bottle of scotch, you know what would make me feel better?

NATALIE 4: What?

**Panel Seven:** Johnny smirks.

JOHNNY 1: Dinner with you.

**Panel Eight:** Natalie smiles politely.

NATALIE 1: You're hurt. I'll humor you.

**PAGE ELEVEN**

**Panel One:** ESTABLISH a VERY up-scale and intimate restaurant. MEDIUM/LONG SHOT with LOW angle. The furnishings are both lavish and respectable. Both of them are dressed well, but not too formal. At the table, Johnny is on the left. Natalie is on the right. Natalie's roses take up some table space. A candle burns before them – Their drinks are on the table. Natalie is certainly very impressed. Fancy flowers and a fancy restaurant. She likes the attention.

CAPTION 1: Item Four – \$39.00. Preparations and dinner for two at the Brown Pelican, which included cab fare, two dozen roses, two entrees, dessert, and some wine.

**Panel Two:** ZOOM IN. Mesmerized by the candle, Natalie starts to wax poetic as she stares into the flame. Consider using Johnny's POV for these next few shots. Also consider setting these few panels up in a series of short staccato beats.

JOHNNY 1: Pretty candle.

NATALIE 2: I love the way they burn.

**Panel Three:** She seems to be in love with the flame ....

NATALIE 1: It's so romantic ...

**Panel Four:** Abruptly, she snuffs the fire out with her two fingers ...

NATALIE 1: 'Til the flame goes out.

**Panel Five:** Wisps of smoke linger in the air.

NATALIE 1: Then, you have nothing.

**Panel Six:** Johnny looks at Natalie with a strange mix of curiosity, puzzlement, and desire.

JOHNNY 1: That reminds me of the show.

**Panel Seven:** As Natalie starts to speak, Johnny reaches into his pocket and grabs his lighter.

NATALIE 1: Yeah? It's funny. I used to think that play was all about fate ...

**Panel Eight:** As she talks, Johnny re-lights the candle.

NATALIE 1: How we're bound by destiny.

JOHNNY 2: And now?

**PAGE TWELVE**

**Panel One:** Focus on Natalie ... she holds her drink in her left hand. Johnny is captivated by her intelligence, as he puts the lighter back in his pocket.

NATALIE 1: Now, I think it's a lesson in ambition.

JOHNNY 2: Huh. Never thought about it.

**Panel Two:** Using the opportunity to his advantage, Johnny probes Natalie about the recent events.

JOHNNY 1: It's a shame about what happened though.

JOHNNY 2: ... with the set an all.

**Panel Three:** Natalie sips from her glass – amused.

NATALIE 1: Could be **the curse**.

NATALIE 2: But, it's **lucky** you were there.

**Panel Four:** She puts her glass down.

NATALIE 1: Frankly, I have no idea what's going to happen now.

NATALIE 2: Tweedly can't afford the repairs.

NATALIE 3: I can't see why you'd invest in this nightmare.

**Panel Five:** Johnny picks up his drink just as Natalie puts hers down. They are both are playing with each other ... but being evasive at the same time. Natalie is trying to determine if Johnny is worth using to further her plots, while Johnny is trying to understand her to greater detail. Johnny smiles with a wry, cocky smirk.

JOHNNY 1: I don't put much stock into curses.

**Panel Six:** Johnny sips ...

JOHNNY 1: Besides, you said it yourself ...

JOHNNY 2: It was 'luck' I was there.

JOHNNY 3: Maybe, I'm just what this show needs.

**Panel Seven:** Natalie seems both worried and intrigued. Shadows of the flame dance over her face as we watch wax drip down the side of the candle ...

NATALIE 1: Maybe ...

**Panel Eight:** The wax drips from the candle and on to the table. It pools like blood. A metaphor to for things to come?

NO COPY

**PAGE THIRTEEN**

**Panel One:** We find ourselves inside the Tivoli. We watch Johnny eyeing the cast as laborers are repairing the fly rail with a new chain.

CAPTION 1: Item Five – \$1.50. Cab fare.

CAPTION 1: The following afternoon, I arrived at the theatre. Set reconstruction began thanks, in no small part, to my checkbook.

CAPTION 2: Item Six – \$200.00. A new fly rail chain, set repairs, and labor.

**Panel Two:** CLOSE UP on the set repairs.

CAPTION 1: It was about time that I played the part of an investor rather than an investigator, at least for the time being.

**Panel Three:** CLOSE UP OF A BROKEN CHAIN LINK through Johnny's POV. Johnny holds the broken chain link in his hand ... through the eye of the chain we can see the cast of the show.

CAPTION 1: A weak link caused the previous disaster...

**Panel Four:** ZOOM IN closer to the cast through the broke chain link.

NO COPY

**Panel Five:** ZOOM IN through the chain and focus on CLOSE UP TIGHT SHOT of Matthew Hunter.

CAPTION 1: I wondered what other weak links I might find.

**PAGE FOURTEEN**

**Panel One:** MEDIUM SHOT. BACKSTAGE of the Tivoli. We get a nice profile shot of Hunter smoking a cigarette. He looks slightly drugged up and his eyes are shadowed and sullen. He leans his weight against the shadowed side of the wall.

CAPTION 1: Matthew Hunter's rap sheet read like a playbill. A first-class actor turned second-rate loser. With numerous charges of drug possession and larceny to his credit, could arson be so unlikely?

**Panel Two:** Just as Dollar appears, Hunter tosses his cigarette butt into the shadows ...

HUNTER 1: Hello, Dolly.

**Panel Three:** CLOSE UP on Johnny's face. He feels that Matthew has got to be up to something ... and the looks in his face reveal that he's not sure

JOHNNY 1: That's **Dollar**. A dolly is something you play with.

**Panel Four:** With an air of contempt, Hunter adds.

HUNTER 1: Heh.

HUNTER 2: How do you know you **aren't** being played.

**Panel Five:** With an added degree of hostility, he remarks:

HUNTER 3: Especially, with **this** show.

**Panel Six:** Johnny tries to keep Hunter from being so evasive.

JOHNNY 1: Is that because of the curse?

**PAGE FIFTEEN**

**Panel One:** Through the shadows, Hunter scoffs.

HUNTER 1: pfft! The curse is for chumps.

**Panel Two:** Dollar pushes back as Hunter pushes himself off the wall.

JOHNNY 1: Then what do you suppose it is?

HUNTER 2: Look, I don't know what you're getting at, but I'll tell you this:

**Panel Three:** Standing erect and poised, Hunter seems erratic and a little off-kilter. There is conflict and tension in his voice. Is this a warning? A threat? A promise?

HUNTER 1: We are all players and we are all getting played by somebody.

**Panel Four:** An EXTREME CLOSE UP reveals the darkness under his eyes.

HUNTER 1: The sooner you know that, the better off you'll be.

**Panel Five:** As Hunter walks off, he seems dismissive and disinterested in Dollar.

HUNTER 1: Go about your business, Dolly.

HUNTER 1: And leave me alone!

**Panel Six:** Hunter walks farther from the camera as Johnny muses.

CAPTION 1: Was Hunter was right?

CAPTION 2: Maybe, I was getting played ...

CAPTION 3: But by whom?

**PAGE SIXTEEN**

**Panel One:** DUSK. ESTABLISH EXTERIOR of JENNIFER'S. It's a little hole-in-the wall pub that is busy at this time of night. It's got this neo-Irish flavor to it.

CAPTION 1: Item Seven – \$12.00. Bar bill.

CAPTION 2: After rehearsal, I coaxed the director to join me for cocktails.

**Panel Two:** The INTERIOR of the pub has various hallmarks of Celtic Ireland. The bench style booths are made from wood and everything has a very woody-earthly feeling to it. This is a nice MEDIUM SHOT of Johnny and Black. Black has six or seven shot glasses of whiskey in front of him, while Johnny has just one glass of Scotch. Slightly drunk, Black is babbling about how wonderful his shows are and about how great he is! Johnny has been listening to this guy talk for a long, LONG time.

CAPTION 1: Several shots of whiskey and one life story later, I was finally starting to get somewhere.

BLACK 2: And **then** there was **Hamlet**.

**Panel Three:** As Black continues his arrogant babble, Johnny gets slightly impatient.

BLACK 1: **Sol Leibovitz** was stunning under my masterful direction.

BLACK 2: An incredible portrayal of Shakespeare's masterpiece.

**Panel Four:** CLOSE UP of Black. Disappointed, Black dips his head towards his drinks. With a hint of curiosity Johnny ponders.

BLACK 1: Unlike **this** show.

JOHNNY 1: Can't you recast some of the parts?

**Panel Six:** Black sinks deeper and deeper into his pseudo-depression.

BLACK 1: It's Tweedly's fault, really.

BLACK 2: He forced me to work with that **incompetent** Matthew Hunter.

**Panel Seven:** Afraid of failure, Black face has taken on a pale white sheen.

BLACK 1: He's **so** dreadful. He'll ruin me.

**Panel Eight:** With his head in his hands, Black starts to pout.

BLACK 1: Rotten curse.

**PAGE SEVENTEEN**

**Panel One:** Using the moment to his advantage, Johnny strikes with another question. Natalie's name sends a chill of anger through Black's spine. His voice raises.

JOHNNY 1: What about the rest of the cast?

JOHNNY 2: What about Natalie?

BLACK 3: **Natalie?**

**Panel Two:** CLOSE UP. Black's alcohol and anger levels are finally starting to show.

BLACK 1: **WHAT DOES NATALIE HAVE TO DO WITH THIS?**

**Panel Three:** REACTION SHOT. Johnny tries to regain control of the situation – but obviously is also starting to lose his cool.

JOHNNY 1: Simmer down, pal.

**Panel Four:** With contempt, anger, and outrage, Black responds. His face is twisted with emotion that is seeping through his pores.

BLACK 1: **Simmer down?**

**Panel Five:** MEDIUM SHOT. With a sudden burst, Black flips the table over. Shotglasses fall to the ground – and SHATTER!

BLACK 1: How **dare** you?

SFX 2: [CRASH!]

**Panel Six:** Broken glass litters the floor. Black shoots a terrible stare at Johnny. We can feel his scowl.

BLACK 1: **You** want to get rid of Hunter ...?

BLACK 2: Talk to Tweedly!

**Panel Seven:** EXTREME CLOSE UP. Black is still fuming. His face still twisted with anger.

BLACK 1: But, leave **my** personal life alone.

**PAGE EIGHTEEN**

**Panel One:** INTERIOR of the Tivoli. Johnny walks past the back stage area to find TWEEDLY'S OFFICE. The words on the door read: CHARLES TWEEDLY. The door is cracked open, slightly. We can see a small sliver of light passing through.

CAPTION 1: Item Eight – \$1.75. Taxi.

CAPTION 2: I needed straight answers from Tweedly.

CAPTION 3: Everyone else was feeding me lines.

**Panel Two:** Johnny's POV. As Johnny pushes open the door, we get a detailed shot of the utter chaos. It's apparent that Tweedly's large and beautiful office has been utterly ransacked. The carpet has been torn. Some of the overhead lights are broken. On the table are thin black books with pages torn out. Pages litter the floor. On the wall in front of us, we see that the **TRAGEDY** mask [a theatrical trademark] is missing [we can tell because the **COMEDY** mask still hangs there] There is a discernable discoloration of the paint from where the missing mask used to be. By our feet, we see a poster of HAMLET. To our right, Tweedly's desk stands.

CAPTION 1: Upon my arrival, I found everything I **wasn't** looking for.

**Panel Three:** Johnny reaches for his gun and slowly reaches down for the poster at his feet.

NO COPY

**Panel Four:** Johnny reads the poster with his gun. The poster has a young man [who resembles film actor Alan Ladd] holding a skull. This man is **Sol Leibovitz**. In big fancy letters, a CLOSE UP on the poster reads:

**TOURING NATIONALLY!  
Sol Leibovitz as HAMLET  
Directed by Arthur Black  
A Charles Tweedly Production**

**Panel Five:** Johnny makes his way towards the thin black books on the table. These are the kind of books that are used to track one's own gambling debts.

NO COPY

**Panel Six:** Johnny thumbs through some of the pages. A CLOSE UP of one of the pages reads **something** like this:

<b>CHARLESTOWN RACEWAY</b>				
<b>HORSE</b>	<b>ODDS</b>	<b>RACE</b>	<b>WIN</b>	<b>LOSS</b>
<b>Our Miss Bliss</b>	<b>3-1</b>	<b>1st</b>	<b>+30.00</b>	<b>----</b>
<b>My Gal, Friday</b>	<b>4-1</b>	<b>2nd</b>	<b>----</b>	<b>- 120.00</b>
<b>Date with Judy</b>	<b>2-1</b>	<b>3rd</b>	<b>----</b>	<b>- 600.00</b>
<b>My Favorite Husband</b>	<b>2-1</b>	<b>4th</b>	<b>----</b>	<b>- 300.00</b>
<b>Goodnight Gracie</b>	<b>3-1</b>	<b>5th</b>	<b>----</b>	<b>- 300.00</b>
<b>TOTAL</b>				<b>- 1230.00</b>

**Panel Seven:** Johnny turns towards the desk. We see Tweedly's shoes. Tweedly is hiding under the desk.

JOHNNY 1: No sense in hiding, Tweedly.

**PAGE NINETEEN**

**Panel One:** MEDIUM SHOT. Tweedly slowly makes his way out from under the desk, he hold his arms up – almost as if he is being mugged. He is nervous and jittery.

TWEEDLY 1: Oh ... it's you, Johnny ...

TWEEDLY 2: What's the gun for ...?

JOHNNY 3: It gets me answers. I need some from you.

**Panel Two:** Tweedly slowly starts to put his arms down. Tweedly starts to yammer.

JOHNNY 1: Whom were you expecting?

TWEEDLY 2: I ... ummm ... just came to ... ummm ... get my books.

JOHNNY 3: I can see that.

**Panel Three:** Tweedly gestures to the mess.

TWEEDLY 1: I ... ummm .. arrived to this.

**Panel Four:** Johnny seems cautious. He holds up one of the thin black books.

JOHNNY 1: Seems you have a problem with horses.

**Panel Five:** Apologetically, Tweedly offers the following humble excuse. Keep in mind Tweedly's weasel-like features. Can we really trust him?

TWEEDLY 1: Life is a gamble, Dollar.

TWEEDLY 2: You place your bets. Sometimes you win. Sometimes you don't.

TWEEDLY 3: I mostly don't.

**Panel Six:** Still cautious, Johnny pokes for more answers. As Tweedly starts to speak, we hear a hear a HUGE low pitch hum ....and clunk!

JOHNNY 1: Casting Hunter seems to be a bet you lost.

TWEEDLY 2: Hunter? Heh.

SFX 3: [Crunk!]

**Panel Seven:** The power goes out! We are left with a very, very darkly lit panel. We can see the shadowy forms of Johnny and Tweedly.

JOHNNY 1: Wager away your electric bill, Tweedly?

TWEEDLY 2: No ... No ... I paid it. I swear.

**PAGE TWENTY**

**Panel One:** In the shadows, Johnny moves towards Tweedly's desk. Tweedly prepares Johnny with a flashlight.

JOHNNY 1: Flashlight?

TWEEDLY 2: umm ... Here.

JOHNNY 3: The power switch? Where is it?

TWEEDLY 4: The lighting booth. In the balcony.

**Panel Two:** With the flashlight guiding his way, Johnny heads towards the door.

JOHNNY 1: Stay here. Lock the door.

**Panel Three:** Johnny carefully makes his way backstage. Everything has taken on a spooky and eerie quality. Johnny braces his back against one of the flats: his flashlight in one hand, his gun in the other.

CAPTION 1: Curses ...

**Panel Four:** Unseen to Johnny but noticed by the readers is a small by his feet is a **little purse-like satchel**. It is **important** that this is included somewhere on the page.

CAPTION 1: I've never been big on them.

**Panel Five:** Johnny makes his way to the stage trying to find the power box. The glare from his flashlight adds mystery to the supernatural effect of MacBeth.

CAPTION 1: I was starting to believe this one.

**Panel Six:** As shots echo from the balcony, Johnny is taken off guard. He pauses to find cover.

CAPTION 1: But, curses don't carry guns!

SFX 1: [BANG! BANG!]

**PAGE TWENTY-ONE**

**Panel One:** Still getting shot at, Johnny tucks his body ...

SFX 1: [BANG! BANG!]

**Panel Two:** And rolls off the stage. The hail of bullets almost hits him.

SFX 1: [BANG BANG!]

**Panel Three:** Johnny comes out of his roll ... he finds himself behind a row of seats. He is still hurting a bit from his previous injuries.

JOHNNY 1: Enh!

**Panel Four:** He takes a breath. And readies himself to fire.

NO COPY

**Panel Five:** He aims both his gun and flashlight at the balcony. He fires!

SFX 1: [BANG! BANG!]

**Panel Six:** Cut to the TRAGIC SHOOTER in the balcony. MEDIUM SHOT. Wearing the Mask of Tragedy [from Tweedly's office and Hunter's MacBeth robe, from earlier] – we see the ominous face of the shooter. Wearing gloves and holding a .32 we get the impression that this person is going to shoot the readers! We seem to be looking down the barrel of the gun!

NO COPY

**Panel Seven:** The Tragic Shooter shoots – again they are shooting towards us the reader.

SFX 1: [BANG! BANG!]

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO**

**Panel One:** Johnny ducks behind the row of seats again. The bullets come streaming and ripping through the seat in front of him. Johnny clicks off the light and hold fast to his gun.

CAPTION 1: With the light on, I was a sitting duck.

SFX 2: [BANG! BANG!]

SFX 3: [RRRRRIIIIIIPPPP!]

**Panel Two:** Tragic Shooter POV. With the light off, everything seems dark and dim. Cast in deep shadow, Johnny moves down the isles. Crouching and hiding along the way, Johnny aims his gun and fires.

SFX 1: [BANG! BANG!]

**Panel Three:** Johnny's POV. In the darkness, Johnny moves closer to the balcony. Shots are still coming towards Johnny.

SFX 1: [BANG! BANG!]

**Panel Four:** The shooting seems to have stopped. Johnny makes his way to the balcony doors. There are two separate staircases and a door that leads outside. Johnny takes the staircase nearest to him ...

NO COPY

**Panel Five:** He races up the stairs, gun in hand.

NO COPY

**Panel Six:** Johnny comes through the balcony door. We see just a hint of Hunter's robe on the floor in the foreground.

SFX 1: [DOOR SLAMMING SOUND!]

**Panel Seven:** As we move closer, we get a CLOSE UP of Hunter's Robe and the Mask of Tragedy laying face up. A chilling air of disappointment moves through the theatre.

NO COPY

**PAGE TWENTY-THREE**

**Panel One:** TWEEDLY'S OFFICE. MEDIUM SHOT. Tweedly is cleaning up as Johnny begins to ask him more questions.

CAPTION 1: Item Nine – 10 cents. Phone call to Detective Lund.

CAPTION 2: Having reported the shooting to the authorities, I was free to continue my investigation of Tweedly, though he seemed to do most of the talking.

**Panel Two:** Johnny seems more relaxed and ragged than he previously was. He leans back on the wall, as Tweedly bends over putting together all of his papers and the poster of Hamlet from the floor.

JOHNNY 1: Any idea of who may want to kill you?

TWEEDLY 2: I have a lot of enemies. Nobody wants to work with me.

**Panel Three:** Tweedly straightens out his body. Once again, he seems deeply apologetic.

TWEEDLY 1: Years ago, I actually thought beauty meant **something**. Audiences want to see the beautiful people on stage not roses past their bloom.

**Panel Four:** As a bit of an aside, he looks at the poster of Hamlet.

TWEEDLY 1: Sol hit the bottle.

**Panel Five:** Still wrought with guilt, he adds.

TWEEDLY 1: I hear he swallowed his gun.

TWEEDLY 2: Sad, really.

**Panel Six:** Tweedly moves towards the trashcan by his desk.

TWEEDLY 1: I didn't plant roses, I planted weeds.

TWEEDLY 2: I gave no second chances. I ruined lives.

**Panel Seven:** Tweedly tosses everything in the trash!

TWEEDLY 1: Why did I cast Hunter?

**Panel Eight:** CLOSE UP of Tweedly's face.

TWEEDLY 1: Because I **need** a clear conscience.

**PAGE TWENTY-FOUR**

**Panel One:** NIGHT [still.] ESTABLISHING SHOT of Johnny's hotel, REGENCY GRAND HOTEL. As it's name suggests, it is multi-story towering monolith of a hotel where only the highest caliber of guests stay. It is ornate and regal. The courtyard has beautiful flowers and fountains of water the stream a brilliant pattern. And night, the water sparkles like stars.

CAPTION 1: Item Ten – \$14.00. Cab fare and a bottle of scotch.

**Panel Two:** We see Johnny getting of a cab with a bottle of scotch in hand. By this time of day, he seems pretty ragged. He walks past the doorman and into the grand hallway.

CAPTION 1: Satisfied with Tweedly's answers, I returned to my hotel room quite determined to drink my dinner.

**Panel Three:** Johnny proceeds to the YOUNG CLERK at the front counter.

NO COPY

**Panel Four:** A CLOSE UP of Johnny's face shows the grogginess in voice and in his eyes.

JOHNNY 1: Dollar. Room 409.

JOHNNY 1: Any messages?

**Panel Five:** The YOUNG CLERK is chipper and bright – and handsome.

YOUNG CLERK 1: Yes sir. A Miss Gorman.

**Panel Six:** Johnny is more that a little surprised. We can see a little gleam in his eye by the mere mention of her name.

JOHNNY 1: Natalie? Really?

**PAGE TWENTY-FIVE**

**Panel One:** The clerk hands Johnny the message. He takes it from the clerk's hand.

JOHNNY 1: Thank you.

**Panel Two:** He slowly begins to unfold the message from the envelope.

NO COPY

**Panel Three:** Johnny holds the open letter tight in his hand. The handwriting is very floral and flowery. A CLOSE UP of the message reads:

**Johnny,**

**I really need to see you tonight!  
Please call me when you get in.**

**Love,  
Natalie**

**Panel Four:** Johnny folds the message up and sticks it in his shirt pocket. He looks noticeably smug as he heads up the stairs to his hotel room. He carries the bottle of scotch firmly in his hand.

NO COPY

**Panel Five:** We see Johnny enter the room. It is lavish. The room has the feel of a penthouse suite. There are fine rugs and murals that decorate the king-sized suite. He turns on the light by his nightstand table upon which stands the phone. His scotch sits on the nightstand table.

SFX: [Clicking of the light on!]

**Panel Six:** As Johnny picks up the phone, we see a small ominous shadow behind him.

NO COPY

**Panel Seven:** Johnny starts to dial – when from behind him he hears – add we see a gun pointed to the base of Johnny's neck.

OFF SCREEN VOICE 1: If I were you ...

**PAGE TWENTY-SIX**

**Panel One:** REVEAL Matthew Hunter aiming the gun towards Dollar. He seems jittery – from the withdrawal of heroin. Haggard and worn out – FAR more than in previous scenes, Hunter is desperate. NOTE: If possible, try to emphasize a sense of urgent claustrophobia during this sense. We should get a sense that the walls are closing in around both Dollar and Hunter.

HUNTER 1: I'd put the phone down, Dolly.

**Panel Two:** Cracking wise at the barrel of a gun, Johnny snarls. He seems none too pleased as he turns around. He DOES NOT put his hands up in the air ... they are by his side.

JOHNNY 1: If you were me, I'd be the one holding the gun.

**Panel Three:** Matthew holds the gun and firmly as possible. Despite that it shakes a bit.

HUNTER 1: Can it!

**Panel Four:** Johnny's POV. He can see the sense of desperation in Hunter's eyes.

HUNTER 1: I know all about your lil' act.

**Panel Five:** Hunter's gun shakes a little more while he notices the beautiful trappings of the room.

HUNTER 1: I thought you investor types would have some dough.

HUNTER 2: Nice place you got here. Real swank!

**Panel Six:** Hunter's POV. As Hunter talks, Johnny VERY slowly starts to move his right arm behind his back.

HUNTER 1: But, here I find out you're a big time insurance investigator man.

**Panel Seven:** CLOSE UP of the bottle of scotch that Johnny is reaching for. Johnny's not quite able to grab it yet without raising questions. From the label on the bottle, it looks like some NICE scotch too.

HUNTER 1: It'd be a shame to expose your lil' secret and compromise your investigation.

**PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN**

**Panel One:** Johnny needs to keep him talking just a minute longer.

JOHNNY 1: What do you want Hunter?

**Panel Two:** Johnny's POV. Hunter's eyes get narrow and sinister. Heavy shadows hang on his face.

HUNTER 1: Money, what else?

**Panel Three:** Hunter's POV. This shot is set up in a similar manner to the last page [PAGE TWENTY-SIX Panel Six] – only in this shot, Johnny's arm is even slightly more behind him.

JOHNNY 1: A bribe? Why?

**Panel Four:** Sarcastic and biting, Hunter adds.

HUNTER 1: For a **nice** house, with a white picket fence and flowers all around.

**Panel Five:** Johnny's grip on the bottle of scotch is tighter. He holds the bottle firmly.

HUNTER 1: What do **you** care what for?

**Panel Six:** Johnny needs just another second ... but Hunter's grip on his firearm has ALSO tightened up. He cocks his gun.

HUNTER 1: Give it to me, Dolly!

**Panel Seven:** Johnny swings the bottle from behind him with a sweeping arc. Hunter tries to react quickly.

NO COPY

**PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT**

**Panel One:** As Johnny strikes Hunter upside the face with the bottle, he gets a shot off into LEFT Johnny's shoulder. ½ SPLASH!

SFX 1: [BANG!]

SFX 2: [Crashing bottle sound!]

JOHNNY 1: Ugh!

HUNTER 2: Ahhhw!

**Panel Two:** They withdraw and recoil from the melee. Johnny oozing from the shoulder; Matthew oozing from the face.

JOHNNY 1: uuuh ...

HUNTER 2: enh ....

**Panel Three:** Frantic, Hunter grabs his face. Blood drips everywhere – and coats his hands [another image from MacBeth, by the way]. In a faint voice he mutters...

HUNTER 1: ... blood ...?

**Panel Four:** Hunter scrambles out of the hotel room as quickly as possible ... dripping a trail of blood.

NO COPY

**Panel Five:** As Matthew leaves the room, Johnny props himself up on the nightstand table ... bleeding from the shoulder.

CAPTION 1: The wound to my shoulder hurt.

**PAGE TWENTY-NINE**

**Panel One:** Johnny looks at the broken pieces of glass on the floor. The stench of scotch, sulfur, and blood was thick in the air. Blood drips slowly to the ground.

CAPTION 1: The stench of scotch, sulfur, and blood was thick in the air.

CAPTION 2: However, despite my injury, I had another urgent matter to attend -

**Panel Two:** Johnny takes the note from his shirt pocket. It's splattered with blood.

CAPTION 1: The protection of Natalie.

**Panel Three:** Obviously still in pain, he starts to slowly dial the phone.

CAPTION 1: Her message worried me –

**Panel Four:** CLOSE UP of Johnny holding the phone to his ear.

CAPTION 1: Was she trying to warn me?

JOHNNY 2: Operator? Get me Natalie Gorman on 327 Seventh Street.

**Panel Five:** On the other end of the line we hear the operator's voice. Johnny's face is tense with worry.

CAPTION 1: Or did I need to warn her?

OPERATOR 1: I'm sorry, sir ...

**Panel Six:** Shock, disappointment, worry, and horror fill Johnny's face.

OPERATOR 1: There's no response from that line.

**PAGE THIRTY**

**Panel One:** NIGHT. It's RAINING HARD. We find ourselves inside a cab cruising downtown through the streets. Headlights from the other cars stare into the cab. The rain sounds like a hail of bullets. Johnny is in the backseat holding his shoulder. We can see Johnny's reflection in the rearview mirror. Johnny's POV shows up the back head of the cab driver. We pass Second Street.

CAPTION 1: Item Eleven – \$4.00. Cab fare to Natalie's. I gave the driver a few extra bucks to drive as fast as he could – in the rain no less – hoping that the seconds we'd save would be enough.

CABBIE 2: Sure you'll be okay, buddy?

**Panel Two:** We are stopped by a red light on Third Street.

CABBIE 1: The hospital is just a mile away.

JOHNNY 2: I'll be fine.

**Panel Three:** And a red light on Fourth Street. Johnny is getting irritated.

JOHNNY 1: Can't this thing go any faster?

CABBIE 2: Not through red lights it can't.

**Panel Four:** And a red light on Fifth Street. Johnny has had enough! While they are stalled in traffic, Johnny throws money to the cabbie.

JOHNNY 1: It'll be faster if I **walk!**

**Panel Five:** While the cab still stalled at the red light, Johnny gets out and is pummeled by the immense amount of rain. He holds his shoulder tight and moves past the cab towards Sixth Street.

NO COPY

**PAGE THIRTY-ONE**

**Panel One:** BIRD'S EYE VIEW. In the background, the cab gets further away. Johnny is the sole inhabitant on the sidewalk. He is doused with rain as he walks through the dimly lit streets – past the Laundromat and past the pawnshops. Past the signs that say “Room Rentals – Daily and Weekly” and past the boarded up shops. There is a sense of isolation that follows Johnny.

NO COPY

**Panel Two:** A CLOSE UP of Johnny's arm shows us that he is still bleeding a great deal. His clothing is dripping. He holds his arm tight.

NO COPY

**Panel Three:** In this dismal rain of depression and sorrow, we come to a sign of hope. The damaged and bettered sign reads: Seventh Street.

NO COPY

**Panel Four:** Johnny starts to make his way down the street. There is a sense of urgency in his eyes as he spies Natalie's row house apartment number: 327. We can see the lights are on.

NO COPY

**Panel Five:** Johnny slowly starts to stagger up the concrete steps that lead to her door. Through the door he hears a blood-curdling scream and the crashing of glass!

OFF SCREEN VOICE 1: AHHHHHHHH !!!

SFX 1: [CRASHING GLASS SOUND!]

**Panel Six:** He tries to tug open the tug, but it's locked.

NO COPY

**Panel Seven:** CLOSE UP of the gun as Johnny fires off the doorknob! There is a sense of emergency that fills the air.

SFX 1: [BANG!]

**PAGE THIRTY-TWO**

**Panel One:** Johnny kicks the door open!

SFX 1: [SLAM!]

**Panel Two:** The INTERIOR of NATALIE's house is rustic and homey. The paint is coming off the walls. The hardwood floors are worn and haven't been polished in years. The whole place has a historic feeling to it – but really could use some severe touching up. The house is a radical contrast to Natalie's beauty. Quickly, Johnny heads from the hallway ...

NO COPY

**Panel Three:** And into the small kitchen where he sees Natalie standing over a broken brandy glass. Brandy pools like blood in the middle of the kitchen floor. She is dressed in fine silky pajamas. Her hair is down and she looks irresistible. We can see that the dining room is connected to the kitchen and that various pots and pans are all over the counter tops. In addition to the chaos of her kitchen counter, by the sink, we notice a box of POISON with the drawing of a little mouse on it and beside that a box of SNOWY SOAP FLAKES with the drawing of a little baby on it. Johnny's POV.

NATALIE 1: Put the bean-shooter away.

NATALIE 2: I only dropped a glass.

**Panel Four:** Natalie gives Johnny the once over. Water and blood trail to the ground from his clothing. She seems concerned and worried when she notices his wound. Johnny seems a little shaky and exhausted from the cold, hard rain.

NATALIE 1: Your arm!?

JOHNNY 2: It's nothing.

**Panel Five:** She ushers him to the table in the dining room [which is connected to the kitchen] and prepares to dress his wound.

NATALIE 1: Hush.

NATALIE 2: Come sit down.

**Panel Six:** We follow Natalie into the bathroom....

NATALIE 1: You know ...

**Panel Seven:** She returns with some rubbing alcohol and bandages from the medicine cabinet along with a few bath towels.

NATALIE 1: This is getting to be a habit with you.

**PAGE THIRTY-THREE**

**Panel One:** An hour or so has passed by. Still in Natalie's dining room, we see that Johnny has been bandaged quite well. Having taken off his dress shirt, we can see that his undershirt is caked in just a little bit of dried blood. He holds an empty glass of brandy in his hand. Sitting close to him is Natalie, who also holds an empty glass of brandy in her hand. They seem to really have been enjoying each other's company. Bandages and such are scattered around the table. NOTE: It's important at SOME POINT to show a mouse-hole or two in Natalie's place – or else the comment she makes about mice becomes less effective.

CAPTION 1: After the nursing of my wound, I stayed to explain the events to Natalie – leaving out **certain** details.

JOHNNY 2: You're quite the nurse.

NATALIE 3: I learned from my mother.

**Panel Two:** Natalie starts to get up from the table.

NATALIE 1: More brandy?

JOHNNY 2: Please.

**Panel Three:** We follow Natalie as walks to the kitchen counter with two brandy glasses in her hand. Upon the counter sits the bottle of Brandy. It should be noted that she hasn't yet swept up the glass and brandy that she dropped on PAGE THIRTY-TWO.

NATALIE 1: I was a clumsy child. I would always trip and scrape my knees.

**Panel Four:** She starts to pour the brandy as she talks.

NATALIE 1: My mom showed me how to take care of myself.

**Panel Five:** She pours the brandy into the second glass.

NATALIE 1: And yours is nothing more that a **very** big scrape.

**Panel Six:** And she starts to bring to glasses back to the table when she notices the shards of glass and the brandy on the floor from earlier. She nods her head to indicate her point.

NATALIE 1: See what I mean about being clumsy?

NATALIE 2: I guess I should clean that up.

**Panel Seven:** She brings the brandy to the table. Johnny seems pretty happy that he is sharing a loving intimate moment with Natalie ... but as we can tell by his face, there is something on his mind. Johnny's face shows a degree of doe-eyed tenderness. It's obvious that he is starting to fall for her.

JOHNNY 1: Not to change the subject – but ...

JOHNNY 2: What's the business between you and Black?

**PAGE THIRTY-FOUR**

**Panel One:** Standing over the table, Natalie smiles. We have every indication that she is heading over to clean up the broken glass from earlier.

NATALIE 1: Arthur and I?

**Panel Two:** We follow Natalie as she heads back into the kitchen to grab a dishtowel.

NATALIE 1: We went out a few times.

NATALIE 2: He even kissed me.

**Panel Three:** She grabs a dustpan from under the sink.

NATALIE 1: But, it was short-lived. He hasn't gotten over it.

**Panel Four:** Bending down, she begins to clean up the mess from the broken brandy glass.

NATALIE 1: That's why I wanted to see you tonight.

**Panel Five:** Natalie's POV. In the pool of brandy and shards of glass, we see a reflection of Natalie. Or is that a hazy spectral image of Matthew Hunter?

NATALIE 1: I had such a lovely time with you.

**Panel Six:** Johnny's POV. As Natalie is cleaning up, she continues her speech –

NATALIE 1: I guess what I am trying to say is that ---

**Panel Seven:** Which is cut short by a stabbing shard of glass, which pierces the dishtowel and pierces into her hand.

NATALIE 1: **Ouch!**

**PAGE THIRTY-FIVE**

**Panel One:** Johnny springs up from his seat with a few bandages – and he moves Natalie to the sink.

JOHNNY 1: Are you okay?

NATALIE 2: Enh ... I think so.

**Panel Two:** Quickly, Johnny turns on the water and prepares to wash out Natalie's hand.

JOHNNY 1: Hold out your hand.

**Panel Three:** Blood drips from the wound. The glass shard seems to have cut deeply. Johnny holds Natalie's hand in his. It makes for a tender moment as he gently pulls out the shard of glass out. Natalie bites her lower lip.

JOHNNY 1: This might hurt.

NATALIE 2: Enh!

**Panel Five:** CLOSE UP of the Natalie's hand under the sink. The blood and water stream out gently. Natalie places her hand under the faucet. We watch as the blood mixes with the water and spirals into the drain.

JOHNNY 1: Keep your hand under the water.

NATALIE 2: uuhhhh ...

**Panel Six:** Natalie points her heads to her left towards the box of SNOWY SOAP FLAKES, which is right next to the box of POISON on the countertop. [Historical Note: Soap Flakes were popular during this era for ladies to wash their eveningwear or to tend to wash a young baby's bottom – it wasn't uncommon to have a box by the sink]

JOHNNY 1: Have any soap handy?

NATALIE 2: There's a box of Snowy to your left.

**Panel Seven:** Johnny reaches towards the box of SNOWY. The box of SNOWY has a cute little baby on the cover – while the box of POISON has the picture of a mouse over it. It's a study in the complexity of Natalie. The contrast between that and the box of POISON is stark and a little haunting as Johnny remarks ...

JOHNNY 1: Poison?

**PAGE THIRTY-SIX**

**Panel One:** Johnny opens the box and pours a few soap flakes into Natalie's hand. Despite her wound, she seems calm and collected.

NATALIE 1: It's for the mice.

NATALIE 2: They chew through everything.

NATALIE 3: My walls. My phone line. And anything else.

**Panel Two:** Johnny continues to caress her hand with the soap lather.

NATALIE 1: I tried using my mother's meatloaf recipe ...

**Panel Three:** Johnny starts to wrap Natalie's palm in the bandages. The wrap is tight, but gives Natalie room to move her fingers. It's just her palm that is wrapped.

NATALIE 1: But **that** only made them hungrier.

**Panel Four:** Johnny finishes the wrap and holds Natalie's arm. The tenderness and intimacy between them is obvious. She notices his wound and there is a certain degree of sex appeal in it for her.

JOHNNY 1: There ya go.

NATALIE 2: We are quite a pair, aren't we?

**Panel Five:** CLOSE UP of Natalie's face. She seems both sincere and seductive. She places her hand on Johnny's chest.

NATALIE 1: Maybe something good can come out of this curse?

**Panel Six:** And moves into to kiss him.

NO COPY

**Panel Seven:** Johnny takes Natalie into his arms and they kiss passionately – with a warm embrace and fire in their hearts.

NO COPY

**PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN**

**Panel One:** DAY. EXTERIOR SHOT of the Tivoli. The rain seems to have let up. As Dollar and Natalie step out of the cab, DETECTIVE LUND waits for them. He looks like an average hard-boiled detective. He's in direct contrast to the youth and energy of Johnny Dollar. Johnny is still wearing the same clothes from the following night. Johnny greets the detective with his good arm. Natalie's right behind Dollar.

CAPTION 1: Item Twelve – \$2.00. Taxi. The following morning Natalie and I arrived at the theatre just in time to greet Detective Lund.

JOHNNY 2: Been here long, Detective?

LUND 3: Only five minutes, Dollar.

**Panel Two:** The threesome makes their way into the theatre.

JOHNNY 1: Any sign of shooter?

LUND 2: Not yet. Turns out the robe belongs to Hunter.

LUND 3: I sent my boys to his apartment with a warrant.

**Panel Three:** They continue move through the aisle of seats. As they walk, we watch as officers interview other members of the cast, Tweedly, and Black. Natalie tugs on Johnny's arm.

LUND 1: Now we are sweeping the balcony, the stage, and the office.

NATALIE 2: Detective, will you excuse us for a second?

LUND 3: Sure thing, ma'am.

**Panel Four:** Natalie stops Johnny dead in his tracks as Detective Lund excuses himself and scoots off towards backstage. Her face has a look of scorn.

NATALIE 1: You're a detective!?

JOHNNY 2: Used to be. But, no ... I'm an insurance investigator.

**Panel Five:** Johnny tries to explain himself – but Natalie SEEMS deeply hurt and betrayed.

JOHNNY 1: I came here to investigate the curse, the fire, and everything else.

NATALIE 2: Why didn't you tell me ...?

**Panel Six:** There is an aura of intimacy between them despite Natalie's supposed feelings.

JOHNNY 1: I didn't dare let you know until --

NATALIE 2: Of all the selfish things to do!

**Panel Seven:** Johnny tries to explain, but is interrupted by the Detective's voice backstage.

LUND 1[OFF SCREEN]: Dollar, I think you should see this.

**PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT**

**Panel One:** 1/2 SPLASH. We find ourselves BACKSTAGE once more. Johnny's POV. Matthew lies dead on the floor. His body is gaunt with an overdose [?] of heroin. The **little purse-like satchel** [from page TWENTY] is open on the ground. Various types of narcotics spill out like a cornucopia. In the background, police officers are dusting for fingerprints and collecting other clues. Johnny stands motionless next to Detective Lund.

NO COPY

**Panel Two:** We see the police blocking off the area with "POLICE LINE: DO NOT CROSS" tape. DETECTIVE LUND points with his pencil to the satchel on the ground.

LUND 1: It looks like an overdose of narcotics, Dollar.

LUND 2: But, as best as we can figure, it's an accidental suicide

**Panel Three:** CLOSE UP of Hunter's dead face. His mouth is covered in drool and his eyes are totally bloodshot.

LUND 1: Won't know nothin' 'til our lab makes a report.

JOHNNY 2: I'd like to get a copy for my files.

LUND 3: Sure thing.

**Panel Four:** Dollar looks at Hunter's lifeless body. A sudden rush of sadness swells within his body. A THIN COP covers the corpse with a shroud and prepares to take it away. Lund chuckles.

LUND 1: I hear this guy was playing MacBeth.

LUND 2: Heh. Hope they've got an understudy.

**Panel Five:** Dollar stands motionless and empty while looking at the detective.

JOHNNY 1: There is nothing funny about tragedy, detective.

## PAGE THIRTY-NINE

**Panel One:** DAY. OUTSIDE. RAINING. ESTABLISH MT. OLIVET CEMETERY – a deeply ominous and depressing graveyard with ornate religious statues and monuments everywhere. In the rain, under the umbrellas we see Johnny, Black, Tweedly, Natalie, and the Cast of MacBeth listening to the words of the Priest. Johnny’s presence creates a sharp contrast to all the other attendants.

CAPTION 1: Item Thirteen – \$ 12.00. Flowers. Days later, I found myself with Natalie at the funeral. The silence between us was deafening.

PRIEST 2: In the words of the bard ...

PRIEST 3: “Life is but a walking shadow, a poor player ...

**Panel Two:** This following few panels are designed to display the visual feelings of the characters through Johnny’s eyes. CLOSE UP of Natalie. During this first shot, Natalie’s eyes look towards Tweedly. Silently, she muses how Matthew’s death may make his shutdown the show.

PRIEST 1: That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

PRIEST 2: And then is heard no more:

**Panel Three:** CLOSE UP of Black. To Johnny it seems that Arthur Black is smiling just a bit. Black never liked Hunter, but would he want him dead?

PRIEST 1: It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

**Panel Four:** CLOSE UP of Tweedly. He is depressed, alone, and hurt. He feels like the choices he has made in life have all be the wrong ones. Racked with guilt, an aura of isolation radiates from his body. He has nothing.

PRIEST 1: Signifying nothing”

**Panel Five:** CLOSE UP of Johnny, his head bowed in revered silence, but his eyes are ever vigilant to those around him.

PRIEST 1: But, the life of Matthew Hunter means everything to his friends, family, and loved ones. His life cast a lovely light upon us all.

PRIEST 2: He shall be missed. Amen.

**Panel Six:** Johnny’s POV as he stands over Hunter’s grave stone. A CLOSE UP of the headstone engraving reads:

**MATTHEW PHILLIP HUNTER**  
**Brief Candle**  
**1928 – 1957**

CAPTION 1: I hoped it was over ...

**PAGE FORTY**

**Panel One:** NIGHT. ESTABLISH the INTERIOR of a 'greasy spoon' old-fashioned diner. It's raining outside. A LONG SHOT shows us that aside from the waitresses and cook staff, Johnny is alone. A feeling of solitude surrounds him as he stares in the bottom of his coffee cup. On the table in front of him is a copy of the insurance policy from the Tivoli. He seems to have been smoking heavily all night. The ashtray beside him is full.

CAPTION 1: But, it wasn't over. And I knew it.

CAPTION 2: Item Fourteen – 10 cents. Some coffee and some thinking.

**Panel Two:** Johnny takes a drag from his cigarette.

CAPTION 1: I had too many hunches and not enough facts.

**Panel Three:** He exhales and casts his eyes towards the tiny print on the policy.

CAPTION 1: It felt like I was thinking backward about this whole matter.

**Panel Four:** As Johnny starts to read, we can see a BLONDE WAITRESS [who looks like Flo from the television show "ALICE"] slowing moving towards him with a pot of coffee.

CAPTION 1: As a means of distraction, I spend some time with the Tivoli policy.

**Panel Five:** Johnny is totally consumed by his work. The waitress moves closer.

CAPTION 1: I sat with it quietly for nearly an hour -

**Panel Six:** CLOSE UP of the BLONDE WAITRESS. The steam from the fresh pot of coffee swirls around her face.

CAPTION 1: Until –

BLONDE WAITRESS 2: More coffee, mister?

**Panel Seven:** CLOSE UP of Johnny as he is shaken from his trance-like solitude.

JOHNNY 1: Wha ?? Oh. Yeah. Sure.

**Panel Eight:** The waitress starts to pour the coffee into Johnny's empty cup. Her comment starts Johnny thinking.

BLONDE WAITRESS 1: Milk or sugar?

**PAGE FORTY-ONE**

**Panel One:** CLOSE UP of Johnny's face as he responds.

JOHNNY 1: Black.

CAPTION 2: Black?

**Panel Two:** The waitress babbles a bit – while Johnny seems to have has an epiphany of sorts. He sorts through his notes.

CAPTION 2: He mentioned a name. An important name.

BLONDE WAITRESS 3: I don't see how anybody can drink this swill.

**Panel Three:** Johnny smashes out his cigarette. And the waitress keeps talking.

CAPTION 1: And if the theatre had a policy –

BLONDE WAITRESS 2: Anything else for ya?

**Panel Four:** And gives the waitress a stern and serious look.

CAPTION 1: Maybe the some of the actors did too.

JOHNNY 2: Yeah. May I use your phone?

**Panel Five:** The waitress points up front to the phone, Johnny throws the money on the table and moves towards the phone with a degree of urgency ...

CAPTION 1: One thing was for certain ...

**Panel Six:** CLOSE UP of Johnny's hand as it reaches towards the telephone.

CAPTION 1: I needed anything I could find on ...

CAPTION 2: Sol Leibovitz.

**PAGE FORTY-TWO**

**Panel One:** NIGHT. EXTERIOR SHOT of the Tivoli. It's raining again – and we see Johnny forcefully enter the doors of the Tivoli. Behind him, we can see his cab speeding off.

CAPTION 1: Item Fifteen – \$5.80. A long distance call to Universal Adjustment allowed me to discover specific details relating to the policy of Solomon Leibovitz and his family.

**Panel Two:** As he marches through the lobby, Johnny draws his pistol.

CAPTION 1: Item Sixteen – 10 cents. Phone call to Detective Lund, whose report confirmed my suspicions.

**Panel Three:** Johnny's POV as he enters the theatre's house. From his perspective, we can see that somebody is one stage, but we can't quite tell whom. The main curtain is open and we can see a few details of the elaborate set.

CAPTION 1: Item Seventeen – \$1.50. Cab fare to the Tivoli.

**Panel Four:** LONG SHOT. Johnny draws closer to the stages. The figure on the stage seems to take greater shape – though we still can make him out.

CAPTION 1: I could smell danger in the air.

**Panel Five:** CLOSE UP of the puddles of gasoline on the stage. It's everywhere ... and literally saturates the hardwood floors.

CAPTION 1: Strangely enough – danger smells a lot like gasoline.

**Panel Six:** CLOSE UP and TILT UP to reveal Tweedly pouring a gallon of gasoline in an old TEXACO style metal can from the 1950's onto the stage. He seems saddened and depressed – and desperate beyond words.

NO COPY

**Panel Seven:** Johnny makes his way up the side stairs onto the stage. His gun still drawn, he seems cautious – he's in a volatile situation, in more ways than one.

JOHNNY 1: You don't have to do this, Tweedly.

TWEEDLY 1: Dollar?

**PAGE FORTY-THREE**

**Panel One:** Tweedly pauses for a second. We can ALMOST see gasoline vapors rising from the hardwood stage floor. Johnny moves closer to Tweedly.

TWEEDLY 1: You don't understand.

JOHNNY 2: Try me.

**Panel Two:** Tweedly almost seems to be on the verge of a breakdown.

TWEEDLY 1: Know what it's like to have **nothing**, Dollar?

**Panel Three:** Tweedly's body starts to shake as he pulls out a book of matches.

TWEEDLY 1: No money?

TWEEDLY 2: No future?

TWEEDLY 3: No dignity?

**Panel Four:** Johnny lowers his hands to try to talk him out of it and slowly moves towards Tweedly. Tweedly flips open the matchbook.

JOHNNY 1: The **moment** you light that match there is no going back.

**Panel Five:** Johnny eases closer as Tweedly pulls out a match. Tweedly pauses. Johnny holds back.

JOHNNY 1: No pay-off. No theatre. No forgiveness.

JOHNNY 2: The policy will be null and void.

JOHNNY 3: Is that what you want?

TWEEDLY 4: I ... feel so lost.

**Panel Six:** CLOSE UP of Tweedly as he strengthens his resolve and lights the match.

TWEEDLY 1: No. It's the only way.

**Panel Seven:** Before Tweedly has a chance to drop the match, he gets shot in the shoulder [the one holding the match] from OFF SCREEN.

SFX 1: [BANG! BANG!]

TWEEDLY 2: Ugh!

**PAGE FORTY-FOUR**

**Panel One:** CLOSE UP to reveal the smoking gun of THE TRAGIC SHOOTER who is hiding in the shadows.

NO COPY

**Panel Two:** CUT to Johnny. He pulls up his pistol. Less than a couple of feet Tweedly lies on the floor moaning. He's dropped the match – unknown to everyone, it's slowly started to ignite the gasoline.

JOHNNY 1: That bandage has thrown off your aim –

JOHNNY 2: Hasn't it Natalie?

TWEEDLY 3: oooooohhhh ... [small font]

**Panel Three:** Natalie lifts up her mask. She and Johnny are at a stand off with their pistols drawn towards each other. Tweedly bleeds a lot as he tries to prop himself up with the other arm.

TWEEDLY 1: Natalie Gorman ... Why?

JOHNNY 2: No. Natalie Leibovitz.

JOHNNY 3: His daughter.

**Panel Four:** Natalie seems crazed and ready to go off ... even a little erratic. But, you can tell she has a soft spot for Dollar.

NATALIE 1: He ruined my father. And you figured it out.

NATALIE 2: You're a smart guy, Johnny.

**Panel Five:** Emotionally hurt, Johnny notes. Behind him, the flames slowly start to grow.

JOHNNY 1: Not smart enough to know that you played me.

JOHNNY 2: And played Hunter too.

**Panel Six:** In the corner of his eye, Johnny notices the fire taking hold of the set.

JOHNNY 1: Paid him off in drugs to do your dirty work.

JOHNNY 2: And you laced those drugs with arsenic.

JOHNNY 3: A key ingredient in rat poison.

**Panel Seven:** The flames are starting to ebb towards Tweedly who is too weak to move fast enough. He starts to ease slightly towards Tweedly.

JOHNNY 1: But, I am smart enough to know we have to leave.

JOHNNY 2: Now.

**PAGE FORTY-FIVE**

**Panel One:** As Johnny moves, Natalie cocks her gun.

SFX 1: [Gun clicking sound!]

NATALIE 1: I can't let you do that Johnny.

**Panel Two:** Natalie's POV as Johnny stops dead in his tracks. From her point of view we can see that the fire has taken hold of the set and curtains ... and it's growing at tremendous speed.

NATALIE 1: Tweedly's not leaving.

**Panel Three:** The fire creates an intense feeling of claustrophobia. It starts to close around Tweedly, Johnny, and Natalie.

NATALIE 1: Neither are **you**.

**Panel Four:** Johnny moves closer – trying to rationalize with her.

JOHNNY 1: The whole place is kindling.

**Panel Five:** Natalie's face is tense – she's starting to get overly emotional. Flames burn around her. Johnny moves closer and closer towards her.

NATALIE 1: He destroyed my father's life!

NATALIE 1: It's the way he **deserves** to go!

**Panel Six:** Natalie's POV. Flaming debris from the set fall from the shadowed sky.

SFX 1: [Snapping sound!]

**Panel Seven:** It falls closer to her --- but Johnny lunges towards her ... and tries to save her.

JOHNNY 1: **NATALIE!** [in a big font – it's ALMOST like a SFX balloon!]

**PAGE FORTY-SIX**

**Panel One:** Natalie drops the gun to the ground as Johnny pushes her out of the way.

NATALIE 1: Ugh!

**Panel Two:** The falling debris comes tumbling and crashing down!

SFX 1: [CRASHING SOUND!]

**Panel Three:** The two tumble away from the debris. And the flames continue to engulf the theatre! Natalie seems to have passed out.

NATALIE 1: Uh ...

JOHNNY 2: Enh ...

**Panel Four:** Johnny looks towards the stage. Is it too late to save Tweedly?

NO COPY

**Panel Five:** He throws the unconscious Natalie over his good shoulder and makes his way to the stage.

JOHNNY 1: **TWEEDLY!?**

**PAGE FORTY-SEVEN**

**Panel One:** Johnny makes his way through the flames to find Tweedly. Though the flames, we hear a faint.

TWEEDLY 1: Leave me, Dollar. [small font]

**Panel Two:** Johnny finds Tweedly bleeding against one of the walls by the set. He is covered in ash and soot. The flame's dance grows louder – as Johnny extends his arm towards Tweedly.

JOHNNY 1: Nobody dies tonight, Tweedly.

**Panel Three:** The fire burns brightly -- nearly engulfing them as they make their way off the stage and through the aisles. The fire burns both in the background and in the foreground – as the group moves closer to the fire exit.

NO COPY

**Panel Four:** Johnny pushes through the FIRE EXIT door with Natalie and Tweedly in tow and we find ourselves OUTSIDE in the alley by the theatre. It's raining! Smoke follows them out the exits!

SFX 1: [Door slamming open sound!]

**Panel Five:** Johnny places Natalie's unconscious body against the wall in alley as she starts to wake up. Natalie's eyes reveal a hidden shame. She starts to speak.

NATALIE 1: uhhh ...

NATALIE 2: I ... I ... didn't love you ... Johnny.

NATALIE 3: I didn't even like you.

JOHNNY 4: Keep telling yourself that –

**Panel Six:** CLOSE UP on Johnny's face. His face is dripping with sweat. He is sad and broken-hearted, but it's all part of the job.

JOHNNY 1: You might just believe it.

**PAGE FORTY-EIGHT**

**Panel One:** NIGHT. LONG SHOT. EXTERIOR of the Tivoli. Although the rain has cleared up slight light, we can still feel the drops falling from the sky. The Tivoli burns all Halloween orange and chimney red – while we watch firefighters using their hoses and ladders to douse the flames. Smoking a cigarette, Johnny slowly walks into the background. Natalie is bound by cuffs as the officers slowly walk her to their car. Tweedly, sad and broken down, is being watched by Detective Lund. His arm cast in a sling. Ash and soot cover the clothing and faces of Natalie, Johnny, and Tweedly.

CAPTION 1: Item Eighteen – \$95.37. My journey back to Hartford.

CAPTION 2: Expense Account Total: \$ 675.93

**Panel Two:** Johnny's POV. The flames from the theatre dance in the sky as Johnny looks towards Natalie. There is a quiet silence between them. Her eyes convey a sense of loneliness and failure. Something that could have been love is no longer.

CAPTION 1: **Remarks:** Ambition is funny thing.

**Panel Three:** Natalie turns her head away – and hangs her head in sorrow. There is a distance and void between them.

CAPTION 1: We don't always get what we want –

**Panel Four:** Johnny's POV. Johnny's eyes move towards Tweedly. Tweedly falls to his knees in a sudden burst of sadness, guilt, and denial. Detective Lund stands above him – unsure of what to do.

CAPTION 1: But sometimes ...

TWEEDLY 2: **NO!**

**Panel Five:** Johnny's POV. On his knees and almost fetal, Tweedly cries.

CAPTION 1: We what get what we deserve.

TWEEDLY 2: noooo .... [small font]

TWEEDLY 3: noooo .... [smaller font]

**Panel Six:** Johnny throws his cigarette to the ground. The ember of the cigarette burns out as Johnny fades into the background. [Letterer Note: PLEASE use a "signature font" – one that gives the impression that Johnny has signed his name to this letter for CAPTION 2].

CAPTION 1: Yours Truly,

CAPTION 2: JOHNNY DOLLAR

**REFERENCE****Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar**

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**The Tivoli**

History: [http://www.themovieboy.com/essays\\_nighttoforget.htm](http://www.themovieboy.com/essays_nighttoforget.htm)

Seating Chart: <http://www.weinbergcenter.org/general/seating.php>

Virtual Tour: <http://www.weinbergcenter.org/tour/virtual.php>