

HOLLYWOOD AND MINE

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FADE IN

INT. SMALL TOWN SHERIFF'S OFFICE DAY

Dismal wood paneling decorated with POLICE MEMORABILIA. One wall has a LOCKED RACK OF SHOTGUNS. SHERIFF WILSON leans back in his chair, full of himself and a disgrace to his badge.

WILSON

You don't own this town.

BUCK SWIFT, with movie star good looks, glares at him in defiance. His torn shirt reveals an impressively muscled chest. He's bloody, bruised and covered with grime. TWO DEPUTIES hold him firmly.

WILSON (cont.)

I own this town. Always have and always will.

BUCK

You don't own me.

Wilson walks over to where the deputies hold Buck and punches him hard in the gut. Buck doubles up.

CHARLEY (O. C.)

No, no, no! Cut. Cut!

Wilson and Buck break character. CHARLEY YATES enters, a wiry 20-something and director of the movie. Thinks he's Orson Wells but he's more like Ed Wood.

CHARLEY

He's not dirty enough. He has to be filthy.

WILSON

I can snarl if you want.

(snarling)

"I own this town..."

CHARLEY

Not you. Him!

Points to Buck.

CHARLEY (cont.)

He needs to be covered with that stuff. Where's make up. Make up!

The MAKE UP GIRL runs on the set. We now see LIGHTS, CAMERAS, MICROPHONES and GRIPS waiting for instructions.

The Make Up Girl holds up a SPRAY NOZZLE attached to a PRESSURE CAN.

MAKE UP GIRL

Close your eyes.

Buck closes his eyes but forgets to close his mouth. The Make-Up Girl sprays a huge gob of brown goo right in his yapper.

BUCK

(spits and coughs)

MAKE UP GIRL

Sorry, Buck.

BUCK

My fault. You warned me.

Charley grabs the spray nozzle.

CHARLEY

Come on. Get it all over him.

Charley sprays a ton of goo on Buck's chest. It splashes onto Buck's face.

BUCK

Hey! Easy, Charley. Easy.

CHARLEY

There. If you want anything done right, you have to do it yourself. Places!

He throws the spray nozzle to the Make-Up Girl, who exits.

Sheriff Wilson gets behind the desk. Buck checks his mark, and the Two Deputies grab his arms. TWO GRIPS move a MICROPHONE ON A BOOM into place.

The ASSISTANT DIRECTOR shouts:

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Quiet on the set! On the bell.

SOUND OF A BELL. A SOUND MAN works his EQUIPMENT.

SOUND MAN

Speed.

The Assistant Director turns to the CAMERAMAN.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Roll camera.

CAMERAMAN

Rolling.

Charley watches a MONITOR. An ASSISTANT claps the STICKS together.

CHARLEY

Action!

Sheriff Wilson glares across his desk.

WILSON

You don't own this town.

He leans back in his chair. The chair slips and the sheriff crashes to the ground. Charley throws his CLIPBOARD in exasperation.

EXT. CRAFT SERVICES DAY

On a green lawn with moss-draped oaks, CATERERS set up STEAM TABLES.

JULIET POWERS, late twenties and country-girl pretty, puts a CHAFING DISH WITH FOOD into a STEAM TABLE. SUSANNA, a teenager, assists. They wear APRONS with a logo that says "Juliet's Balcony."

JULIET

(to Susanna)

Put out the Key Lime pie and the pecan tarts.

And get the sour orange sauce.

Susanna leaves. BECKY SHARP, an African-American woman Juliet's age, walks up.

JULIET (cont.)

Thank goodness you're here. Annie!

A six year old girl runs up wearing overalls. This is ANNIE, Juliet's daughter.

JULIET (cont.)

Go with Aunt Becky so Mommy can work.

Annie jumps into Becky's arms.

BECKY

Whoa. Big girl.
(to Juliet)
Congratulations on the lucky break.

Susanna brings in a tray of desserts. Juliet unwraps them and set them out.

JULIET

Still don't understand how a big catering company from Gainesville can get shut down by the health department, but I am happy to take their place.

BECKY

You might even meet a handsome movie star.

JULIET

As long as they like the food.

EXT. CRAFT SERVICES DAY

CAST and CREW MEMBERS make their way down the buffet line. BUCK SWIFT, still in costume and covered in blood and grime, arrives in front of Juliet and Susanna.

JULIET

You look like you been through a hurricane.

BUCK

Magic of the movies.

JULIET

Try this. It's one of my specialties.

Juliet spoons food onto his plate. Buck moves down the line. Susanna speaks with a thick Southern accent.

SUSANNA

That's Buck Swift.

JULIET

I know.

EXT. PICNIC TABLE DAY

CREW PEOPLE and ACTORS eat at PICNIC TABLES, crew in work clothes, actors in costume. Buck enters and sits beside the actor playing Sheriff Wilson.

WILSON

We need another take of that scene.

BUCK

It was fine.

Buck starts to eat.

WILSON

What if I snarled before I said the line?

(snarls)

"Arrgh. I own this town." Or after the line:

"I own this town. Arrgh."

BUCK

Have you tried this chicken?

WILSON

Not a snarl. A guffaw.

(guffaws)

"I own this town."

BUCK

This is the best thing I've ever tasted.

WILSON

A sneer. I have a marvelous sneer.

Wilson sneers. Buck gets up and walks away.

WILSON (cont)

Wait. What did you think of my sneer?

EXT. CATERING CANOPY

Buck comes up to the row of steam tables where Juliet and Susanna work.

JULIET

You didn't like it.

BUCK

I love it. You have to tell me what you do to give this chicken so much flavor.

JULIET

It's not chicken. It's gator tail.

BUCK

Gator tail.

JULIET

Right off a Florida alligator. I specialize in southern dishes. Come by my restaurant sometime.

She hands him a business card, which Buck reads. It has the "Juliet's Balcony" logo.

BUCK

Maybe I will. Huh. Gator tail.

Buck walks away looking at the card. Juliet watches him go, beaming with pride. Susanna sighs and melts into a puddle.

EXT. OPEN LAWN DAY

Buck strolls onto the lawn. The sun shines golden through the moss-draped oaks. Beyond, a SKI BOAT passes on a lake towing a SKIER. Beautiful. Peaceful. Paradise.

Buck takes out his CELL PHONE and hits speed dial.

BUCK

Hey.

INT. LOS ANGELES SPA DAY

CLOSE UP of HANNA HARLOW, a gorgeous young actress. We only see her face, and the EAR BUDS of a HANDS-FREE HEADSET in her ears.

HANNA

Hi, sweetie. How's the shoot?

EXT. OPEN LAWN DAY

Buck talks on his phone, gazing at the beautiful scenery.

BUCK

Another day behind schedule.

LA SPA

HANNA

You have to be back by the 14th. Ow!

Hanna snaps her hand in, covering the microphone.

HANNA (cont.)

Watch it, you little bitch.

In a wider shot, we see Hanna sitting in a chaise surrounded by EIGHT TINY ASIAN WOMEN: one on each foot giving a pedicure, one on each leg laying down WAX STRIPS, one on each hand giving a manicure, two teasing out her hair.

Over the headset, BUCK'S VOICE is FILTERED.

BUCK (O. C.)

What? I didn't get that.

She releases the microphone.

HANNA

The reception's terrible. Honestly, I'm switching back to Verizon.

OPEN LAWN

Buck gazes at the lake.

BUCK

You wouldn't believe the beauty of this place.
I could stay here the rest of my life.

LA SPA

Hanna in her chair, with the women around her.

HANNA

Don't forget, we have that charity thing at
The Getty and the party at Steven and Kate's
the very next night.

OPEN LAWN

BUCK

Yeah, okay.

LA SPA

HANNA

I miss you.

OPEN LAWN

BUCK

Me, too. Wish you were here.

LA SPA

HANNA

You have too much work. We'd never see
each other.

An Asian Woman waves to get her attention. She points to the strips on Hanna's legs.

HANNA (cont)
Honey, I have to go. Don't forget about me. 'Bye.

She closes her phone. As soon as she does, the two Asian Women on her legs yank the strips. Hanna howls in pain. The Asian Women all giggle in delight.

EXT. OPEN LAWN

Buck closes his phone, gazing towards the lake. Moments later Buck's phone plays the SOUND of the MEXICAN HAT DANCE.

The CELL PHONE SCREEN says: "Tonya Garson." Buck pushes a button and the screen says: "Mute." He puts the phone away and watches the ski boat come around.

EXT. HOTEL NIGHT

A RENTAL VAN pulls up outside a country inn. The doors open and CAST AND CREW MEMBERS pile out, including the actor playing WILSON.

A SECOND VAN pulls up behind the first. The door opens and BUCK exits, followed by CHARLEY YEATS. Buck has cleaned up and wears street clothes.

INT. BUCK'S HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

BUCK flops down on the bed. He checks his CELL PHONE. A graphic on the screen says "12 VOICEMAILS."

Buck tosses the cell phone aside. He finds a LAPTOP COMPUTER, sets it across his thighs and opens it. The screen reads: "INBOX - 86 MESSAGES."

He sets the laptop aside. He picks up the REMOTE CONTROL on the NIGHTSTAND. The CLOCK on the nightstand says "9:05."

Buck aims the remote at the TV. The TV SCREEN looks back at him, dark and empty. He tosses the remote aside.

He reaches into his shirt pocket and fishes out Juliet's BUSINESS CARD. He taps it against his fingers, then picks up the ROOM PHONE.

BUCK
I'd like a taxi, please.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITRUS CITY NIGHT

Once a bustling commercial center, now it's filled with old-timey charm. The stores include an art gallery, a wine shop, and a small restaurant called "Juliet's Balcony." A TAXI pulls up. BUCK gets out, wearing a BASEBALL CAP pulled low.

EXT. FRONT DOOR, JULIET'S BALCONY NIGHT
 Buck peers inside. He sees a light shining from the back and knocks on the window.
 JULIET emerges. Seeing its Buck Swift, she opens.

JULIET
 Didn't think you'd come right away.

BUCK
 (mocking her southern accent)
 Had to have me some more of that gator tail.

JULIET
 Your momma shoulda taught you not to make
 fun of people.

BUCK
 She did. Sorry. I guess you're closed.

JULIET
 Not much goes on in Citrus City after nine PM.

BUCK
 Thanks anyway.

JULIET
 The Oyster House in Lochloosa might be open.

EXT. OYSTER HOUSE NIGHT
 A ten year old TOYOTA pulls up outside what looks like a bait shack. A SIGN, a
 hundred years old and lit by SCOOP LIGHTS, reads "Lochloosa Oyster House."

INT. JULIET'S TOYOTA NIGHT
 Juliet turns off the engine. Buck looks warily through the windshield.

BUCK
 This can't be a restaurant.

JULIET
 It ain't. It's an oyster house.

INT. OYSTER HOUSE "DINING ROOM"
 The "dining room" is a cinderblock shoebox with one long wooden table down the center.
 A dozen OYSTER HOUSE PATRONS sit on long benches on either side.

Buck and Juliet sit beside MR. AND MRS. SYKES, an older African-American couple.

JULIET

Well, hey there, Mr. Sykes. Hey, Marilyn.

MR. and MRS. SYKES

Hey, Juliet.

MR. SYKES (cont.)

Haven't seen you in a skunk's age.

MRS. SYKES

Who's the fellow?

Buck reaches across Juliet, offering to shake hands.

BUCK

Sam, her cousin from Indianapolis.

MRS. SYKES

He looks like that boy in the movies, the shoot-'em-ups.

BUCK

People say that a lot.

An OYSTER HOUSE WAITRESS arrives, wearing jeans and a rubber apron.

OYSTER HOUSE WAITRESS

What'll you have?

BUCK

We haven't seen menus.

Juliet, Mr. and Mrs. Sykes and the Waitress all laugh.

MR. SYKES

There ain't no menus, son. It's an oyster house.

JULIET

(to the waitress)

Bring us a pitcher of Pabst.

The Waitress leaves. Buck notices that TWO BY FOURS have been nailed to the edge of the table, like bumpers on a pool table.

BUCK

Why do they have this? I can't rest my arms.

MR. SYKES

You ain't gonna want to.

A NOISE, like someone banging on skillet with a metal spoon. Buck looks up to see the Waitress, at the far end of the table, banging on a SKILLET with a METAL SPOON.

MRS. SYKES

They're bringing out a bushel.

A BURLY MAN appears carrying a HUGE STEAMING POT. He dumps it on the table and DOZENS OF OYSTERS pour out. The oysters bang against the two by fours nailed along the table, staying inside. The PATRONS CHEER and put on WORK GLOVES.

Juliet produces gloves from her purse, handing a pair to Buck.

JULIET

Always keep a couple pairs in the car.

The Waitress drops SEVERAL OYSTER KNIVES in front of them, and sets down a BASKET WITH TABASCO, KETCHUP, VINEGAR and CRACKERS.

JULIET (cont.)

Don't be shy. Dig in.

She picks up a knife and deftly shucks an oyster open. Buck is clearly at a loss.

JULIET (cont.)

Catch the hinge and flip it open.

Buck tries, but can't do it.

JULIET (cont.)

Here. Take this 'un.

She hands him the open oyster, finds another and shucks it open. She sprinkles on Tabasco, swallows it down and tosses the empty shell across the table.

The SHELL falls into a hole in the center of the table. We hear the sharp CLANG of the shell hitting a bucket. ANOTHER SHELL clangs into the hole.

Buck swallows his oyster and tosses in his shell as well. The Waitress sets down a PITCHER OF BEER and two MASON JARS. Buck examines one of the jars.

JULIET (cont.)

An old Southern tradition, from the days when we drank 'shine.