

# MARTHA

51.

RD:

START →  
SCENE

DANNY

I can't really talk about it. You see a black BMW?

MARTHA

We're in Beverly Hills, I see six black BMW's without turning my head. I have friends at the paper who know I'm here tonight.

DANNY

What does that mean?

MARTHA

I get the text message about what happened at the show, I see you getting hustled out by your agent, I see Matt getting hustled out of the press room after he wins, I've got Felicity Huffman telling me Jack Rudolph and Jamie McDeere met immediately after the show and she's preparing for a press conference on Monday.

DANNY

Where's the damn car?

MARTHA

I'm a columnist but I have friends who work on the news side and they get very pissed when they get scooped.

DANNY

I on the other hand don't care at all if they get scooped and neither does anybody else.

MARTHA

Are you dropping Matt's new screenplay and taking over the show?

DANNY

I gave the guy a hundred dollars to keep the car up here.

MARTHA

I'm gonna get in trouble if I don't--I have to tell them what I've seen.

DANNY, who's had it, takes MARTHA's arm and moves her slightly to insure secrecy--

DANNY

I can't direct Matt's script. 8 days ago I failed a drug test and I can't get bonded.

SCENE ONE

1/3

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTHA

(beat)

I don't understand what that means.

DANNY

Movie studios take out completion bonds. Insurance. So that when Tom Cruise breaks his arm during principal photography and you have to shut down for three weeks, you're covered. I failed my physical and with my history I won't be able to get bonded until I've had 18 months of clean tests. The new president of UBS knows this, so pretty soon everyone else will. You guys are gonna have me for lunch and I don't care. I just want to get to Matt and tell him before somebody else does.

(shouting to the crowd)

*SO I HAVE MY CHECKBOOK HERE, AND I AM WILLING TO BUY THE NEXT CAR THAT GETS BROUGHT OUT!!*

MARTHA

(calming)

Danny.

DANNY

Call your guys on the news side and tell 'em that, and then let's get this rectal probe started.

MARTHA

There are good reporters and bad reporters, and confusing me with other people is no way to get me into bed with you.

DANNY

(beat)

Well if I'd known that was a realistic possibility, I never would've--

MARTHA

Your car is here.

DANNY

I'm sorry. Can I call you a cab?

MARTHA

I got it.

DANNY

Can I call you?

(CONTINUED)

2/3

CONTINUED: (3)

MARTHA

Yeah. But I don't think you're gonna have time 'cause my reporter's instinct says you're gonna agree to take over the show.

DANNY

I don't mean to insult you twice in the same minute but your reporter's instinct sucks.

DANNY heads for a black BMW--

DANNY (CONT'D)

(to the valet)  
Right here.

MARTHA

(calling)  
Danny.

DANNY

(calling back)  
Yeah.

MARTHA

(pointing to a different black BMW)  
That one.

DANNY

(calling back)  
Thank you.

DANNY gets in the car and screeches away from the hotel as fast as he can as we

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

HARRIET is coming the down the hall with two cups of coffee. The hall is lined with framed photos from 20 years of Studio 7. She stops at one and looks at the picture of herself with SIMON and TOM, laughing at rehearsal with MATT and DANNY. She regards the photo for a moment before she moves on into--

INT. SIMON'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TOM's got his feet up on the table, smoking a cigarette and SIMON's lying down on the couch. They're waiting...and while they're waiting, TOM's doing some talking...

TOM

We're witnessing the rise of the hack. A sort of celebration of mediocrity.

(CONTINUED)

3/3