

THE END OF THE CIRCLE

Written by

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Based on a true story

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EXT. UNIVERSAL PICTURES STUDIOS - DAY - SUMMER 1933

The bright white LIGHT of the hot summer SUN shines through the pillow white CLOUDS onto Universal City, the Entertainment Capital of Los Angeles, where STARS spin around FILMMAKERS practicing movie magic in temples to their craft.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - UNIVERSAL PICTURES STUDIOS - DAY

Inside one of those cinematic cathedrals, bright white LIGHTS shine down upon the ACTORS as the CAMERA rolls with clear celluloid FILM. Before the pulpit, behind the camera stands one of cinema's most faithful, Universal City's first mayor and early Hollywood's marquee filmmaker, LOIS WEBER (55). In her tailored white suit and silk scarf, Lois prays to witness another celluloid miracle. But in front of her stands cocky director JAMES "JIMMY" WHALE (43) holding his megaphone.

JAMES WHALE
(yells)
ACTION!

As the act begins, Jimmy sits down in his director's chair bearing his name. Lois remains standing, in the shadows.

INTERTITLE: THE END OF THE CIRCLE, A LOIS WEBER PRODUCTION

In front of the camera, masked actor CLAUDE RAINS (43) assumes centerstage and alluring actress GLORIA STUART (22) sashays into his arms while smoking cinematographer ARTHUR EDESON (41) zooms in on her starry eyes.

Then a loud THUD echoes through the cinematic temple. In horror, Lois watches Arthur's smoking pipe light the celluloid on fire. FLAMES quickly engulf the silver FILM CANISTERS labeled THE INVISIBLE MAN. As the fire spreads, Lois turns and runs from the inferno.

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Out of the line of fire, Lois pauses and stares up at the smoking black and white tower. Jimmy, his production assistant PATRICK (24), and more crew members run out coughing. Lois staggers forward with the crowd.

PATRICK
Ma'am!
(beat, Lois looks back)
Are you alright?
(beat, Lois stops)
Are you alright, ma'am?

Patrick catches up to Lois who brushes black soot on her white blouse.

LOIS
I'm...I'm fine.

PATRICK
I can show you back to the extras' holding area.

LOIS
(grins)
I know my way around the lot, son.

Lois begins to turn away.

PATRICK
Are you sure, ma'am? It's a big studio.

She turns back to Patrick and squints.

LOIS
I was the first mayor of Universal City. I think I can find my own back to my office.

PATRICK
I didn't—

Lois walks away from the burning building.

INT. LOIS' OFFICE - UNIVERSAL PICTURES STUDIOS - DAY

In her soot-stained blouse, Lois opens a door with a sign "LOIS WEBER" on the front. Inside, her assistant MARTIN (23) sits at a desk in front of a large corner office.

MARTIN
My God!

Martin hops up, startling Lois.

LOIS
What's wrong?

MARTIN
You!

Lois looks down at the soot on her.

LOIS
Oh.

She brushes off the black dust.

MARTIN
Were you in the fire?

Lois walks into her corner office. Martin follows her. She sits down in her oversized leather desk chair.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

Behind her desk, a dozen glossy black-and-white photos of Lois with old Hollywood's stars—from D.W. Griffith and Cecil B. DeMille to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—frame her. Another dozen black-and-white photos of new Hollywood's stars lay out on her desk before her.

LOIS
What're these?

MARTIN
The actresses for Linda.

Lois studies each pretty face like a flower in a bouquet.

LOIS
When are they coming in?

MARTIN
They're here.

Lois looks up at Martin.

LOIS
Now?

He nods. Lois scans all of the headshots. She tilts her head and then plucks the perfect one.

LOIS (CONT'D)
Her.

Lois hands the headshot of timeless beauty CONSTANCE CUMMINGS (23) to Martin who hurries out the door. Lois blinks and finds Constance smiling before her, holding a script.

LOIS (CONT'D)
Hello, Ms. Cummings.

Martin sits down besides Lois and begins transcribing notes.

CONSTANCE
(smiles)
Good afternoon, Ms. Weber.

LOIS

Your performance in Frank Capra's last picture were superb.

CONSTANCE

Thank you, Ms. Weber. The script you have written for *Glamour* is beautiful.

Well accustomed to such flattery, Lois politely grins and picks up her script, opening it to a dog-eared page.

LOIS

Alright, let's start on page 37.

Constance flips through her script and straightens her spine, preparing herself to perform.

INT. LOIS' OFFICE - LATER

As Martin shows Constance out, Lois nods goodbye to the starlet and then looks out the window at the soundstages with grey smoke still swirling in the white clouds above. Martin reenters the office and hands her a note.

LOIS

When did you get this?

MARTIN

Mr. Laemmle's assistant just called.

LOIS

Junior or Senior?

MARTIN

Junior.

Lois hurries out of her office.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Lois struts through the long, echoey hallway lined with oversized posters of some of Universal Pictures' best films: *Dracula* (1931), *The Phantom of the Opera* (1925), *Frankenstein* (1931), *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1923), and *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1930). With fluorescent lights haloing her, Lois stops before a poster of *Shoes* (1916), focusing on the bottom corner that reads: *Produced by that master genius LOIS WEBER.*

Lois confidently pulls back her shoulders, puffs out her chest, and continues down the pearly white hallway.

INT. CARL LAEMMLE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Lois enters the Art Deco office astray with all the tokens of a studio executive: open scripts, marked-up budgets, framed photos, and shiny trophies. Clutching a phone to his ear, fresh-faced head of production CARL "JUNIOR" LAEMMLE (25) paces through the chaos.

LOIS
(clears throat)
Ah-hem.

JUNIOR
(to Lois)
Lois!
(beat, to the phone)
I'll call you back after.

Junior hangs up his phone and motions for her to sit in the seat across from his own. Like a gentleman, he waits for her to sit down before taking his own seat.

LOIS
It's still funny seeing someone
other than your father sitting in
that chair.

A cluttered desk—and a few decades of experience—separate them. Junior notices the black soot on her white blouse.

JUNIOR
Were you at the fire?

Lois looks down at the soot still on her.

LOIS
Oh.

She brushes it off.

JUNIOR
I was on the phone with my father
when I first saw the flames.

LOIS
Your message sounded urgent.

Junior works up the courage to look her square in the eye.

JUNIOR

We're going with another director
for *Glamour*.

LOIS

Another director? Who?

JUNIOR

William Wyler.

LOIS

Your cousin Willi?

(beat, Junior nods)

Does your father know about this?

JUNIOR

We were just discussing it...when you walked in. You know how much you mean to our family, Lois. But Willi has been directing some great pictures lately. And you've never worked with sound.

LOIS

I started working with sound before anyone else in this town...before you were even born.

(beat)

I'm already casting. This is ridiculous, Junior.

Stressed, Junior lights a cigarette. Lois crosses her arms.

JUNIOR

I wanted you to direct *Glamour*. That's why I leaked it to the *Reporter* last month.

(beat)

Ultimately, the decision wasn't up to me or my father. Hollywood's changing.

LOIS

And women aren't allowed to direct in this new Hollywood?

Junior taps his cigarette on an ashtray on top of a script,
GLAMOUR WRITTEN BY LOIS WEBER.

JUNIOR

The business is changing.

LOIS

My last draft was great.

Junior picks up her script and flips through it.

JUNIOR

I agree.

LOIS

Then what is it?

He puts down her script.

JUNIOR

Willi's going to do a great job
with the picture.

LOIS

The hell is he.

Lois walks to the door. Junior puts down his cigarette.

JUNIOR

My father asked me to invite you
and Harry over to the house for
dinner. My uncle Izzy and some
other old timers will be there too.

She turns back to Junior.

LOIS

Tell your father I'll talk to him
at the Academy luncheon.

Lois leaves Junior's office.

INT. LOIS WEBER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

With Martin's desk empty, Lois sits at her messy desk and waxes nostalgic on the glamorous Hollywood photos behind her.

Her eyes affix to one photo: her smiling between iconic CECIL B. DEMILLE "C.B." (41) and handsome CAPTAIN HARRY GANTZ (36) on the red carpet for the premiere of *The Ten Commandments* (DeMille, 1923) before the iconic Egyptian Theater.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. EGYPTIAN THEATER - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT - 1923

On the red carpet before the golden theater, Lois stands between Cecil and Harry, all smiling for the camera. After photographer STEVEN (35) snaps their photo, Lois and Harry lock eyes as Cecil disappears into the starry crowd.

END FLASHBACK

Lois looks away from the monochrome photos and walks over to the window with a technicolor vista of the bustling studio. She picks up her briefcase, walks to the door, and closes the it behind her.

EXT. UNIVERSAL PICTURES STUDIOS - SUNSET

With the sun reflecting a hellish orange hue onto the lot, Lois retraces her steps, following the trail of dirty water towards the charred soundstage where Jimmy surveys the fire damage. Lois accidentally steps into a puddle, soaking her SHOES. Hearing the SPLASH, Jimmy turns around.

JAMES WHALE
(British accent)
Your shoes!

LOIS
(grins)
They're just shoes.

JAMES WHALE
I'm very sorry, ma'am...
(beat, recognizes her)
Ms. Weber. My bad. I-

LOIS
We haven't properly met, Mr. Whale.

She extends her hand to him.

JAMES WHALE
Jimmy.
(beat, shakes her hand)
Properly?

LOIS
I snuck onto your set this morning.

JAMES WHALE
Hopefully before it went up in
flames.

LOIS
Fires used to happen all the time
back in my day.

JAMES WHALE
Seems like it's happening more than
ever now with this new sound
equipment.
(MORE)

JAMES WHALE (CONT'D)

(beat, squints)

I didn't notice you on set.

(beat)

Your split screen in *Suspense* for
is pure genius.

LOIS

Now everyone does it and has no
idea where it came from.

JAMES WHALE

Not everyone.

LOIS

Seeing you working with your actors
today sent me back...

(beats)

I used to direct on that stage.

Jimmy hears a CLANK and looks inside.

JAMES WHALE

I better get back.

LOIS

Break a leg.

Lois steps over another puddle and walks away, becoming
smaller and smaller until eventually becoming invisible.

INT. BALLROOM - THE BILTMORE HOTEL - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Under THE ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCE sign,
Lois enters the opulent ballroom packed with Hollywood power
players. In her white dress, Lois sticks out as the only
woman in a sea of black suits. A short man with a larger-than-
life persona, founder of Universal Pictures, CARL LAEMMLE
(66) nods to Lois. She grins and walks over to Carl talking
with head of MGM LOUIS B. MAYER (49) and head of Paramount
ADOLPH ZUKOR (60).

CARL LAEMMLE

At Universal we've cut all ties
with Germany now that the Nazis
took power. If all the other
studios did the same, it would make
a statement.

In his round bifocals, Louis crosses his arms.

LOUIS B. MAYER

That's a tough ask in this economy,
Carl.

CARL LAEMMLE

You know what's tough, Louis? Those goddamn Nazis kicking us out of our own government and universities.

(beat)

Balancing budgets isn't *that* tough.

LOUIS B. MAYER

It's not that simple.

CARL LAEMMLE

They're boycotting our businesses.
We should boycott theirs.

With stressed eyes, Adolf shifts uneasily.

ADOLPH ZUKOR

Germany is too big of a market to sacrifice.

CARL LAEMMLE

But our Jewish brothers and sisters aren't?

LOUIS B. MAYER

We're in a depression.

CARL LAEMMLE

And a war.

(beat)

History will prove me right.

LOUIS B. MAYER

I pray it doesn't.

Reading the room, Lois redirects their focus.

LOIS

(to Louis B. Mayer)

Marion showed me a cut of your *The Prizefighter and the Lady*. I think you've got another winner.

LOUIS B. MAYER

It's a great picture. I reckon Marion might win herself a third Academy Award for it.

LOIS

I know Marion would really appreciate your support with the new Screen Writers' Guild.

CARL LAEMMLE
(rolls eyes)
More of that socialist malarkey.

ADOLPH ZUKOR
Let the lawyers handle it.

While Adolph and Louis keep talking, Carl pulls Lois aside.

CARL LAEMMLE
I'm sorry about *Glamour*.

LOIS
I really thought *Glamour* would be
my comeback.

CARL LAEMMLE
You wrote a great script.

LOIS
I should be directing that *great*
script.
(beat)
I'm a director, Carl.

CARL LAEMMLE
And one of the best this town has
ever seen.

LOIS
Then let me direct my own picture.

CARL LAEMMLE
I wish I could.

LOIS
I want back behind the camera,
directing. We've made dozens of
pictures together. Why's it any
different now?

CARL LAEMMLE
If I still ran the place, you'd
still be my top billed director.

Lois sighs and looks out at the loud room, disappointed by
her view of the endless sea of white men.

LOIS
How's it going getting those
families out of Germany?

CARL LAEMMLE

Good...

(beat)

Well as good as it can be with evil
fascists trying to kill you.

LOIS

Berlin sounds like Hollywood.

Carl roars with laughter.

CARL LAEMMLE

We'll get you back in the
director's chair. I promise.

LOIS

I've always envied your confidence.

CARL LAEMMLE

(winks)

I can say the same to you.

Lois glares at him.

EXT. THE BROWN DERBY - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Wearing pearls and a slouch hat, Lois treks down Vine Street, busy with the casts and crews of nearby movie studios. She slows down before a white stucco Spanish Mission-style facade with a red awning reading: THE BROWN DERBY RESTAURANT.

INT. THE BROWN DERBY - LUNCH

As soon as Lois steps into the buzzy restaurant, the maître d' MARTIN (50) spots her.

MARTIN

(smiles)

Miss Weber, Mr. DeMille is waiting
for you.

Martin extends his hand and shows Lois to her table. All the glamorous chaos of classic Hollywood packs in for lunch at the ultimate celebrity hotspot. Signed celebrity headshots line the walls as those same faces chomp through their signature chopped salads in big red leather booths.

In the center of the chic restaurant, the Master of Spectacle, Hollywood's master showman, Cecil B. Demille (51) rises from his booth and opens his arms, welcoming Lois.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
(smiles)
And the star arrives.
(beat, checks his watch)
Just on time.

Cecil and Lois embrace like old friends. His shiny bald head reflects the bright lights of all the star power in the room.

LOIS
Thanks for meeting me, C.B.

They sit across for each other in the round booth.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Anything for you, Lois.

LOIS
(sighs)
I hope that's true.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
What's the matter? Something with
Harry?

LOIS
No.
(beat, shakes head)
Harry is fine.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
I saw Harry with his new plane
yesterday. It's marvelous.

LOIS
It's keeping him busy.
(beat, scratches forehead)
Universal sacked me.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
What?

Cecil puts down his drink.

LOIS
They're getting William Wyler to
direct *Glamour*.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
(rolls eyes)
The nephew?
(beat)
Why?

LOIS

Something about me never directing a talkie before. Junior said it wasn't his call, which sounds like bullshit to me.

CECIL B. DEMILLE

Was it Carl's?

LOIS

Does anything happen at Universal without Carl's blessing?

Cecil sips his drink.

CECIL B. DEMILLE

What are you going to do?

LOIS

What can I do?

CECIL B. DEMILLE

Glamour is your picture. You've been developing it for ages. What's Willi Wyler going to do with it anyways? He makes cowboy flicks.

LOIS

(shakes head)

I don't know. I don't know anything anymore.

(beat)

When I said I'd wait until I found a producer who believed in me and allowed me to make my own film, I didn't think...I'd be here.

CECIL B. DEMILLE

You're the most talented director, man or woman, I know in this town.

Lois looks around the bustling room, full of producers cutting deals and stars flirting affairs. She turns back to her old friend.

LOIS

I want back in the director's chair, C.B.

Cecil sees the pain and ambition in her eyes. He looks away.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
I'm sailing to Hawaii in a few
weeks just so I can direct
something...even if it's some island
exotic.

The waiter arrives with their lunch: two of the Brown Derby's signature chopped Cobb salads.

LOIS
I'd direct anything at this point.

Lois stabs her fork into the crisp lettuce.

EXT. THE BROWN DERBY - AFTERNOON

Cecil and Lois walk out of the noisy restaurant onto the sunny street. Lois shields her eyes from the sun as Cecil hands the valet GEORGE (20) his ticket.

GEORGE
One moment, Mr. DeMille.

George runs down the street. Lois watches starstruck passersby point at Cecil.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
You're going to find another deal,
Lois.

LOIS
(sighs)
I've been telling myself that for
seven years.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
It'll happen.

George drives up in Cecil's luxurious custom Lincoln with elegant Art Deco grille and fenders.

LOIS
Wow.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
(smiles)
I just got it.
(beat)
Wanna take a spin?

LOIS
Next time.

Cecil hands George a dollar bill.

GEORGE
Thank you, sir!

Cecil winks and sits down into the driver's seat.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
(to Lois)
I'm holding you to that!

As Cecil drives away, Lois looks around at the bustling streets of burgeoning Hollywood.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LOIS' HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - AFTERNOON

Before a panoramic vista of Hollywood, Lois sips her hot tea as she reads the latest copy of *THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER*. Lois stops at an ARTICLE, reading: William Wyler will be directing the feature film *Glamour* starring Constance Cummings for Universal.

LOIS
(scoffs)
Ah.

Lois flips the page. She stops at another ARTICLE, reading: Douglas Fairbanks is having an affair and his wife, Mary Pickford, is threatening to divorce him.

LOIS (CONT'D)
Ridiculous.

The door bell RINGS. Lois tosses the magazine aside and hops up. When she opens her front door, Lois finds her best friend, pioneering screenwriter FRANCES MARION (44).

LOIS (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Marion!

After they embrace, Frances enters the house as though it's her own home.

FRANCES MARION
I'm stuck on this one scene and
staring at the same four walls
wasn't doing anyone any good.
(beat, looks around)
Where's Harry?

LOIS
Harry and Douglas are flying.

FRANCES MARION
I bet Mary loves that.

LOIS
Harry knows what he's doing up
there.

FRANCES MARION
I don't think it's Harry that she
worries about.

Lois sits back down on her velvet chaise lounge and pours
Frances a cup of tea.

LOIS
The boys are having dinner at the
club, so it'll just be us ladies.

FRANCES MARION
When's Mary coming?

Lois checks her watch as Frances sits down across from her.

LOIS
Soon, hopefully.

Frances and Lois pick up their teacups and peer out the
window at the late afternoon sun painting their city a dreamy
orange hue. Then Frances notices *The Hollywood Reporter* on
the edge of Lois' seat.

FRANCES
I still can't believe Junior fired
you. His father would never have
been so...ruthless.

LOIS
Carl and I had it out plenty of
times in the day.
(beat)
That's one of the reasons why I
started the studio.

Frances puts down her tea.

FRANCES
What are you going to do now?

LOIS
The education boards are finally
getting back to me and Carl about
getting the educational films into
the classrooms for, hopefully, the
upcoming school year. Looks like we
(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)
already have California, New York,
Pennsylvania—

FRANCES
(shakes her head)
No, your career.

LOIS
Well...

FRANCES
Your charity work is great and all,
but Hollywood needs another Lois
Weber film.
(beat, leans in)
And so do you.

Frances reaches across the table for Lois' hand.

INT. CAR - MULHOLLAND DRIVE - SUNSET

With the roof off of her pearly white Lincoln KB Convertible Roadster, Lois rides in the passenger seat. Her husband Harry (45) sits behind the driver's seat. As they traverse the shadowy canyons overlooking Hollywood, Harry kisses her hand.

LOIS
I love you, Harry.

Harry grins and lets go of her hand.

EXT. PICKFORD ESTATE - BEVERLY HILLS - LATER

Harry and Lois pull into the driveway of the grand Pickford mansion, the second most important building in the United States—only behind the White House. The king and queen of Hollywood, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (50) and MARY PICKFORD (41), stand before their palatial home. The valet opens Lois' door.

LOIS
(grins)
Thank you.

Lois steps out onto the chic stairs and holds Harry's arm as they walk up to their friends.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
And now the party begins!

Harry and Douglas embrace as Mary and Lois kiss cheeks.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (CONT'D)
(to Lois)
You look as lovely as ever.

LOIS
As does your Mary.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
(winks)
What can I say, she comes with the
place.

LOIS
What would Pickford be without
Mary?

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
(laughs)
We better not find out!

A young actress in a slinky dress walks by. Harry checks her out and whispers something to Douglas who chuckles. Their wives notice their wandering eyes.

MARY PICKFORD
(to Lois)
I have someone I want you to meet.

Mary slides her arm into Lois' and guides Lois into her home.

INT. PICKFORD MANSION - NIGHT

With swingy jazz perfuming the lavish house, Mary drags Lois past the brightest stars in Hollywood. Beguiling JOAN CRAWFORD (25) and handsome CLARK GABLE (32) sip champagne while charming CARY "ARCHIE" GRANT (29) swoons over fair VIRGINIA CHERRILL (25).

CARY GRANT
(English accent)
How do you do this evening, Ms.
Lois Weber?

Charmed, Lois and Mary pause. Like a proper English gentleman, Cary kisses Lois' cheek.

LOIS
(smiles)
Better now, Mr. Cary Grant.

CARY GRANT
(winks)
It's Archie for you.
(MORE)

CARY GRANT (CONT'D)

(beat)

I don't believe you've met my
fiancée, Miss Virginia Cherrill.

LOIS

Fiancée?

(beat, to Virginia)

You found yourself a good one.

VIRGINIA

Thank you, Ms. Weber.

(beat)

I read in the *Hollywood Reporter*
that you are directing a new
woman's picture at Universal.

LOIS

Your performance with Charlie in
City Lights was superb.

VIRGINIA

Mr. Chaplin is a genius.

LOIS

As were you.

Mary pats Cary's hand, signaling her polite departure.

VIRGINIA

I'd love to audition for you!

Lois politely grins at the ambitious starlet. Mary ushers
Lois deeper into the golden ballroom.

MARY PICKFORD

You must be the only person in
Hollywood who doesn't know about
Archie and Virginia.

LOIS

I've heard the rumors.

MARY PICKFORD

Frances and I saw Archie chase
after a man in his car for just
looking at Virginia.

LOIS

I miss the passion of young love.

MARY PICKFORD

You would have captured it
perfectly in *Glamour*.

(beat)

(MORE)

MARY PICKFORD (CONT'D)

I was telling Doug about what happened and he told me that his pal Alfie was looking for a director.

LOIS

Alfie?

MARY PICKFORD

Count Alfredo Carpegna. He just started this Seven Seas Corporation with a young buck out of Chicago, Billy.

LOIS

That's a poverty row studio.

MARY PICKFORD

Doug says they've got money.

As if she just heard her director call *action*, Mary tosses on her most charismatic movie star smile. Regal COUNT ALFREDO CARPEGNA (34) in a white silk suit and strapping WILLIAM "BILLY" FISKE III (22) with two Olympic gold medals draped around his neck fly to Mary like honeybees to their queen.

MARY PICKFORD (CONT'D)

Alfie, this is my dear friend Lois who Doug was telling you about.

COUNT ALFREDO CARPEGNA

(Italian accent)

It is my pleasure to be in your company, Ms. Lois Weber.

Alfredo kisses Lois' hand.

MARY PICKFORD

And this is Billy. His father is a friend of friend of Doug and Carl.

While shaking Billy's hand, Lois inspects his gold medals.

LOIS

(reads)

St. Moritz, Switzerland 1928 and Lake Placid, USA 1932.

(beat, looks up at Billy)

What sport?

BILLY FISKE

(smiles)

Bobsledding.

MARY PICKFORD
Lois served as an official state hostess of the Olympic Games here in Los Angeles last summer.

Lois squints, studying his smirky, young face.

LOIS
Did you carry the flag at the opening ceremonies for the games in New York?

BILLY FISKE
(smiles)
I did, yes.

LOIS
(grins)
I thought I recognized your face from somewhere.

MARY PICKFORD
Watch out, Billy. Lois has quite the reputation in this town for turning fresh faces into stars.
(beat)
I was just telling Lois about your Seven Seas Corporation.

COUNT ALFREDO CARPEGNA
Yes, we are looking for a director for our first film, *Cane Fire*. Doug told me, Ms. Weber, that you are looking to get back into directing.

LOIS
Yes, I am.

COUNT ALFREDO CARPEGNA
The story is set on the Hawaiian island, *Kauai*.

LOIS
Kauai? I haven't been before.

BILLY FISKE
Neither have we.

COUNT ALFREDO CARPEGNA
It is beautiful, the most beautiful tropical paradise.
(beat, motions with hands)
It is heaven on Earth.

BILLY FISKE
Or so our screenwriter says.

Mary slips away back into the starry crowd.

LOIS
(smiles)
So you boys want to make a movie?

Billy and Alfredo smile at Lois.

EXT. BACKYARD - PICKFORD ESTATE - NIGHT

Smiling, Lois leaves the noisy party and enters the serene garden. Beneath the faint new moon, Frances sits alone on a cement bench before the sprawling green lawn. Hearing a rustle, Frances looks over her shoulder to Lois.

FRANCES MARION
(smiles)
Is this an occasion for
celebration?

Lois sits down beside Frances who pours them two glasses from a magnum bottle of Krug champagne.

LOIS
(grins)
Word travels fast.

Frances picks up both glasses and hands one to Lois.

FRANCES MARION
I knew you'd do it.

They clink glasses.

LOIS
They want to film next month in
Hawaii.

FRANCES MARION
Next month?
(beat, Lois nods)
Serious indeed.

LOIS
They're giving me full creative
control.

FRANCES MARION
You know what they say about things
that sound too good?

LOIS
Frances...

FRANCES MARION
(shrugs)
I only say it because I love you.

LOIS
When did you become such a
pessimist?

FRANCES MARION
(smirks)
Around the same time I landed in
Hollywood.

LOIS
Is that my fault?

FRANCES MARION
Probably.

Lois swirls the tiny bubbles in her crystal glass, mixing a cocktail of potent memories.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE CHURCH - VENICE, ITALY - DAY - 1914

In the heavenly Benedictine church, Lois (35) sits in her director's chair beside her eager assistant Frances (25). Film cans labeled *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE* stack up around them. Lois picks up her megaphone bearing her name.

LOIS
(yells)
Action!

Beneath the Palladian arches, Lois watches her adaptation of Shakespeare's classic play out on film. With a knife in his hand, PHILLIPS SMALLEY (48) dramatically raises his arm. Lois furrows her brow.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Let's change that in the next take,
Marion.

Frances jots down in her notebook. Lois picks up her megaphone.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(yells)
Cut!

Lois rises to her feet as Phillips walks off of the stage. He embraces her, tenderly kissing the top of his wife's head before sitting down in his own director's chair next to hers.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(to Phillips)
You were spectacular.

He peaks over at Frances' open notebook.

PHILLIPS
Is that what Frances' notes say?

Frances closes her notebook. Phillips winks at her.

LOIS
I want to get another take. Same
thing, but more with your eyes and
less with your body.

Lois performs her direction, gracefully pretending to raise Phillips's knife into the air. Phillips stands back up.

PHILLIPS
Will do, Director.

As he walks back towards stage, she pulls her husband in.

LOIS
You really were spectacular,
Phillips.

PHILLIPS
(grins)
It's all you.

Phillips kisses Lois.

LOIS
(smirks)
William Shakespeare helped a bit.

Phillips winks at Lois as he walks back onto the stage.

END FLASHBACK

Lois looks at down at the yellow bubbles filling her glass.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Phillips ordered a case of Krug
when we opened Lois Weber
Productions.

FRANCES MARION

Phillips always did love a good
spirit.

LOIS

Too bad they put him in bad
spirits.

FRANCES MARION

We had good times at the studio.

Lois stares forward at the rolling hills.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - LOIS WEBER PRODUCTIONS - 1921

Below a sign for LOIS WEBER PRODUCTIONS, Lois (42) stands behind the camera rolling with film labeled *THE BLOT*. Above her head hangs. Lois takes her eyes off of the actors onstage and onto Phillips (55) standing beside her. With his attention engrossed on the stage, Phillips doesn't notice Lois studying his own performance. Then Phillips notices her gaze. Lois picks up her megaphone.

LOIS

(yells)

Cut!

Phillips watches Lois take centerstage, where he once stood, and give the actors' her direction. Under the spotlight, Lois looks back at Phillips, shrouded in darkness.

Suddenly, the busy studio silences. The echoey room shrinks. The soaring ceiling sinks. Alone in their own cocoon, tears stream down Lois and Phillips's eyes in unison.

END FLASHBACK

Lois wipes a tear from her cheek and turns to Frances.

LOIS (CONT'D)

How's he doing...Phillips?

FRANCES MARION

Phillips...

(beat, sighs)

(MORE)

FRANCES MARION (CONT'D)
I've seen him around the lot a few
times...doing some bit roles.

LOIS
That's a shame. Phillips is the
most talented actor I've ever
worked with.
(beat, sips champagne)
That's how I fell for him.

FRANCES MARION
All that feels like just yesterday.

LOIS
My grey hairs disagree.

The ladies laugh, vanishing the last twenty years.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - LOIS WEBER PRODUCTIONS - 1916

In the center of the bright studio, Lois (37) and Frances (27) sit side-by-side reading through a script. Frances points to a line of dialogue, making Lois laugh. Frances marvels at her admiring her artistry.

END FLASHBACK

Outside in the dark, Frances still smiles at Lois. Then Lois spots Harry entering the garden. From a distance, Harry looks like Phillips. But the closer he comes, the more unlike Phillips he appears. As Harry approaches, Lois frowns.

HARRY
The genius and her protégé!

Frances greets drunken Harry with a wave. Harry kisses Lois' cheek before taking a sip from her champagne glass.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I hear there's another Academy
Award in your future, Marion.

FRANCES MARION
I hear you bought yourself a new
airplane.

HARRY
Wanna take it for a spin?

Harry picks up the champagne bottle to refill their glasses. Frances places her hand on top of her glass.

FRANCES MARION
I've got a busy morning.

Harry moves to fill her glass. Frances pulls her glass away.

HARRY
(winks)
With the right cocktail, everything
is better.

FRANCES MARION
You know the prohibition isn't over
yet, Harry?

HARRY
Give it a few weeks.
(beat, sits between them)
Count Alfredo Carpegna is telling
folks you're directing his movie.

LOIS
Good for Alfie.

HARRY
Alfie? You already have a nickname
for the count.

LOIS
Are you jealous?

Harry rises like a sailor struggling to find his land-legs.

FRANCES MARION
I already heard Archie pleading his
case for his fiancée Virginia to
star in *Cane Fire*.

HARRY
I told Archie that he'd have to
talk to the boss about it.

LOIS
Me?

Harry playfully shakes his head and points to himself.

FRANCES MARION
You ought to be careful, Harry.
Archie almost ran a guy over for
less than that.

LOIS
No one is giving anyone anything on
my film.

HARRY
(smiles)
Your film?

LOIS
Just like the last hundred or so
films I directed.

HARRY
Maybe Phillips did have a stronger
constitution than me.

Lois leans back, curling into her shell

INT. SCREENING ROOM - LOIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Wrapped in a floral silk robe, Lois curls up on her couch beside her noisy FILM PROJECTOR. At her feet sits dog-eared script, *CANE FIRE WRITTEN BY LOIS WEBER AND JAMES BODRERO*. Lois rewatches her silent black-and-white film *WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN?* (1916) projected on the white screen before her.

BEGIN PROJECTION

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (FROM *WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN?*)

Before a burning fire, a mourning HUSBAND (30) and WIFE (30) violently argue until blackness encircles the screen.

INTERTITLE: Throughout the years she must face the silent question: Where are my children?

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING (FROM *WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN?*)

The solemn husband and wife sit silently before the fire raging in their hearth. The husband angrily consumes the center of the frame, staring straight at the audience. At his side, the sad wife stares blankly forward at the flames.

Then CHILDREN magically appear. Two baby BOYS (1, 2) sit before the wife's feet playing while a little GIRL (3) climbs onto the husband's chair and cuddles up on his lap.

The sight of his fatherly love brings a tear to the wife's eyes. As soon as the wife dries her cheek with her handkerchief, the children vanish.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER (FROM *WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN?*)

Before the camera, the husband (50) and wife (50) age. Their hair whitens, their posture slumps, and their eyes sulk.

Then two GENTLEMEN (23, 24) in black suits and a young LADY (25) in a white dress reenter from behind the flames. The young lady sits back on the husband's lap. The young men return to the wife's side. For a fleeting moment, with his children and wife by his side, the husband looks happy, whole, and complete.

Then their three children vanish. The husband glares at his wife who looks down in shame as the fire rages on.

INTERTITLE: THE END.

INTERTITLE: Directed by Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber.

END PROJECTION

The projector clicks, hungry for more reels.

LOIS
(to herself)
Where are you?

Lois stares at the flames burning in her hearth.

EXT. PORT OF SAN PEDRO - LOS ANGELES - MORNING

In their summer whites, Lois and Harry gaze up at ritzy OCEAN LINER, the S.S. LURLINE, swaying in the harbor's gentle current. Billy and bright-eyed screenwriter JAMES BODRERO (33) walk towards them.

BILLY FISKE
(waves)
Good morning!

Billy embraces Harry while James embraces Lois.

LOIS
(smiles)
Hi James.

HARRY
You ready to sail back to paradise?

Like a proud father, Harry claps Jame's stiff shoulder, weighed down by a heavy, black TYPEWRITER case.

JAMES BODRERO
(smiles)
Yes, Captain!

Before her eyes, Lois sees a family: a husband with his two sons. Missing something, she searches the harbor.

BILLY FISKE
Who is it?

Lois turns back to the three men.

LOIS
(grins)
Nothing.

HARRY
(to Billy)
Did you catch today's article in
the *Times* about the Boeing 247?

BILLY FISKE
(nods)
Fascinating stuff.

James shifts his typewriter from one hand to another.

LOIS
The ship and hotels will surely
have typewriters you can use.

JAMES BODRERO
Even on Kauai?

Lois squints as James picks up his case with both hands.

LOIS
You got my notes just right in the
last draft.

JAMES BODRERO
Do you want to keep working this
afternoon?

Lois nods. The ship's horn blares. Harry picks up their bags and heads to the hull like a captain flying into battle. Lois, James, and Billy follow. Lois pauses before the stepping onto the ship, bidding farewell to Hollywood.

INT. DINING ROOM - S.S. LURLINE - DINNER

Dressed in their black-tie best, Lois and Harry enter the grand dining room illuminated by crystal chandeliers. Cecil immediately waves to them from a table with a prime view.

HARRY

C.B. always gets the best table.

Harry waves back to Cecil. Lois follows Harry to the table.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Lois, Harry, and Cecil sit around the round white linen table, laughing. With a string of flawless diamonds around her neck, Lois cackles, rejuvenating her tired eyes.

CECIL B. DEMILLE

And he never tried that again!

HARRY

(shakes head)

Your life. I can't.

Cecil playfully shrugs as he sips his drink. Lois spots Billy and James entering the room and waves to them.

LOIS

(whispers to Cecil)

Tell me what you make of these young bucks, C.B.

CECIL B. DEMILLE

Remember when we were young bucks?

LOIS

(smirks)

Were? I'm offended.

Cecil laughs. Billy and James arrive at the chic table. James sees Cecil and nearly faints. Billy sits next to Harry, leaving James to sit next to his idol.

LOIS (CONT'D)

We're celebrating C.B.'s birthday this evening.

JAMES BODRERO

(shakily)

Happy Birthday, Mr. DeMille.

As he sips his drink, Cecil nods thank you.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
(to Billy)
I hear you're an American hero of
sorts.

BILLY FISKE
(blushes)
Oh, that's—

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Son, if you want to get anywhere in
this business, take the
compliments. They're few and far
between. Believe me.

(beat)
Did you bring those gold medals of
yours?

BILLY FISKE
No, sir.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
I seemed to have missed a great
deal at that Pickford party.

BILLY FISKE
What brings you to Hawaii, sir?

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Oh, you haven't heard either?
(beat, laughs)
Just like everyone else in
Hollywood.

HARRY
C.B. is shooting a film in
Honolulu.

LOIS
(smirks)
It's about us.

Harry and Cecil chuckle at her jest.

BILLY FISKE
What's the film?

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Four Frightened People.

James chuckles. Cecil puts down his drink.

CECIL B. DEMILLE (CONT'D)
(to James)
So what else have you written, son?

JAMES BODRERO
I'm working on a new story right
now actually.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
(grins)
Great.

JAMES BODRERO
It's for animation.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Do you know Walt?

JAMES BODRERO
Walt Disney?
(beat, Cecil nods)
No, sir.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
When we get back to Los Angeles,
I'll introduce you. Walt's an old
friend.

JAMES BODRERO
Wow...thank you, sir.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
A friend of Lois' is a friend of
mine. She only picks stars.

Lois gazes out through the port windows at the choppy seas.
The conversation blurs as her focus sharpens on the vast
darkness outside.

HARRY
Lois?

Lois squints at her husband who sees the sparkle in her eyes.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
(to Lois)
Billy was asking how you and Harry
met.

LOIS
You can probably tell that story
better than me.

Cecil puts down his drink, preparing for his performance.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Our Harry here was a pioneer.

HARRY
That's saying a bit much, C.B.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Back in the army, Harry made quite
the reputation for himself. He
pulled off stunts in the air no
sane man would dare attempt. So
when I was starting up my aviation
company, a friend introduced us.

HARRY
C.B. had his own reputation.

Cecil smirks as he sips his drink.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
At the premiere of my *Ten
Commandments*, I introduced Lois to
Harry. And the rest is history.

JAMES BODRERO
That's a beautiful love story.

LOIS
Well, at least the Hollywood
version.

Still chewing, Lois looks outside to the stars.

EXT. DECK - S.S. LURLINE - NIGHT

With the dim new moon illuminating the starry skies, Lois
leans on the railing and looks up at the stars as Cecil
smokes a cigar. His smoke swirls in the clear indigo skies
that the cruise liner speeds through, cocooning them in a
protective haze out of anyone's earshot.

LOIS
Do you remember that day on set of
The Ten Commandments when-

CECIL B. DEMILLE
(smiles)
How could I forget that day? It's
seared into my memory.

LOIS
I miss those days.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
You're better than this poverty row
production, Lois.

Cecil looks back inside to Billy and James drinking at the bar with Harry.

LOIS
They're good kids. And we have a
great crew.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Who?

LOIS
Alvin Wyckoff and Izzy Bernstein
are sailing over next week with the
rest of the cast and crew.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
You've got Alvin Wyckoff shooting
your picture?
(beat, Lois nods)
I'm jealous. It's bullshit how the
studios blacklisted him for trying
to unionize.

LOIS
I pray Marion doesn't find the same
fate.

Cecil blows his cigar smoke into the dark salty ocean air.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
So Harry is producing?

LOIS
What makes you think that?

CECIL B. DEMILLE
(shrugs)
All of it.

LOIS
Harry is not a producer.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Does Harry know that?

LOIS
He's only here because he's my
husband.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Just like Phillips was?

LOIS
Harry is nothing like Phillips.
Harry isn't an artist like him.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
What is Harry?
(beat, laughs)
A playboy?

Lois shrugs, making Cecil laugh even harder.

LOIS
Harry has planes. I have pictures.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
I'd be careful. I'm no expert in
marriage, but I know what it looks
like when one's cracking. Mine is a
canyon by now.

LOIS
Why don't you and Constance just
finally divorce?

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Constance is my wife.

LOIS
And what about your three
mistresses?

CECIL B. DEMILLE
I love all of them..differently.

LOIS
As a Christian woman—

Cecil shakes his head, cutting her off.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
It's too late in the evening for
your pontificating. I'm a sinner.
I've accepted it. I pray that God
can too.

Lois looks inside at Harry, Billy, and James.

LOIS
Do you think they've got what it
takes?

Cecil looks through the window and then back at Lois.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Do you?

Lois stares forward at the open sea and sighs.

INT. LOUNGE - S.S. LURLINE - DAY

Sitting across from James typing, Lois holds a pencil and stares at the ocean hitting up against the side of the ship, cocooning them in their own literary bubble. She looks down at the marked up script page, circles another word, and slides the paper across the table to James.

LOIS
Are you sure about that line?

James takes his pencil tucked behind his ear and uses it to play with the words on the page. Lois gazes out at the waves.

LOIS (CONT'D)
I need the script to feel
authentic.

James puts down his pencil and looks up at Lois.

JAMES BODRERO
What do you mean?

LOIS
I don't want to make some cheap
exotic, exploiting their culture
for some rouse. I want this to be
cinema. I want to capture something
real.
(beat, rubs temples)
This script has to work.

JAMES BODRERO
I think the script is working.

LOIS
I need better than just *working*. It
need it to shine. When people go to
the movie theater and enter that
sacred space, they need to be
transported somewhere.
(beat)
I want to transport them to
paradise. I want them to feel the
sand between their own toes when
Lucille walks on the beach.

He leans back in his chair and thinks.

JAMES BODRERO
Should we add another scene?

Lois stares out at the ferocious open sea enveloping them.

LOIS
I want the audience to feel as if
they are here with us...right now.

JAMES BODRERO
In the middle of the ocean?

She chuckles at him like a silly child.

LOIS
When I was a girl, I preached the
words of the Bible on the streets
of the red light districts. And
each night, I helped guide a few
lost souls home...to Him.

(beat, looks outside)
Then I found film and discovered it
could transport thousand of people
every night all over the world.
Film could be used to reach
everyone, anywhere.

JAMES BODRERO
(smirks)
Even in the middle of the ocean?

LOIS
Even here.

James types something, rips off the page, and hands it to Lois. She leans back in her chair, digesting his new words.

LOIS (CONT'D)
It needs to be bigger.
(beat, hands back page)
When people go to the movies, they
go for the spectacle. The cinema is
their place of worship. They go
there to receive sermon. We need to
give them something to believe in,
something worth worshiping.
(beat, thinks)
Let's add another scene with
Lucille and Chandler.

JAMES BODRERO

They could go somewhere new on the island.

LOIS

Yes! Away from the house! Somewhere William can't find them.

JAMES BODRERO

I used to go to this waterfall...

LOIS

Yes! A waterfall! That's a perfect visual metaphor for their turbulent relationship.

Energized, James pounds the keys of his typewriter. Lois radiates from the thrill of her favorite sport.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. OFFICE - PARAMOUNT STUDIOS - HOLLYWOOD - 1914

Frances fervently types on her typewriter while Lois sits across from her marking up the script *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. With the keyboard's clicking and clacking harmonizing into a spirited soundtrack, Lois looks up and smiles at her protégé.

After a moment, Frances stops typing, rips the fresh page from her typewriter, and looks at her mentor.

FRANCES MARION

(smiles)

We've got it.

END FLASHBACK

With the ocean slamming against the windows, James hits his final key and looks up at Lois.

JAMES BODRERO

(smiles)

I think we've got it.

James proudly hands Lois the new scene. As Lois' eyes move down the page, her smile grows deeper and deeper like the ocean encircling them.

INT. LOIS' CABIN - S.S. LURLINE - HONOLULU, HI - MORNING

Holding the completed *Cane Fire* script, Lois look out the window at the palm tree-lined harbor.

Behind her, Harry folds his shirts into his trunk atop their unmade bed. Harry stops packing and stands beside his wife.

HARRY

It's grown since when Beatrice and I visited.

LOIS

When did you and Beatrice visit?

HARRY

Just before Harry Junior was born.

She fixates on the grey hairs speckling his dark sideburns.

LOIS

I'm sure things have changed.

As Harry finishes packing, Lois stares forward at the island.

EXT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - HONOLULU - DAY

In a white Cadillac limousine, Lois, Harry, Cecil, Billy, and James look out the windows at the grand, sprawling pink stucco resort on the shores of the iconic Waikiki Beach. Before its regal archway, the Ambassador of Aloha, the most famous Hawaiian in the world, legendary waterman DUKE KAHANAMOKU (43) waves from the center of the royal welcoming.

As soon as Lois steps out, a greeter places a white floral LEI around her neck. As the men also receive leis, Lois marvels at a rainbow climbing up to the heavens that CHANTERS serenade as DANCERS perform a hula.

DUKE

Aloha!

CECIL B. DEMILLE

Aloha, old friend!

(beat, Duke and Cecil
embrace)

We miss you on the mainland.

Then Duke claps Harry's shoulder.

DUKE

Aloha, Captain!

HARRY

The Big Kahuna! It's been too long,
my friend.

Harry extends his arm to Lois, pulling her forward.

DUKE
Aloha, Lois.
(beat, kisses her cheek)
Welcome to Hawaii.

LOIS
We've missed you in Hollywood,
Duke. Doug couldn't stop raving
about Waikiki with you last year.

DUKE
I wish the Fairbanks had come too.

LOIS
(grins)
Me too.

HARRY
This is our producer, Billy Fiske.

Billy steps forward and shakes Duke's strong hand.

DUKE
Aloha.

BILLY FISKE
It's a true honor to meet you, sir.

HARRY
And this is James Bodrero, our
screenwriter.

James leans forward past Billy to shake Duke's hand.

DUKE
Aloha.

JAMES BODRERO
Aloha, Ail'i.

Curious, Duke holds onto James' hand.

DUKE
Are you from the islands?

JAMES BODRERO
No, but I grew up visiting.

DUKE
(smiles)
Well you were raised right, son.

As the sun burns her cheeks, Lois scans the rest of the royal welcoming party. Past the fanfare, she spots a familiar face, EMILY BARRY (38), flipping through a notebook.

LOIS
Emily!

The ladies embrace like old friends.

EMILY BARRY
How was the journey?

LOIS
I'm sure C.B. will tell you
everything.
(beat, looks at notebook)
How's the script shaping up?

EMILY BARRY
(sighs)
Alright...hopefully. We'll see what
C.B. thinks.
(beat)
How's yours?

LOIS
He's a good writer, James.
(beat, motions to James)
Working with him reminded me of the
old days.

EMILY BARRY
Really?

LOIS
(nods)
He's talented.

EMILY BARRY
Well, you make every writer look
good.

LOIS
(shrugs)
We'll see.

Lois inspects the tropical palace as Cecil greets his
assistant with a kiss on the cheek that's more than friendly.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
I've got some ideas...

As they walk into the hotel, Emily scribbles down everything
that Cecil rattles off.

INT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - LATER

Like guests in a royal court, Lois, Harry, Cecil, and Emily enter the grand beachfront resort and arrive in paradise. James and Billy linger outside with Duke.

LOIS
(to herself)
Beautiful.

Harry lets go of Lois' hand and approaches the front desk. Emily hands Cecil his room key.

EMILY BARRY
I have my own.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Thanks, sweetheart.
(beat, to Lois)
Dinner on the beach?

Lois nods. Cecil winks goodbye and disappears with Emily. Billy and James trail inside, both awestruck by the grandeur.

JAMES BODRERO
There was nothing like this on the
islands when I was a kid.

Harry returns with room keys. He hands the boys theirs.

BILLY FISKE
Thanks.

Harry looks out at the white sand on the beach where waterman carry long surfboards for sunburnt tourists.

HARRY
Duke offered to take us out.

JAMES BODRERO
The Duke?
(beat, Harry nods)
Taking us surfing?

HARRY
(smiles)
You in?

JAMES BODRERO
Of course.

Billy smiles. Harry claps both of the youngsters' shoulders. Harry, Billy, and James walk outside. Lois sits down in a chair in the lounge, watching the men enter the beach.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

Under the shade of a yellow and red striped umbrella, Lois sits a beach chair and peers through her CAMERA pointed at Harry, Billy, and James paddling out into the glassy waves alongside Duke. Lois focuses in on Duke pointing to the waves, instructing them. Billy stands tall on his surfboard. Duke rides up on the wave alongside Billy.

As Billy and Duke reach the beach, Lois carries her camera to meet them at the shore.

LOIS
(yells to Billy and Duke)
Stand beside your boards!

Hearing her direction, Billy and Duke stick their longboards into the sand. Lois motions for Billy to scoot in closer to Duke. They follow her direction and smile for the camera.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(yells)
Cut!

Billy and Duke pull their boards out of the sand and dive back into the ocean.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - LATER

With her camera at her hip, Lois retires to her beach chair. The rhythmic crashing of the waves harmonizes with the beachgoer's laughter to lullaby Lois.

BEGIN DREAM

EXT. EGYPTIAN THEATER - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

In a glamorous ballgown, Lois slides out of a shiny black limousine as paparazzi snap photos. Tuxedo-clad Harry escorts Lois onto the red carpet of the movie palace. Photographer Steven (46) snaps their photo beneath the marquee sparkling with "CANE FIRE STARRING VIRGINIA CHERRILL AND MONA MARIS." Lois smiles at Billy with a blonde, Alfredo with two brunettes, James with a red-head, Virginia with Cary, Cecil with Emily, and Douglas with Mary on the red carpet.

HARRY
(to Lois)
They're all here for you.

Amongst the flashing cameras, Lois spots the face of a young woman, PHOEBE (22), that looks much like her own.

STEVEN
(yells)
Lois!

Steven snaps a photo, blinding Lois with his flash.

END DREAM

HARRY
Lois.

Lois look up at shirtless Harry, James, Billy, and Duke.

LOIS
You guys looked great out there.

Tired, Billy and James sit down in the sand at Lois' feet.

DUKE
Your Billy here is pretty deft on a
surfboard.

LOIS
It must be an Olympian thing.

DUKE
A fellow Olympian?
(beat, to Billy)
What sport?

BILLY FISKE
Bobsledding, sir, in the '28 and
'32 games.

HARRY
Gold in both.

DUKE
(smiles)
A fellow gold medalist.

Billy nods like a boy.

LOIS
(to Duke)
Are you joining us for dinner
tonight?

DUKE
(smiles)
Of course, it's the hottest ticket
in town.

As the men keep chatting, Lois sits back in her chair and gazes out at the dreamy beach.

INT. LOIS' ROOM - ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - AFTERNOON

In a white skirt suit, Lois sits on the edge of the neatly made bed as Harry puts on his dinner jacket. She peers out over Waikiki Beach to the vast Pacific Ocean. Behind her, Harry fastens his diamond cufflinks.

Lois stands up to straighten his blue tie. His face glows red with a sunburn from today's surfing session.

HARRY

You look beautiful.

He pulls her in. She gently pulls away.

LOIS

I don't want to be late.

Lois pats his strong chest before turning to the door. He lingers back, watching her walk away from him.

EXT. DINNER - WAIKIKI BEACH - NIGHT

In the center of the picturesque beach, James and Billy stop chatting as Lois and Harry approach. Flaming tiki torches and a crescent moon illuminate their white linen table. Ukuleles and drums harmonize with the waves, creating a melody that the hula dancers onstage synchronize with.

BILLY FISKE

(nods)

Evening.

JAMES BODRERO

(smiles)

Good evening.

Lois and Harry sit down between their boys.

LOIS

How're you feeling after today's surf session?

JAMES BODRERO

Wonderful!

Lois chuckles as she sips her drink.

BILLY FISKE
I'm going be sore in the morning.

HARRY
Me too, son.

As the sounds of paradise engulf the alfresco fine dining experience, James stares at the reflective, glassy waves.

JAMES BODRERO
Words just can't capture Hawaii.

LOIS
Hopefully celluloid can.

Lois looks out at the sand hardened by the waves creeping towards them. Their rhythm hypnotizes Lois.

BILLY FISKE
When can we see what you filmed today?

Harry sips his drink. Lois' focus stays on the waves.

HARRY
Let the master do her genius.

Arm-in-arm, Cecil and Emily arrive at the table.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Aloha, ladies and gentlemen!

Lois smiles at Cecil who pulls out a chair for Emily beside her. Cecil sits down next to Harry and James. Whispering fellow diners take notice of Cecil.

LOIS
(to Emily)
They've spotted us.

EMILY BARRY
Just wait until Claudette Colbert arrives next week. There will be crowds following her every move.

LOIS
Unfortunately, I'm going to miss the spectacle. We're flying over to Kauai in the morning.

EMILY BARRY
Oh, no. I haven't shown you around Waikiki yet!

LOIS
(grins)
Next time.

Suddenly, the restaurant silences as the real star enters. In a finely tailored white suit, Duke arrives at the table with his signature pearly white smile and raises his arms.

DUKE
Aloha!

The Hollywood A-listers marvel at Duke's star power. Lois motions to Duke who takes the seat beside her.

LOIS
You look like a king.

DUKE
(winks)
As do you, your majesty.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
(to Duke)
I hear you taught these kooks how
to surf today.

DUKE
Lois caught it all on camera.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Now that's a film I've got to see!

As the table keeps talking, Lois' attention drifts to the incoming TIDE. She watches the waves drag out, slide back, and recede each time lesser and lesser than the last, gradually drawing the ocean nearer and nearer to her feet with each crash. Then the tide yanks a white SEASHELL back into the black sea. Disturbed, Lois looks away.

DUKE
(to Lois)
Where are you filming?

LOIS
(smiles)
Kauai.

DUKE
You're filming on Kauai?
(beat, Lois nods)
I've never heard of anyone filming
a picture on Kauai. Have you been?

LOIS

Not yet.

DUKE

Kauai is not like Honolulu.

LOIS

What would it take for you to fly
with us to Kauai tomorrow?

DUKE

Already cutting deals.

(beat, laughs)

Hollywood really did land on my
island.

Duke sips his drink.

LOIS

Did Mr. DeMille already pull you
into his production?

DUKE

I'm retired from the movie
business, Lois.

LOIS

No one retires from the movie
business. You either die or it
kills you.

(beat, leans in)

I really could use a local's
perspective. I don't want to make
some cheap exotic picture. I want
to portray authentic Hawaiian
culture on film.

DUKE

That doesn't sound very Hollywood.
Considering I've played chiefs from
all seven continents.

LOIS

Well, we're not in Hollywood.

Duke gazes out at the incoming tide, pulling onto his shores
the majesty and mystery of the open sea.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I can't convince you, can I?

Duke winks at Lois who sits back, defeated.

EXT. RUNWAY - JOHN RODGERS AIRPORT - HONOLULU - MORNING

In her freshly pressed white pant suit, Lois steps out of the white Cadillac and approaches Harry inspecting the small yellow and red Sikorsky S-38 amphibian AIRPLANE. James and Billy load luggage into the back of the plane.

LOIS

Is she ready for lift off?

Harry spins on his toes and embraces Lois., smiling at the sight of her intrigued eyes.

HARRY

I'm always ready for you.

He kisses his wife like it is their first kiss.

BILLY FISKE

All set, Captain.

Billy pops out from the other side of the plane. Embarrassed, Lois pulls away from Harry and straightens her crinkled suit.

LOIS

(to Billy)

You fly too?

BILLY FISKE

I'm no pilot like Harry, but I'd like to be one day.

HARRY

(winks)

I'll get you into fighting shape.

Harry pats the side of the plane before hopping in the pilot's seat. Billy gives Lois a hand as she steps inside.

INT. PLANE - HONOLULU - MORNING

While Harry and Billy prepare for take-off in the tight cockpit, Lois and James settle into the cramped cabin. Harry buckles in and the rest of the crew follow his lead.

LOIS

(to James)

Ready or not.

The plane lifts off.

INT. PLANE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

From 10,000 feet above, Lois peers down at the blue sea that feels as dark, vast, and ominous as the night sky. With Billy as co-pilot, Harry steers the plane through the clear skies. James looks queasy in the corner, avoiding looking down.

Lois spots something bright ahead: lush, green peaks and valleys speckled with pink, blue, and yellow.

HARRY
Welcome to Kauai.

They begin their descent into paradise's garden.

EXT. RUNWAY - PORT ALLEN AIRPORT - KAUAI, HI - AFTERNOON

In her white leather heeled boots, Lois steps out of the plane onto emerald green grass and lands in the jungle. Beside a horse-drawn carriage painted "FAIRVIEW HOTEL," hotel employee HANK (25) waves to Harry, Lois, James, and Billy.

LOIS
(to herself)
Dear God.

HANK
(hollers)
Aloha!

Harry, Billy, and James approach Hank. Lois lingers back. Hank and Harry shake hands.

HARRY
Good to meet you...

HANK
(smiles)
Hank, Captain.

Harry claps Hank on the shoulder while Billy and James unload the baggage from the back of the plane. Lois covers her mouth to hide her horror as the men load up the rickety carriage.

BILLY FISKE
You weren't kidding about this place, James. How's no one ever filmed a movie here before?

HANK
The movie stars tend stay in Honolulu.

HARRY

Leave it to my wife to do the impossible.

Lois shoots Harry a sharp look. As they load up the carriage, Lois' agitation festers. But the men ignore it. Lois pets the horses before reluctantly stepping into the carriage.

INT. CARRIAGE - KAUAI - AFTERNOON

Harry, Lois, Billy, and James bounce as Hank navigates the bumpy country road hugging volcanic mountains climbing into pillow white clouds, raining down on the evergreen isle.

JAMES BODRERO

I could stay here forever.

They ride towards an effervescent waterfall, reminding Lois of Ruben's *The Garden of Eden with the Fall of Man*.

LOIS

(to herself)

Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise.

JAMES BODRERO

(winks)

Just don't eat the apple.

Suddenly, the island's perfection looks ominous to Lois.

HARRY

Pineapple, you mean?

Lois looks beneath the clouds where temptation lurks.

EXT. FAIRVIEW HOTEL - LIHUE, KAUAI - DAY

The horses turn onto a dusty road as Hank leads Lois, Harry, Billy, and James into the rustic hamlet. A church, post office, general store and populate the main street. They park before the two-story plantation-style FAIRVIEW HOTEL with palm trees and plumeria bushes growing over the entrance.

HANK

Welcome to the Fairview!

Without fanfare, Billy, James, and Harry unload their own luggage. Lois exits the carriage and looks out over the sleepy Nawiliwili Bay where a few boats dock.

HARRY
It's almost as beautiful as you.

Harry drapes his arms over her shoulders.

LOIS
Almost too much so.
(beat, looks at grass)
I wonder what's in there.

HARRY
Hawaii doesn't have snakes.

Lois fixates on the tall green grass all around her. With feral eyes, she searches for any sign of Satan's serpent. Harry walks towards the dusty horse stables, filled with a dozen striking mares and stallions. Lois follows him.

EXT. WAIMEA VALLEY - DAY

With the thick treetops shielding them from the blazing sun, Lois and Harry ride side-by-side on two horses through the lush jungle. Red birds harmonize as they swing through pink flowers that blossom from giant green trees.

LOIS
(to horse)
Mwah-mwah.

Lois holds onto the reins as her horse speeds up. Focused, she doesn't notice her husband watching her.

EXT. WAIMEA VALLEY - LATER

Harry and Lois halt their horses in unison as they approach the edge of a rocky red cliff. Harry dismounts and offers his hand to Lois who gracefully slides off of her saddle. Hand-in-hand, they venture to the edge of the cliff. Beneath them lies the waterfall Lois and James wrote about. A rainbow sparkles through its sparkling mist.

LOIS
He wasn't kidding.
(beat)
This is perfect.

Lois marvels at the water-colored fragments of light reflecting a rainbow onto on the rippling water.

HARRY
I think we've made it to Paradise.

Harry follows Lois down the blood red cliff.

EXT. WAIMEA FALLS - DAY

Alone on the rocky shore, Lois flirtatiously slides her shirt down her shoulder and Harry rips off his shirt. With her bare chest pressed up against his, Harry's lips tickles Lois' ear.

HARRY

Are all stars more beautiful in person? Or is it just you?

LOIS

(smirks)

I think I've heard that before.

HARRY

(winks)

It worked once.

LOIS

Good performances usually do.

HARRY

I've heard them say you've got a good eye for talent.

LOIS

Don't believe everything you read in the papers.

They kiss.

EXT. WAIMEA FALLS - LATER

Floating in the freshly christened water, Harry holds Lois.

LOIS

Do you ever wonder what our children would look like?

HARRY

It wasn't in God's plan for us.

He kisses her neck.

LOIS

But do you ever wonder?

HARRY
Of course.
(beat, Lois waits)
They'd be handsome.

LOIS
Surely...
(beat, tilts head)
With you as their father.

HARRY
And they'd be brilliant...with you as
their mother.

She rests her head on his bare chest and stares at the sun.
Lois sees a FLASH from *Where Are My Children?* of the wife
with her two grown sons.

LOIS
(grins)
They'd be perfect.

HARRY
You'd have made them all stars.

Still staring at the sun, Lois sees a FLASH from her dream of
Phoebe's familiar eyes looking into her own.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You do have children. You have your
films.

Lois floats on her back away from Harry. The sun blinds her.
Her vision goes completely white. Black-and-white scenes from
her FILMS flicker before her eyes.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE CHURCH - VENICE, ITALY (FROM *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*)

In a lavish gown, Lois (35) performs as Shakespeares' Portia
alongside her noble Venetian court.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - HOLLYWOOD (FROM *SUSPENSE*)

In a homely bonnet, Lois (35) speaks into a candlestick
telephone to her HUSBAND (40). As a TRAMP (30) lurks at their
home's front door, the screen splits into three: the tramp on
the left, the husband in the center, and Lois on the right.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - HOLLYWOOD (FROM *SUSPENSE*)

Hiding behind a bed, Lois clutches a crying baby.

END MONTAGE

Weightless, Lois closes her eyes.

EXT. WAIMEA VALLEY - AFTERNOON

With wet hair, Lois rides on her horse behind Harry, following his lead. The colors shine dimmer, the chirps ring quieter, and the sun feels hotter. A bright green SNAKE slithers through the grass beneath Lois' feet, spooking her horse who neighs loudly and nearly bucks Lois off.

LOIS
(screams)
Ah-hhhh!

With trembling hands, Lois clutches the reins and watches the snake slither away, camouflaging into the green grass. Harry pulls at his reins, halting his horse.

HARRY
What?!

Harry follows Lois' eye line, sees nothing but green, and looks back at his rattled wife.

LOIS
Snake!

Lois points to the tall, green grass where she saw the ominous reptile.

HARRY
There are no snakes here.

LOIS
I saw a snake!

HARRY
You must have seen something else.

LOIS
(shakes head)
I saw a snake...I saw it.

Harry exhales tightly. Her stress infects him but mutates in its new host.

HARRY

Hawaii doesn't have snakes, Lois.

LOIS

My horse saw it too! The snake
spooked her. You heard that!

HARRY

Something else spooked the horse.

LOIS

Harry, I saw it. I swear to you. I
saw a snake.

(beat)

Harry...it was real.

Harry kicks his horse who gallops forward. Lois lingers.

EXT. STABLES - FAIRVIEW HOTEL - AFTERNOON

As Harry returns the horses to their stalls, Lois tensely looks over at the hotel welcoming locals for auditions and then down to the opaque green grass.

LOIS

I need to leave a message at the
harbor for when the crew lands in
Honolulu.

Harry tends to the horses, ignoring his wife who paces.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Do you think if I send the message
now that it'll get to them before—

Harry gently kisses his worrisome wife's lips.

HARRY

Don't worry, Flo. I've got it all
handled.

He drapes his arm over her and guides them back to the busy hotel. She shifts under his weight.

LOIS

This isn't a vacation, Harry.

HARRY

You act like I've never had a job.

LOIS

Have you?

Harry glares at his wife, drops his arms, and walks away. Staring out at the empty harbor below, she taps her elbows.

INT. LOBBY - FAIRVIEW HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Walking an arm's distance apart, Harry and Lois enter the austere lobby with dim lights and plain white walls. Hank smiles behind the front desk as Billy flirts with actress KAIA (20) beneath a sign "CANE FIRE AUDITIONS." Lois steps up to the front desk.

HANK

(smiles)

How can I help you, Ms. Weber?

LOIS

I need to get a message to Honolulu.

HANK

Of course.

Hanks hands a piece of paper to Lois who jots down a quick note and hands it back.

LOIS

Can you get it to Honolulu today?

HANK

Absolutely.

Lois turns and watches Billy lean against the wall beside Kaia who giggles. Harry returns to his wife's side.

LOIS

Dear lord.

Lois motions towards Billy and Kaia.

HARRY

(chuckles)

Good for him.

LOIS

He's the producer of this film.

HARRY

And what Hollywood producer doesn't flirt with the actresses?

(beat, Lois rolls her eyes)

Oh, you were once a young, pretty actress.

LOIS
I never stooped to that.

HARRY
(smiles)
Oh, please.

LOIS
Never!

HARRY
Come on. It's how things work.

LOIS
Not with me.

HARRY
At 25, you married your producer.

LOIS
Phillips and I weren't like that.

Lois walks away from Harry and right up to Billy and Kaia.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(to Kaia)
Hello, I'm the director of *Cane Fire*.

Lois shakes Kaia's hand and guides her into the dining room. Billy and Harry look across the lobby to each other.

INT. DINING ROOM - FAIRVIEW HOTEL - MORNING

Lois and James sit side-by-side at a long dining table appropriated as a desk. Kaia and a dozen more local actors stand before them in a straight line.

LOIS
(grins)
We'll see you on set next week.

James shows the actors out and returns to Lois' side.

JAMES BODRERO
Do you think we have all of the
extras you need?

LOIS
It's all we have the budget for.
(beat)
I heard some of the locals talking
about a luau tonight. I want to go.

JAMES BODRERO
Luaus aren't for tourists.

LOIS
Exactly.

Lois picks up her briefcase and walks into the hallway.

EXT. LUAU - PLANTATION - NIGHT

Carrying a white purse, Lois enters the vibrant luau. A waiter shows Lois, Harry, James, and Billy to a table just before the stage where DANCERS and CHANTERS perform. A golden PINEAPPLE greets them as the centerpiece of their table. Harry pulls out a chair for Lois who marvels at the hula.

Shirtless men toss FLAMES into the starry night sky while flower-crowned women sing in the tongue of their ancestors. Lois feels their power through the strength in the steps, sees their beauty in the grace in their hands, and hears their resilience in the rhythm of their voices.

With the music too loud to speak over, Lois turns her focus to Harry watching the young women's hips. Upset, she stabs a piece of PINEAPPLE with her fork.

As Lois chews, the outside world blurs and her vision of Harry sharpens. The sounds of the luau quiet as MEMORIES of their holy matrimony consume her vision.

BEGIN FLASHBACK MONTAGE

INT. EGYPTIAN THEATER - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT - 1923

Dressed to the nines, Lois and Harry sit next to each other. Cecil B. Demille's *The Ten Commandments* plays on the silver screen, but the handsome couple only watches each other.

INT. PARTY - PICKFORD MANSION - NIGHT - 1925

As Hollywood stars sparkle around them, Lois and Harry dance together, spinning in their own orbit.

EXT. EL DORADO RANCH - ORANGE COUNTY, CA - DAY - 1927

Atop their horses, Lois and Harry ride side-by-side through seemingly endless groves of blossoming orange trees. As she passes in front of him, Lois smiles at Harry. He winks.

INT. LOIS' HOUSE - EL DORADO RANCH - AFTERNOON - 1929

In the center of their palatial home, Lois adjusts delicate puff pastries and colorful fruit salads. Their lush citrus groves outside frame the scrumptious spread inside. Lois steps back, pleased with her fine hostessing work.

The doorbell RINGS. Harry opens the front door. Mary and Douglas walk in. Lois embraces Mary as Harry hugs Douglas.

EXT. PORCH - EL DORADO RANCHO - SUNSET - 1931

With two melting lemonades between them, Lois and Harry relax in their rocking chairs. As the sun sets over the fruits of their labor, Harry reaches for her hand.

END FLASHBACK

With the ancient chants filling the salty air, Lois looks down at Harry's hand still holding hers.

EXT. PLANTATION - LATER

As James and Billy mingle back at the bright luau, Lois and Harry wander hand-in-hand away into the darkness of the green lawn reaching as far and wide as the sea behind them.

HARRY

You remember the Academy party at
the ranch?

LOIS

(grins)

Yeah.

HARRY

(smiles)

Doug on that horse.

LOIS

I wish we'd taken more photos.

HARRY

A party full of filmmakers and no
one bothered to bring a camera?

LOIS

(chuckles)

Hard not to question God's plans.

(beat)

The snake...

HARRY
(shakes head)
That damn snake.

LOIS
It felt like a sign.

HARRY
I know you're stressed, but—

She pulls her hand out of his.

LOIS
But what?

HARRY
Flo, you're tired.

LOIS
That snake...it shouldn't have been
there like you said.

HARRY
Maybe you imagined it.

LOIS
Imagined it? Are you calling me
crazy?

HARRY
No...not exactly. You're tired and
stressed and...

LOIS
And?

HARRY
This is a lot for you...especially
considering what happened after...you
know.

Lois stops walking.

LOIS
No, I don't know, Harry.

Harry turns back to her.

HARRY
After Phillips left you.

LOIS
He didn't leave me. We divorced.

HARRY

Whatever.

(beat)

You know what I'm talking about.

LOIS

I didn't know you believed that
bullshit the papers wrote.

HARRY

It wasn't just the papers.

LOIS

Who?

HARRY

Who *what*?

LOIS

Who told you *what*?

HARRY

(smiles)

Come on, Flo.

LOIS

So you gossip about me?

HARRY

(scoffs)

Lois, you're being...

LOIS

Crazy?

HARRY

This is ridiculous.

LOIS

The papers couldn't write that the
Oxford-educated Harvard-lawyer
drank himself to oblivion. They had
to write that his *crazy* wife drove
him mad.

HARRY

I shouldn't have brought it up.

LOIS

I'm surprised you didn't bring it
up sometime over the last ten
years.

(beat)

(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)
I didn't realize you worried you
married a crazy woman.

HARRY
Having a nervous breakdown doesn't
make you *crazy*.

Lois steps away from Harry.

LOIS
I saw that snake. I know I did.

Harry reaches out to Lois. She pulls her shoulder back, turns around, and walks away with the dim moon guiding her.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - NAWILIWILI HARBOR - MORNING

Walking along the old dock, Lois watches a large STEAMSHIP roll into the harbor nestled between the verdant mountains. James walks to Lois as Harry and Billy talk down the dock.

JAMES BODRERO
I left the shooting scripts at the
front desk.

Lois pauses and looks at Harry and Billy out of her earshot.

LOIS
(distracted)
Thanks.

JAMES BODRERO
I like the new dialogue. It sounds
authentic.

Lois distantly nods. James walks back to Billy and Harry. Alone, Lois squints at the men looking back at her.

EXT. DOCK - LATER

With Harry, James, and Billy lingering behind her, Lois stands alone on the dock, greeting her cast and crew stepping off the steamship. Producer ISADORE "IZZY" BERNSTEIN (56) with a receding hairline and round glasses waves to Lois. Stern cinematographer ALVIN WYCKOFF (56) sporting a sharp mustache and sleek three-piece suit walks next to Izzy carrying a large, black camera case.

IZZY
Aloha!

Lois hugs Izzy, lingering a beat longer in his embrace.

LOIS

It's so good to see you, Izzy.

IZZY

Before we left, my brother told me
to tell you to break a leg.

LOIS

Tell Carl it's too late for that.

Izzy cleans off his glasses. Alvin puts down his bag and
frames the sun's light between his hands.

ALVIN

We're not in Hollywood anymore.

LOIS

And thank God for that.

(beat, hugs Alvin)

C.B. told me to give you his
warmest regards.

ALVIN

How's his shoot going?

LOIS

(shrugs)

Haven't heard.

Izzy marvels at the heavenly view of the evergreen isle.

IZZY

When we were back at Universal, did
you ever imagine us all shooting
movies in the jungle?

ALVIN

I reckon this is what Hollywood
calls *retirement*.

Alvin and Izzy pick back up their bags.

IZZY

(to Lois)

We'll catch up after lunch.

(beat, hugs Lois)

You know Carl loves you.

LOIS

Just not enough to let me direct my
own movie.

IZZY
 (grins)
 But then we wouldn't be here...in
 paradise!

Alvin and Izzy stroll down the dock as Alfredo hops off the ship arm-in-arm with Virginia and brunette beauty MONA MARIS (29). In their floral frocks and sun hats, Mona and Virginia look more ready for vacation than work.

ALFREDO
 (to Lois)
 Ciao...mi scusi, aloha, bella!
 (beat, kisses Lois' cheek)
 Is this not paradise on Earth?

LOIS
 (grins)
 James did not disappoint.

ALFREDO
 Rendiamo grazie a Dio!

LOIS
 How was the journey?

VIRGINIA
 Wonderful!

MONA
 Very nice, Ms. Weber.

Mona and Virginia continue forward towards the shore.

ALFREDO
 I got your letter in Honolulu.
 Let's talk back at the hotel.

Lois nods. Alfredo hurries to catch back up with the ladies. Handsome young actors DAVID NEWELL (28) and HARDIE ALBRIGHT (29) wave to their director.

DAVID
 Good morning, Ms. Weber.

HARDIE
 (nods)
 Good morning.

Lois politely nods back. Behind the actors, the crew carries large black cameras resembling deep sea creatures with long arms and pointy edges. They lay them out like fisherman with their latest catch on the dock.

Then, amongst the chaos, something shiny catches Lois' eye. Like Botticelli's goddess in his painting *The Birth of Venus*, Phoebe (22) steps out of the sea onto the island.

PHOEBE
(smiles)
Hello.

Lois opens her mouth but finds no words. Phoebe disappears into the crowd. Lois twirls her head, searching. Instead, Lois spots Harry with Billy, James, and Alfredo, waving.

HARRY
(shouts)
Lois!

As she walks towards them, Lois studies every passing face, hoping and failing to find Phoebe. Harry pulls Lois into his side, kissing the top of her head.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Billy and I were just telling
Alfredo about the waterfall.

LOIS
Hm-mm.

Harry keeps talking. Billy, James, and Alfredo chime in. But Lois can't hear any of it. She keeps searching for Phoebe.

BILLY FISKE
We'll see you back at the hotel,
Captain!

Billy and Alfredo walk away. James and Harry remain. Harry turns to his distracted wife.

HARRY
What're you looking for?

Lois looks up blankly at her husband.

LOIS
Nothing.

The hotel's carriage and baggage wagons pull up. The crew piles the antique wagons high with modern equipment. The cast—Virginia, Mona, David, and Hardie—steps into the horse-drawn carriage.

HARRY
James and I were thinking about
going to—

LOIS
I'll be in the room.

Lois walks away from Harry and James and into the carriage.

INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

As Lois, Virginia, Mona, David, and Hardie travel along the bumpy gravel road, the harsh light of the midday sun reflects onto Virginia's princess-cut diamond engagement ring, creating a rainbow prism. Its brilliance nearly blinds Lois.

LOIS
Is the wedding going to be in
England or the States?

VIRGINIA
Archie and I want both of our
families there, so we don't know
yet.

LOIS
Would you elope?

VIRGINIA
Oh, heavens no! I want a big,
beautiful wedding with—

LOIS
All the bells and whistles.

VIRGINIA
(smiles)
Exactly.
(beat)
Where was your wedding?

LOIS
Chicago.

VIRGINIA
I thought you and Captain Gantz met
in Hollywood.

LOIS
Oh, Harry and I...um, we got married
in Los Angeles. My, um...I...

VIRGINIA
Was it in the spring? I love a
spring wedding.

LOIS
(grins)
Summer.

VIRGINIA
Oh, California is perfect in the
summer.

As she looks out at the sky-scraping mountains, Lois lets her attention drift away into the pillow clouds.

INT. LOIS' ROOM - FAIRVIEW HOTEL - SUNRISE

With her head on her pillow, Lois lays on her side watching her dream projected like a film onto the white wall.

BEGIN DREAM

INT. EGYPTIAN THEATER - NIGHT

In a packed theater, Harry sits next to Lois. *CANE FIRE* comes onscreen. Harry holds her hand. She smiles at him.

END DREAM

Lois rolls over towards Harry. She gently strokes his face, a sleeping beauty. She kisses him, but he doesn't open his eyes. Lois sits up and looks out at the window to the bay where the sun slowly rises over the ocean.

EXT. BEACH - LIHUE, KAUAI - SUNSET

In director's chair planted in the sand, Lois stares out at the sun now setting over the ocean. Down the beach, Izzy, Alvin, James, Billy, Alfredo, and Harry scurry through the sand, directing the rest of the crew. Lois focuses on the sun steadily slipping lower and lower below the horizon. In that fleeting moment just before the ocean consumes the sun, Lois spots a green FLASH. She rises from her chair.

LOIS
(whispers)
Phoebe.

The flash disappears. Lois sits back down. With a stack of papers in hand, Izzy walks up to her chair.

IZZY
The beach is all set.

Lois picks up her megaphone.

LOIS
(yells)
Ready!

At Alvin's command, the camera crew assumes their positions.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(yells)
Roll camera!

Alvin nods to Lois who gazes out at the beach scattered with lights, cameras, and crew members.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(yells)
Ac-

Izzy violently shakes his head. Lois closes her eyes.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Shit.

IZZY
(whispers to Lois)
Sound.

LOIS
(nods)
I know.
(beat, yells)
Roll sound!

The sound operator tosses a thumbs up.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(yells)
Action!

At Lois' direction, Mona guilds through the ocean, diving under the waves. With the water slicking her hair and the full moon brightening her eyes, Mona looks like a movie star.

Then David staggers along the beach until he spots Mona swimming. With his drunk eyes glued to Mona's mesmerizing movements, David plops down into the sand. As Mona emerges from the sea, David rises. They draw together like opposing magnets. David reaches for Mona's bare hips.

DAVID
I've never seen such a striking a creature.

MONA

Well you must have not been on this island long. Because you've never seen me then.

David kisses Mona. He leans her down into the soft sand and, with his bare chest over hers, wraps his arms around her.

LOIS

(yells)

Cut!

David stands up and brushes the sand off of his pants. Mona wraps herself in a towel. Lois hurries over to her actors.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Lovely acting, both of you. I can feel your mutual infatuation. But I want to see more intrigue and curiosity. Who is this mysterious woman? Who is this handsome man? You don't know each other. But you want to.

David and Mona nod, digesting her direction. Content, Lois walks back to her chair.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(to Alvin)

Let's go again.

Alvin nods and motions with hand to his camera crew. Lois sits back down in her chair and picks up her megaphone.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(yells)

Action!

Mona and David reenact their same performance.

INT. LOIS'S ROOM - FAIRVIEW HOTEL - NIGHT

As Lois lays in bed beside Harry, his melodic snoring and the clock's rhythmic ticking harmonize into a putrid tune.

LOIS

Enough!

Lois tosses off her sweaty sheets, slides on her white slippers, and storms out of the room without waking Harry.

INT. HALLWAYS - FAIRVIEW HOTEL - NIGHT

With wild eyes, Lois runs through the empty hallway. As the rest of the hotel sleeps, Lois' trot spirals into a sprint.

EXT. WAIMEA VALLEY - LATE NIGHT

With the hotel and harbor in the distance, Lois runs through the jungle. Her slippers fly off of her feet. Heavy rain pours down, drenching the muddy ground beneath her bare feet. Then she spots the SNAKE, glaring at her with its beady black eyes, and stops.

LOIS
(yells)
I see you!

The snake hisses. Lois hisses right back.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(smiles)
You don't scare me.

Feeling like a god on Earth, Lois turns to walk away.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(screams)
AHHH-HHHHH!

Lois falls to her knees. The snake slithers away. With hot tears mixing with cold sweat, Lois clutches her bleeding right foot. Her primal screams echo through the jungle. She cautiously touches the snake BITE.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(cries)
Eek!

Laying in the bright green grass, a pool of dark red blood swells beneath Lois.

EXT. FAIRVIEW HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

With a long line of red blood trailing behind her, Lois staggers through the rain back to the front of the hotel. She stumbles on her abandoned white slippers now caked in mud.

INT. LOBBY - FAIRVIEW HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

Soaking wet, Lois clutches the front desk and taps the bell.

LOIS
 Help!
 (beat, taps again)
 Help!
 (beat, yells)
 Help!
 (beat, screams)
 HELP!

Dragging her bloody foot behind, Lois climbs the stairs, one foot after another.

LOIS (CONT'D)
 (cries)
 Ssss!

Exhausted, she stops and peers up at the countless stairs ahead of her as her blood drips down behind her.

INT. HALLWAY - FAIRVIEW HOTEL - LATER

Once Lois reaches the top of the stairs, she looks in the hallway mirror and sees her tired reflection staring back at her. The walls cave in around her, shrinking her world. To her right, Lois sees total darkness. To her left, she squints at something bright. Glowing like angels, her grandmother ELIZABETH WEBER (82), her grandmother MARIA SNAMAN (59), and Phoebe stand together shoulder to shoulder. Lois smiles.

LOIS
 (smiles)
 Grandma...

The women smile at her. Lois follows their light. With each step Lois takes towards them, the more the women appear as one. Then, as Lois nearly reaches them, they congeal into one beam of light. As the light slips away, Lois lunges forward.

LOIS (CONT'D)
 (cries)
 Where are you?

Lois curls up like a baby in her mother's womb.

INT. HALLWAY - SUNRISE

In a pool of her own dried blood, Lois sleeps peacefully. Horrified by the sight of her, Harry runs down the empty hallway and kneels down beside his wife.

HARRY
 Lois!

His shaking hands awaken her. Lois groggily opens her eyes, squinting from the brightness of the sunrise.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Thank God.

He embraces her. She lays limp.

LOIS
(weakly)
He bit me.

HARRY
Who?

Harry looks down at his wife's bloody foot.

LOIS
He bit me.

Harry fashions his shirt into a tourniquet for her foot.

HARRY
What bit you, Flo?

LOIS
The snake. He bit me.

HARRY
Dear lord.

Harry picks her up like a baby and carries her down the hallway, back to their room.

EXT. PORCH - HOUSE - WAIMEA VALLEY - DAY

With her right foot discreetly wrapped up in a white gauze bandage beneath her boot, Lois crosses her legs in her director's chair. Harry and Alfredo sit beside in their own chairs while Izzy, James, and Billy stand on the lanai converted into a stage. Alvin mans the rolling camera.

Before the camera under the limelight, Mona prepares a fruity cocktail at the bar overlooking the white sand beach. She plops a piece of pineapple in his drink. Feeling like a king, David lounges in a wicker chair, simultaneously watching his lover and the ocean.

With his red cocktail in her hand, Mona glides across the lanai. David smiles, takes the drink from her hand, and grabs her bare waist.

She sits on his lap as he sips her creation, both staring out at the crystal clear blue water lapping up against the pristine white sand beach.

MONA
Do you ever wonder what our
children would look like?

David chews the pineapple and looks at his lover.

DAVID
Of course.
(beat, grins)
They'd be handsome.

MONA
(grins)
Surely...with you as their father.

He puts down his drink.

DAVID
And they'd be brilliant...with you as
their mother.

Mona kisses David who embraces her.

LOIS
(yells)
Cut!

Alvin turns to Lois who wipes a tear from her cheek.

LOIS (CONT'D)
We got the shot. Let's move on.

Lois rises from her chair and hobbles away from the set.
Alvin motions for his team to move on.

INT. LOIS' ROOM - FAIRVIEW HOTEL - NIGHT

Sleepless, Lois lays beside snoring Harry. Frustrated, she sits up and puts her feet on the ground.

LOIS
Ouch.

With her bandaged foot, Lois limps around the room, nervously scratching the sweaty nape of her neck. Her anxious eyes spot Harry's unzipped luggage in the corner. She looks back at her snoring husband before quietly rummaging through his luggage. Lois pulls out a black-and-white PHOTO of HARRY GANTZ JUNIOR (13) smiling beside his mother BEATRICE GANTZ (40).

In a woman's handwriting at the bottom of the photo, Lois reads: *Harry Jr., 13, at the beach.*

Lois pets the face of young Harry Jr.—the spitting image of his father—smiling back at her in the photo. Her eyes shift to Beatrice. Lois puts the photo back.

Back in bed, Lois watches Harry's hairy chest rise and fall, breathing in and out the humid island air.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Was it my fault?

She stares at Harry, snoring.

INT. HOUSE - WAIMEA VALLEY - DAY

Lois, Alvin, and Izzy swelter in the historic homestead as the lights cook its wooden walls. Virginia and David stand beneath the white light. Alvin stares at the actors through the camera's lens. Lois peers out at the breezy lanai.

ALVIN
To the left!

A grip adjusts the lights. Alvin turns to Lois who looks through the lens and nods. Alvin tosses a thumbs up.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

As Lois, Izzy, Harry, Billy, James, and Alfredo watch from their chairs behind the camera that Alvin mans, poshly-dressed Virginia enters the scene under the romantic glow of Alvin's lights. Then David enters, carrying their luggage.

DAVID
Welcome home!

Virginia examines the humble home.

VIRGINIA
Is this it, Willy?

DAVID
We're not in San Francisco anymore,
Lucy.

VIRGINIA
Surely not.

David puts down her luggage and caresses her.

DAVID
But we're here...together.

Virginia spins out of his arms, inspecting her new home. She pauses before the bay window framing a picture-perfect view of the white sand beach in their backyard. David stands behind Virginia, draping his arms around her.

VIRGINIA
It's beautiful.

DAVID
Almost as beautiful as you.

Virginia turns around and kisses David. Behind the camera, Lois picks up her megaphone.

LOIS
(yells)
Cut!

Virginia and David pull away from each other, instantly transforming back into strangers. The noise of set returns. Harry and the rest of the producers leave their chairs, but Lois stays seated. Her eyes linger on the "X" marks where David and Virginia had kissed.

HARRY
(winks)
That's a wrap.

Lois hops up and slips out of the house. Harry follows her.

EXT. PORCH - HOUSE - AFTERNOON

As Alvin and his tired crew haul out their heavy equipment, Lois looks out at the idyllic beach. Harry stands beside her.

LOIS
Why don't we have Harry Junior come visit before school starts?

HARRY
Junior doesn't like the beach.
Beatrice has plans for him anyways.

Harry leans against the edge of the wood railing, squaring off his shoulders to Lois.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Are you sure about the Waimea Falls shoot?

LOIS

Why?

HARRY

It's expensive. And Alfie and I
were talking about—

LOIS

We're on budget. And on schedule.

HARRY

Sure, but...

LOIS

This film may not be a *hit*, but
it's not going lose any money.

HARRY

It's an ambitious shoot.

LOIS

When did my ambition become a
problem to you?

Harry looks down at her right foot.

HARRY

I'm just—

Lois hides her bandaged foot stands up straight.

LOIS

Before I met you, I was the highest-
paid director in the world. I made
more money than C.B. for years. My
films broke box office records.

(beat)

I think I can manage getting a few
cameras up a mountain.

HARRY

I just think—

LOIS

We're getting the shot.

Lois stomps down the stairs—without a limp.

HARRY

Am I going to get writing credit
for the new dialogue?

Lois turns back to Harry who crosses his arms.

LOIS
 What do you really want?
 (beat, Harry looks away)
 I thought so.

Harry watches his wife discreetly drag her hurt foot further and further away from him.

EXT. YARD - HOUSE - AFTERNOON

On the endless emerald green lawn, Lois passes a steady stream of crew, hustling around her like a school of fish. Alvin and Izzy swim alongside them, pointing where to put what. James and Billy join the chaos as Alfredo and Harry oversee it all from the lanai. Lois spots Phoebe walking towards the dense grove of Koa trees. Lois follows her.

EXT. WAIMEA VALLEY - AFTERNOON

As Lois follows Phoebe into the jungle, huge Koa trees soar to the heavens and protect them from the blistering sun. Deep in paradise's belly, Phoebe sits down and turns back to Lois who studies her like a masterpiece.

PHOEBE
 That was a long day.
 (beat)
 What were you and Captain Gantz talking about on the lanai?

In awe, Lois sits down beside Phoebe.

LOIS
 You saw that?

PHOEBE
 (smirks)
 I see everything.

LOIS
 (smiles)
 There aren't enough observant young women.

PHOEBE
 What did the captain say?

LOIS
 Oh, Harry.
 (beat, sighs)
 He's just worried about a big shoot we're planning.

PHOEBE
The waterfall?

LOIS
(tilts head)
Yes.

PHOEBE
What's he worried about?

LOIS
The only thing men ever worry
about.
(beat)
Money.

Phoebe cranes her neck up to the dense canopy of blossoming trees that lets in only refractions of the sun's light.

PHOEBE
We don't have trees like these back
home.

LOIS
Where are you from?

Phoebe turns to Lois.

PHOEBE
I was born in New York.

LOIS
My daughter was born in New York.

PHOEBE
I miss it there.

LOIS
(grins)
Nothing beats Christmas in the
city.
(beat)
When were you born?

PHOEBE
November 24, 1910.

Lois stares with bewildered eyes at Phoebe.

LOIS
November 24, 1910...I'm sorry, but...
(beat, squints)
What's your name again?

PHOEBE
(grins)
I better get back.

Phoebe rises and disappears into the jungle. Lois stands up, desperate to find Phoebe.

LOIS
(yells)
Phoebe!

Lois stares up at the sky, closes her eyes, and prays.

EXT. WAIMEA VALLEY - EARLY MORNING

In a white bucket hat and riding boots hiding her bandage, Lois looks up towards the waterfall riding on her horse through the steep terrain alongside Harry. Pink flowers and orange birds color the lush jungle. With glistening beads of sweat cascading down her focused brow, Lois checks behind them at the long line of horses, carriages, and wagons brimming with camera equipment.

HARRY
I hope the shot is worth all this.

Lois turns back to the long trail ahead.

LOIS
That's why we're here.

With her bandaged right foot, Lois kicks her horse who gallops forward, blazing her trail.

EXT. WAIMEA FALLS - MORNING

Standing beneath the same roaring cascade that she swam in with Harry weeks ago, Lois kicks up some red dirt and crosses her arms. Alvin, Izzy, and James stands beside her. In the distance, Harry talks with Billy and Alfredo.

LOIS
Here.

Alvin nods before walking over to his crew unloading and building their equipment.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(to Izzy)
Keep an eye on them.

Lois motions towards Harry, Billy, and Alfredo.

IZZY
On it, Madame Mayor.

Izzy scurries away like a loyal spy. Lois and James watch as production rolls into full swing.

JAMES BODRERO
Are you sure about this scene?

LOIS
It's a bit too late for that.

JAMES BODRERO
Cameras haven't rolled yet. I could type up-

LOIS
You doubt yourself, you fail.
Art necessitates certainty.

Lois walks forward. James stays back, bewitched.

EXT. WAIMEA FALLS - DAY

Holding her camera, Lois meanders through the makeshift set that Alvin and his crew build. Through her lens, Lois captures GRIPS assembling metallic creatures and transforming the jungle into a stage. Her camera pans towards the waterfall at a rainbow arching over the set.

Her camera catches Harry at the waters' edge. Harry turns his head. Her lens stays on him, but her eyes follows his. Her eyes land on Virginia sunbathing. Lois turns off her camera. Harry walks away, slipping back into set without noticing Lois. Then Lois spots someone walking behind the waterfall.

LOIS
Phoebe...

Phoebe squints, focusing in on the opaque cascade.

EXT. WAIMEA FALLS - LATER

Standing behind the camera, Lois watches her crew scurry along the red shores of the blue lagoon. Next to her, Izzy talks with Harry and Alfredo while Alvin directs his lights and cameras. In front of the camera, James and Billy chat with Virginia and Hardie near the waterfall.

IZZY
(to Lois)
You ready?

Lois distantly nods.

ALVIN
We're losing the light.

IZZY
Lois.

Lois stares blankly forward like a zombie.

HARRY
(to Izzy)
Just call it.

Lois picks up Lois' megaphone.

IZZY
(yells)
Ready!
(beat, set quiets)
Roll sound!

The sound crew tosses a thumbs up.

IZZY (CONT'D)
(yells)
Roll camera!

The camera clicks. Alvin nods. Izzy turns to Lois who stares at something the men can't see.

IZZY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Lois.

Lois finally looks up at Izzy, lost. Harry nods to Izzy.

IZZY (CONT'D)
(yells)
Action!

Virginia and Hardie enter the camera's frame. Reigniting their romance for the camera, Hardie gently caresses Virginia's dreamy face.

HARDIE
I love you, Lucy. Let me take you home, back to California, out of this...
(beat, looks around at the jungle)
Place.

Lost, Virginia searches Hardie's eyes for direction.

VIRGINIA
But what about Will?

HARDIE
Don't worry about him. I saw the
way he looks at that girl.

Virginia leans back, astonished by Hardie's accusation.

LOIS (O.S.)
Ha!

Behind the camera, Izzy motions to Alvin to cut. Lois leans back in her director's chair and crosses her arms.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(grimaces)
Hypocrites.

Lois throws her shooting script into the red dirt.

IZZY
(to Lois)
Who's the hypocrite?

LOIS
Them!

Izzy signals to Virginia and Hardie to leave their marks.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(laughs)
Her! Him! Me!

Lois stands up. Harry steps towards her.

LOIS (CONT'D)
(yells)
All of us!

Lois storms off into the jungle. Izzy rubs his temples.

HARRY
(to Izzy)
It's fine.

Izzy shakes his head. Harry follows Lois.

EXT. WAIMEA VALLEY - AFTERNOON

Lois tosses off her hat as she runs deep into the jungle. The treetops protect her from the sun, the set, and civilization. With each strides, Lois regresses into the natural world.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. WAIMEA FALLS - MOMENTS EARLIER

Standing on the rocky red shore, Lois watches Harry gazing lustfully at Virginia sensually sunbathing.

END FLASHBACK

Mad like a feral jungle creature, Lois screams.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. WAIMEA FALLS - DAYS EARLIER

Inches from Lois, Harry's same lustful eyes swim into Lois' eyes, silently serenading her.

END FLASHBACK

Exhausted, Lois keels over and clutches her injured foot. She senses something slither by her feet.

LOIS
(laughs)
You again!

She falls to her knees as tears replace her laughter.

LOIS (CONT'D)
You caught me! I sinned! I adulterated. I bore false witness. I lied. I cheated. I stole. I took what wasn't mine.
(beat, screams)
But you took *everything* from me!

Lois feels a hand on her shoulder. She turns and finds Phoebe's kind eyes.

PHOEBE
He hears you.
(beat)
The captain...

LOIS
I know you.

PHOEBE
(grins)
I know.

LOIS
Is it really you?

Phoebe kneels down beside Lois who caresses her cheek.

PHOEBE
I never left you.

LOIS
Then where have you been?

With an angelic glow, Phoebe looks up to the heavens.

PHOEBE
Right here.
(beat, touches Lois'
heart)
But I have to go now.

LOIS
No.

Lois clutches Phoebe's arm, desperate to never let go.

PHOEBE
They need you here.

LOIS
But I need you.

PHOEBE
(smiles)
You always have me.
(beat)
We'll be together again.

LOIS
Is it really you...Phoebe?

Phoebe rises and disappears into the shadowy canopy. Lois sinks into the mud. Lois blinks and Harry emerges with her crushed white bucket hat in his muddy hand.

HARRY
Lois!

As tears streaming down her dirty cheeks, Lois stares at him.

LOIS
I lost her.

HARRY
Who did you lose?

LOIS
I saw her.

HARRY
Who did you see?

LOIS
I saw our girl, Phillips.
(beat, Harry sighs)
She is so beautiful...like an angel.
(beat)
I held her. I held our Phoebe
again.

HARRY
You saw Phoebe?

LOIS
I lost Phoebe.

Harry kneels down beside Lois who falls into his arms.

HARRY
We'll find Phoebe.

LOIS
(cries)
We lost her again.

HARRY
We'll find her.

LOIS
(shakes head)
She's gone. Our Phoebe is gone.

Harry gently strokes her snarled hair.

EXT. PLANTATION - AFTERNOON

Behind the church's soaring steeple, Lois and Harry sit side-by-side in matching director's chairs atop a wooden platform. Alvin and Izzy tinker with the cameras pointed at dozens of hula dancers in green grass skirts. Harry pets Lois' hair. She stands up and crosses her arms.

ALVIN
Camera's ready.

Lois picks up her megaphone.

LOIS
(yells)
Action!

At her direction, dancers sway as the chanters harmonize. Mona dances in unison with the other dancers. Lois sits back down in her chair and keeps the cameras rolling, inscribing the holiness into the scripture of cinema.

EXT. PLANTATION - LATER

From atop the same wooden platform, Lois sits in her director's chair holding her megaphone. Harry, James, Billy, Izzy, and Alfredo stand between her and the rolling cameras that Alvin mans. Beneath their feet, David and Hardie fight as Virginia looks on in horror. Mona waits on the sidelines.

VIRGINIA
(screams)
Stop! Stop it! You're going to kill
him, Will!

The men keep throwing punches.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
Please, stop! I love him!

With fury in his eyes, David pauses. Hardie takes a step backwards away from David like a scared, maimed animal.

DAVID
(to Hardie)
She's my wife.

David steps forward and punches Hardie square in the nose. Hardie falls to the ground, landing in a pool of fake blood.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(to Hardie)
And she's not leaving this island.

Alvin moves the camera to follow Virginia running away from the angry men and towards the sugarcane fields. Virginia picks up a golden kerosene LAMP, burning with white FLAMES. Crying, Virginia throws the lamp onto the sugarcane field.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(screams)
VIRGINIA!

At Lois' direction, the dark green field transforms into a bright orange hell as actual FLAMES consume the tall sugarcane stocks.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(screams)
NO!

With buckets of water in hand, David runs into the fire.
Beaten and bloody, Hardie runs to Virginia.

HARDIE
We have to go!

Hand-in-hand, Virginia and Hardie escape the flames, leaving the island and her marriage behind when they exit the frame. The camera moves to David throwing buckets of water on the raging inferno. The ferocious flames overwhelm his feeble efforts. Defeated, David falls to his knees, weeping.

DAVID
(cries)
Help!

As her paradise descends into hell, Mona runs through the green fields towards the orange flames.

MONA
(yells)
David!

Distraught, Mona pushes forward.

MONA (CONT'D)
(yells)
Where are you, David?!

Mona rotates her head and sees nothing but fire.

MONA (CONT'D)
(screams)
DAVID!

Mona runs into the fire and, through the flames, spots David laying lifeless in the dirt.

MONA (CONT'D)
(smiles)
DAVID!

Mona pets his dirty face and then wraps him up in her arms, shielding him from the firestorm.

MONA (CONT'D)
I'm here. Stay with me, David.

Just before the inferno consumes everything, Mona drags her lover out of the fire.

LOIS
(yells)
Cut!

Alvin looks to Lois, who nods in reassurance, before motioning to his crew to wrap for the final time.

IZZY
(yells)
That's a wrap!

The set erupts with applause. Lois gazes out at the dozens of men and women clapping for her. Yet the juxtaposition of the applause with the inferno still burning behind them stifles her ability to participate in their merriment.

EXT. BEACH - LIHUE - NIGHT

While her cast and crew drunkenly celebrate down the beach, Lois stands barefooted in the shallow water with her camera under the full moon. The warm, orange glow of tiki torches in the distance accentuates the beach's darkness. Lois directs her camera to the ocean pulling the indigo water back and forth along the steady shoreline. She pans down as a white SEASHELL hits her right foot, scratching her fresh scar.

Lois picks up the shiny seashell and rubs its naturally polished edges between her sandy fingers.

LOIS
(smirks)
Perfection.

She slides the seashell in her pocket, places her camera in the hard sand, and returns to the sea. Lois performs for her own camera, resurrecting in the actress in her.

EXT. DECK - S.S. LURLINE - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Holding her camera bag in one hand and the seashell in the other, Lois leans against the railing. A gust of WIND tousles her hair, blinding her. When she combs her hair back, Lois spots something blurry along the horizon.

Lois focuses her camera on the bright OBJECT. Through her lens, the object glows like a heavenly, celestial body.

LOIS
Phoebe...

She puts down her camera. The object disappears. Lois steps away from the edge and walks towards the door.

Inside, she sees Harry drunkenly laughing with Izzy, Alfredo, and Alvin. She wipes the sweat off of her brow with the back of her hand, dropping the seashell that rolls back into the ocean. Lois looks back and then enters the door inside.

INT. DINING ROOM - S.S. LURLINE - DINNER

At a round table table, Lois cuts through a soft piece of white FISH while Izzy, Alvin, Billy, James, Alfredo, Virginia, Mona, David, and Hardie laugh at Harry.

HARRY
(laughs)
And that was that!

IZZY
(shakes head)
Classic Harry.

As she chews, Lois rotates her vision clockwise and each face grows less familiar than the last until eventually they all blur into one. She blinks and finds Harry staring at her. With the wine flowing, the table grows so loud that it cocoons Harry and Lois in their own private bubble.

LOIS
(to Harry)
Was it me or was it this?

Lois motions towards the A-listers engulfing them.

HARRY
I was never going to measure up to
him, was I?

LOIS
You finally got what you wanted...
(beat, stands up)
The mad wife.
(beat, the table silences)
Continue on. Don't worry about me.
(beat, smiles)
I'm just fucking crazy.

Lois disappears into the darkness of the open sea.

EXT. DECK - S.S. LURLINE - NIGHT

Under a nearly-full moon, Lois leans against the railing as water splashes on her face.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. DECK - S.S. LURLINE - NIGHT

Beneath a dim new moon, Lois wipes her face dry with the back of her hand while Cecil leans against the railing.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
Where do you think we'll end up?

LOIS
I want to think I've done enough to earn a spot in the good place.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
You reckon I'll end up in the *bad* place?

LOIS
I didn't say that.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
I'm a sinner.

LOIS
I have to believe that He is a benevolent God. Because if I don't, then I don't understand what the point of all this is.

Cecil looks at Lois and then up at the midnight sky.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
I think we end up there...amongst the stars.

Cecil watches to the stars sparkle like diamonds.

LOIS
I envy your optimism.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
And how I am being optimistic?

LOIS
The fact you believe that you will be able to see what God sees. No woman would let herself think so foolishly.

Lois fixates on the empty, dark horizon.

END FLASHBACK

Alone, Lois wipes away a tear and gazes up at the stars.

EXT. DECK - S.S. LURLINE - SAN PEDRO HARBOR - MORNING

Leaning on the railing, Lois stares at the city of angels. Harry and James chat a few feet from her while Izzy and Alvin help their crew organize their equipment and Billy and Alfredo talk with the Virginia, Mona, David, and Hardie.

Virginia notice Lois alone and approaches her.

VIRGINIA

Last night...

LOIS

(shakes head)

Too much wine.

(beat, smiles)

So what's your next picture?

VIRGINIA

I don't have one yet. Archie and I are going to London. We decided to get married over there.

LOIS

With all your bells and whistles?

(beat, Virginia nods)

It'll be lovely.

VIRGINIA

(smiles)

I think so.

As the ship sails into the harbor, Virginia spots her fiancée waiting on the dock with red roses in hand.

LOIS

Don't loose the love. You think it'll last forever.

(beat, looks to Harry)

But you found a good one. I'm sure you'll be happy together.

Virginia hugs Lois like a daughter to her mother.

EXT. DOCK - SAN PEDRO - DAY

As she disembarks, Lois watches Virginia giddily run into Archie's rose-filled arms.

CARY GRANT

I missed you so much, my love.

Archie spins Virginia around as she kisses him. Lois squints at Harry down the dock with Alfredo and Billy.

INT. LOIS' HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

When Harry opens the front door, sunlight catches the dust filling their desolate house. Lois steps inside behind Harry.

HARRY
(grins)
Nothing like home.

Harry carries in their luggage in before opening the windows of their dark home. Lois lingers in the foyer, staring out at the sweeping view of Hollywood below.

INT. BALLROOM - THE BILTMORE HOTEL - LOS ANGELES - DAY

In the center of the extravagant Academy of Motion Pictures luncheon, Lois finds herself once again the only woman in a sea of men. She stands between Carl and Louis, across from Paramount's new hotshot exec DARYL ZANUCK (31).

CARL LAEMMLE
Well, I don't know about that.
Junior heard something very
different.

LOUIS B. MEYER
I heard it firsthand.

DARYL ZANUCK
What's the point of this Production
Code anyway?

LOUIS B. MEYER
(shrugs)
It depends who you ask.

Their arguing scratches her ears, deafening her. The bright ballroom lights blind her. For a moment, Lois sees and hears nothing, temporarily finding peace.

CARL LAEMMLE
Well that's the way I see it!

LOUIS B. MAYER
That's ridiculous!

DARYL ZANUCK
You're wrong!

LOIS

(yells)

Enough!

(beat)

I've been making movies longer than anyone in this room. And I did it all while playing the most difficult role: the woman. A role none of you will ever understand.

(beat)

Lois Weber, the *woman* filmmaker.

Lois Weber, the *woman* director.

Lois Weber, the *woman* genius.

(beat)

I've never had the privilege of just being me: the filmmaker, the director, the genius. No, I am the *woman*.

(beat)

And not once in the last twenty-five years in this business have I ever complained like you guys.

(beat)

Not about the disrespect or the rumors or always being the only woman in every room. No.

(shakes her head)

I politely nod while every man says and does whatever he wants because I'm the *woman*.

Carl, Louis, and Daryl's jaws drop. As she turns to leave, Lois pauses and looks back.

LOIS (CONT'D)

By the way, none of you guys are right. The Hays Code isn't going anywhere anytime soon.

Lois walks away from them as if they are her children.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LOIS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

At golden hour, Lois stretches out on her velvet chaise lounge, reading the newspapers. The *New York Times* details the Nazi's violent consolidation of power. Disturbed, Lois puts down the paper and picks up the latest edition of *The Hollywood Reporter*. The front page details Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks' messy divorce.

LOIS

(sighs)

Mary.

Lois turns the page and spots her own name, reading: *Lois Weber, former filmmaker.*

LOIS (CONT'D)
Bullshit.

Frustrated, Lois throws the paper on the floor and sits up. She looks down at her bare right foot. She touches her scar.

LOIS (CONT'D)
Ouch.

She limps into her dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - LOIS' HOUSE - DINNER

In their shadowy dining room lined with oil paintings of scenes from another lifetime, Lois and Harry sit across from each other. *The Hollywood Reporter* sits on the edge of the table. Lois eyes the paper as Harry saws his bloody steak.

HARRY
I'm writing the editor in the morning.

LOIS
What's the use?

HARRY
It's libel.

LOIS
That I'm a *former filmmaker*?
(beat, scoffs)
Is that really libel?

HARRY
You have a film coming out this summer.

LOIS
Did you read Billy's letter that I left on your desk?

HARRY
(shakes head)
I got stuck at the airfield.

LOIS
They're changing the name.

HARRY
Of what?

LOIS
The picture. They're calling it
White Heat.

HARRY
What the hell kind of name is that?
White Heat? It sounds like some
crappy, sexed-up B-movie.

LOIS
I don't know if it's *that* bad.

HARRY
They didn't even bother discussing
the title with you. That's
ridiculous.

LOIS
That's Hollywood.

HARRY
I'll call Alfie in the morning.

LOIS
(shakes her head)
No.
(beat)
You can't be my *savior*, Harry. I
wouldn't want you to...
(beat)
Even if you could.

Harry leans back, hurt. Lois takes a sip of her drink and looks out the window at the orange sun painting the iconic Hollywood skyline a golden hue.

INT. ACADEMY AWARDS - THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT

At a round table in the center of the glamorous ballroom, Lois, Frances, and Mary sit side-by-side, clapping. Harry and Doug sit at Cecil's neighboring table. Onstage, funny man WILL ROGERS (54) acts as host of the 6th ACADEMY AWARDS.

WILL ROGERS
And the Academy Award goes to
Katharine Hepburn!

Elegant KATHARINE HEPBURN (26) glides onto the stage where Will hands her a golden statue as the room rises in ovation.

FRANCES
(clapping)
Her performance was truly
wonderful.

LOIS
(clapping)
Katharine Hepburn will be the
biggest star in this town.

Katharine gracefully exits the stage with her new, shiny Oscar in hand. Will returns to the microphone. The audience returns to their seats and quiets for the next award.

MARY PICKFORD
(to Frances)
You're next!

Mary and Lois take each of Frances' hands.

WILL ROGERS
And the nominees for Best Writing
of an Original Story are...
(beat)
One Way Passage, Robert Lord...
(beat, applause)
Rasputin and the Empress, Charles
MacArthur...
(beat, applause)
And *The Prizefighter and the Lady*,
Frances Marion.

Along with the rest of the Academy, Lois applauds her former assistant.

FRANCES
(mouths to Lois)
Thank you.

With the applause too loud to hear over, Lois grins. A proud tear rolls down Lois' powdered cheek.

INT. ACADEMY AWARDS - MOMENTS LATER

Lois, Mary, and Frances watch ROBERT LORD (33) shake Will Roger's hand and walk off the stage with an Oscar.

LOIS
(to Frances)
Next year.

Frances grins sadly. Mary sips her champagne glass. As the stage empties, the ballroom rises like the incoming tide on Waikiki Beach. Fellow filmmakers flock to the ladies' table, crowding around them. Jimmy leans down beside Lois.

JAMES WHALE

(to Lois)

I'd love to see your director's cut.

LOIS

(grins)

Same to you.

In his black tuxedo, Jimmy slips back into the sea of tuxedos. In a silk gown, Lois migrates to Harry, Cecil, and Carl mingling with drinks in hand. Lois stands beside Emily who holds onto Cecil's arm.

CECIL B. DEMILLE

Lockheed Martin's new Model 10 looks spectacular.

HARRY

It's a game-changer. It could revolutionize commercial flight.

CECIL B. DEMILLE

I'm dying to get my hands on one.

CARL LAEMMLE

I don't know how you boys stomach being flying guinea pigs.

(beat)

How's your Egyptian film going, C.B.?

CECIL B. DEMILLE

You mean *Cleopatra*?

CARL LAEMMLE

You and Zukor aren't worried about the sensors?

CECIL B. DEMILLE

This sex business started in the Garden of Eden with the act of Jehovah when he provided the apple.

CARL LAEMMLE

Sure, but...

CECIL B. DEMILLE
I didn't invent it. I'm just
filming it.
(beat)
We just got rid of the prohibition.
Now we can get rid of this damned
Hays Code.

Emily squeezes Cecil's arm, calming him down.

EMILY BARRY

People forget that Cleopatra was
more than just a queen. She was a
real woman. With real needs and
wants and desires...whether the
Production Code Administration
likes it or not.

Lois spots Katharine meandering through the crowded ballroom,
past an endless deluge of well-wishers, towards their table.
Lois steps away from the old guard to welcome her.

LOIS
Congratulations, Ms. Hepburn. You
more than earned it.

KATHARINE
Thank you. That means
everything...coming from you.

LOIS
Hollywood is your town now.

Holding her Oscar, Katharine exhales, absorbing the weight of
the torch that Lois just passed to her.

KATHARINE
We'll make you proud.

LOIS
You already have.

Katharine hugs her role model and then disappears into the
golden cinematic sea, leaving Lois alone in the shadows.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - LOIS' HOUSE - LATER

Still in her ballgown, Lois sits on her velvet couch beside
her clicking projector. She leans back as her FILMS from her
Hawaiian adventure flicker onscreen.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. DECK - S.S. LURLINE - DAY

In their whitest whites, Cecil and Harry wave to Lois' camera as the open sea splashes behind them.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - DAY

Surfing on longboards, Duke and Billy ride a perfect wave all the way into the iconic white sand towards Lois' camera.

EXT. WAIMEA FALLS - DAY

Shirtless, Harry stands before a rainbow arching over the mystical waterfall. Lois' camera rises, panning up from her husband to the heavens.

EXT. WAIMEA FALLS - DAY

Under the shade of a lush palm tree, Virginia poses with James and Billy. Lois' camera frames them like children. James waves to Lois. Billy smirks. Virginia blows her a kiss.

EXT. BEACH - LIHUE - NIGHT

Illuminated by the full moon, Lois walks towards the deep indigo ocean. She turns back to the camera and twirls in the cool sand. Lois dives into the dark water. The film keeps rolling without a director to cut it.

END MONTAGE

Still wearing his tuxedo trousers, Harry walks into their screening room and leans against the edge of the couch.

HARRY

What's this?

Startled, Lois looks behind her. Harry stares at the screen.

LOIS

How long have been here?

HARRY

When did you take these?

(beat, Lois turns forward)

It's beautiful.

Lois turns off the projector, stands up, and flips on the lights, dispelling the privacy of the darkness. She walks over to Harry and looks him straight in the eye.

LOIS
Was it ever really just me?

HARRY
What do you want me to say?

LOIS
(scoffs)
The truth.

HARRY
(shakes head)
No.
(beat)
You want a good performance.

LOIS
Was any of it real?

Harry caresses her sullen face.

HARRY
We played the part of the perfect
couple so well.

A tear falls from her eyes onto his hand.

LOIS
I loved you.

HARRY
I loved being your star.

Lois looks over to the blank screen.

LOIS
Is it over?

HARRY
(smirks)
You call the shots. You're the
director.

Lois turns back to Harry and touches his stubble.

LOIS
You and me...
(beat, grins)
We had a good run.

Harry tenderly kisses the top of Lois' head. Lois pulls away
from him and walks out of the room.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY - JUNE 1934

With the effervescent sun shining down upon the starry street, Lois walks alone along bustling Hollywood Boulevard, reveling at the shiny limousines and their sparkly stars. Dressed like a movie star, Patrick (25) spots Lois again, tipping his hat to her.

PATRICK
(smiles)
How do you, Ms. Weber?

Lois politely nods and keeps walking towards the golden Egyptian Theater whose marquee sparkles with "*IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT* STARRING CLAUDETTE COLBERT AND CLARK GABLE."

EXT. BOX OFFICE - EGYPTIAN THEATER - DAY

Under the box office's shade, Lois takes off her hat. Aspiring actress DAISY (20) daydreams behind the counter.

LOIS
(clears throat)
Ah-hem.

Daisy snaps out of her daydream and notices Lois.

DAISY
(smiles)
How may I help you, ma'am?

LOIS
(grins)
One ticket to *White Heat*.
(beats, hands her a
quarter)
Have you seen it?

DAISY
No, ma'am.

LOIS
Why not?

DAISY
(shrugs)
I haven't really heard anything
about the movie.
(beat, hands her ticket)
You bought the only ticket, so
you'll have a private screening.
(beat, smiles)
I hope you enjoy the show, ma'am.

Lois takes the ticket and walks away.

EXT. ENTRYWAY - EGYPTIAN THEATER - DAY

As she crosses under the theater's iconic archway, Lois marvels at its golden shine, transporting her.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. ENTRYWAY - EGYPTIAN THEATER - 1923

The clicking of cameras, cheers of fans, and laughing of friends greet Lois (44) as she steps onto the red carpet leading into the glamorous movie premiere party. Enormous movie posters of Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments* with Mose holding his tablets drape the walls. Lois smiles at the who's-who of the Golden Age of Hollywood who all wants to see and be seen with her. Cecil (40) spots Lois.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
And the star arrives!

Amongst the stars, Cecil and Lois embrace.

LOIS
(smiles)
This is spectacular, C.B.

CECIL B. DEMILLE
(smirks)
Wait 'til you see the picture.

Photographer Steven (35) approaches them. Cecil poses for the camera, putting his arm around Lois who smiles. He snaps a PHOTO, immortalizing them as young, happy, and glamorous.

Steven moves on. Cecil gazes out at all the stars in the golden cinematic fortress, all there for him. But Lois' eyes stay on Cecil, the master of this spectacle.

CECIL B. DEMILLE (CONT'D)
(winks)
It'll be yours next.
(beat, Lois grins)
There's someone I want you to meet.

Cecil turns. Lois follows and sees tuxedo-clad Harry (36) approaching. Harry slides his hand into hers.

HARRY
Are all stars more beautiful in person? Or is it just you?

Harry gently kisses her hand.

END FLASHBACK

Lois blinks and finds herself alone in the echoey hallway. She enters the theater.

INT. EGYPTIAN THEATER - LATER

In the center of the empty movie palace, Lois stares up at the silver screen, projecting "DIRECTED BY LOIS WEBER". As *White Heat* plays onscreen, Lois' eyes track with the camera as the screen sparkles with the stars of Kauai's night sky.

DAVID (V.O)	LOIS
Are all stars more beautiful	(mouths)
in person? Or is it just you?	Are all stars more beautiful
	in person? Or is it just you?

BEGIN SPLIT SCREEN (à la *Suspense*)

LEFT SCREEN: INT. EGYPTIAN THEATER - 1923

In a room full of shining stars, tuxedo-clad Harry (36) stares to his right at the brightest star.

CENTER SCREEN: EXT. WAIMEA PLANTATION - 1933

Atop the wooden platform beside Harry, James, Billy, Izzy, Alfredo, and Alvin, Lois (54) holds her megaphone in one hand and her hip in the other. Together the crew watches Virginia throw the flaming lamp onto the sugarcane, torching paradise.

RIGHT SCREEN: INT. EGYPTIAN THEATER - 1934

Alone in the golden movie palace, Lois (55) looks desperately to her left as paradise burns onscreen.

END SPLIT SCREEN

White FLAMES consume the silver screen, engulfing everything and destroying all the beauty.

INT. ARCHIVE - UNIVERSAL PICTURES STUDIOS - JUNE 2008

In a quiet room lined with tall shelves stacked high with white boxes, a silver FILM CANISTER labeled "WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN?, LOIS WEBER, 1916" suddenly catches on FIRE.

INTERTITLE: On November 24, 1910, Lois Weber gave birth to her only child, Phoebe Jay Smalley. Phoebe died the same day.

The fire quickly spreads, consuming the sign "LOIS WEBER ARCHIVE" along with photos, posters, and scripts. A LETTER typed on Lois Weber's stationery dated June 24, 1939 to Cecil B. DeMille ignites, burning vertically from the top down.

LOIS (V.O)
 Dear Mr. DeMille...
 (beat, words burn)
 In the days of my successful picture making, whenever I struck a winner for the screen something 'clicked' in my consciousness.
 (beat, words burn)
 I'm asking you to read the enclosed brief story outline because that has once more happened in this case.
 (beat, words burn)
 If this is as good as I think, it will make a sensational success.
 (beat, words burn)
 Will you please read it personally before anyone in your organization even knows that it is in your possession?
 (beat, words burn)
 There is a real reason for such a request bearing directly on the peculiar nature of the idea and your individual reception of it.
 (beat, words burn)
 With deep appreciation, regardless of your favorable or unfavorable reaction, I am...
 (beat, words burn)
 Sincerely yours...
 (beat, words burn)
 Lois Weber.

Finally, Lois' signature turns to ashes.

INTERTITLE: On November 13, 1939, Lois Weber died and *White Heat* became her final film.

As the fire devours the archive, hell swallows her history.

EXT. UNIVERSAL PICTURES STUDIOS - NIGHT

With sirens blaring, firetrucks rush towards the inferno. Their red and blue lights complement the yellow and orange flames lighting up the starry night sky. As the flames tear through the black and white buildings, the iconic letters, UNIVERSAL STUDIOS HOLLYWOOD, stand tall.

INTERTITLE: Before her untimely death, Lois Weber wrote her own memoir, *The End of the Circle*.

Fire consumes the studio, destroying everything inside.

INTERTITLE: *The End of The Circle* was never published and her story was lost to history.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - SUNSET - PRESENT DAY

On the HOLLYWOOD WALK OF FAME, Lois Weber's STAR with a golden CIRCLE enshrining a golden movie CAMERA sparkles, cementing her place in Hollywood history.

CUT TO BLACK:

INTERTITLE: THE END OF THE CIRCLE

THE END.