

L.A. Revisited  
(Pilot Episode)

by  
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Adapted from Scott Fitzgerald's short story "Babylon Revisited"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. LAX AIRPORT, LOS ANGELES - DAY

The air is filled with the sound of airplanes taking off and landing. An American Airlines plane is taxi-ing on the runway, being directed into Gate 17 by an air traffic controller.

INT. LAX AIRPORT, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Streams of passengers file out of Gate 17, including CHARLIE, a handsome, 30-year-old man, who has his hat pulled low over his head and wears sunglasses. He heads towards the exit, where a crowd of drivers and assistants and family have signs with various people's names on them. He spots his fake name, "Scotty Fitz" being held by a limo DRIVER in uniform. The driver reaches for Charlie's carryon.

DRIVER  
(voice low)

Welcome back to Los Angeles, Mr. Wales.

I/E. MELROSE AVE - DAY

Charlie is in his limo, watching the scenes of Los Angeles pass by through his tinted windows. He looks contemplative, almost sad. He pulls out his wallet and opens it, the plastic inset holding a picture of a young girl with curly, brown hair, who has a big smile and pink icing all over her face.

There is a beep from inside his jacket and he takes out his phone. The screen tells him that he has a text message. He presses a button to read:

From: Lincoln, 12:34 pm  
Will be back from the zoo @ 4.  
Come by then.  
She can't wait to see you.

Charlie closes his phone and sighs. He catches sight of the open wallet in his lap, smiles slightly, and puts the wallet back in his pocket.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MORTON'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The restaurant is filled with Hollywood agents, producers, and celebrities. Charlie is at a table with ALIX, his agent, picking at his half-eaten salmon fillet (Alix has a filet mignon, which he's nearly finished). Charlie's wine glass is half-full with red wine.

CHARLIE

What's Campbell up to lately? And George Hardt?

ALIX

Campbell, indie flick in Paris. Hardt, seems like he can't find work after his "Babylon" pilot didn't get picked up. He's been traipsing around Hollywood with Duncan Schaeffer, or as I like to call him, a big waste of perfectly good space.

Alix picks up the bottle of wine on the table, pours himself another glass, and positions it over Charlie's glass.

CHARLIE

(shaking his head)  
No, no more. I'm going slow these days.

ALIX

(slightly teasingly)  
Never thought I'd see the day. Charlie Wales refusing alcohol.

CHARLIE

(nearly emotionless)  
Yeah, well, all those drunken years didn't amount to much did it?

Moment of awkward silence.

ALIX

(voice quiet, sympathetic)  
Charlie, what you did to get your life together, getting through rehab, that's--

CHARLIE

Alix--

ALIX

No listen, there's great PR going for you now, that off-Broadway run got a ton of buzz. We can capitalize on that. But you need to come back home.

CHARLIE

New York IS my home.

ALIX

But it's not L.A. You're limiting your options by staying there.

CHARLIE

You know I got offered a pilot for an ABC sitcom. Shooting starts in two months in Manhattan.

ALIX

You're not a TV actor.

CHARLIE

Then I'll do more stage work then.

ALIX

You're a movie star, Charlie, not a--

CHARLIE

Damn it, Alix, no. I came back here for one reason. My daughter. Once that happens, it's back to New York for us. Now, if you can't respect that, then maybe this lunch needs to come to a close...

He starts rising from his seat. Alix sighs.

ALIX

Okay, okay. I'll stop. But if there's even the slightest possibility you might change your mind...

Alix puts up his hand to stop Charlie's protest.

ALIX (CONT'D)

I said IF. If, in the one in a zillion chances you change your mind, again IF, don't misunderstand me, IF okay?

(grinning mischievously)

Give me a call will you?

Charlie smirks, gives a slight nod and sits back down. He starts picking at his salmon again.

ALIX (CONT'D)

So seeing the munchkin after this? She's like what, five or six now?

Charlie's face noticeably softens.

CHARLIE

Yeah. Turning seven in about 2 months.

ALIX

Shit, time sure flies. What's her name again? Aurora? Honesta?

CHARLIE

Honorita.

ALIX

That's it. I will never understand you crazy-ass celebs with your off-the-wall names for your kids. I mean are you even thinking about what kind of crap they're gonna get in school?

For the first time, Charlie chuckles and cracks a genuine smile. He then looks down at his watch, which reads 2:05. He reaches for his wine glass and takes a tentative sip, a slightly nervous look crossing his face.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF MARION AND LINCOLN'S HOUSE - DAY

Charlie is in front of the door of a medium-sized, old-fashioned house with a beautifully-kept front lawn with lots of flowers, in a neighborhood that is outside of the hustle-and-bustle of downtown Los Angeles. He takes a deep breath and rings the doorbell. LINCOLN, Charlie's brother-in-law, opens the door.

LINCOLN

Charlie, come on in.

They shake hands.

INT. MARION AND LINCOLN'S HOUSE - DAY

As Charlie enters the house and goes into the living room, there is the sound of little feet running across the top floor and down the stairs. HONORITA, a beautiful little girl with curly brown hair, bursts into the room, jumping into her father's awaiting arms.

HONORIA

Oh daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy, dads,  
dads, dads!

He picks her up and showers her face with kisses. Giggling, she pulls her face away to give him a kiss on the cheek, and then places her cheek against his, her arms circling his neck.

CHARLIE

My old pie. Look at you! You'll be taller than your old man sooner or lat--

He stops when he sees MARION, his sister-in-law, enter the living room with an apron tied around her waist. She studies him for a moment without any emotion in her face.

MARION

Charlie.

CHARLIE

Marion. Nice to see you.

MARION

I'm making a snack for the children. Would you like anything?

Charlie shakes his head.

MARION (CONT'D)

A drink perhaps? I have some coffee brewing, water, orange juice...

(beat)

We don't have any wine, though.

CHARLIE

Oh no, coffee's fine. I already had some wine before coming here.

Marion raises an eyebrow at him, obviously disapproving.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, but it was my one for the day. I've been...I've been limiting myself to one a day, since, you know, coming out of...I've learned to control it. And it's been going well, really.

Beat. Marion goes back to the kitchen. Lincoln gives him a sympathetic look and pat on the shoulder.

LINCOLN  
 (to Honoria)  
 Hey pumpkin, can you go get Elsie and  
 Richard for your snack?

Honoria nods. Charlie gives her another kiss before  
 letting her down.

CHARLIE  
 I'll miss you.

HONORIA  
 (giggling)  
 Silly daddy. I be back soon.

She hurries off.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

The adults sit around the dining table with their cups of  
 coffee, as the plates of leftover peanut butter crackers  
 occupy the empty places at the table where the children  
 had been sitting. Honoria, RICHARD, and ELSIE, pop in  
 and out of the dining room, as they partake in a game of  
 hide-and-go-seek. Their delighted squeals and laughs,  
 coming from different parts of the house, is in contrast  
 to the awkward tension at the table.

LINCOLN  
 So Charlie, how's life in New York?

CHARLIE  
 Oh, uh, it's great, just great. You  
 should fly out sometime, with the kids.

He starts stirring the spoon in his coffee cup.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 They're both so smart, they'd love all  
 the cultural stuff. You-you've really  
 done a great job with them.

He stops the motion and cautiously looks up at Marion.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 And with Honoria too. I can't thank you  
 enough for, I mean, with what happened  
 with Helen and me, I--

MARION  
 (short)  
 No need for thanks. I did it for my  
 sister.

Charlie shifts uncomfortably in his seat and clears his throat.

CHARLIE

(to Marion)

Um, speaking of...I was wondering if you had-you see, the reason I'm back in L.A., like my letter said, is because--

MARION

(standing up suddenly)

I need to get started on the dishes.

LINCOLN

Honey--

MARION

(to Charlie)

I'll have Honoria ready by 9 a.m. tomorrow.

She quickly gathers her coffee cup and the children's plates and exits. Lincoln looks at Charlie with apologetic eyes.

LINCOLN

(voice low)

Try to see it from her point of view. Helen's death and the circumstances, she's...it's still very raw. Just be a little patient. I'm sure it'll all work out in the end.

Charlie simply nods. He looks crestfallen.

INT. THE BEVERLY HILTON - NIGHT

Charlie enters his room, flicks on the lights, and places his suitcase and carry-on on his bed. He then heads for the mini refrigerator. He spots all the bottles of liquor and a look of determined will crosses his face. His fingers brush against a small bottle of vodka, as he reaches for a bottle of water.

INT. THE BEVERLY HILTON - NIGHT

Charlie is underneath the covers of the plush, luxurious bed, his head propped up against the fluffed, oversized pillows. The room is dark, except for the small table lamp next to him, and he is holding and looking at a framed photo.



It is a picture of HELEN, in a white summer dress, who is on a swing laughing, her curly brown hair flying in the wind. He traces her face with his finger, a pained expression gracing his face. Charlie finally sets down the picture on the bedside table and turns off the lamp.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Charlie and Honoria are eating Chicken McNuggets and fries, the adult-size for him and a Happy Meal for her. She has on a hat with Minnie Mouse ears and a red-and-white polka-dot bow and holds an Elsa doll in her lap. He is dressed casually and has on his baseball cap. Seated behind them is a burly bodyguard named TONY, who is eating his meal and keeping a close watch over Charlie and his daughter.

CHARLIE

(squeezing ketchup out of a packet onto the tray paper)  
Now don't tell your Aunt Marion that you had McDonald's for dinner. And remember to eat all your vegetables tomorrow.

HONORIA

(giggling)  
Daddy! Potatoes ARE vegetables!

Charlie smiles and dips a french fry into the ketchup. He offers it to her and she opens her mouth to eat it.

CHARLIE

So what was your favorite part about today?

HONORIA

Seeing Cinderella!

CHARLIE

Really? How come?

HONORIA

She and Prince Charming are romance-tic.

She sighs in dreamy contentment. Charlie chuckles and reaches over to pinch her nose affectionately.

CHARLIE

And you know all about that, don't you?

Honorina rolls her eyes and gives him a "oh daddy" look. She picks up a chicken nugget and is about to dip it into the sweet & sour sauce, when she speaks again without looking at him.

HONORIA

Know what I ask Cinderella, daddy?

CHARLIE

What?

HONORIA

I ask if she's a mommy now.

Charlie stops his chewing and looks at her in surprise. Honoria is now looking at her Elsa doll and continues rambling on.

HONORIA (CONT'D)

And she say yes. And I say her baby very lucky to have fairy godmother and mouse friends and mommy and a daddy that love her very much.

Charlie seems slightly shaken, as Honoria takes a bite out of her nugget and tries to feed it to her Elsa doll. He clears his throat to say something, when a voice calls out to him.

MAN (O.S.)

Oh-ho! If it isn't the infamous Charlie Wales!

Charlie cringes when he notices the other customers, who he'd escaped notice from, start to look at him with curious interest. DUNCAN SCHAEFFER, the one who had called out to him, starts approaching him. He is dressed in a designer white suit, designer loafers, and designer sunglasses. His dirty blond hair is gelled and spiked to perfection and he has diamonds on his earlobes and fingers. He is also a bit overweight, so the buttons of his shirt seem to be straining against his flesh and his face is red and glistening from the L.A. heat.

He is accompanied by LORRAINE QUARRLES, an overly tanned young woman with jet black hair, who in contrast to her companion, is bone skinny. She is also decked from head-to-toe in brand names, from her mini-dress to her sky-high heels to her gigantic Chanel handbag. Needless to say, they sorely stick out in the casual environment of McDonald's.

Charlie senses Tony shifting behind him, turns his head, and finger-salutes him.

DUNCAN

It's okay, Tony. They're people I know.

TONY

Well, they'd better quit drawing attention to you or there's going to be a situation.

Charlie nods, as Duncan plops down in the seat next to him, while Lorraine sits next to Honoria. Lorraine smiles coyly at Charlie and winks at him. Duncan throws an arm around Charlie's shoulders and pilfers a french fry.

DUNCAN

(a bit too loudly)

Charlie Wales, back in L.A. And in Mickey-D's of all places! If I hadn't been jonesin' for their fries, we wouldn't have had the pleasure of meeting like this!

CHARLIE

It's good to see you too, Duncan.

He nods at Lorraine.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Lorraine. But can you please keep your voice down?

He motions at the people staring at them and his daughter, who is looking at the two of them with wide eyes. Duncan gasps dramatically.

DUNCAN

Don't tell me this beautiful young lady is that little squirt from a year ago?

LORRAINE

(cooing)

She's gorgeous. Just like her daddy.

She threads her fingers through Honoria's curls. Charlie stiffens.

CHARLIE

(grimly)

She's actually the spitting image of her mom.

Lorraine stops the motion of her fingers. Making doe-eyes at Charlie, she smiles seductively.

LORRAINE

How about dinner, Charlie? We can get the old gang together and go to Mr. Chow's.

She starts stroking Charlie's hand, which is resting on the table. He draws his hand away quickly.

CHARLIE

Can't. I gotta drop off Honoria at her aunt's.

DUNCAN

Well, what about after? Avalon's having all-you-can-drink tequila night. Let's see that Wales booty on the dance floor again.

CHARLIE

Guys, I'm sorry, I just can't.

He looks at Honoria, who has finished her meal and is sipping quietly on her soda, clutching her Elsa doll to her chest.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(to Honoria)

Sweetie, you ready to go?

She nods. Charlie gathers all the trash on the tray. When he goes to stand up, he notices Lorraine and Duncan looking at him with amused grins.

LORRAINE

Why, Charlie Wales, I do believe you're sober. Pinch him, Dunc, see if he's sober.

Charlie motions again at Honoria. They both laugh.

DUNCAN

So where are you staying?

CHARLIE

(hesitating)

Oh, uh...I'm not settled in yet. I'll give you guys a call later on. Still have the same numbers?

They nod. He picks Honoria up, as Tony stands too.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Well, we're off to do some shopping. Say goodbye, sweetheart.

HONORIA  
(waving)  
Bye-bye.

Without really acknowledging Duncan and Lorraine, Charlie quickly turns on his heels and exits with Tony following behind him.

INT. HONORIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlie enters the dimly-lit room with a sleeping Honoria in his arms. He gently lays her on the bed and takes off her shoes. Drawing the covers over her, he leans down to kiss her forehead and quietly turns to leave.

HONORIA  
Daddy?

He turns around. Honoria is still lying down, so he kneels down beside her bed. He tucks the covers around her shoulders.

CHARLIE  
Shhhh. Get some rest, I'll see you tomorrow.

HONORIA  
Daddy, can I go New York with you?

Charlie looks at his daughter in surprise.

CHARLIE  
Why do you ask darling? Aren't you happy here?

HONORIA  
Oh yes. I like Richard and Elsie and Uncle Lincoln and Aunt Marion very much.

CHARLIE  
(gently)  
Then what's the problem?

HONORIA  
But I love you most, daddy. And you love me most. Because mommy isn't here.

CHARLIE  
That's true. I do love you very, very much.

He smiles down at her.

CHARLIE

But you know, when you're older, you won't love me best. Someday some handsome man--

HONORIA

A prince?

CHARLIE

(chuckling)

Yes. A handsome prince will want to marry you and you'll go off happily ever after to live with him.

Honorina yawns, her eyes drooping.

HONORIA

(sleepily)

Just like Cinderella.

Charlie smiles and gives her another kiss. He exits and quietly closes the door, nearly jumping back in surprise when he turns around sees Marion standing in the hallway with her arms crossed.

CHARLIE

(whispering)

You nearly gave me a heart attack.

MARION

Why should I believe you?

CHARLIE

What?

MARION

Your letter...you said you've changed for the better. Why should I believe that?

Charlie looks back at Honorina's door.

CHARLIE

Let's go somewhere where we won't wake the kids.

Marion sighs and leads him down the hall to Lincoln's study. She closes the door and turns to face him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(controlled)

Why should you believe me? Look at my eyes. They aren't bloodshot. Listen to my voice, I'm not slurring my words. I'm standing upright. I remember my own name and where I was an hour ago.

(beat)

I went through intense, almost painful rehabilitation to get to where I am today. I'm not about to unravel all that hard work now.

MARION

How do you know that'll remain true though? You're still in that industry Charlie! And the media is going to be watching you like a hawk. You could very easily be sucked back into it.

CHARLIE

Look at how much I've already lost, Marion. I can't afford to lose much more.

Marion bites her bottom lip and diverts her eyes from Charlie's emotional gaze. She walks over to the window. Charlie stands behind her, but gives her some distance.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I found a great place outside the city. And I've already looked into some of the best schools in the area. And if I accept the pilot offer and it goes to series, I'll be working only about 3 hours a day, except taping days, so I'll really be able to be a part of her life.

Marion remains silent.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I loved Helen. I don't know if you believe me, but...

She sharply turns around and gives him an icy glare.

MARION

Don't.

CHARLIE

We both made mistakes.

Marion laughs sardonically, and starts stepping towards him.



MARION

Mistakes? Yeah, I guess getting famous too young, living on the fast lane, squandering your money on God knows whatever illegal substances are mistakes you BOTH made. But who was the one that got caught with his pants down with some bimbo at a nightclub bathroom by his WIFE, huh?

Charlie visibly flinches, as if Marion has physically struck him.

CHARLIE

Nothing happened.

MARION

You mean it was interrupted from happening.

CHARLIE

Marion--

MARION

(her voice getting louder)  
And don't even try to justify yourself, about how you were too out of it to know what you were doing.

CHARLIE

Marion, wait--

MARION

(shouting by this point and up in Charlie's face)  
Damn it Charlie! If she hadn't run out of the club at that moment, she wouldn't have been hit by that car!

Lincoln suddenly bursts into the room. He sees them close together, his wife wide-eyed and breathing heavily while Charlie just looks defeated.

LINCOLN

What's going on in here? I can hear your shouting all the way from the basement!

Charlie steps back from Marion.

CHARLIE

(slowly, quietly)

I know, out of loyalty to your sister, you have every reason to blame me for what happened to Helen. It was poor judgement. I regret it. Everyday.

(hesitating)

But it was Helen who was first kissing some punk at the bar that night.

Marion blinks at him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

That's what you didn't read in the tabloids. He was a young guy. Webb.

He sighs dejectedly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm not blaming Helen, I'm not, it's just - we're both to blame for how far we let it go. We had a bad fight beforehand, as usual, and we drank too much out of anger. If I could change that night...

He takes in a shaky breath and draws a tired hand over his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

But that's the past and the present is about what's best for Honoria. I think-I know I can provide that.

Marion looks between Charlie and Lincoln before throwing her hands up in defeat.

MARION

(agitated)

Do what you like! She's your child and I'm not going to...if she were mine, I'd rather see her--You two decide it! I can't take this anymore. My head aches. I'm going to bed.

She rushes past Lincoln. Lincoln sighs and then looks at Charlie with a weak smile.

LINCOLN

It's been a hard day for her. She's been re-reading and agonizing over your letter all day, going through some of Helen's old stuff. She knows she can't stand in your way, or Honoria's.

CHARLIE  
Thank you, Lincoln.

LINCOLN  
I better go check on her.

CHARLIE  
I'll see myself out.

They exit the study. Charlie is about to descend the steps when he turns back to face Lincoln.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I, uh, I'd really like to invite the family out to dinner tomorrow. There's this Italian place near my hotel, great food. There's even a specialized menu for the kids. I don't know how Marion would feel about being out in public with me but...

LINCOLN  
I'll talk to her and give you a call.

Charlie nods and goes down the stairs.

INT. THE BEVERLY HILTON - NIGHT

Charlie enters the room and flicks on the light. He starts to unbutton his shirt when he catches sight of Helen's picture. He goes over to it and picks it up. He smiles slightly and places a kiss on it.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. THE BEVERLY HILTON - DAY

The digital clock shows that it is 10:30 in the morning and Charlie is getting ready for the day. He is rummaging through the suitcase, as his phone lies on the bed, set to speakerphone. He is in the midst of listening to his messages.

ALIX (O.S.)

(filtered)

...And there's this new movie called "The Luckiest" by this new hot-shot director. Name's Corey Launder. Won Sundance last year. And the script is frickin' amazing. Right up your alley. Oh, and filming in L.A. in a couple months. Not that that's of any interest to you, Mr. NYC, but you know...

Charlie smiles and shakes his head, hitting the "9" while laying out a polo shirt and jeans on the bed.

FEMALE VOICEMAIL VOICE

Message saved. Next message.

He heads to the bathroom with his phone and places it on the counter. He grabs his toothbrush and wets it.

LORRAINE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Hey fucker!

He stops short before putting the toothpaste on it.

LORRAINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(slurring her words,  
filtered)

You're a fucker, Charlie Wales, you know that?

Charlie squeezes some toothpaste out starts brushing his teeth as the message continues. He has a big frown on his face.

LORRAINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(filtered)

There wasn't a day I didn't think about you and to treat me like shit like that. Tell ya what. Make it up to me by coming out to Avalon.

(MORE)

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
 (lower, breathier)  
 We can finish what we started in the  
 bathroom before we fucking got inter-

Charlie forcefully hits the "7."

FEMALE VOICEMAIL VOICE  
 (filtered)  
 Message deleted. Next message.

Charlie continues brushing his teeth, but stops when he  
 hears the next voice.

LINCOLN (O.S.)  
 (filtered)  
 Hey, it's Lincoln. Don't want to jump  
 the gun, but I think Marion's given in.  
 She wants you to wait until the weekend  
 so she can pack all of Honoria's stuff.

Charlie is standing there with his mouth open. Toothpaste  
 foam is starting to drip out of the corner of his mouth.

LINCOLN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (filtered)  
 And I think she still wants to retain  
 legal guardianship for a year, but we can  
 talk about all that during dinner...

An exterior shot of the Beverly Hilton.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
 WOOOOOOOOOOOOHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Everyone is dressed up: Charlie and Lincoln in suits,  
 Richard in a collared shirt and sweater vest, the girls  
 in dresses, and Marion in a blazer and pencil skirt.  
 Honoria is sitting next to Charlie, fiddling with the  
 various controls in the vehicle with her cousins.

At one point, Honoria puts her small hand over his much  
 larger one and looks up at him with a wide, knowing  
 smile. He winks at her and squeezes her hand before she  
 turns back to her cousins.

The limo comes to a stop and the partition window comes  
 down.

DRIVER  
 Mr. Wales, there's paparazzi outside.

Marion's face immediately blanches. Charlie looks at her with an apologetic smile.

CHARLIE

Sorry about that. They were bound to find me sooner or later.

He looks at Honoria, Richard, and Elsie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Kids, make sure to hold mommy or daddy's hand real tight okay? Just keep smiling and walking towards the restaurant, alright?

All three of them nod. When the door opens, flashes immediately start going off. Charlie lets his in-laws and their kids go on ahead of him, as he steps out with Honoria clutching his hand. He puts on a closed-mouthed smile, as they make their way to the restaurant.

DUNCAN

Oh-ho! Charlie Wales!

He turns around and sees Duncan, Lorraine, and their entourage heading towards them. Duncan mugs and struts for the cameras. The flashes go off like crazy.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

(shouting, drunk)

Too good for us, Wales? What's with all this shishi, cagey business with your hotel and not calling us? Gone Manhattan on us, have ya?

His entourage laughs and whoops. Charlie nervously glances around the gradually increasing number of cameras and gently nudges his daughter towards Lincoln and Marion, who are standing right outside the door.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Duncan, but now isn't a good time. I'm with family. I'll give you a call later.

Lorraine saunters up beside Duncan, also obviously drunk, and grins widely at Charlie. She spots his family, who are looking bewildered at all the commotion, and motions to Richard.

LORRAINE

Oh, what a darling little boy! Come here, little boy!

Marion gives her a deathly glare as Richard clutches and hides behind her leg. Before Charlie can stop her, Lorraine approaches Marion and holds out her hand.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

You must be Helen's sister!

Marion's face has gotten significantly whiter. She doesn't take Lorraine's hand and remains silent. Charlie approaches from behind.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I knew Helen well. We were like best friends.

CHARLIE

(trying to pull her away)

C'mon Lorraine...

Lorraine looks up at Charlie, smirks, and then turns back to Marion and leans close.

LORRAINE

(whispers)

That is, until she found Charlie and me in a public bathroom with his pants d--

MARION

Stop it! Just stop! Oh, you vile...Lincoln, we're leaving! Right NOW!

CHARLIE

Marion, wait--

MARION

I won't take more of this! I won't have the children--Back to the limo right now!

Marion drags Elsie and Richard through the small crowd of photographers and curious spectators, as Lincoln carries Honoria, giving Charlie a helpless look as he passes. The driver sticks his head out from the window and Charlie motions for him to go without him. Lorraine, Duncan, and their entourage laugh raucously and file away, leaving Charlie, alone on the sidewalk, the paparazzi still snapping away.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. THE BEVERLY HILTON - DAY

A crumpled-up newspaper is seen on the floor. It has a picture of Charlie pulling Lorraine away and another of Marion rushing away with Richard and Elsie, their faces blurred out.

LINCOLN (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Hey Charlie. It's Lincoln. I--

He sighs.

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(filtered)  
Marion's not doing so well. She can't stand shocks and well, those kind of people, the pictures in the papers, it's just too much and...

The TV is on some cooking channel. The sound is on mute.

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(filtered)  
I know this is not altogether your fault, but she's too worked up and I can't have her get like this again. So with Honoria, I...let's just wait until everything dies down a bit, okay?

Charlie is underneath the covers, a blank, dead expression on his face.

LINCOLN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(filtered)  
I'm really sorry, Charlie. Come by the house before you leave.

Charlie drags his body out of the bed. He walks over to the minibar. He stands in front of it for a moment and then opens it, taking out a small bottle of vodka. He sits at the small, circular table near the balcony and flips over one of the glasses on the tray. He pours the liquor. As he draws the glass to his lips, he spots the picture of Helen across the room. He slams down his glass, walks over to it, and picks it up.

CHARLIE  
What do I do now, Helen? What the hell do I do about this? Is this some kind of revenge for all the shit I did? Is it?



Sighing, he places it back and notices that his cell phone is displaying a missed call. Alix. Charlie's eyes suddenly brighten and he presses the "3" on his cell phone. He waits for his agent to pick up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey Alix, it's Charlie. Listen. About those offers in L.A. that have been coming in...maybe we can talk about it over dinner?

He listens and lets out a small chuckle.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

No, hell hasn't frozen over. I just...I may need to stay for awhile and it's not like I can just sit around and do nothing.

(pause)

So the Palms at 7. Got it. Oh, knock it off with the cheering, nothing's final. Okay. Sounds good. Bye.

He closes his phone and walks over to the glass of vodka and dumps it into the nearby plant vase. He looks back at Helen's picture and a small, determined smile graces his face.

FADE OUT:

THE END