

ASK ME ANYTHING

Written by

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VERVE // David Boxerbaum  
ROMARK ENTERTAINMENT  
GOOD FEAR

**OPEN ON:**

Gossip magazines.

An endless sea of them.

A lengthy spread on a coffee table.

US Weekly, InTouch, Enquirer, Star.

Celebrities. Sex. Mockery. Melodrama. Far-fetched plots and open secrets.

These aren't just coffee table adornments. There are PILES. Trade magazines too -- Billboard, Rolling Stone. Back issues for all of them.

We are in the LIVING ROOM of a PUBLICIST -- A cramped apartment in Hollywood.

MARGO, 29, sits at a small desk, on her laptop. She's doubletasking -- responding to an email while checking her makeup on her Macbook's PHOTO BOOTH.

The computer's tiny GREEN CAMERA LIGHT shines back at her.

She's sweet-looking, almost gentle.

Remember that soft-spoken person you did an internship with when you first moved to LA? That person who was too sincere, too nice, too Midwestern, and moved back home within a year?

That's Margo. But she never moved. She stayed and is now a junior publicist.

She finishes writing an email with one hand, holding concealer in the other. Presses send.

Closes the computer's Photo booth. The green light turns OFF.

She walks to the bathroom to touch up her makeup in a real mirror. We STAY on the computer.

MARGO (O.S.)

Oof.

A busy desktop, the default wallpaper of a mountain. A stock image of a National Park she'll never have time to visit.

Prompted by nothing, the green camera light TURNS BACK ON.

*Watching.*

The mountain on her desktop DISSOLVES TO--

**ANOTHER MOUNTAIN -- SOMEWHERE ELSE**

But this isn't a real landscape. We're looking at a poster. An older man stands stoically in front of a Western vista.

The man is DAVID DOLLAR, late 50's. Part Johnny Cash, part Marlboro man. Sophisticated and old school. A true legend.

This is a poster for a music documentary.

A few people pass by.

We're in the lobby of a screening room in West Hollywood. People are leaving the theater.

Additional posters, with art from his older albums stand alongside as decoration. They go decades back.

It's clear that this documentary is a career retrospective. A victory lap.

He's a crooner, Sinatra with a cowboy hat. There's an old-fashioned sensibility to it all, with his look and the overt Americana bearing tribute to an era long gone.

In the older albums, he is devastatingly handsome.

MARGO passes the poster, holding a thick wad of papers.

She's picking up press kits left by the journalists leaving the theater -- discarded like trash.

She walks towards the other side of the room, passing a group of journalists -- she slows down to eavesdrop:

CARDIGAN

David Dollar? In 2018? Who cares?

BEARDSTER

They're releasing another greatest hits album. Again.

NEWSBOY CAP

And they're doing this comeback awards push. It's kind of gross.

The three journalists notice Margo noticing them. They see her pile of press kits and promptly hand them back to her.

MARGO

No - I'm not--

Margo stops, doesn't want to make a scene. She takes their press kits.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The journalists walk off.

Margo walks to the other side of the room to NATALIE, 40's, her boss. Natalie is the image of a quintessential publicist: powerful, sleek, intimidating. A tigershark in a pantsuit.

Natalie's replying to an email on her phone. Fingers tapping.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Yikes.

NATALIE

I know. Got a long road ahead of us on this one.

(then)

TV Guide passed on the feature.

MARGO

*TV Guide??* Man. We are screwed.

NATALIE

The good news is nobody can back out of this Q&A. You should probably get going.

MARGO

Starts at five, right?

NATALIE

Yeah, but you should get there a little early. I still don't think he understands what we're doing. He'll need some hand holding.

Natalie goes back to her phone.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I'd like to go with but I have some fires to put out. The usual suspects.

Beat.

MARGO

You don't -- you don't think Tori could cover for me, do you? She's honestly the best at these Q&A's.

NATALIE

Tori's in Palm Springs for the week. And Davey requested you specifically.

MARGO

What? Really? I've only met him in person once.

NATALIE

You must have left an impression.

(then)

I think he was Married to a Margo once. A model or something.

MARGO

That's so weird. I walked him down a carpet last month but that's it.

NATALIE

Margo. You are not like most publicists. You are this... beautiful, delicate little creature. Most of us - well, we tend to come off a bit cold blooded.

MARGO

You're the biggest softie I know.

This is not true. Natalie laughs.

NATALIE

I've said it since day one: you're way too nice to be a publicist.

(beat)

Which - happens to make you a very appealing one.

MARGO

That's a nice way of calling me a pushover.

NATALIE

You're also a certified hottie. He's getting grey, but he's still a man. Old habits die hard.

MARGO

He's like America's dad. Ew.

Natalie raises an eyebrow.

NATALIE  
America's Grandad by now.

Margo looks at the older albums: the tragedy of a handsome man getting old.

MARGO  
Yeah. He's pushing it.

NATALIE  
But you'll be fine. He's a hoot.  
Harmless.  
(a moment, then)  
Your laptop charged?

Margo grabs her laptop from her bag. Opens it up.

MARGO  
Yup.

NATALIE  
Perfect. You have the address?

Margo pauses - notices the green camera light on her laptop is still on. Weird.

MARGO  
Yeah.

MATCH TO:

### **A GREEN TRAFFIC LIGHT**

And we're--

### **ABOVE LOS ANGELES - LATE AFTERNOON**

The sun sits low in the sky - making everything gold and saturated. The hills, with the sun behind them, begin to form an ominous, dark outline.

A narrow, twisting road cuts through the haze like an artery.

We follow a pair of headlights as they twist through Coldwater Canyon, headed into the Hollywood hills --

A modest Honda Civic.

### **IN THE CAR**

Margo drives along. Listening to a song - it's old sounding. A male voice. Haunted and pained. Timeless.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - SAME**

The car continues its winding path, passing million dollar houses and yards.

Various landscapers pack up their trucks, finishing up a day's work of keeping the grass green and the hedges trimmed.

**INSIDE THE CAR**

A long beat on Margo's face, her deer-in-the-headlights eyes.

Natalie's description feels apt - Margo looks small. Fragile, even. A little girl, in a shitbox car, driving past some of the most expensive real estate in the world.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

Margo pulls up to THE HOUSE.

It's beautiful, vast, and sprawling. Unlike some of the other mansions, there are no hedges or walls.

MARGO

Wow.

The size of it should tell you a lot about David's career. His glory days may be over, but man, he had some serious glory days.

The car pulls into the driveway.

She parks behind a vintage Ford Roadster. It's in perfect condition. A classic.

She takes off her headphones, reaches into her purse. Pops a Xanax. Breathes.

She's nervous.

**EXT. THE HOUSE - MINUTES LATER**

Margo approaches the door. There's a large brass KNOCKER.

She grabs it, knocks awkwardly.

The sound reverberates.

She waits.

Looks around the entrance, taking it in.

It's an enormous house - he probably didn't hear the knock.

She knocks again, HARDER, and the door swings ajar, jostled open by the knock.

She looks around. Is anyone here?

MARGO  
(into the house)  
Hello?

Nothing.

She steps inside.

**INT. THE FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Margo enters - spins around, taking it all in. Taxidermied animals stand locked in a frozen snarl.

There's some modern touches, but it's largely classic. Brass statues. Paintings. Old money, old Hollywood. *Regal*.

MARGO  
(nearly a shout)  
HELLO?

DAVEY (O.S.)  
(as if right behind her)  
Hello there.

She turns. A man emerges from a corner, stepping out of a shadow.

And there he is. DAVID DOLLAR. Living legend. In person, he looks a bit older, more frail than he does on his album art. He's wearing a smoker's jacket.

MARGO  
Mr. Dollar! It's Margo. I'm here to moderate your AMA. It's nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

DAVEY  
We've met before. Call me Davey.

MARGO  
Davey. Well - if that counts as meeting. That was for 30 seconds.

DAVEY

Oh. I remember.

Despite his age, there's still a twinkle in his eye, the same spark of that young man we saw in the posters. Margo works with celebrities every day but Davey is - *different*. An icon.

There's something almost off-putting about his warmth: the freewheeling abandon of someone with nothing left to prove and zero fucks to give.

Margo is visibly nervous. And he can tell.

MARGO

Your house is *beautiful*.

DAVEY

When I moved to California a lifetime ago, I lived out of my car for two years. Promised that if I made something of myself I'd live comfortably.

Davey studies her - she's awestruck by the size of it all. He's quite charmed by this.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

You want a tour? We have a few.

Margo looks at him. The answer is clearly yes.

#### **INT. THE HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Davey and Margo walk on - a narrow hallway.

They pass a series of framed pictures throughout the years, of Davey with different dignitaries, artists, and legends -- a who's who of the music industry.

DAVEY

Moved here in the mid 80's. Not too long after *Renegade*. The big selling point was its former residents: Rudolph Valentino, Jean Harlow, Harold Lloyd.

MARGO

Wow.

DAVEY

Had to gut a lot of it. Wasn't all built to code.

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Felt like we were destroying history but sometimes you gotta move past sentiment.

(then)

Many of the original elements are still here - the stained glass, wrought iron. I'd like to think the soul of the house remains.

MARGO

History with an updated kitchen. Must be a million people who'd like to take this off of your hands.

DAVEY

You care for real estate?

MARGO

Me? No. I like HouseHunters, daydreaming on Zillow. But that's not -

(ugh)

I mean I'd love to buy a condo in the next few years, but - the prices here are murder.

DAVEY

I'm familiar.

(then)

Here --

**INT. FURTHER IN THE HOUSE - HALLWAY**

Davey leads Margo further in. It's labyrinthine. Like the Overlook hotel.

DAVEY

There are six bedrooms, ten bathrooms, two dining areas. Don't entertain much these days.

Margo takes it all in. He looks at her, as if anticipating her next question:

DAVEY (CONT'D)

It's a big place to live alone, haven't been married in a decade. No kids. But there are memories here. Don't want to downsize those.

MARGO

Of course.

They turn a corner, to see A MAN pointing a gun at them.

Margo jumps. Davey chuckles.

DAVEY

A gift from Madame Tussaud's.

It's a WAX FIGURE of young Davey, in full cowboy garb. He's pointing a revolver. It's uncanny.

MARGO

Jesus.

(beat)

That is so... Realistic.

DAVEY

I hope so. I'd like to think it keeps the intruders away.

They both stare at the wax figure.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Don't think they got my nose right.  
Other than that, pretty good.

The corner leads to a LIVING ROOM, filled with memorabilia. A temple, filled with relics of the past.

You'll see a lot of things that say *Renegade* -- the name of his most successful album, and seemingly, his cowboy persona.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

The life I've lived. You almost wouldn't believe it.

Davey turns to a screen panel in the wall with several room controls. It looks complicated. Smarthome stuff.

He presses different buttons. The lights cycle on and off indiscriminately. It's clear he has no idea what he's doing.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Goddamnit.

The changes get more drastic. The lights change colors. A flatscreen TV pops out of the wall. Music starts playing through speakers. Margo can't help but laugh.

MARGO

You want some help?

DAVEY

Trying to turn on the fireplace.  
As you can see, I'm something of a  
luddite.

MARGO

What does that mean?

DAVEY

It means I miss light switches.

Margo goes to the panel. Presses a few buttons. The fireplace  
turns on. The flatbed kind. *It's nice.*

Above the fireplace, framed platinum records.

MARGO

I loved these when I was a kid.  
Still do.

DAVEY

Have a favorite?

Margo pauses. She works with enough artists to know what he's  
really asking: *Do you give a shit?*

A test.

MARGO

I mean Renegade's a classic. Some  
of the songs on Honeytrap are super  
catchy but it's a little...

DAVEY

Sexist. You can say it.

Margo laughs.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I had just gone through a divorce.  
It's embarrassing to look back on  
some of those now.

MARGO

Yeah. Different Era.

DAVEY

I'm not proud of those lyrics, but  
I felt every word when I wrote 'em.  
I don't feel them anymore but it  
doesn't change the past. Nothing  
ever does.

A moment. Then -

MARGO

*Birdsong*. The best album you made was *Birdsong*. I know it's not even the most popular but it's beautiful.

(then)

I still put it on when I'm having a bad day.

Davey smiles, nods. That was a **very good** answer.

Margo's phone beeps. It's an iCAL reminder for the Q&A.

DAVEY

Is that our cue?

**INT. THE HOUSE - VARIOUS HALLWAYS AND CORRIDORS**

A series of extreme WIDES as Margo and Davey walk on. They're headed towards the front of the house.

DAVEY

So tell me - how does this work?

MARGO

We'll both be on the same web page and I'll be fielding the questions as they come in. There's gonna be a lot so we can pick and choose which ones to answer.

(then)

I'm pretty good and picking 'em. Some are going to be goofy, some will make you cringe, but it's usually pretty fun.

DAVEY

You're doing the typing?

MARGO

Right. You dictate, I type.

DAVEY

How'd they pick you to do these?

MARGO

Well, I'm one of the younger publicists, so I'm more tech savvy. I also clock in at about 120 words per minute.

DAVEY

Typing?

Margo nods. Davey's impressed.

They head upstairs. Davey's very slow on the steps.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Destroyed my knee in a motorcycle accident a few years back. Suppose I'm older than I'd like to admit.

Margo smiles.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Which publication is it?

MARGO

It's being hosted through a site called Reddit, but the label's going to be tweeting links to all of your answers - kind of like a CC on an email.

DAVEY

(no fucking clue)  
What?

MARGO

It means, with any luck, we'll have a big audience.

The two enter a dark corridor. A LARGE MAN wearing a surgical mask appears out of nowhere. Margo SCREAMS.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

DAVEY

Julio. My security guard and assistant. He has the flu.

JULIO

(under mask)  
Sorry.

Julio tuns, leaves. Margo notices he has a handgun holstered on his hip.

DAVEY

He's licensed, of course. Had a stalker incident a few years ago.

MARGO

What happened?

DAVEY

Some deranged fan broke in. I was out of town, but they stole a bunch of my clothes, personal items. Left me little notes throughout the house. Took me the better part of a year to find them all.

MARGO

That's freaky.

DAVEY

So you'll notice --

Davey knocks on a nearby window.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Hurricane glass. Bulletproof. Fixed windows. Need a key fob for every door besides the front one.

MARGO

Put as much time into a place like this, it's important to feel safe.

DAVEY

With someone like me. Everyone wants a piece of you.

(beat)

Well, they used to, anyway. Sounds like you haven't had any luck pitching me.

Margo smiles - uneasy.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Here we are.

### **INT. THE STUDY - CONTINUOUS**

The two enter. It's a rich man's idea of a study -- more so a library, filled with large bookshelves, a couch, and a desk.

Giant windows look out over the front lawn and give a breathtaking panoramic view of the city.

The sun has finished setting, the orange-blue glow of Hollywood shines against the dusk.

MARGO

Each room in this house really outdoes itself.

(MORE)

MARGO (CONT'D)  
(faux-exasperation)  
God, PLEASE let me be a homeowner!

DAVEY  
Well, this room's my favorite. If  
we'll be doing this for a while,  
might as well be comfortable.

Davey walks to a decanter and pours himself a drink.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Scotch?

MARGO  
Oh - no. Try not to drink while I  
work.

DAVEY  
Work?  
(beat)  
We're spending an hour on Facebook.

MARGO  
It's work for me. And it's not on  
Facebook.

DAVEY  
Well - we're answering questions.  
They want honesty right? Think  
having something to wet the whistle  
will help me out.

Margo smiles.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Please don't make an old man drink  
alone.

He looks at her. Winks.

Margo caves, nods. Davey is old but he is a charming  
motherfucker.

He pours her a scotch, hands it to her.

She takes a sip. Nods.

MARGO  
Wow. Yeah.

Margo's phone beeps again. It's 5:00. Time to start.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
Can I sit at the desk?

DAVEY

Of course.

Davey sits at the couch as Margo takes out her laptop and situates herself on the desk.

MARGO

So your email should have the link to the page. Questions will start flying in, so let me know if there's any you'd like to answer - and I'll dictate your response. I'll flag ones I like.

Davey opens the page on his tablet. It's all geared up.

DAVEY

(reading)

Hello internet, I am David Dollar, singer, songwriter, and record producer. I'll be answering questions from 5-6 PST with the help of Margo here. You can see me in my upcoming documentary "Last Train to Nowhere", released on streaming platforms next Friday -- and hear me on my latest album Greatest Hits Volume IV.

(beat)

Ask me anything.

MARGO

You ready?

Davey takes a sip of his scotch.

DAVEY

Showtime.

Margo logs on as "David" -- a little ONLINE icon pops up next to his username, indicating that he has entered the Q&A.

Questions start pouring in immediately.

Davey looks at his iPad, a little overwhelmed.

Reads over a few questions.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

"Would you rather fight 100 duck sized-horses, or one horse sized duck?"

He looks at Margo.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Are you fucking kidding me?

MARGO  
I told you - some of these are going to be silly. And the idea is that they can ask you *anything*.

DAVEY  
I hate the internet.

Margo laughs.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Okay --

*READER'S NOTE: Whenever Davey answers a question, Margo dictates as he speaks. It won't be called out each time.*

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
I suppose I'd rather fight one horse-sized duck. In a fight, always bet on the swarm. There's strength in numbers and they could overtake me like nothing.

Margo's hands move like a concert pianist's. She's really good at this. 120 words per minute is FAST.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
How is this supposed to help my movie?

Margo posts his answer, smiles.

MARGO  
Increasing awareness. Appealing to a younger, more social demographic. That sort of thing.

DAVEY  
I need more scotch.

**A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS:**

MARGO  
Okay -- "are there any records you regret putting out?"

She looks at him. Honeytrap?

DAVEY

No. But Memory is self serving.  
Have to believe I made all of the  
right choices. You've gotta have a  
selective memory in this business.  
Otherwise, it's too painful. Next.

**LATER:**

MARGO

"Say, you die, go to heaven and you  
could punch anyone you ever worked  
with--"

DAVEY

(immediately)

Bob Dylan. No Question.

(beat)

Quincy Jones too. Gossipy son of a  
bitch. Can dish it but can't take  
it at all.

MARGO

You... want me to type that? He's  
still around.

DAVEY

Please. I've got nothing to be  
scared of. Final answer.

**THEN:**

DAVEY (CONT'D)

"What do you think of Bono?"

DAVEY (CONT'D)

No comment.

MARGO

"What's wrong with music today?"

DAVEY

The internet. Nobody wants to pay  
artists anymore. So artists are  
making music that's not worth  
paying for. It's lazy.

MARGO

"What contemporary music do you  
like?"

DAVEY

None.

(beat)

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Ed Sheeran is catchy. But so is the ebola virus.

MARGO

"What is your biggest regret?"

DAVEY

Don't have a big one. But most of my small ones involve women.

MARGO

"What's the thing nobody tells you about being famous?"

Davey exhales. Really thinks.

DAVEY

Living a life like mine. You walk in a room. Everybody's already got an idea about you. Probably the wrong idea too. After that first album came out. I never made a first impression ever again.

He leans in, changes his tone. Like he's imparting a secret. This guy knows how to work a room. A *showman*.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Say we were in prison. And they really wanted to punish you. They'd put you in isolation. If they really want to mess with your head, they put you in isolation for a long time. And being a celebrity - that's what it's like. It's a life sentence in an isolation tank.

(then)

And that's why people go crazy. Elvis. Michael Jackson. Britney. That Kanye Fellow. It's not the drugs, or the money. It's the glass wall.

MARGO

Wow.

DAVEY

Am I speaking out of turn?

MARGO

No. Usually people are too afraid to rock the boat and don't say anything interesting. I have a feeling this'll be a good one.

**LATER:**

Margo is bent over, hooking up a cable from her computer to a PROJECTOR in the study.

She's fumbling with the chord, you can tell she's had two glasses of scotch.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Ok!

Margo's desktop is now projected onto a screen on one of the walls. This house has everything.

DAVEY

Thank you. Easier on the eyes.

She goes back to the computer. Adjusts herself.

But Davey isn't looking at the projector, or his iPad. He looks to Margo for the next prompt.

Margo re-reads a question. Something's thrown her.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

What is it?

MARGO

"What does Margo look like?"  
(then)  
It's one of the most upvoted questions.

DAVEY

Come again?

MARGO

Other users can give a thumbs up or thumbs down to other people's questions. The ones you're seeing at the top are the most liked.

(then)

Me, and Tori, the other girl that does these - Have something of a Reddit fan club, since they always see our names pop up. It's cute. Nobody's ever asked though.

DAVEY

Ah. Well - let's give the people what they want, right?

Beat. Margo Obliges, gets ready to type.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Margo...

Davey looks Margo up and down.

His gaze lingers.

It's strangely tense. Margo looks uncomfortable.

It's as if for the first time, she realized that she's alone with this man in this huge house.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

She's really beautiful. Smart.  
Margo reminds me of a young Stevie  
Nicks. Almost demure. But I've  
already underestimated her.

(then)

I've worked with publicists for my  
entire life, I know their games. I  
know the tricks. But Margo feels  
different. She cares, honest to God  
cares which is rare in this city. I  
hope I don't disappoint her.

Margo posts the response. Looks at him.

Unsure how to take the compliment.

MARGO

Alright.

A few comments pop up below his response.

*but is she hot tho?*

*Hows that ass?*

*send nudes*

DAVEY

I have an idea. How about for every  
20 questions I answer, I get to ask  
you one.

MARGO

(beat)

For the internet?

DAVEY

No, just for me. For conversation.

Margo thinks. Seems harmless enough.

MARGO

Okay. Sure.

DAVEY

Do you like what you do?

MARGO

Most of the time.

DAVEY

You really don't seem like the publicist type. Can't imagine you barking orders at people.

MARGO

I'm usually on the receiving end of the barks.

DAVEY

Why do something so punishing if you're not in love with it?

MARGO

It's what I'm good at. It's what I fell into.

DAVEY

So you hate it.

You can tell Margo's speaking off the cuff here. Unguarded. Remember, two drinks.

MARGO

No. I like - thinking that I made a difference. Or changing someone's mind. I like purpose. I don't like... being a janitor.

DAVEY

Cleaning up messes for people that won't thank you.

(a beat; impressed)

There's something about you I can't put my finger on. What's your endgame?

MARGO

That - is a different question.

DAVEY

Okay. Fair. My turn.

(reading)

"When did you know your glory days were over?"

Ouch.

MARGO

You don't have to answer that.

DAVEY

If you'll be honest, I'll be honest.

(takes a moment, thinks)

You ready?

Margo readies her hands by the keyboard. He takes a breath.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

About 20 years ago. I was in a restaurant with a producer, discussing something that we were having trouble getting off the ground. It was going nowhere. I just didn't know it yet. I saw a girl from across the room. She was so young, beautiful. Fresh. Looked something like Margo here.

A moment. Margo keeps typing:

DAVEY (CONT'D)

She came up to me, nervous. Asked for an autograph. Of course I pretended to be peeved, impatient, but let me tell you, when a certain kind of girl comes up to you - it is never a bother. As I was signing her napkin, she said, "This is for my mom. You're her favorite singer." And that's when I knew. I wanted to be her favorite singer. And - I wasn't.

(beat)

That's when I knew it was a matter of time.

Davey looks down, finished. She posts his answer.

Margo looks at him. This frail man in this large house, surrounded with reminders of a young man's life.

And she actually feels bad for him.

MARGO

Well, publicists can't really have favorite artists, but you were always a staple growing up.

This makes Davey smile.

MARGO (CONT'D)

It wasn't even because of my mom.  
She was more of a Beatles gal.

DAVEY

They are the worst musicians in the world. John, that lucky son of a bitch got shot before his stock began to fall. Out in his prime, remembered forever. And here I am, fading away, promoting this dumb documentary.

(then)

How'd the press screening go? I never asked.

MARGO

Good. Hard to get exact reactions but I think it was - positive.

DAVEY

You're a bad liar. You need to get better about that.

MARGO

I don't fancy myself a liar.

DAVEY

Publicists are the best storytellers in this town and they can't even get nominated for awards. I mean that. But I know the doc or album won't make a splash.

(suddenly serious)

True artist's gotta know when to call it. How to come to terms with their reign being over. Not much use thrashing in the water.

MARGO

Let's get back to the questions.

DAVEY

Right.

MARGO

"Singing or producing?"

DAVEY

Singing. I am a showman at heart.

MARGO  
"What can you spill about partying  
in the 80's?"

DAVEY  
We had fun.

Margo re-reads another question, not out loud.  
A long beat. Her eyes are glued to the computer.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
You ok?

She doesn't respond. Something's clearly off.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
What's the question?

MARGO  
"Did you beat the shit out of  
Elizabeth Kelly?"

DAVEY  
What?

Margo refreshes the page, the question rises higher, buoyed  
by upvotes.

MARGO  
It's not worth answering.

DAVEY  
Where did that come from?

MARGO  
There's always trolls.  
(already over it)  
Finding you another one.

DAVEY  
I don't want to get into that shit.

MARGO  
It's spam.

Davey thinks. Troubled by something.

DAVEY  
Now it looks like I have something  
to hide, doesn't it?

MARGO  
Do you?

DAVEY

No.

MARGO

Then it's a waste of your time.  
Answering it will just give it more  
attention.

DAVEY

Maybe we should say something.

MARGO

You asked for me to be here - and  
I'm saying, it's not worth it.

DAVEY

Can I play devil's advocate?

MARGO

(laughs)  
"If you play devil's advocate, you  
may find yourself advocating for an  
actual devil".

DAVEY

Advocating for the devil? Is that  
the publicist motto?

MARGO

It's my mantra for Reddit. And the  
internet at large.

DAVEY

Are you drunk?

MARGO

No.

She isn't, but she's not perfectly sober either. She sits up.

MARGO (CONT'D)

I do a lot of these Q&A's. There's  
a million rabbit holes and land  
mines you can step on. But I've  
found it best to not feed the  
trolls.

(then)

If you find yourself in a hole,  
stop digging.

DAVEY

Okay, how about -

MARGO  
 (over, a little forceful)  
 We're going to skip it.

This is the first time we've really heard Margo assert herself. Davey takes note.

DAVEY  
 Alright.

Margo shakes her head - tries to snap out of it. Like when you're buzzed and try to focus your attention.

MARGO  
 You didn't hit her, right?

DAVEY  
 Of course not.

MARGO  
 Great. Moving on.

DAVEY  
 Okay.

MARGO  
 Have you ever been in love?

DAVEY  
 What?

MARGO  
 It's one of the questions.

DAVEY  
 Oh. Let's skip *that* one. I do have something to hide there.

He winks at her.

MARGO  
 "How is your day?"

DAVEY  
 Good. Always nice to have a visitor. A woman's energy makes my house feel so much more alive.

Margo types his response. Sees a new post-

From a user named **ZAROFF404**

*ANSWER THE QUESTION ABOUT LIZ KELLY. THIS IS A WARNING SHOT.*

Margo says nothing. Continues:

MARGO

What's your favorite line from a song you didn't write?

DAVEY

*Pointed threats, they bluff with scorn  
Suicide remarks are torn  
From the fool's gold mouthpiece the hollow horn  
Plays wasted words, proves to warn  
That he not busy being born is busy dying.*

(then)

That's Dylan. It's why I want to punch him.

Margo finishes the response to see a new post --

**ZAROFF404:** *Davey's Address is 1175 Solar Drive - 90046*

MARGO

Holy shit.

DAVEY

I know. That prose can burn a hole right through you.

MARGO

No - someone... someone posted your address.

Beat.

DAVEY

Delete it.

MARGO

I can't.

DAVEY

What do you mean you can't.

MARGO

It's a public forum. Reddit has a moderator. I can message him but - the answers are all posting to Twitter too.

DAVEY

Who moderates Twitter?

MARGO

No one.

An ugly silence.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Fuck.

DAVEY

Jesus. Are you messaging-

MARGO

(over)

I just did.

DAVEY

You said you do a lot of these. Has this ever happened before?

Margo doesn't say anything. The answer is clearly no.

A ping from her computer. She looks -

MARGO

Okay - the Reddit moderator is going to delete it. They can ban this user too.

DAVEY

Excellent.

MARGO

Hold on.

She opens a Twitter tab she had open - picking up Davey's mentions.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Fuck. FUCK.

DAVEY

What?

Davey goes to her computer. SEVERAL screenshots of his address show up on the twitter feed. Then -- GPS links... The Google street view of his house...

It's starting to spread.

MARGO

The first post's deleted.

(then, quietly)

But it looks like some people got a hold of it.

DAVEY

Cat's out of the bag.

MARGO

I'm so sorry. I'm sure we can try to take some of these down --

DAVEY

It's fine. I know I'm on some of those star maps.

(a smile)

Maybe I'll have to put up some hedges after all.

MARGO

Sorry -- I'll get this back on track. Let's find a question about the album.

Margo gets back to Reddit. A new message gets her attention.

**ZAROFF1139:**

*DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? I HAVE INFORMATION. AND I WILL KEEP DUMPING IT OUT UNTIL YOU COME CLEAN. LET'S START WITH LIZ KELLY. YOU HAVE FIVE MINUTES.*

*AND DON'T THINK IT ENDS WITH HER. THIS WILL GET WORSE.*

MARGO (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

DAVEY

Who is this asshole?

MARGO

They blocked him but he just made a new account. 404 then, 1139.

DAVEY

1139.

(beat)

The last four digits of my social security number.

Margo sits back, reeling from this. Another warning shot.

She grabs a bottle of water from her purse, chugging it, trying to sober up.

Another user's post gets upvoted to the top. It's a picture of a young Davey and a beautiful woman who is clearly ELIZABETH KELLY.

It looks something like an early paparazzi photo. Davey's hand reaches towards the lens, trying to block it - but you still get a clear view of Elizabeth. She's really roughed up.

It looks like someone beat the shit out of her.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Where the fuck did he get that?

MARGO

*We need to pull the plug.*

DAVEY

And leave people with this picture?

MARGO

I'm calling my boss.

DAVEY

What's the protocol, MARGO?

There's a quiet anger in his voice. A coiled snake waiting to strike.

MARGO

Just... hold on...

Margo steps away from the computer - walks into the

**HALLWAY**

She dials her boss, phone to her ear.

Ringling

Ringling

**INT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Natalie answers her phone. She clicks her car's hands-free Bluetooth setup.

NATALIE

Margo.

**INT. HALLWAY - INTERCUT**

MARGO

Natalie - something happened, and one of the users posted -

**IN THE CAR -**

Natalie is driving on COLDWATER CANYON. She's in a near dead zone. We hear small bits of dialogue come through but nothing intelligible.

NATALIE

Margo - I can't hear you, I'm on Coldwater, reception is shit.

MARGO

[static]

NATALIE

I'm sorry - I can't make out anything.

MARGO

[static]

NATALIE

I'll call you as soon as I'm on the other side. I'm sure you're doing great.

She hangs up.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Margo tenses her body - shaking.

She calls Natalie again.

It goes straight to voicemail.

She lets out a small SCREAM.

**INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS**

Margo walks in. Davey sits exactly where she left him.

DAVEY

What's the plan?

MARGO

We need to stop.

DAVEY

I'm going to respond first.

MARGO

I don't think it makes any sense to engage.

DAVEY

And let people make their own assumptions?

MARGO

(over)

THIS IS A SITUATION.

DAVEY

This is still manageable. But if you shut the laptop and we cancel this? Then we've got a situation.

(beat)

It's a chicken-shit move. It's going to make me look like I'm hiding something - and it'll get you fired. You're the captain of this ship, not me.

Margo says nothing - her expression unreadable.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Jesus. You KNOW - we are in a time where an accusation is treated as a presumption of guilt. And hey, rightfully so. But if we back down, and try to spin this tomorrow, it's going to make a stain. On me. On my career. And it's a stain that I might not have time to remedy.

Margo dials her boss on her cell again --

MARGO

I don't know, Davey.

DAVEY

I didn't touch her.

The call goes straight to voicemail.

She curses under her breath.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

It's the Streisand Effect. The more you try to hide something, the more it becomes publicized.

MARGO

(what??)

Like - Barbara Streisand?

DAVEY

You're a publicist and you don't know about the Streisand effect?

MARGO

No - Why is it named after--

DAVEY

(over)

This is only going to be a big deal if we make it a big deal. Five minutes are almost up.

Margo takes it in and breathes it out. Doesn't have it in her to say no.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

MARGO

Okay.

Davey talks, Margo dictates.

DAVEY

Did I beat up Elizabeth Kelly? Of course not. I remember - vividly - when that photo was taken. This is the first time I've seen it, and I'd be very curious to hear where you got it.

The reason she's bruised in that photo is because she was in the middle of a bender. We were both doing this weeklong benefit concert. Elizabeth had been drinking for three days straight. One day she didn't show up - and we found her in her dressing room, smelling like Bourbon and covered in blood.

She was 21. It was her second album. Her record label - her team, the head of the studio thought they had struck gold with her. Look at that face. A born star. A promising future. THE NEXT BIG THING. So when they found out that she was pregnant, they convinced her to end it. They had just booked a yearlong tour around the country.

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I'm not the first person to talk about such things. To say that the decisions about women's bodies in the industry were often made in the interests of powerful men. Diet pills. Tranquilizers. And abortions as birth control - at least, what was mandated by labels, that supposedly stopped a while back. But - old habits die hard.

Davey takes a breath. Margo looks at him.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

They pressured her. It wasn't contractual. It was her decision, and - it wasn't. She terminated her pregnancy and hated herself for it. Hated herself for being subjected to the whims of other people. Men. Not owning her own body.

(then)

Think she wanted to fuck herself up just to prove that she was in control. One morning she didn't show up, and that's when this was taken. See how the photo was taken in her dressing room? See how her mirror is broken? Look at her knuckles.

Margo steals a glance to the picture. Opens it in a new tab so she can see.

Elizabeth's knuckles are covered in blood and glass.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

She had punched the mirror seconds before the photo was taken.

(beat)

So no, I wasn't beating her. I was *restraining* her. She was hurting herself.

Margo finishes typing - studies the photo. And you can't un-see it. Davey is right. It's clearly an image of him restraining her.

She's typed out the response but hasn't posted it yet.

MARGO

Is Elizabeth Kelly still alive?

DAVEY

No.

MARGO

Are any of the other people in this story still alive? Is there anyone that could -

DAVEY

**POST THE GODDAMN RESPONSE.**

This is the first time we've really heard Davey SHOUT - A far cry from America's handsome dad. It's terrifying.

Margo's taken aback.

MARGO

You want to speak publicly about label sponsored abortions, you are going to start a libel lawsuit.

DAVEY

IT'S BEEN FIVE MINUTES.

MARGO

I'm trying to protect you --

DAVEY

THEN POST IT.

Margo posts.

Exhales.

MARGO

Okay.

A beat hangs in the air.

MARGO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

DAVEY

(suddenly calm again)  
It's alright.

MARGO

I'm messaging the moderator, maybe they can ban his IP address.

Comments begin pouring in under the response. It's a completely different picture once you know the context.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
Looks like you won 'em over.

DAVEY  
(smiles; what did you  
expect?)  
"And the truth shall set you free."

MARGO  
The user who leaked your address  
wasn't even the one who asked about  
Elizabeth Kelly. He said he had way  
more. What dirt does this guy have?

DAVEY  
There is no dirt. It's a bluff.

MARGO  
He has information - what if he  
found something -

DAVEY  
(over)  
There is NOTHING to find.

Margo exhales. Thinks.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
There was that Equifax breach last  
year. I'm sure he found my address,  
and is using that to try and goose  
some confession out of me.

MARGO  
Why would you go to the trouble if  
he didn't have... something? What's  
the point?

DAVEY  
Honestly? Talking to people who've  
been around as long as I have?  
Abusive behavior and the  
entertainment industry aren't  
exactly strange bedfellows. With  
everything that's come out in the  
past year? I can think of ten of my  
peers who - who have some serious  
skeletons in the closet.

An ugly pause.

The question clearly ringing in Margo's head:

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking. How is that okay?

MARGO

Right.

DAVEY

It isn't.

The computer PINGS. A message from ZAROFF.

*THAT WAS SIX MINUTES. HERE'S MORE FOR THE READERS AT HOME.*

There are a three links after his message.

MARGO

Oh my god.

She clicks one.

The first is 500 page Google Doc. She begins to scan it.

These are Davey's BANK STATEMENTS from the last 20 years.

DAVEY

What is it now?

MARGO

He released more.

For the first time, a helplessness in Davey's voice. A fear:

DAVEY

*What did he say?*

The second link goes to a similar webpage. Whatever it is, it takes a while to load.

Margo opens a new tab and clicks on the third link.

The third link loads quickly - it's an itemized list of websites and dates. Over 100 pages. It takes her a second.

Davey's COMPLETE INTERNET HISTORY.

MARGO

Bank Statements - Your internet browsing history.

Davey's face betrays nothing.

Margo goes back to the second tab, the page now loaded.

It's an indexed, searchable, INBOX.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
And your entire email inbox.

In the blink of an eye, Davey GRABS his scotch glass and THROWS it against the window.

It's no match for the hurricane glass. It crumbles like a snowball.

DAVEY  
You have GOT to be FUCKING kidding  
me!!!

He gets up and starts pacing.

Margo stays still. Stunned. Taken aback by his quickness and hostility.

MARGO'S PHONE RINGS

It's her boss.

She runs back into the

**HALLWAY**

MARGO  
(picking up)  
Hey--

NATALIE  
Margo what the fuck is going on.

MARGO  
Someone posted David's Address, and threatend to doxx him if he didn't fess up.

NATALIE  
Fess up for what?

MARGO  
Someone posted a picture of Elizabeth Kelly and asked if he abused her.

NATALIE  
Jesus Christ.

MARGO  
No - he had a really good answer.  
Pull over and read it.

A long pause.

Margo inhales.

Waits.

Prays.

For what feels like forever.

NATALIE

You did the right thing.

This is MUSIC to Margo's ears.

She almost cries.

MARGO

He just did a huge file dump and.  
He says he has more.

NATALIE

End it. You did the right thing  
with Elizabeth Kelly but - you  
don't negotiate with terrorists.

MARGO

Okay. I'll call you back once we're  
offline.

NATALIE

We'll recover from this.  
(then)  
I hope Davey does.

Margo says nothing - a loss for words.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Go.

### **INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS**

Margo enters the study, Davey's at the window.

There's a few BYSTANDERS outside. An open-top STARLINE bus  
seems to have parked in front of the house.

DAVEY

Got some rubberneckers.

MARGO

That was fast.

(then)

(MORE)

MARGO (CONT'D)  
I'm logging off, this has already  
gone off the rails.

Margo checks the computer. Their AMA is at the top of the front page of Reddit. *DAVID DOLLAR* is trending.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
At least you're a trending topic on  
Twitter.

DAVEY  
I'm sure everyone will buy the  
album now.

Margo goes back to the Reddit window.

A new message from **ZAROFF**:

DEAR PUBLICIST. BEAUTIFUL DEMURE MARGO.

DO NOT END THIS Q&A. IF YOU LOG OFF THIS IS GOING TO GET MUCH  
WORSE.

THIS IS YOUR ONE WARNING: YOU HAVE SKIN IN THE GAME.

Margo reads over the message, reads it again.

MARGO  
(to herself)  
Skin in the game.

Exhales.

SHUTS THE LAPTOP.

The little "online" icon next to Davey's username turns off.

**WIDE ON THE STUDY - CONTINUOUS**

Davey's still at the window.

Margo sits for a moment, the laptop closed.

She takes a few deep breaths.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
Okay. We're going to handle this  
now. I'm going to call Natalie.  
I'll tell her to come over and  
we're -- we're going to figure this  
out.

Davey doesn't say anything.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Is there anything - *anything* - that we should be worried about in those emails. Or those bank statements. Or your internet history.

DAVEY

You know what. There isn't.

MARGO

Is there anything in there that someone could *perceive* to be troublesome?

(beat)

There's NOTHING that could be a headline in there?

DAVEY

I guess we'll find out.

Margo frowns.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I don't like it but I think we should keep going. I can play hardball. I've lived an honorable life. I don't have shit to answer for. I know my truth.

MARGO

You really want more of your most personal info out there? Someone as private as you?

DAVEY

Hell no. But quitting makes me look like I'm hiding from something. It looks like we backed down.

(big here)

I don't back down.

For a moment, he looks like that glorious cowboy. Eyes on fire:

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I never back down.

Margo thinks.

MARGO

You didn't.

(then)

I did it for you.

**INT. THE HALLWAY - A MINUTE LATER**

Margo takes out her phone, calls Natalie.

She's shaken, dreading this call.

The phone rings. Anxiety mounting --

NATALIE

Margo.

MARGO

It's over --

NATALIE

(over)

I am so sorry.

MARGO

I know, this night has been hell.

NATALIE

Absolutely nobody deserves that,  
least of all you.

(then)

**Jesus Christ** - *I'm so sorry.*

Margo pauses. Something's not right. Natalie pauses too.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(realizing)

You haven't seen it. You didn't see  
it, did you?

A long, horrible beat.

MARGO

See -- what?

NATALIE

Oh God.

MARGO

What!?

NATALIE

Log back into the AMA. I'm on my  
way to David's house. I'll be there  
in -- 35 minutes. Fuck. Rush hour.  
45. I think.

MARGO

(puts it together)

No...

NATALIE  
I'll call the police. You just -  
stay on Davey.

Margo hangs up. Runs into--

**INT. THE STUDY - CONTINUOUS**

David is back at the Window, looking at his front yard.

DAVEY  
There's more of them outside.  
Stopping by to see the train wreck.

Margo ignores him, goes straight to her laptop.

Opens Reddit.

Her face goes WHITE.

She continues looking at the page in disbelief. Panic increasing by the second. She is MORTIFIED. And **angry**.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
What now?

Margo breaks down. Hands in her face. Trying not to cry.

MARGO  
What the FUCK???

DAVEY  
Hey.

MARGO  
(muffled through hands)  
Goddamnit.

Davey goes back to the couch. Picks up the iPad.

Zaroff embedded an image -- top of the Q&A.

It's a PARTIALLY NUDE photo of Margo, taken on her iPhone.

She's half covered in a bedsheet, touching herself.

DAVEY  
Jesus Christ.

Back on Reddit: A message from Zaroff.

MARGO. YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THAT THERE ARE MUCH MORE DAMAGING PHOTOS IN YOUR ICLOUD. VIDEOS TOO.

EVERY TIME YOU LOG OFF THIS AMA I WILL RELEASE MORE. SO I RECOMMEND YOU KEEP THIS GOING.

There's a ton of comments under the picture.

They're... gross.

*It's the internet...*

DAVEY (CONT'D)

How'd he get these?

MARGO

He obviously hacked into my fucking icloud.

Margo closes her eyes. Can't bear to look at the screen.

MARGO (CONT'D)

WHERE IS THE FUCKING MODERATOR??

(beat)

Not that it even MATTERS. Even if they delete his posts, the images aren't hosted on Reddit. People have screenshots, and Twitter...

Oh God. Twitter. She searches her name on Twitter.

A LOT of people are posting the image.

DAVEY

You've got some fans.

Margo says nothing. Turning white with rage.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I mean. You look... *good*.

MARGO

STOP. You need to stop that.

DAVEY

What?

MARGO

THAT. The - suggestive, not flirting, but almost flirting. Whatever that is. Just please fucking stop.

Beat.

Davey crosses his arms.

DAVEY

Okay Margo. You're the expert. Tell me what we should do.

Margo exhales. Grabs another Xanax from her purse.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Is he right? Is there more where that came from? Does it get worse or is it more of the same?

MARGO

It gets worse.  
(beat)  
It gets a lot worse.

DAVEY

Margo. I didn't take you for that kind of girl.

Margo looks at him, like, *fuck you*.

MARGO

I was dating a guy in New York. Long distance. You do what you have to.

DAVEY

Okay. Well. If you log off, you're fucked. And if I stop, it looks like I'm hiding something.  
(then)  
There's no due process in the court of public opinion. We don't have a choice here.

Margo squares her jaw. Doesn't want to concede that he's right.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I'm going to call his bluff.

MARGO

You're **sure** it's a bluff?

A tense moment between them.

Finally:

DAVEY

*Pointed threats, they bluff with scorn.*

(then)

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
 You should lie down. I'll type for  
 a while.

Margo goes on the couch. Davey takes over on the laptop.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
 (typing)  
 Does... anyone... have... any...  
 questions... about... the... album?

He types with his two index fingers, like an old person.

Margo grabs her phone from her purse. It is BLOWING UP with  
 texts from friends and coworkers.

*Oh my god. // I'm so sorry // WTF IS HAPPENING // Are you  
 OK???*

Margo writes one text message to Natalie.

MARGO  
 (TEXT)  
 Please get in touch with the  
 moderators. Have them delete what  
 they can but DO NOT have them take  
 down the page. DO NOT TAKE IT DOWN.

She presses send. Then another text, an afterthought.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
 (TEXT)  
 I'm so sorry.

She puts her phone down, all she can take. Turns to lie face  
 down on the couch. Head in the sand. She sees a small folded  
 piece of paper deep in the couch. She opens it:

**EVERYTHING'S A LIE.**

MARGO (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck?

DAVEY  
 Oh you found one. Thought we got  
 them all. Stalker left those all  
 throughout the house.

MARGO  
 What was his deal?

DAVEY

He thought I was part of some global conspiracy or something. Usual crazy person nonsense.

Margo studies the note. Wheels turning.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Something about being famous makes people connect dots that aren't there. Paul's not dead. Stevie Wonder's not blind. We're all in the illuminati. Everything's a lie.

MARGO

Is this guy..?

DAVEY

Heard he killed himself not long after to get rid of the voices.

(beat)

So he's not our guy.

MARGO

Ah. Well - let me know if there's anything else I should worry about.

DAVEY

A user is saying that this is the most upvoted AMA of all time. We just beat Obama's.

MARGO

Cool.

DAVEY

And we're still a trending topic. Go figure.

MARGO

(muffled through couch)

Go fuck yourself.

DAVEY

That's how you talk to your clients?

MARGO

Look. This has quickly turned into the worst night of my life. I don't know if I have a job anymore and those pictures aren't going away. Sorry if I come off a little *curt*.

(then)

(MORE)

MARGO (CONT'D)

This is just a bad dream. This is just a bad fucking dream.

DAVEY

Sweetheart. Look - I'm a different breed than these musicians today. I hate social media. Hate interviews. I only started doing press when I *had* to. I always thought the better they got to know you, the less interesting you became. I've spent the last forty or so years playing things close to the chest.

(then)

And look - I don't have any sexual assault history, or anything hidden in those emails. But I'm feeling naked too.

MARGO

That's cute. Makes two of us.

A silent moment.

DAVEY

I have cancer.

MARGO

What?

(beat)

Why didn't you say anything?

DAVEY

Didn't want to brag.

(laughs)

My bank statements are out there now. Won't take a detective to realize what recurring payments to KECK Cancer Center are for. Had it a few years ago, and it's back. Bigger. Not looking good.

(then)

So the retrospective, the album - all this. This is it. It's the end of the line.

MARGO

Fuck Davey. I'm sorry.

DAVEY

So I hope you'll understand. I don't want the last sentence on my Wikipedia page to be about some asswipe hacker starting some bullshit allegation.

MARGO

That's fair.

Davey goes to the window, begins to pick up the glass shards from his broken scotch glass.

DAVEY

So I have a question. How come some of these people get away with this sort of thing and others don't?

MARGO

What sort of thing?

DAVEY

Indiscretions. Abuse. Infidelity. *Dirt*. You name it. Sometimes it ruins careers and sometimes it doesn't do a damn thing. Would love to hear your *professional opinion*.

Margo thinks.

MARGO

It's about consistency.

DAVEY

I don't follow.

MARGO

When Matt Lauer cheats on his wife, it's a big deal because we thought he was this wholesome, friendly guy. We thought we knew him.

(beat)

When Mike Tyson or Donald Trump does that or something worse, nobody really cares, because we all kind of knew they were scoundrels. Maybe it's why we liked them in the first place. But someone like Lauer, that was a slap in the face. That wasn't the guy we knew.

DAVEY

It can't be that simple.

MARGO

But it is. It's about *knowing* people. We want celebrities to be exactly who we think they are. Anything else feels like a betrayal.

Davey leans back, taking this in.

MARGO (CONT'D)

So - as "America's Dad", I hope you're really confident that you have nothing to hide. Because you're not Mike Tyson.

Davey is silent. Drops the glass shards in a wastebin. For a moment, the two are just - quiet. Finally:

MARGO (CONT'D)

Our friend hasn't posted anything again, has he?

DAVEY

No.

MARGO

That's so weird. Why in the world would he go to the trouble of getting all your shit - and mine, if he didn't even have anything to hold over you?

DAVEY

Like I said. He has my personal information but no dirt.

MARGO

Everybody's got dirty laundry.

DAVEY

Not me.

MARGO

I dunno. Something's wrong here. Something really weird is happening.

DAVEY

Well, he picked a fight with an old man. I don't have an iCloud. I've just got several decades of paperwork, so have fun rifling through it you cockamammy fucks.

MARGO  
Oh.

DAVEY  
What?

MARGO  
That's it - you're right.

DAVEY  
About what?

Margo gets up from the couch.

MARGO  
Well, he doxxed you, and has all of your information -- he's asking you to fess up, for what we don't know. But he's also not accusing you of anything yet. He wasn't even the one who posted the picture of Elizabeth Kelly.

DAVEY  
Because there's nothing to accuse me of.

MARGO  
He's crowdsourcing.

DAVEY  
Excuse me?

MARGO  
There's twenty years of bank statements, probably a hundred gigs of emails -- it would take a long time to go through all of that. So he's crowdsourcing the work.

(beat)  
He's using your audience against you.

DAVEY  
Well fuck me.

MARGO  
Still happy you're trending?

She walks to the computer, begins to type over his shoulder.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
Hold on.

She clicks - looking for something.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Okay see - look. There's already an entire subreddit dedicated to combing through your docs.

We see the page. A message board is getting on it's legs - filled with overviews:

DAVID DOLLAR TAX RETURNS - THREAD 1/

...theories:

STRANGE RECURRING PAYMENT - POSSIBLE BLACKMAIL?

...and everything in between:

JUICY EMAIL BITS - THREAD 1/

MARGO (CONT'D)

I mean - think of how long a Congressional Investigation takes. You have DECADES of documents so --

DAVEY

(over)

I get it. Lazy fuck.

(beat)

Kids these days. Can't even blackmail someone without making other people do the work for you.

MARGO

You don't know it's a young person.

DAVEY

It is. We didn't have to deal with this shit back in the day. This is a contemporary phenomenon.

Margo gets up from the computer. Walks towards the window.

MARGO

Natalie should be here in about 30 minutes. I think. She's good at handling things.

DAVEY

I pay your company \$6,000 a month, I would hope so.

MARGO

Keep answering questions. Just keep it surface.

DAVEY

"Dear Davey, what advice do you have for up and coming artists?"  
(then, typing)  
Don't... use... social... media.

...EVER.

Davey continues to answer short questions, typing away.

At the window, Margo looks out into the front lawn.

It is SWARMING with several TMZ-like news trucks and even more rubberneckers.

MARGO

Looks like we solved your press problem.

DAVEY

Jesus.

MARGO

I'm sure we can try to scrub your address - or make a dent. Natalie's gonna talk to the moderators.

DAVEY

People will always be able to find it if they want. This will blow over. If we try to hide it - we'll just get more scrutiny.

A moment.

MARGO

Why is it called the Streisand effect? What you said earlier?

DAVEY

In the 90's, Barbara Streisand bought this marvelous beach house. Some scientist taking pictures of the coastline snapped one of her mansion. Babs found out and threw a total tantrum.

The photo was for research. Erosion or something. Boring. But Barbara sued the photographer. Freaked out.

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)

She didn't want *anyone* to be able to see the picture of her home. Of course, people then found out about the lawsuit, and then this photograph, which would have only been seen by say, five people in labcoats, was suddenly in tabloids and online. Millions of people found out about the photo and simply had to see it.

MARGO

Got it.

DAVEY

It's common sense. The more you make a big deal of something, the more attention you'll attract. If people sniff that you're trying to hide something, they'll do their damndest to try and figure it out. That's why I want to be an open book about this fucking - doxx. Doxxing? That's the word?

Margo nods.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

This is bad - but I want to maintain my name. People will move on. Someone else is going to cheat on their wife, some big juicy thing will soon steal the spotlight.

MARGO

Hopefully.

DAVEY

That's how it works. If you're on the highway and you see an accident. You slow down. You feel bad. But then what?

(beat)

You go on your way and never think about that poor schmuck again.

MARGO

But the poor schmuck still has a totaled car and whiplash. We're still the poor schmucks.

DAVEY

That's true. Ten Grammys and two Oscars -- and Barbara Streisand's name is used as a term for psychological reactance. That's legacy for ya.

(beat)

How did you not learn about the Streisand effect in PR school? What are they teaching you?

MARGO

I didn't go to school for Public Relations.

DAVEY

What did you study?

(silence)

That's my second question for you. It's your turn to answer.

MARGO

Why are we talking about this?

DAVEY

Ah. I know that answer. I know that answer very well. You're a singer?

(no)

Art school? Theater degree?

There it is.

MARGO

Musical theater.

DAVEY

That's wonderful.

MARGO

I've already been dragged through the mud tonight so if you could not patronize me, that would be really great.

DAVEY

I'm not. I think it's lovely.

MARGO

Well it's super funny because after I get fired from this publicist job, I am qualified, for literally, nothing else. So yes. Ha... Ha. Delightful.

DAVEY

Hard to make it in that world isn't it? Merciless line of work.

A WHITE FLASH comes through the window. Margo squints.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

The hell was that?

Through the window: a photographer in one of the trees.

MARGO

Some asshole climbed one of your trees. Took a photo.

Margo goes back to the couch.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Damnit I do not... I do NOT, need any more pictures.

Davey thinks.

DAVEY

There's another study. In the back of the house.

MARGO

The one with the fireplace?

DAVEY

Further back.

(then)

You don't deserve to have any pictures in the tabloids. That's my cross to bear.

On Davey: that warmth of his is back. A protective gesture.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

You don't deserve any more eyes tonight.

Margo looks at the window -- the audience has a very good view of what they're doing.

MARGO

Yeah. We should find somewhere more private to handle this.

Davey, still at the desk, motions to close the laptop.

MARGO (CONT'D)

DON'T!

He stops.

MARGO (CONT'D)

If it shows that I'm offline he said he'd do another dump. Of my iCloud.

(beat)

I cannot afford for him to do that.

Margo grabs her purse and her laptop, careful not to close it. Unhooks it from the projector.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Let's go.

**INT. HALLWAYS - VARIOUS - WIDE**

A series of wide shots as Margo and Davey walk to the other end of the house.

The long hallways, once filled with natural light, seem sinister in the dark. Like the innards of a haunted house.

They walk through an -

**UPSTAIRS WALKWAY**

That looks over the downstairs living room.

Julio stands, at attention, looking more like a bodyguard than a personal assistant.

There's something... off about him. Standing there, taking her in, as if he's sizing her up.

His stare is broken by a sneeze.

MARGO

What time does he go home?

DAVEY

This is his home. I'm getting old, and there's six bedrooms here. Like I said - he helps with everything.

MARGO

Ah.

DAVEY

He's worked for me for 15 years. That's longer than any of my marriages.

MARGO

Funny.

**ANOTHER HALLWAY - FURTHER DOWN**

DAVEY

I wanted to apologize.

MARGO

For what?

DAVEY

What you said earlier. The comments that made you uncomfortable. It was inappropriate.

(then)

You know it's harmless but that's not the point. It made you uncomfortable and I'm sorry.

MARGO

Thanks. Appreciate you saying that.

DAVEY

It's difficult. For guys like me. Built a career out of a smile and a wink. So it's hard to know when to call it.

This could turn into a longer conversation. It doesn't.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

(a smile)

Old habits die hard.

**INT. OFFICE - SECONDS LATER**

A room we haven't seen before. This is a regal and stately OFFICE. Dark oak and red tones. Looks like the desk from the GODFATHER. It's dark, foreboding.

DAVEY

This should give us some privacy.

Margo looks around. Her eyes flicker as a thought crosses her mind.

*Maybe going to somewhere private, alone, was a very bad idea.*

She shakes that thought from her head.

Looks at her laptop.

Her face DROPS

MARGO

*FUCK*

The laptop is asking for a WIFI password.

It disconnected.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Did your modem go down?

DAVEY

Oh - we use a different one on this side of the house.

Margo reels - doesn't have time to tell him how fucking mission critical that was.

She clicks - finds the new network.

MARGO

What's the password?

Davey blanks. An old man's memory.

He darts to the desk, starts looking through the drawers.

DAVEY

It's written down here somewhere.

Margo seethes - on the verge of EXPLODING.

MARGO

**FIND IT!!**

Takes her phone out of her purse.

Tries to activate a WIFI hotspot.

Doesn't have a good enough signal - can't do it.

She SCREAMS in frustration.

Davey's still fumbling through the drawers.

MARGO (CONT'D)

**WHERE THE FUCK IS IT?**

DAVEY

Here.

He hands her a sticky note full of passwords.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
It's the second one.

Margo enters the password.

Connects.

Refreshes the page.

Starts scanning-

MARGO  
Doesn't look like our guy noticed.

She takes a huge breath of relief.

But then, a new post:

**ZAROFF:** *Logged off again?? Stay online Margo.*

Below the text, there's a link to a video.

The air goes out of her lungs.

She clicks it.

...

The sound of her moaning.

We don't see it. But we hear it.

And it sounds - bad.

You can use your imagination.

Davey walks around to the laptop, to catch a glimpse.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
DO YOU FUCKING MIND?

He stops, embarrassed.

She closes the video.

Starts shaking.

Looks around-

Sees a door to a BATHROOM right outside the office.

She leaves the laptop on the desk -

RUNS to the bathroom.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Margo closes the door, crumples on the floor and cries.

Really, really CRIES.

This is the worst fucking night of her life.

MARGO

Why why why WHY --

She keeps repeating it to herself, louder and louder.

She starts rocking herself like a little kid.

Her breathing gets slower.

Starts to calm down.

Stays still. As if she's finding the will to move again.

After a long moment, she starts to get up.

She cleans her smeared makeup.

Takes a few deep breaths.

Looks at herself.

She looks like she's aged several years in the last hour.

Her breathing slows-

Does her best no not let on how terrified she is.

After a long moment, her eyes seem to change. The terror in her face giving way.

A look of resolution taking over.

And on that look we're...

**BACK IN THE OFFICE**

DAVEY

I'm so sorry.

MARGO

We don't need to talk about it.

DAVEY

I still think you can come out of this on top.

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
 Monica Lewinsky is giving talks on  
 bullying now. Opinions change.

MARGO  
 DAVEY. Shut the fuck up.

Davey pauses. Takes note of the new Margo.

DAVEY  
 Okay.

MARGO  
 Did I miss anything?

DAVEY  
 Well. Comments on the video.

She stares daggers at him.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
 Other than that, no.

Margo gets out her phone. Sees a text from Natalie.

NATALIE  
 (TEXT)  
 ETA 20 minutes. On the phone with  
 the police.

MARGO  
 Nothing from our cyber-terrorist?

DAVEY  
 No. Guess he's waiting for someone  
 to find something.

Margo grabs the laptop, sits at the desk.

MARGO  
 Still seems weird to me.  
 Something's not right.

She goes back to the page of people combing through the  
 documents.

It's a LOT busier now.

The biggest threads:

DAVID DOLLAR TAX RETURNS - THREAD 1/

STRANGE RECURRING PAYMENT - POSSIBLE BLACKMAIL?

She clicks on the thread about his tax returns.

The top item on the page is a breakdown of his charitable givings over the years. It's a LOT.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Never took you for a humanitarian.

DAVEY

I don't make a habit of talking about it.

Margo scans the comments. They all share the same sentiment:

*This guy is fucking nice // who gives 10 million to the American Cancer Society without having cancer? // JK he has cancer // Absolute legend*

DAVEY (CONT'D)

You think I could sleep in this house if I spent it ALL on myself.

(beat)

There's an old heart in here, believe it or not.

MARGO

I know, Davey.

A moment.

MARGO (CONT'D)

How much do you trust Julio?

DAVEY

What are you saying?

MARGO

I'm saying that whoever this is somehow has access to your records. Your WIFI security doesn't fuck around. You have a crazy password.

DAVEY

No - that's impossible.

MARGO

Is it? He has access. Does he know sensitive information? You been paying him well enough? And what the fuck is he doing looming downstairs like that?

DAVEY

I can spot false loyalty. Learned that the hard way. It's not him.

MARGO

You have any other ideas?? What if he's downstairs, on a laptop, fucking with us right now.

Davey pulls out his iPad - goes to a HOME SECURITY APP. The expensive, Smart-home kind -

DAVEY

Let's see exactly what he's doing.

He taps the screen a few times, cycling through live security feeds of different rooms.

It sounds like a Tivo as he scrolls through: *Bloop-- Bloop--*.

We see a video feed of a second dining area. *Bloop*. Now a large storage room. *Bloop--*

DAVEY (CONT'D)

There.

The app stops - Julio is playing pinball in a BILLIARDS ROOM.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Yes. Criminal mastermind. Hacker extraordinaire.

MARGO

Okay. Fine.

Margo goes back to the computer.

Hits BACK on her browser-

Clicks on the other thread:

*STRANGE RECURRING PAYMENT - POSSIBLE BLACKMAIL?*

A lot of comments here. Looks like they're onto something:

*This is sexual assault money // Not alimony // This is hush money for something // Not to a registered LLC - this is to a PERSON // Who is she?*

MARGO (CONT'D)

Think people got a whiff of something.

DAVEY

Yeah.

(a moment)

New question from our friend.

Margo goes back to the Q&A tab - reads:

MARGO

"David. For the last 18 years there have been consistent payments to a woman named Debbie Palmer. At least 100,000 a year. She's not associated with any charitable organization or LLC. Who is this person and what are you paying for? You have five minutes."

DAVEY

Ah. Debbie.

MARGO

Care to comment.

DAVEY

Sure. You ready?

She readies her hands above the keyboard.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

In the late 90's, I had an assistant named Rafael. Immigrant from Sao Paolo. Hardworking man.

(then)

Someone in my position gets to know these kind of people very well. The fact of the matter is, those who live in ivory towers become well acquainted with the people who help maintain the tower. Rafi quickly became one of my best friends. We did everything together.

I was partying quite a bit then. Lot of substances. Lots of - large nights. And like I said, we did *everything* together. One night, which started like any other, he overdosed.

(beat)

I can't help but feel like - part of it was my fault. Hardest working guy I knew. This life isn't for everyone and I feel like I made him go too close to the flame. I've been clean ever since.

Margo keeps typing. She watches Davey closely. We are deeply in her point of view.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Now, Rafael had a wife. Debbie Palmer...

There is something about the way Davey is speaking, something theatrical.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

She had just had twins. He spoke of them all the time. He was so nervous. Worried that he wouldn't be able to provide for his family. He worked as a valet on his days off. It meant the world to him.

He pauses - an old man lost in thought. Or, a performer building anticipation.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

So, call it survivor's guilt - or perhaps it's because I've never had children of my own. But ever since his overdose, I've helped his wife manage. Paid for his children's education. Been a surrogate uncle of sorts for a family that didn't have the means to take care of themselves. Felt like my fault, whether it was or not. So please, find someone else in my tax returns to pick on. But not them.

(beat)

Next question.

Margo posts.

Within a few seconds, a user is able to find an archived link about the death.

She clicks:

An old paparazzi picture, telephoto lens.

It's haunting.

MARGO

God.

Another user posts the Facebook profile of one of the twins:

*"Checks out. See third most recent picture."*

Margo clicks -- the picture in question is with Davey. It's at a college graduation.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Man. Bet this guy feels like he picked the wrong person to mess with.

DAVEY

You're goddamn right. The fruit of a disciplined life. Hasn't been easy in this town.

MARGO

What else do you think he has on you? In terms of documents. If we hadn't answered the question.

DAVEY

Let's not find out.

Margo exhales. Surveys the desk. Looks at the sticky note with Davey's passwords.

*Wifi 1: Apache\$2632*

*Wifi 2: @pache\$!r3bu*

*Amazon: Marley1234*

*Cloud: User-Davey*

*PW - ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~*

MARGO

Thought you were too old for an iCloud.

DAVEY

That thing? Julio set it up. Never use it.

Margo looks at the login. Why is the password scratched out?

Margo sees an icon for the cloud server on her finder. She opens it, tries to connect. It asks for a password.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

If we're doing this, can we answer another question from a fan? Don't want this internet freak to have full run of the circus.

MARGO

Sure.

Margo goes back to the AMA. Scans the questions.

MARGO (CONT'D)

"What's up with the cowboy thing?"

DAVEY

(thinks, then)

It's who I am, who I've always  
been, before the first album.

As Davey talks, Margo goes back to the cloud window, and enters the first password listed on the sticky note.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Looking back at my career now, I  
think anyone who gets big taps into  
something - mythical.

She presses enter. *Wrong password.*

Whenever Davey takes a breath, Margo SWITCHES BACK to the AMA page. And CATCHES UP with him, typing INSANELY FAST.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

The Eagles got their magic  
California thing. Springsteen's got  
summer nights and girls and cars.

She tries the second password. *Wrong password.* Goes back to the AMA to catch up with Davey's words.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I think there's something about the  
cowboy. Wasn't a conscious thing --

She's on the last password on the sticky note. *Incorrect password.* She improvises. Types: Renegade. *Wrong. R3n3gade. Wrong. Fuck.* It's useless.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

When I moved out here, I liked to  
think of myself like a hero in one  
of those Westerns.

She goes back to the AMA, catches up.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

The gunslinger, coming to town -  
but the town's been taken over by  
the bad guys. And he's here to  
clean house.

Margo finishes and posts.

MARGO  
Who are the bad guys?

DAVEY  
Well, there aren't any. Maybe  
record labels. Shitty music. More  
of a hero myth I guess.

Davey walks to the bathroom.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
Excuse me. The scotch.  
(then)  
Yell if there's a situation.

He closes the door.

Margo makes a sound that's almost like a laugh.

MARGO  
This is all one big fuckin'  
situation.

She goes back to the iCloud window. Tries one more password:

*Birdsong*

And she's in.

There's about a dozen folders of images and documents.

One of the folders is named MARGO.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
What the FUCK?

She clicks on it.

*There's nothing in it.*

She clicks on the other folders.

Nothing. All empty.

Weird.

She hears a COUGH from the bathroom.

Closes the window. Goes back to the AMA.

Opens the tab of people going through his documents.

There's a newer thread:

SOMETHING FISHY 1/

She clicks. The top post. It's long, from a user named "**PM-ME UR-TITS**"

She reads the post:

*Hi all. Forgive the username. I'm the senior fraud monitor at a bank and there's something weird about these statements--*

A FLUSH from the bathroom. She blinks, focusing-

Starts reading aloud to herself-

MARGO (CONT'D)

*"The ending balances from prior statements don't always match up with the beginning balances of the next ones. This is often where good fraudsters fuck up"*

(then)

*"The last ten years seem clean, but the farther you go back, the weirder the math gets."*

Margo reads a bit slower-

MARGO (CONT'D)

*"I'm pretty sure these records are incomplete."*

(beat)

*"There are missing transactions."*

We hear THE SINK. He's washing his hands.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Why would he take things out?

Furrows her brow. Really thinks.

MARGO (CONT'D)

*What the fuck is going on?*

Davey steps out. Margo quickly closes the window.

DAVEY

So. What kind of situation are we dealing with here. In terms of backlash. What are people saying?

MARGO

Well. We dodged the two biggest bullets - Elizabeth Kelly, and Debbie Palmer. I'm not sure what else people will find.

Margo stares at him.

MARGO (CONT'D)

It is funny. Everything he's asked you about - not only do you have airtight answers to clear your name... but these make you look. Good. Really fucking good.

DAVEY

That's a relief.

MARGO

Yeah. A relief.  
(as if she knows the answer already)  
Let's see if you're getting any press--

Margo does a cursory Google search of his name.

MARGO (CONT'D)

"Buzzfeed: David Dollar had the perfect clapback to stop a hacker from humiliating him".

"CNN: David Dollar continues to remain innocent in buzzworthy email hack"

Her tone grows louder, more insistent-

MARGO (CONT'D)

"Mashable: Don't mess with America's favorite Cowboy"

"New York Times: David's Digital Showdown raises questions about privacy in an era of accusations"

(beat)

This is the kind of press you cannot buy.

(mocking)

What. A. Relief.

Davey smiles, pleased.

DAVEY

I guess there's no such thing as bad publicity.

MARGO

(even louder)

And you don't seem to be that worried. With every single bank statement - and EVERY email you've ever written - EVERY website you've ever been on -- there's not going to one speck of dirt. One TINY thing that could backfire on you? Because you look pretty fuckin' smug.

A long moment.

DAVEY

What are you saying.

MARGO

I'm SAYING -- that I'm a twenty nine year old with a theater degree, and somehow I have more dirt than a seventy year old playboy who has worked in the industry for forty years. Okay.

DAVEY

I'm truly sorry about your photos.

MARGO

Why is there a folder called MARGO in your iCloud?

DAVEY

Snooping around are we? You know I was married to a Margo. You're as bad as these internet freaks. Trying to make a story where there isn't one.

MARGO

(holds up the sticky note)

Why is it crossed out?

DAVEY

Because I don't use it?

MARGO

YOUR BANK STATEMENTS WERE EDITED.

Beat.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Somebody noticed that the balances don't add up. If someone's trying to make you look bad, why would they take out transactions?

DAVEY

Of course they've been tampered with. This has all been tampered with.

(then, off her look)

You don't look well.

MARGO

For a smear job, it seems weird that they'd cover anything. Right?

DAVEY

There's details in there that make me look good. Maybe it's the opposite. Who the fuck knows.

MARGO

Okay.

DAVEY

You best get to your point girl.

MARGO

I need to ask you, just once -- Did you have any part in orchestrating this?

Beat.

DAVEY

That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard.

MARGO

I - don't think it is.

DAVEY

Of course not. And I'm insulted that you would even ask.

MARGO

You didn't have *anything* to do with this? There's NOTHING you're not telling me?

DAVEY

Ask me again and I'll find a different PR firm in the morning.

MARGO

It's just - this is the kind of press we could never get you. In a million years.

DAVEY

Well I'm sorry you're not that good of a publicist.

MARGO

I AM A GOOD PUBLICIST. I didn't know about Barbara Streisand's beach house but I can smell a mother-fucking **NARRATIVE** when I see one. This is way too clean.

DAVEY

It's called being innocent, *sweetheart*.

MARGO

*Maybe*. But now that I think about it, you know what else doesn't make sense?? My computer always uses a VPN. My phone has an eight digit password that I change every two months. I don't know a TON about digital security - but I know it would take more than - *thirty fucking minutes* to get into my iCloud. And I know that you specifically requested me for this Q&A. And there's a folder with my name on it.

(big here)

Why were you so insistent that it was me?

DAVEY

I thought you were cute.

MARGO

Oh fuck off.

Davey looks at Margo. Exhales.

DAVEY

You're fired.

This lingers in the air.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I'm finding another firm in the morning.

Margo catches her breath. Begins to calm down.

Sees a TEXT from Natalie.

NATALIE

(text)  
15 min away

DAVEY

You think I organized this myself?  
I don't know how to attach a  
document to an email. I can barely  
use an iPad.

Margo thinks for a really long time.

*Did I just fuck this up?*

MARGO

(sincerely)  
I'm sorry. None of this makes any  
sense.

DAVEY

It's not your fault. I think you're  
having a panic attack. Trying to  
find reason in it all. But I don't  
think this is for you. Being a  
publicist. No shame in that.  
(a moment, then)  
You're too soft for this.

MARGO

Okay. Whatever. But just so you  
know, it's not only me... people  
are getting suspicious.

She grabs the laptop, turns it around.

Shows him the thread on the bank statements.

He starts to read it over.

It's MUCH longer now. The suspicion is growing.

Davey's face hardens. Unreadable.

DAVEY

People love a good conspiracy.  
*Everything's a lie, remember?*

But he keeps reading. The concern on his face growing.

Margo watches him. Studying him. Her demeanor changes, switching tactics:

MARGO

Don't take it personally. But it's not just me. It is *funny* that each line item in a smear job ends up making you look -- incredibly good. Maybe it is a coincidence.

She leans in. Speaks almost at a whisper.

MARGO (CONT'D)

So if. IF. You are trying to lay down a convincing narrative, you need to do a better job. It's already been going off the rails and the scrutiny's only going to go up from here. So -

She gets really close to his face. Almost seductive:

MARGO (CONT'D)

It sounds like you could use some help.

Davey looks at her, completely taken aback. Shocked.

MARGO (CONT'D)

I'm not like other publicists.  
(beat)  
But you are. So I can tell that you're up to something.  
(big here)  
*If you'll be honest, I'll be honest.*

He thinks. Breathes. Starts to nod.

DAVEY

Okay.

He reaches in his desk. Takes out a thick stapled document.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I need you to sign this.

It's a non disclosure agreement. A monster one at that.

MARGO

What the FUCK is this?

DAVEY

It's an agreement.

MARGO  
I'm not signing shit.

She shakes her head. Can't believe it.

DAVEY  
Margo.

MARGO  
No.

He goes to CLOSE the laptop.

Margo shoves her hand between the keyboard and screen.

Their eyes meet.

DAVEY  
You said you wanted to know.  
(beat)  
Sign.

Margo starts shaking, white with rage. SCREAMS.

MARGO  
You.... You fucking ruined me. For  
what, the stories? The PRESS? What  
were you thinking???

Davey says nothing.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
You honestly think all of this was  
worth it just to be in the fucking  
spotlight again???

DAVEY  
Tonight was about something else.

MARGO  
Besides stealing a woman's photos  
to promote your dumb fucking  
album??

DAVEY  
No. This was for the big picture.  
(beat)  
Legacy.

MARGO  
WHAT are you talking about?

DAVEY

We are losing heroes right and left. People who were powerful, respected, gunned down by accusations. The last ride of the Renegade isn't that fucking album. It's not an article in the Times. It's *this*. Taking on the slings and arrows, and not backing down. Standing out as one of the last bastions of goodness and honesty.

MARGO

(laughs)  
Honesty. Okay.

DAVEY

Yes, I'm creating a narrative. Is that so hard to believe? It's all storytelling. So don't pretend I'm a monster because I'm looking out for how I'll be remembered.

MARGO

I don't give a shit about your story, you GUTTED me in front of the entire world!

DAVEY

You have a right to be angry. But there's a way this ends up looking good for both of us.

MARGO

For ME? You think those images - you think that video is going to do ME any favors going forward? I feel my skin crawling with those internet fucks watching me. Don't fucking tell me about how this is going to help put a foot in a door you washed up piece of shit!

Margo turns around, heads for the door.

Davey presses a small button underneath his desk. The door to the room silently **LOCKS**.

She shakes the doorknob. Head spinning. She starts to cry.

DAVEY

I'm truly sorry about the pictures.

He says this with a sincerity that throws her. Back to his *warm dad* mode. It's effective, he's a performer.

MARGO

Why did you involve me in this? Are you INSANE?

DAVEY

The AMA was your agency's idea. When I realized that there was no press I could get anymore I realized this Q&A was the best time to stage the hack.

MARGO

Why did you bring me here? Why did you use my photos???

DAVEY

Me having a publicist interfering, trying to squelch it. Well, I figured someone trying to stop it would bring it the most attention it could possibly get.

MARGO

Okay.

DAVEY

As for the pictures, well, I needed a failsafe in case you pulled the plug-

MARGO

(over)

Which you SET ME UP TO DO-

DAVEY

-and, I thought the story could use a little -- eye candy. Wasn't sure if an old man's papers would make the news on its own.

This REALLY hits a nerve. She doesn't have the words.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I am nothing if not a showman, Margo.

MARGO

You are CRAZY, Davey. You need HELP.

DAVEY

Yes. *Your* help.

(beat)

I wouldn't have done this to you if I saw you for who you were. I underestimated you. But it's not over.

MARGO

LET ME OUT OF THIS GODDAMN ROOM.

Davey presses a call button on his desk - an ALL-CALL booms through different speakers the house, like a PA system.

DAVEY

Julio, please join us in my office.

Margo SCREAMS.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Calm the fuck down. Let me tell you how this is going to go.

Davey takes out a small FOLDER. It's something of a script for the "hack". He looks it over.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

We have a few more topics we're going to address in the Q&A tonight. A few more human interest stories. Food for the birds.

There are bullet points about the topics we've seen: Elizabeth Kelly, Maggie Hudson, the overdose. But then there's a few more pages--

DAVEY (CONT'D)

And a few other incidents I need to get ahead of. Blisters. Liabilities. By the end of the night, my name will remain clear. My legacy secure. And you? You will look like a fucking **ROCK STAR**.

MARGO

How is that exactly? I'm a punchline without a job.

DAVEY

Because you took a washed up artist and made him the biggest trending topic in the world? Nobody's going to fire you because of a picture.

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)

You - little junior publicist  
Margo, did what nobody else in your  
company could do. Fuck your  
company. Start your own.

MARGO

(as if)

Okay.

DAVEY

These pictures - Jesus, Margo  
you're going to have so much public  
sympathy on your side, you can do  
whatever the fuck you want. To have  
them released, and to not blink and  
FIGHT BACK - you're going to be an  
icon.

Margo gives up on the doorknob. Listens.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Sign this document. It's just a  
little piece of paper that says you  
cannot discuss what happened here  
tonight. Not with Natalie. With  
nobody. Our little secret. And fuck-  
(beat)

I like you. I'm going to throw in  
\$100,000. Enough for your trouble.

Beat.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

That should be enough for the down  
payment on a condo, I should think.

Margo turns this over in her head.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

This town doesn't change.  
Everybody's looking for a break.  
And you only get ONE. You're  
staring yours right in the face.  
Ride this out with me. Cement my  
place - and start to make yours.

She looks at him dead in the eye.

MARGO

A hundred grand is a little -  
cheap, don't ya think?

DAVEY

Two hundred.

MARGO

I could sue you for more than that.  
Releasing that video?

DAVEY

There's no proof that any of this  
leads back to me. It all goes back  
to some fuck in the Ukraine,  
facilitated by payments and shell  
companies that don't touch me at  
all. There's no paper trail and you  
couldn't beat me in a lawsuit. If  
you can't afford a condo you sure  
as hell can't afford a good legal  
team.

MARGO

It doesn't matter if I beat you in  
the suit. You said earlier - we're  
in an age where an accusation alone  
can bring someone down. I don't  
need to win at all.

Margo raises her eyebrow.

MARGO (CONT'D)

And it sounds like there may be  
others.

Davey frowns. Ice cold:

DAVEY

Margo. You're not in a position to  
negotiate.

MARGO

The damage is done. What's another  
video going to do?

(beat)

Like you said. Monica Lewinsky is  
giving TED talks now. I'm not  
scared.

Davey stares at her-

Starts laughing-

Claps.

The warmth comes back:

DAVEY

I had no idea - I had no idea this  
was the girl underneath all that.

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)

You have it. I see it in you.  
Bottomless ambition. Unwillingness  
to back down. The GRIT. You and I  
deserve each other.

(beat)

I'll give you \$500,000 -- plus  
everything I can offer you.

MARGO

What does that mean?

DAVEY

I'm still a powerful man in this  
town. I will make you Margo. You  
can do whatever you want. You want  
to be a publicist? You want to act?  
Sing? I mean hell - look at the way  
people responded to those pictures.  
You wouldn't be the first to build  
a career off such a thing. I will  
burst down doors for you Margo. And  
remember, *I never back down.*

Margo shakes her head. Resisting his gravitational pull. A  
moment of moral clarity.

MARGO

This is crazy.

DAVEY

Crazy? Little miss musical  
theater... You move to the city  
because you want to work in  
showbiz. Realize you don't have the  
stones to hear 'no' everyday so you  
work as a publicist. Be *star-*  
*adjacent*. Do your best to put  
daddy's tuition money to work. But  
I know your secret. You hate it.  
You need more.

(here's the teeth)

You're going to get older and  
sadder and you're going to hate  
this place more every single day.  
Or - you can sign this paper and  
become a miracle worker, and you  
can do whatever you want. I'm  
giving you a chance here. To make  
something of yourself. You finally  
have some cards to play. You should  
be thanking me.

She looks away, each word hitting her like a precise dart.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
 My third and final question for you  
 Margo -- *what do you want?*

On Margo, suddenly unsure.

The door knob to the room shakes - locked.

Davey presses the button again-

The door unlocks and Julio enters.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
 You're a publicist. What did you  
 think this job was? Sign this paper  
 and help me right this ship.  
 Remember, I planned this. There's a  
 good ending.  
 (beat)  
 You're going to come out on top.

A long silence is broken by Margo's PHONE ringing.

It's Natalie.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
*Julio.*

Julio walks forward, takes her phone.

DAVEY (CONT'D)  
 You'll get it back as soon as you  
 sign.

MARGO  
 \$500,000?

DAVEY  
 Yes.

MARGO  
 Can I see the - itinerary?

She motions to the folder.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
 I want to see what other shit  
 you're going to pull. What you're  
 covering for.

DAVEY  
 Fine.

He hands it to her. She takes a minute to read. It's several pages, she flips through.

MARGO  
Jesus Christ.

She reads on. Eyes wide as we watch the realization form - how thoroughly - how deeply she's been played.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
Who was the father of Elizabeth Kelly's baby?

DAVEY  
I didn't hit her.

MARGO  
That was your baby. You pressured her.

DAVEY  
I didn't make her do anything.

MARGO  
This isn't about legacy. This is about damage control.

DAVEY  
Same thing, dear.

MARGO  
And Rafi? What's the full story there?

DAVEY  
Son of a bitch tried to blackmail me. \$5 Million Dollars. Had that fucker iced.

MARGO  
What?

DAVEY  
The coroner ruled it an accidental overdose. I did pay for his kids education though. I'm not a monster.

Margo is at a loss for words. Then, finally:

MARGO  
What - was he blackmailing you for?

Davey says nothing. Margo looks back at the folder, sees more settlements, non disclosure agreements. A paper trail of lives ruined and voices silenced.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
"Last bastion of honesty?"

DAVEY  
There's a thing or two I'd like to get ahead of. Like I said, blisters. Liabilities.

MARGO  
So you've been a nervous man this past year.

He frowns. Margo looks it over, thinks.

MARGO (CONT'D)  
I need a guarantee of the money in writing.

DAVEY  
I'll have my lawyer draw something up in the morning.

MARGO  
That's not good enough.

Davey smiles again - charmed by her insistence. He loves it.

DAVEY  
Julio, go to the vault and get two banker's notes.  
(to Margo)  
Now I can't give it to you all at once. Think of this as something of a down payment.

Julio goes - leaving the door open behind him.

MARGO  
So you do have your shit. Of course you do.  
(beat)  
*Everything's a lie.*

DAVEY  
What were George Washington's teeth made of?

MARGO  
What?

DAVEY

His dentures. What were they made of?

MARGO

(what are you getting at?)  
Wood?

DAVEY

His dentures were made from the teeth of slaves.

He lets that sink in.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Nobody's perfect Margo. Especially heroes. But history isn't written by the facts, it's written by public opinion.

A silence between them. Davey chuckles-

DAVEY (CONT'D)

"The problem with playing devil's advocate is that eventually you're going to find yourself advocating for an actual devil."

(beat)

So. Ready to give the devil his due?

Margo looks at her hands, ashamed.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

We've been away from the Q&A for too long. It's time.

He slides the NDA towards her.

MARGO

Okay.

Margo grabs the pen.

Clicks.

She signs the NDA.

Davey leans back, satisfied with himself.

DAVEY

So - Our friend is going to ask us a question involving --

MARGO

Sorry - you pumped me full of  
scotch. I'm about to piss myself.  
Just answer another question about  
pizza or something.

DAVEY

Alright.

Margo walks to the bathroom, leaving Davey at his desk.

For a moment, it's just him.

It's the first moment we've seen him alone - and he deflates  
a little.

And it looks kind of sad.

Just a old man in his office.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

(shouting towards the  
bathroom)

When is Natalie getting here? We  
need to get our story straight.

No response.

No sound of a flush.

Davey looks towards the NDA. Flips towards the last page.

On the signature line, written in cursive:

F U C K   Y O U

**INT. HALLWAY - SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE**

Margo is **SPRINTING** towards the front of the house.

She's carrying THE FOLDER. The night's itinerary.

The smoking gun.

She reaches the end of a long hallway. Sees a **WINDOW**.

The thick bulletproof glass. No handle, no way to open it.

She's also still on the second floor.

Margo, spins around, disoriented.

This place looks like a maze.

MARGO

Goddamnit.

Davey's voice comes booming in through the PA system.

DAVEY (PA)

Margo Margo Margo. I thought we had a deal.

She keeps running, goes into -

#### **A BILLIARDS ROOM**

The one we saw in the security footage. The pinball machine is still on.

There's several doors, she looks around-

Trying to discern the way out.

DAVEY (PA) (CONT'D)

You're not going to be able to get out of this house. The windows are sealed. None of the doors open without a key fob. And you're not just going to waltz through the front door.

In the distance, she hears a sneeze. *Julio*.

She chooses one door, goes through it.

#### **A STORAGE ROOM**

A seeming dead end, but -

There's a freight elevator.

DAVEY (PA) (CONT'D)

If you come back to the office RIGHT NOW you can re-negotiate. Don't make me do something I don't want to. I'm not trying to be the monster you think I am.

She runs to the elevator. Finds the button, presses it.

The button lights up and the elevator lets out a horrible SCREECH

It doesn't seem to be working - it's making pained, metallic sounds. Like a broken washing machine.

And the screech is LOUD. It's going to give her position away.

She RUNS back into

**THE BILLIARDS ROOM**

Goes in another door

Runs into a

**HALLWAY**

We recognize this one from earlier.

She's on the right track.

DAVEY (PA) (CONT'D)  
And remember, we have cameras, so  
don't try and hide.

She runs faster, the hall takes sharp turn.

Sees JULIO at the end of the hall.

She jumps back-

Hiding behind the corner.

Did he see her?

Fuck.

She hears his FOOTSTEPS.

They're getting closer.

She SPRINTS in the opposite direction.

Still needs to get DOWNSTAIRS.

**BACK IN THE BILLIARDS ROOM**

Margo runs to the pool table.

Grabs the 8 BALL.

Runs through another door.

**INT. UPSTAIRS DINING AREA**

It's another dining area and kitchenette. An upstairs living room lies just ahead.

(This place is fucking huge)

MARGO

This place is fucking h--

But before she can finish, JULIO'S FOOTSTEPS, not far behind.

She runs into a SMALL PANTRY.

Catches her breath.

Hears Julio walk in. He slows down, looking for her.

DAVEY (PA)

(theatrically)

Poor Margo. Had something of a panic attack. The stress of the hack, the shame of those photos. I saw her take medication. I really shouldn't have offered her a drink. It's a pity she got hurt. She found my pistol and shot herself in the mouth. She couldn't take it.

That gets her attention.

She blinks. *He's actually going to kill me.*

DAVEY (PA) (CONT'D)

The shame must have been too much for her.

She peers through the gap between the doorframe and the hinge.

Sees Julio stalking the living area across the room.

He's carrying his HANDGUN.

MARGO

(mouths to herself)

Oh my God.

She takes this in. The latest in a long night of surprises.

Julio turns towards the pantry-

Margo recoils back to her hiding place.

The footsteps grow LOUDER, he walks towards her.

She puts the 8 ball in her palm.

Closes her eyes

The footsteps get even CLOSER

He's inches away-

**DING**

Julio pauses.

It's the freight elevator. It reached the second floor.

He walks to the storage room to investigate the noise.

Margo exhales, relief washes over her face.

She peeks out of the pantry-

Runs into the living room, looking for an exit.

She sees STAIRS on the opposite side of the room.

Runs towards them.

Hears FOOTSTEPS - she's not at the stairs yet...

Margo ducks behind a large couch-

Seconds before Julio re-enters the room.

He walks into the living area.

Keeps walking-

Right between Margo's position and the stairs.

Pinned behind the couch, Margo sees his reflection through a glass door of a cabinet.

He's holding a tablet.

*Bloop. Bloop.*

He's on the HOME SECURITY APP.

Clicking through the cameras.

Margo scans the ceiling.

There's a camera pointed right at her.

ON JULIO: Switching between feeds. The downstairs living room. *Bloop.* The gym. *Bloop.* The billiards room. *Bloop-*

Margo looks at the camera. Knows she has a matter of seconds.

She palms the 8 Ball, aims towards the stairs

And THROWS

The 8 ball soars - a high arc, headed towards the stairway--

BAM

BAM

BAM

BAM

BAM...

The 8 ball hits several stairs on the way down.

Julio runs to the stairway -

He looks around. The 8 ball has rolled out of view. The coast is clear.

*What the fuck?*

MARGO (CONT'D)

AAAAAAGGGH!!

Julio TURNS to see

Margo CHARGING HIM

He tries to draw his gun

She PUSHES HIM

BAM

BAM

BAM

BAM

And then, a horrible CRUNCH.

He lies motionless at the bottom of the stairs. Margo pauses, SHOCKED at what she's just done. But there's no time:

She flies downstairs.

Grabs his GUN.

Holds it like a dead rat.

Looks at Julio. He's out cold - dead or unconscious.

She reaches in his pockets- looking for her phone. It isn't there.

The sees the tablet a few feet away, turns it over.

The screen is cracked. There's some home controls. No internet or calling capabilities.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Okay.

She takes the tablet. Looks around. She's downstairs.

Her expression hardens. Eyes burning. She has one thought and one thought only: Get out of this fucking house.

Starts running -

**INT. FURTHER IN THE HOUSE - HALLWAY**

Margo SPRINTS as fast as she possibly can-

Passes the downstairs living room

Getting closer...

The hallway takes a sharp turn.

Sees DAVEY - holding a GUN.

She SCREAMS.

But... it's not Davey. It's his wax figure.

MARGO

Jesus.

She regains her composure, catches her breath.

Keeps going-

**FURTHER IN THE HOUSE**

She passes the framed photos.

She's getting CLOSE.

And finally: Sees a door to the front foyer.

She enters--

**INT. THE FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

She's here, but-

Davey stands in front of the door.

Holding a rifle.

It should be a jarring image, but it looks apt. Natural, even. A cowboy with a Winchester.

DAVEY

Margo.

She freezes. They both stare each other down.

*Is this really happening?*

Davey sees her holding Julio's pistol. He raises the rifle.

Margo turns and RUNS BACK into the house.

She's SPLINTERED with wood chips. Davey fires a shot, just misses.

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Margo runs through the hall -

The taxidermied animals create a funhouse of shapes.

Another SHOT whizzes through, hitting one of the busts.

Margo flies to the back of the house.

Starts pressing the tablet screen helplessly, looking for an emergency function.

The lights in the house change erratically. Music starts playing, skipping, and playing again. It's a garish show, a house unraveling.

ON DAVEY

Walking as quickly as he can. But that's not very quick. He's lost his bearings in the chaos.

The house settles on a song. It's familiar - pained, haunted. The same song Margo was listening to in her car. *Birdsong*.

DAVEY

Think you have the run of the house now?

**INT. HALLWAYS - VARIOUS**

On Davey. His knee is clearly in pain. He's masking a limp. Quite slow now.

DAVEY

You've given me no choice Margo. I don't want to do this. Give me the folder and go home. You're young. You can still get out.

He waits. The house is silent.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I'm giving you one more chance. Take the money and get out of here.  
(a moment, then)  
I was wrong about you. I thought you had what it takes. This is no time to suddenly grow a conscience. Go back to Stone Mountain or wherever the fuck you came from. Take this money and leave.

The hallway turns into a LIVING ROOM. The one filled with memorabilia.

Davey scans, sees a SHAPE hiding under a blanket in the corner.

It's clearly a body.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I don't want to hurt you.

He raises his rifle. Still nothing.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

He SHOOTS.

Hits.

His aim is true.

The shape lies motionless.

He takes a long breath.

It's over.

He crosses the room, turns on the fireplace with ease - to burn the documents.

Walks to the body. He removes the blanket, to reveal -

A half naked wax figure.

**KA-BAM.**

Davey looks down, blood coming out of his hip.

He turns-

To see Margo standing in place of the wax figure. She's wearing his jacket and hat, looking both regal and ridiculous. The barrel of her gun is smoking.

THE MOTHERFUCKING RENEGADE.

Davey falls to his knees.

Drops his Winchester.

MARGO

Don't. Move.

Davey inspects his wound.

He's losing a lot of blood.

Margo walks to the rifle and kicks it across the floor.

DAVEY

This would have been so much easier if you kept to our agreement.

(beat)

This wasn't how it was supposed to go.

MARGO

I see you David. You got everyone fooled. Everyone but me. I know exactly who you are.

(then)

And so do you.

DAVEY

I never wanted to hurt you.

MARGO

Until you had to. Funny how that works.

She takes off the jacket, throws it in the fire.

DAVEY

You could have made such an impact.

MARGO

I will. Just not the one you want.

She throws his hat in the fire.

MARGO (CONT'D)

You're gonna have a legacy alright.  
I hope you like magazine covers.

She grabs the folder. Takes note of the song playing throughout the house.

MARGO (CONT'D)

You really were my favorite artist  
you know.

(beat)

But sometimes you gotta move past  
sentiment.

She turns to leave.

DAVEY

Margo.

She stops.

This is his old man voice again. Warm. Pained.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Shoot again.

Is he asking what she thinks he's asking?

MARGO

No.

She puts down the pistol.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Was the cancer a lie? Was that part  
of the story too?

DAVEY

No. That was true.

MARGO

Damn. I hope you live another fifty  
years. You deserve to see this play  
out.

She walks off.

And for the first time, Davey looks absolutely PETRIFIED.

**INT. THE FOYER - SECONDS LATER**

Margo runs to the door -

Almost there...

**INT. THE LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Davey lies on the ground. Looks around at the relics surrounding him.

His costume burning in the fire.

He sees the gun on the floor.

Reaches for it.

**INT. THE FOYER - SAME**

Margo at the door, hand shaking as she tries to unlock it.

A GUNSHOT rings out, far back in the house.

She pauses, knows what that means.

She breathes. Opens the door.

**EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Margo is immediately greeted by a swarm of reporters and onlookers.

She looks like she just went through hell.

Natalie bursts to the front of the crowd.

NATALIE

Margo - MARGO! What is going on?  
You haven't been answering--

Margo hands Natalie the folder.

MARGO

Read through this.  
(beat)  
I need a minute.

Margo walks ahead, taking deep breaths.

Natalie's confused.

She starts to read the document.

Then:

NATALIE  
What the **FUCK?**

Margo walks on - tries to get ahead of the crowd.

CAMERA BOOMS UP revealing - a Hollywood skyline.

The view is still quite lovely.

**CROSSFADE INTO**

Davey's Hat. Burning.

VOICE (PRELAP)  
The big question - did he do it?

**A SERIES OF NEWS CLIPS**

A symphony of talking. Intercut, as if you're changing the channel.

**E! NEWS --**

VOICE (CONT'D)  
There's a career's worth of abuses  
detailed in the dossier but nobody  
has spoken up or confirmed  
anything. And -

**ACCESS HOLLYWOOD--**

VOICE (CONT'D)  
--who is Margo? The girl at the  
center of this.

**A shock jock radio show --**

VOICE (CONT'D)  
Davey's credibility goes back for  
decades. This girl - who knows who  
she is? Something doesn't smell  
right here.

**Entertainment Tonight --**

VOICE (CONT'D)

The guy lost his life. Let's wait for the blood to dry before we start to make accusations.

**Someone's YouTube Channel --**

VOICE (CONT'D)

I just don't think one person gets to undo an entire person's career. We can't just be pointing fingers and burning witches.

**TMZ live --**

VOICE (CONT'D)

We're unsure if Margo has been let go from her agency, but according to once source, she hasn't been seen at work since the incident. Did she go back home? Was she fired? Is she real? Where is she?

**CNN NEWSROOM--**

VOICE (CONT'D)

The label still has the album out in the wake of the accusations and controversy. The additional press has made it a best seller.

The broadcast cuts to the album art seen earlier. Davey, ever a twinkle in his eye.

VOICE (CONT'D)

The sales show no sign of slowing down.

**INT. DALLAS FORT WORTH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT**

**Super: Two weeks later.**

Close on Margo's feet, zipping through other travelers on a moving walkway.

She looks rested. Like she's taken some time off.

We hear bits and pieces of CNN as she approaches and passes each terminal on the walkway. Margo pays it no mind.

VOICE

...strength in numbers...

VOICE (CONT'D)  
 ...ninth person stepped forward...

VOICE (CONT'D)  
 ...pulled by the label...

VOICE (CONT'D)  
 ...profits being donated...

Margo steps off the moving walkway and into a small magazine shop.

**INT. AIRPORT MINI SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

A long dolly shot passes over DOZENS of magazine covers, and the truth has emerged, albeit with a few different takes on Davey's story.

Some paint it as an old man who went crazy, others think him a predator who got his comeuppance, *Horse & Rider* simply says "Rest in peace."

The camera settles, finishing on a store employee.

He's restocking the magazines, replacing the ones with Davey with new issues--

New people on the covers. New rumors. New gossip. Who's fucking who. You know the deal. The world keeps spinning.

The employee grabs one of the old magazines.

MARGO's face is on this one. The headline is just two words.

*THE RENEGADE*

He turns around to face the cashier.

MARGO's in line. Holding a smartwater.

He tries not to stare - gets back to work.

ON MARGO: paying for her drink.

CASHIER  
 Anything else?

MARGO  
 No. Thank you. I'm fine.

As she waits for change, she sees the magazines with Davey all being replaced.

*On to the next thing.*

She smiles - satisfied.

CASHIER

Where to?

AIRPORT PA

*This is the final boarding call to  
flight 1187 to Los Angeles.*

Margo perks up. Her flight. She turns towards the setting sun, visible through the terminal window.

MARGO

Back to work.

She turns to her gate. A newfound purpose in her steps.

And a plane to catch.

**BLACK.**