

**"LAGOON POOLSIDE"**

By

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EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

The rooftop pool at the Lagoon. Celebrities and models laze about, taking drinks from wait-staff sweating through their long-sleeved shirts in the hot sun. Sitting alone is aspiring actress DORETTA DUNNE, 20s, who is trying her best to look like she belongs. She sips nervously from a fruity cocktail.

VOICE (O.S.)

There you are!

Doretta spots YASMIN LAMARR, famed gossip columnist. Yasmin makes her way to the table in a serpentine fashion, taking the time to speak to anyone of note. She sits and smiles.

YAMIN

Doretta Dunne? Yasmin Lamarr.  
Please forgive my leisurely  
entrance.

DORETTA

How did you know it was me?

YASMIN

(a glance at her clothing)  
An educated guess. What are you  
drinking?

DORETTA

Lagoon Tropicana? It's, uh, it's  
very nice-

YASMIN

Is it sweet? It looks it. I can't  
stand a sweet drink. How are you?  
(Pause.) Are you all right?

DORETTA

I'm fine.

YASMIN

You don't look it.

DORETTA

I-

YASMIN

I don't mean it like that, darling.  
I mean you look kept. Ruffled.

Yasmin waves and mouths "Hello!" to somebody across the pool.

DORETTA

People have been very nice.

YASMIN

They have?

DORETTA

Mr. Donaldson's people. His  
assistant Gertrude, his lawyers-

YASMIN

I've know Gertrude longer than I'd  
care to admit. She's a good egg.  
And I can't speak personally for  
Barry's lawyers but I can assume  
... I mean, he always surrounds  
himself with the best.

DORETTA

(quickly)  
Except for Trip.

An awkward pause. Yasmin gives a toothless smile and nods,  
conceding the point with minimal commitment.

YASMIN

Except for Trip... Doretta? Would  
it shock you to learn that Mr.  
Donaldson is simply mortified by  
what happened? He is positively ill  
with worry. And not for himself,  
but for you.

DORETTA

I called my mother back home. She  
said I should talk to a lawyer. My  
own lawyer, not one of Mr.  
Donaldson's.

YASMIN

Well, at least let him recommend  
somebody. Or me: I'd be happy to!

DORETTA

I've found someone.

YASMIN

Good.

DORETTA

And I won't be intimidated.

YASMIN

Darling: who is intimidating you?

DORETTA

You know Mr. Donaldson, you know Gertrude, you know this town. And I'm sure you know Trip.

YASMIN

I certainly do.

DORETTA

Did he send you here?

Beat.

YASMIN

There is a way to make all this disappear. There's security, there's ... discretion. But most of all, there's a future. For you. Here.

DORETTA glances around her at the poolside.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

You have a choice to make. And far more power in its making than you might think.

DORETTA

What if I say no?

YASMIN

You'd be foolish, darling. But I'd understand, I suppose.

A long pause. Yasmin sizes Doretta up.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

If it is a "no", at least let me help you. I want to help you tell your story. Your version of events.

DORETTA

My version of events?

YASMIN

Something happened that day in the office. Something young Trip has done to upset you terribly.

DORETTA  
My lawyer said not to-

YASMIN  
Yes, yes. Lawyers will say these things. They tend not to like things getting messy. But young men like Trip leave mess. And when they do, the first thing they do is talk. To whomever will listen. Because the first story out there, well, it's often the one that sticks like tar.

Doretta nods, sips her drink.

DORETTA  
Why does Mr. Donaldson keep him around in the office? Can't he work elsewhere?

YASMIN  
You cannot choose your family. Least of all your children.

DORETTA  
Can I trust you?

YASMIN  
No. No, that's your weakness, Doretta. Your weakness and your virtue in a single, neat package.

From her clutch, Yasmin pulls a small notepad and pen.

DORETTA  
Does Mr. Donaldson trust you?

YASMIN  
It's his weakness too, I suppose. Shall we begin?