

HECHT: You have a screenplay problem, you need the dialog punched up, some character stuff fixed? Why else would you call me in?

SELZNICK: I need a whole new scenario.

HECHT: You've been shooting for three weeks.

SELZNICK: I closed production down.

HECHT: You did what?

SELZNICK: I'm not shooting another foot of film until I have a scenario I can believe in.

HECHT: You closed down the biggest movie in Hollywood history?

SELZNICK: I'm in debt up to here, I could lose the studio, my kids' college tuition, the house -

He presses the intercom, speaks to his Assistant, MISS POPPENGHUL, in the outer office.

Miss Poppenguhl - ?

HECHT: You went into production without a screenplay?

SELZNICK: I thought I had a screenplay. I've been working on it for three years -

MISS POPPENGHUL enters.

MISS POPPENGHUL: Yes, Mr. Selznick?

SELZNICK: Is Fleming on the lot yet?

MISS POPPENGHUL: No, Mr. Selznick.

SELZNICK: We sent the car for him, right?

MISS POPPENGHUL: Yes, Mr. Selznick.

SELZNICK: The studio car?

MISS POPPENGHUL: Yes, Mr. Selznick.

SELZNICK: And he's not here yet?

MISS POPPENGHUL: No, Mr. Selznick.

For me, Ben. Not for Mayer, not even for the movie – for me –

HECHT: One week, that's all.

SELZNICK: A week?

HECHT: That's all I can give you.

SELZNICK: (*Disbelieving.*) Ben –

HECHT: One week – you're not the only one with deadlines.

HECHT turns back from the door, heads towards the food cart.

SELZNICK: Where are you going?

HECHT: Breakfast?

SELZNICK: You don't have time.

HECHT: It's six in the morning.

SELZNICK: I'm paying you to write, not eat. I need your total concentration here.

He throws open the door to the outer office –

Fleming –

He slams it shut, pushes HECHT back into his chair –

Now as everybody on God's Good Green Earth but you knows *Gone With The Wind* takes place during the Civil War –

HECHT: There's your first problem. No Civil War movie ever made a dime –

SELZNICK: It's going to pit brother against brother, father against son –

HECHT: Or ever will –

SELZNICK: (*Resisting panic.*) Okay okay... Follow me here.
Overture. Front credits. Fade in on Tara.

HECHT: Sure. Tara?

VIC FLEMING blows in. He's burly, physically imposing, filled with the same tightly wound energy of the others. He hovers in the doorway, anxious to leave, already -

FLEMING: I hate to kiss and run, David, whatever this is about but I have to get back to the *Wizard of Oz* set. I have a hundred and sixteen Munchkins dead drunk in the corridors or fornicating in the urinals of the Culver Hotel.

SELZNICK: You're not shooting *Wizard of Oz* any more.

FLEMING: I've got two weeks to go.

SELZNICK: You're through with it.

FLEMING: I'm being fired? For what? Because I slapped Judy Garland around that time -

HECHT: You hit Judy Garland?

FLEMING: Once.

MISS POPPENGHUL gasps.

Once.

SELZNICK: We're pulling you off *Oz*, putting you onto *Gone With The Wind*.

FLEMING: Cukor's shooting that.

HECHT: He fired Cukor.

SELZNICK: (*Automatic.*) That's a damn lie, I don't know where these rumors start - (*Adjusting.*) Okay, yes, I did -

MISS POPPENGHUL: Shall we keep the studio car waiting for Mr. Fleming, Mr. Selznick?

SELZNICK: No.

MISS POPPENGHUL: Mr. Hecht's car?

SELZNICK: No.

MISS POPPENGHUL: Very good, Mr. Selznick.

She closes the door with a sour look at FLEMING.

MOONLIGHT AND MAGNOLIAS: ACT ONE

Shapes, silhouettes, backs bent in toil - da da da da da da
da da - an image of back-breaking labor, endless struggle -

HECHT: It's the Writer's Building? Flat

SELZNICK: It's Tara - keep looking @ G.C.

FLEMING's directing instincts take over - got up S-L

FLEMING: I put the camera down here, yes, shooting up - the
angle says it all - Tara fills the screen - it's not just a
house - it's the entire world of the South - a whole way of
life -

SELZNICK: Tara - you can smell the red, ripe, rotting earth,
Ben - it's as red as the sky, red as the blood that beats
in the hearts of a people who know their way of life is
doomed but who'll spill every ounce in defense of their
hopeless cause -

HECHT: It's the Writer's Building - Flat

Pissed off at HECHT's attitude, SELZNICK's heading
towards the door -

SELZNICK: Okay, that's it -

He switches the lights back on.

FLEMING: Silhouettes and shadows, too, lots of shadows,
blacks and reds, strong colors, figures against landscape,
epic -

SELZNICK: Epic, yes - enthused as opening door

FLEMING: Epic as all shit -

SELZNICK opens the door as MISS POPPENGHUL enters
with a huge bowl of peanuts -

SELZNICK: You know what a door is?

MISS POPPENGHUL: Yes, Mr. Selznick.

SELZNICK: You know what I mean when I say *This door stays
closed?*

MISS POPPENGHUL: Yes, Mr. Selznick.