

PLATINUM

Written by

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Adapted from the novel

PLATINUM

'Rock 'n roll is a tough business...

Sometimes it's murder

By

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FADE IN:

INT. JOSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: SYDNEY 1987

SIMON GRAHAM (30s) naked, ego-driven, record company boss is atop a naked young woman with a doll-like face, his mistress JOSIE CAMERON (20s).

He thrusts hard while Josie looks off, disengaged with vacant eyes.

The bedroom door opens. A lithe figure in head to toe black enters, only a set of eyes can be seen behind a balaclava.

In a black gloved hand is a distinctive, gold-plated revolver now pointed at her and Simon.

JOSIE
(screams)
No! No!

A single gunshot! Then in rapid succession, two more gunshots into the back of Simon's head.

Josie's mouth is agape as blood trickles from a bullet hole in the middle of her forehead.

Blood 'n brains are splattered over the white pillow and silk sheets as the lithe figure quickly retreats.

Streaks of blood run down a cream painted wall behind and two dead bodies lay still in the bed.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN.

TITLE CARD: **PLATINUM**

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

SUPER: 30 YEARS LATER

SUPER: SYDNEY 2017

Taxi pulls into the curb on New South Head Road in the well-to-do suburb of Double Bay.

CHLOE CHALMERS (30) an attractive brunette, studious type, in jeans and a blouse with a leather satchel over her shoulder alights.

She skips briskly towards the entrance of a Café and STEPS INTO...

INT. CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

Chloe takes a seat at a table near the entrance and looks at her watch, 10:00AM.

She fidgets with a sugar packet and notices on an adjacent table a newspaper and its bold headline blares...

MAVERICK JOURNO IN HOT WATER

Chloe picks up the newspaper to look at that headline and sighs.

She folds the broadsheet in half and slips it on the seat of a chair under her table out of sight.

A MOMENT LATER...

RONNIE CAMERON (60s) silver haired, physically fit with a distinctive eye patch over his right eye, enters. He carries a large envelope and sees Chloe.

RONNIE
Chloe Chalmers?

CHLOE
Mister Cameron?
(Ronnie nods)
Please, sit down.

Ronnie takes a seat opposite and places the envelope on the table.

RONNIE
Call me Ronnie. Thank you for agreeing to meet with me.

Chloe nods then glances at the envelope.

CHLOE
I'm rather intrigued.

WAITRESS (20s) arrives.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
 (to Waitress)
 Flat white thanks.

RONNIE
 (to Waitress)
 Same.

Waitress nods then walks off. Chloe's eye's veer back to the envelope.

CHLOE
 May I?

RONNIE
 Please do.

Chloe opens the envelope and pulls out a manila folder.

She flips it open and inside there are several old newspaper clippings with various headlines and two stand out...

CORRUPT COPS : MUSIC SUPREMO MURDERED

Chloe picks up a B&W publicity image of a buxom, blonde female in her 30s and studies it. In bold, black type is a name...

CANDI STELLAR

She glances at a Polaroid image of a pretty girl in her early 20s (Josie Cameron).

CHLOE
 This is your sister?

RONNIE
 (nods)
 Josie.

Chloe then looks at Ronnie's eye patch.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
 (creases a smile)
 Accident.
 (Chloe nods)
 At work. Long time ago.

CHLOE
 (Chloe nods)
 You said Josie is involved in this?
 How?

Ronnie goes to speak as the Waitress returns with their coffees and places them on the table.

Chloe nods 'thank you' then takes a sip as the Waitress walks off.

RONNIE
Miss Chalmers...

CHLOE
(overlapping)
Chloe.

RONNIE
Chloe, my sister was murdered with
Simon Graham. I believe Candi
Stellar was involved.
(Chloe raises a brow)
You're an investigative journalist.
I need you to help me find out the
truth. -- I need you to contact
Stellar.

She takes that in with another sip of her coffee then nods
'okay.'

INT. CANDI'S LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER

CANDI STELLAR (60s) in a body-hugging one-piece sits at a
table with her laptop open surrounded by opulence.

The pop diva, blonde 'n buxom, retains her looks and figure
that belies her age and made her a star.

A large oil painting of a younger naked Candi hangs on a
wall.

Her legs are delicately crossed, regal-like, poised on her
throne.

Framed images of her younger pop star days, gold and platinum
records, expensive Objet d'Art adorn the room which is a
shrine unto herself.

Candi awkwardly types with two fingers topped with two
enormous diamond and ruby rings.

CANDI
Oh damn it!

She presses a key on her keyboard, presses it again and again then rapidly presses in agitated succession as her patience withers.

CANDI (CONT'D)
 (calls out, frustrated)
 Brigitte! Brigitte! -- Brigitte!

A MOMENT LATER...

BRIGITTE PORTEFAIX (60s) her assistant-come manager, French, a physically taut brunette in active wear, enters. She looks at Candi with Gallic annoyance.

CANDI (CONT'D)
 Darling, don't look at me like that. Help me!
 (faces back to laptop)
 This damn bloody computer!

She steps forward to look at the laptop screen and speaks in her broken French-English.

BRIGITTE
 Are you sure?

CANDI
 About what?

BRIGITTE
 This lifetime achievement you're getting, it is not enough?
 (Candi sighs)
 Mon Ami. Larry won't be happy. Or Carlo.

CANDI
 (snaps)
 They don't own me!
 (Brigitte raises a brow)
 No! I don't care what Larry or Carlo or anyone else for that matter thinks. Time I set the record straight.

Brigitte shakes her head in disapproval then turns and exits the room.

CANDI (CONT'D)
 Brigitte! Brigitte! It'll be fine.
 Come back. Help me!
 (to herself)
 Damn.

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

JOAN (50s) Chloe's no nonsense editor in a business-like jacket and blouse sits at her desk and reads a document.

On a wall behind her are several plaques, a framed news-stand poster and its large block type reads...

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH SYDNEY'S NUMBER ONE

A framed 8x10 photo of a smiling Joan with proprietor *Rupert Murdoch* takes pride of place on a mid-high shelf.

Chloe enters. Joan glances up with a glare then reverts back to the document as her agitation builds then throws the paper on her desk.

JOAN

What were you thinking? Honestly
Chloe, journalism one-o-one! Check
your God damn facts and sources!

CHLOE

Joan it's not my fault. I was set
up...

JOAN

(overlapping)

Stop! I don't want to hear any more
of your lame excuses. You're not a
cadet.

(shakes head, dismayed)

I've got to explain this upstairs!
Jesus Christ a defamation case with
the millionaire medico!

Her tough-as-nails editor shakes her head in bewilderment.

CHLOE

Joan, what about backing your
reporters?

JOAN

Careful Chloe. I've stood on that
wall for you before and been shot
down. -- If it wasn't for the fact
your mother, God bless her soul,
showed me the ropes....

(sighs)

I swear anyone else would be out
the door! -- You're smarter than
this? Lately you're really screwing
up!

CHLOE

Come on Joan! I'm the one who's been screwed here. You know that! I checked my sources then they flipped -- denied everything. Our millionaire medico is paying someone off. He's dirty and corrupt and I can prove it.

Joan looks at Chloe who remains resolute and defiant.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

He may have won this battle, but he won't win the war. I'm not the first that's been turned over. I know what to do.

JOAN

I'm getting tired of hearing you know what to do! And then you don't do it!

CHLOE

Joan please...

JOAN

(overlapping)

Chloe! -- Listen to me carefully, this is your last warning. Understand?

(Chloe nods)

Honestly, you think I like saying this? But you leave me no choice.

(looks off, sighs, then back to Chloe)

They're big shoes you're trying to fill. -- You want some good advice?

(Chloe nods gently)

Be you. Don't try to be her.

CHLOE

I am me Joan.

JOAN

Good, so go and be you.

CHLOE

(nods)

By the way I may have an opportunity.

(Joan sighs)

An interview with Candi Stellar. She's getting a lifetime achievement award at the Grammys.

(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I've sent her an e-mail, I'm just waiting to hear...

JOAN

(overlapping)

Sent her an e-mail? Enough! Chloe, did you not hear what I said? You're out the door with one more screw up! I've got a paper to run so...

CHLOE

(overlapping)

Joan if I can get Candi Stellar. Can you imagine? She doesn't do interviews. -- You know there's all those rumours.

JOAN

Rumours? What are you talking about?

CHLOE

How she made it? The underworld, criminal connections, all that. Her old boss? Some suggest she could have been involved in his murder?

JOAN

Chloe, some suggest, do they?

(Chloe nods)

Conspiracy theories. Look, I haven't got time for this!

(stern)

You know what I suggest? I suggest you go and do what I pay you to do before I change my mind, forget what I said about your mother and fire your sweet arse right now!

(Chloe mildly nods)

I want that copy on the insider trader on my desk by six pm. Do you hear me?

Chloe nods once more. She then turns to leave and pulls the door closed behind her as she STEPS INTO...

INT. OPEN PLAN NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chloe saunters towards her desk and sits down. She just stares at her computer screen.

There's a hive of activity around her in a busy newsroom.

ANNIE (20s) sits opposite and notices Chloe's distraction.

ANNIE
You okay?

Chloe ignores and just stares at a blank screen.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Chloe! You okay?

She looks at Annie then creases a smile.

CHLOE
Yeah, sorry, I'm fine.

Chloe rises from her chair, picks up her leather satchel, slings it over her shoulder and walks off.

She then stops, turns and walks back to Annie who looks up at her with a smile.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Annie, can you do something for me?

ANNIE
Sure, what do you need?

CHLOE
Need you to do some research.

ANNIE
(anticipated, excited)
Sure!

Annie promptly picks up a pen and notepad.

CHLOE
Need you to find all you can on Frank Dominico. Crime boss in the mid eighties, okay?

The young cadet's eyes widen and she nods her head then scribbles on her notepad.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Don't say anything to anyone, got it?

ANNIE
Understood don't say anything. What do you want to know?

CHLOE

All about him. Associates. What he did? Everything you can.

(Annie nods)

But remember, mums the word and get back to me as soon as you can.

JOAN (O.C.)

(bellows)

Annie!

CHLOE

You better go.

Annie abruptly rises from her seat. Chloe places her index finger to her lips.

Her 'accomplice' nods 'yes' then turns and rushes towards Joan's office.

Chloe creases a smile then turns and walks off.

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chloe sits at her desk with her laptop open and she types.

A modest room with a double bed, clothes scattered about, a single, curtained window with a view to Sydney Harbour in the distance.

Two framed photos sit side by side on the left of her desk.

One of Chloe in her teens with an older woman with some resemblance in a loving embrace.

The other is a younger woman in front of a typewriter, her fingers are poised over the keys and a nameplate reads...

JACKIE ROBERTS

Chloe pauses to look at the photo of the young woman with fingers poised over the keys (*Jackie Roberts*).

CHLOE

(to photo)

Don't suppose you ever had these problems?

(sighs)

No, I didn't think so.

A MOMENT LATER...

Chloe's mobile phone rings and she answers.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
 (into mobile phone)
 Hello? Hi Annie, what you got? Ah-huh. That's great. This is what I want you to do, create a file and e-mail it to me. And Annie, remember what I said? Good girl. I'll give you a credit in the story. Yeah, of course I mean it. Okay, I gotta go. Bye.

She ends the call and looks again at the image of *Jackie Roberts*.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
 Whatever it takes, right?

Chloe then resumes typing on her laptop.

INT. CANDI'S LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Candi sits in front of her laptop screen and she types, carefully and precisely with two fingers.

She presses the last key then smiles rather satisfied.

CANDI
 (to herself)
 Well done Candi.

Candi looks at the keyboard and presses another key then leans back in her chair.

CANDI (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Let's rock 'n roll.

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chloe is alerted by a 'beep' on her laptop screen as an e-mail pops up.

She taps a key and begins to read quietly to herself.

CHLOE
 Dear Chloe, thank you for reaching out with your request for an interview. I've thought this over and I accept your offer...

Chloe trails those last few words as a smile broadens.

She then jumps out of her chair and leaps in the air.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Yes! Yes!

Chloe paces around the room, back 'n forth, her excitement builds then she falls on her bed and kicks her legs in the air.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Yes! Oh yes! Yes!

She leaps off the bed to press a key on her laptop and a sheet of white A4 paper ejects from a printer.

She slips the printed page into a folder on her desk, opens up her satchel and drops the folder inside.

Then presses another key on her laptop and several A4 white pages eject from the printer.

She scoops them up, looks at the front page, the second page, then staples the pages and slips them into her satchel.

Chloe takes a quick whiff under her arms then looks at her watch, 5.30PM.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Shit! Get going girl.

She strips to her bra 'n panties and steps lively to the bathroom.

INT. OPEN PLAN NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Chloe rushes in and notices on a wall clock it's 5:59PM.

Only a few JOURNALISTS are seated at their desks and they look curiously at her as she makes haste towards Joan's office.

She reaches Joan's closed door, stops to catch her breath then knocks twice.

JOAN (O.S.)

Yes.

Chloe opens the door and STEPS INTO...

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joan is seated behind her desk and is reading some paperwork. She glances up at Chloe then a quick glance to her wall clock that reads 6:00PM

JOAN
You just made it.
(Chloe nods)
Where is it then?

Joan holds out her hand then clicks her fingers.

Chloe hands her the several stapled pages.

Joan takes them and reads. She looks up at Chloe then back to the pages then a moment later places them on her desk.

JOAN (CONT'D)
That's better. That's what I pay
you for.

Chloe holds another piece of A4 paper out towards Joan.

JOAN (CONT'D)
What's this?

Joan takes it then reads then looks up at Chloe in shock.

CHLOE
She said yes.
(Joan sighs, nods)
You won't regret it. I promise.

EXT. FOOTPATH - DAY

Chloe stands with her leather satchel slung over her shoulder and a suitcase at her side.

Her mobile phone in hand. It rings and she answers.

CHLOE
(into mobile phone)
Hi Joan, just heading now.

JOAN (O.S.)
(through mobile phone)
Chloe, get this story. Remember
what I said, or don't bother
getting on a plane home.

CHLOE

Understood Joan. I'll contact the
LA Times when I get there. And
Joan, thanks.

The line goes click.

Chloe then types a text message...

Annie where's the file?

She presses *SEND*.

A MOMENT LATER...

There's a reply...

Sending now... with a smiley-face emoji.

Then her mobile phone rings and she answers.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(into mobile phone)

Hello. Hi Grandma. Sorry I didn't
get back to you. Just so busy with
work. I'm on my way to the airport,
so I won't make Sunday lunch. How's
your ankle?

INT. PARLOUR - DAY / FOOTPATH - DAY - INTERCUT

PAM ROBERTS (80s) spritely despite her age, sits in a
comfortable chair with a cup of tea on a side table.

There's a framed photo of a young woman, *Jackie Roberts*, in a
casual pose next to her.

PAM

(into phone receiver)

It's getting better, damn moss on
the steps. Where are you off to my
dear?

CHLOE

(into mobile phone)

Los Angeles. I've got an interview
to do. I gotta go, so I'll call you
when I get there. Be careful of
those steps. Love you. Bye.

Pam replaces the phone receiver in its cradle then looks at
the photo of *Jackie Roberts*.

PAM
God, she's just like you.

Chloe checks her watch with a look of concern.

Her mobile phone pings she looks at the screen and sees an email notice.

On mobile phone screen: *FD1987-FILE*

Chloe smiles then types a text message...

Good girl, thanks... with an smiley-face emoji and presses *SEND*.

Then looks up to see a car approaching and smiles with a gentle wave.