

**FORGOTTEN VICTIMS:
THREE SHORT PLAYS ON
HOLLYWOOD MURDERS**

By

Bradley Nies

FORGOTTEN VICTIMS: THREE SHORT PLAYS ON HOLLYWOOD
MURDERS

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for Scotty

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Beautiful Strangers was originally produced by Scriptwriters Houston as part of their 29th Annual 10x10 Ten-Minute Play and Short Film Festival. The festival was hosted by Company on Stage, Houston, Texas, and the play was directed by Errol Wilks. The cast was as follows:

Edward Webber.....Joseph Lockett
The Ghost of Ramón Novarro.....Alec Franco

Historical Mutilations was originally produced by Theatre Off the Square, Weatherford, Texas, as part of their 2023 New Works Contest. The play was directed by Christian Lopez, as well as stage managed by Jennifer Brown and Haley Holder. The cast was as follows:

Charles Manson.....Darin Cote
Gary Hinman.....Mark Gillies

Who Killed Sal Mineo? was originally produced by Paris Junior College, Paris, Texas, as part of their 8th Annual New Works Festival. The play was directed by Sarah Curtis, staged managed by Sara Pacifici, and designed by Alec Finch. The cast was as follows:

Sal Mineo.....Olen Cox
Actor #1.....Johnny Young
Actor #2.....Andy Johnson

BEAUTIFUL STRANGERS

THE MURDER OF RAMÓN NOVARRO, OCTOBER 30, 1968

In the darkness, a long-forgotten and sad tango is heard playing on an old Victrola. The scratchy and tinny music plays as the lights rise to reveal EDWARD WEBER sitting at a table. He types on a 1960s typewriter, and he speaks aloud to himself as he begins the last chapter of a book he is writing. From the onset, we can tell that he is troubled by the content of this chapter. The music fades.

EDWARD. *(Speaking as he types.)* ‘Chapter 25. The Murder of Ramón Novarro.’ *(A pause as he stops typing. After a beat, he speaks directly to the audience.)* I can’t believe I’m writing this. *(A light from a darkened shadow rises to reveal THE GHOST OF RAMÓN NOVARRO. He wears a smart smoking jacket and slippers, and he holds a wine glass filled with red wine that he sips occasionally. While Novarro is aware of Edward, the younger man regards Novarro as a memory and never speaks directly to him.)*

NOVARRO. *(To Edward.)* Who could, Mr. Weber? Dios mío, a Hollywood legend was killed, after all.

EDWARD. *(To himself. With disbelief.)* Found slaughtered in his own home.

NOVARRO. *(Not liking the word choice.)* Slaughtered? Can we not, perhaps, find a better word to use than that? A kinder word? *(Justifying.)* Do not get me wrong. Slaughtered is a fair word, but I wish to be remembered in a more elegant way. A classier way. *(Distastefully.)* Not as something that was slaughtered.

EDWARD. *(Thinking.)* Murdered?

NOVARRO. Slaughtered is what they do to animals, Mr. Weber. Not to

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Hollywood legends.

EDWARD. (*Mulling over his word choices.*) Slain in his own home?

NOVARRO. (*Agreeing.*) Slain would be a better choice, I think. A more sophisticated sounding word, at least.

EDWARD. (*Speaking as he types the word.*) ‘Slain.’ (*Looking at the word on the paper. Displeased. Quickly building.*) No, no. Not slain. Slain makes it sound like it was . . . I dunno . . . nicer than what happened.

NOVARRO. Those who read your book will already know what happened.

EDWARD. Cleaner than what took place.

NOVARRO. (*Chastising.*) It will not be necessary to beat your readers over the head with the facts.

EDWARD. Nothing nice or clean about what happened that night on Laurel Canyon Boulevard.

NOVARRO. ¿Estás de acuerdo, mi amigo?

EDWARD. (*To the audience. Angrily.*) What happened was that a Hollywood legend had the holy shit kicked out of him! That’s what happened! (*Disgusted, Edward angrily takes a cigarette from a pack on the desk, puts it to his lips, and lights it. After, Novarro speaks.*)

NOVARRO. There is no need for foul language, Mr. Weber. I know that thinking about what happened must make you upset. The whole affair was an unsettling experience for you, as it would have been for anyone. But, as you are aware, I do not liken to ‘locker room talk.’ Más inapropiado. (*Resigned.*) In time, you will forget about what has happened, and you will move on with your life. Just as the rest of the world has done. (*With meaning.*) And believe me, Mr. Weber, I am quite aware of how people can move on. Sometimes without ever even looking back.

EDWARD. (*Having calmed down a bit. To the audience.*) I apologize for the outburst. As you get to know me, you’ll find that I’m very

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passionate about cinema and, specifically, about Hollywood legends from the Golden Age of Film.

NOVARRO. (*As Edward takes a drag from his cigarette.*) Passionate? No, I would say you are much more than that. You are intense. You are vehement. You are easily aroused and influenced by the very mention of the word cinema. I am surprised, in fact, that, like the fairy tale character the Jumping Dwarf, you have not stamped your foot into the ground so hard as to tear yourself asunder.

EDWARD. (*Looking back to the audience.*) I suppose I ought to tell you that I'm Edward Weber. I live in Studio City, just north of Laurel Canyon here in Los Angeles, California. I work . . . (*Correcting himself.*) . . . I worked for Ramón Novarro. For eight years as his business manager and ghostwriter for a book about his life. (*He waits for a response from the audience. Not getting one, he reacts with surprise.*) You've heard of him, haven't you? Silent film star of the 1920s and '30s? Star of Ben-Hur in 1925 and The Pagan in 1929? His revealing costumes for those films made him a hit . . . both with women and men. Ben-Hur alone elevated him to elite status in Hollywood.

NOVARRO. (*Referring to the audience.*) Do not bore the audience with those archaic details. Historia antigua. Nothing more.

EDWARD. (*Still, to the audience. Exasperated.*) My God, the man made more money for MGM Studios than any other actor!

NOVARRO. Except for Joan Crawford. The bitch! (*Launching into a story, as he is prone to do.*) Did I ever tell you that I worked with her in Across to Singapore in 1927? She was such a hick that when the talkies began, she had to have elocution classes to help get rid of that Southwest Texas twang of hers. (*Chuckling.*) If it had not been for those classes, she would have been selling popcorn in movie theater lobbies instead of starring in motion pictures.

EDWARD. (*Continuing.*) When MGM didn't renew his contract in 1935, the man kept right on working.

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NOVARRO. Bit parts in films. Guest spots on television. Nothing special.

EDWARD. He worked right up . . . *(Difficult for him.)* . . . right up until the end. An end I don't think he ever knew was coming. But one that he was warned about, though. I know. I know because I'm the one who warned him. *(A light from another part of the stage rises to reveal A YOUNG MAN looking around the space. Novarro sets his wine glass on the table and moves to greet the Young Man. In a dim light, Edward silently smokes his cigarette as the following scene unfolds. NOTE: The exchange between Novarro and the Young Man should in no way be a build up to a sexual encounter, as neither man is looking for that. Novarro is looking for company, and the Young Man is looking for someone to con.)*

NOVARRO. *(To the Young Man.)* I trust you had no difficulties finding the house.

YOUNG MAN. *(Acknowledging Novarro.)* Naw. I hitched a ride, an' my friend gave me good directions.

NOVARRO. Your friend?

YOUNG MAN. Yeah. The one that gave me your number.

NOVARRO. *(Recalling.)* Oh, yes. Of course. That is what you said when you telephoned earlier.

YOUNG MAN. Yeah. Him.

NOVARRO. So, your friend . . .

YOUNG MAN. *(Interrupting.)* Larry.

NOVARRO. *(Confused.)* I beg your pardon.

YOUNG MAN. My friend. His name's Larry.

NOVARRO. Oh. So, Larry. Has he been here before?

YOUNG MAN. Yeah. He's one of the guys from the escort service on Fountain Avenue. Said he knew you and to mention his name.

NOVARRO. And do you work with this Larry? At the service?

YOUNG MAN. Naw. Larry's a family member. My wife's brother.

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NOVARRO. (*Surprised.*) Your wife?

YOUNG MAN. (*Looking at Novarro. Winking.*) Ex-wife.

NOVARRO. I see.

YOUNG MAN. (*Changing the subject.*) Nice place you got here. Looks kinda like a museum.

NOVARRO. I will consider that a compliment.

YOUNG MAN. It's meant to be. I dig museums. (*Looking around.*) Ya live here all alone?

NOVARRO. For the most part. I have a business manager that comes in each day. Except weekends, of course. He is helping me write a book about my life.

YOUNG MAN. You a director?

NOVARRO. No, an actor.

YOUNG MAN. So, this business manager. He lives here, too?

NOVARRO. Oh, no. He has his own place.

YOUNG MAN. Groovy. (*After a beat.*) So . . . who's in the pictures?

NOVARRO. (*Confused.*) The pictures?

YOUNG MAN. (*Gesturing behind him.*) In the front hall. There's a lot of 'em. He a friend of yours?

NOVARRO. (*Smiling.*) No, dear boy. Those pictures are of yours truly.

YOUNG MAN. (*Surprised.*) No shit?

NOVARRO. (*Correcting. Gently.*) Language, please.

YOUNG MAN. Sorry, but I thought you might be yankin' my chain.

NOVARRO. (*Confused.*) Yanking your chain?

YOUNG MAN. Pullin' one over on me. Lyin' to me.

NOVARRO. Believe me, I would not lie to you, nor would I 'yank your chain.'

YOUNG MAN. I just said that 'cause those pictures don't look much like you.

NOVARRO. That is because it was a very long time ago.

YOUNG MAN. I thought maybe they were Randolph Valentino.

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NOVARRO. (*Politely.*) Do you mean Rudolph Valentino?

YOUNG MAN. Yeah. Him.

NOVARRO. No, they are of me. I barely knew Mr. Valentino.

YOUNG MAN. But you met him?

NOVARRO. Oh, yes. I met him.

YOUNG MAN. Man, I bet you know a lotta old actors.

NOVARRO. Yes, I do. And worked with most of them, too.

YOUNG MAN. Do they ever stop by?

NOVARRO. Some of the ones who are still alive do.

YOUNG MAN. Like who?

NOVARRO. Have you ever heard of Alice Terry?

YOUNG MAN. No.

NOVARRO. She's a bit of a recluse. A dear friend of mind, though. She stops by occasionally to give me painting lessons. And Greta Garbo comes here when I host bridge parties. Mary Pickford, sometimes.

YOUNG MAN. So, I guess you were a big deal. Huh?

NOVARRO. Yes. You might say I was a big deal.

YOUNG MAN. You been in anything I've seen?

NOVARRO. I am not sure. Have you seen Ben-Hur?

YOUNG MAN. Yeah, I've seen that! With Charlton Heston. Right?

NOVARRO. No, not that one. The one with Mr. Heston came out about ten years ago, in 1959. I was in the silent film version.

YOUNG MAN. Oh. An old one, huh?

NOVARRO. Yes. An old one. 1925, to be exact.

YOUNG MAN. Man, that's crazy. I wasn't even born yet.

NOVARRO. If I may ask, how old are you?

YOUNG MAN. Twenty-two.

NOVARRO. You look older than that. More mature. How long have you been in this business?

YOUNG MAN. (*Confused.*) Business?

NOVARRO. Visiting gentlemen for money.

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YOUNG MAN. Oh, you mean hustlin.' Not long. Right after I got to L.A. Who knew it'd cost so much to live here?

NOVARRO. Where are you from?

YOUNG MAN. Dallas.

NOVARRO. A cowboy? Huh?

YOUNG MAN. Sorta. But I'm only doin' this right now to make money. 'Till I become an actor.

NOVARRO. You want to be an actor, do you?

YOUNG MAN. That why I'm here.

NOVARRO. You should do very well. You have an intensity about you that is quite intriguing.

YOUNG MAN. Ya think?

NOVARRO. I do. In some ways, you remind me of the actor and football player, Mike Henry.

YOUNG MAN. From the Tarzan movies?

NOVARRO. Yes. Did you ever play football?

YOUNG MAN. Naw. I did a little boxin,' though. *(Uncouthly, the Young Man shows off a bit by shadow boxing and exhibiting a few jabs and an uppercut. Navarro steps up to him and puts a hand on his shoulder. The Young Man stops and looks at Navarro.)*

NOVARRO. Calm down, tiger. I believe you, so there is no need to tear down the house. You know, I keep in touch with people in the industry. I can make a few phone calls, if you are serious about acting, that is.

YOUNG MAN. Man, that sounds great!

NOVARRO. Come along, Tarzan. We'll go into the kitchen, and I'll make us a little something to eat. Then, I'll make those phone calls. *(As Navarro and the Young Man exit into the darkness.)* After that, I will tell you all about the old days. It is important that a Hollywood actor knows the roots of this business. *(As they exit, the area lights fade and refocus on Edward behind the typewriter. He sets his cigarette in an ashtray as he speaks.)*

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EDWARD. I worked for Mr. Novarro for about two years before I found out about him. And it troubled me. (*Quickly.*) Not that he was homosexual, you understand. I had become accustomed to seeing that in my line of work. (*Novarro reappears into the light and moves toward the table.*) No, what bothered me was the fact he was bringing escorts into his home. (*Edward gets upset again and builds in anger as Novarro takes up his wine glass and continues sipping from it. The following should build up like an argument between the two men.*) Oh God, for one last chance to try and get him to listen to me. I warned him, but maybe I should have done more. Protected him in some way. Then, maybe I wouldn't be filled with such . . . such guilt. Guilt and depression.

NOVARRO. Do not do this to yourself, Mr. Weber. You are not responsible for what happened to me. (*Admitting. Sadly.*) I did not listen to you. I admit that. But, in my defense, a man's libido never listens to good advice. Nor does his ego.

EDWARD. I told him it was dangerous to collect strangers.

NOVARRO. The young men who visited me were not strangers. I introduced myself to them. They introduced themselves to me. No strangers here.

EDWARD. They were young men he barely knew!

NOVARRO. They came from a reputable service right here in Los Angeles. A legitimate place. Highly confidential.

EDWARD. I cared about the man. Couldn't he see that?

NOVARRO. And you would be surprised to learn how many leading men in the industry have used that service.

EDWARD. I was just looking out for him.

NOVARRO. (*Displeased.*) You make me sound terrible with your talk, Mr. Weber. Why, you make it sound as if I were running a brothel.

EDWARD. If he had only listened to me, he could have avoided the mistake of collecting strangers!

NOVARRO. (*Correcting Edward. Sharply.*) No, Mr. Weber!

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EDWARD. The mistake of bringing them into his home!

NOVARRO. You do not understand, Mr. Weber.

EDWARD. The mistake of feeding them. Making them feel welcome here.

NOVARRO. Stop it!

EDWARD. Like strays!

NOVARRO. (*Exploding.*) I SAID, STOP IT! (*Edward falls silent and looks away as Novarro continues.*) You've had your say, Mr. Weber, and now I will have mine! You are correct. I collected strangers, but not for the reason you are thinking. I did it because I was lonely. Especially at night. You went back to your apartment in Studio City, and to your friends, and to your exciting life. And my old house became so quiet I could hardly stand it. (*Moving to Edward.*) That is what I had become. A lonely old man who lived in a house that scared the hell out of him when the sun went down. (*Building.*) That is what happens when a star fades, Mr. Weber. As a star fades, everything around him fades away, too. First the movie opportunities fade. Then, the audiences that loved your pictures fade. Your fans fade, your money fades, your beautiful home fades. Your family fades, as well. And, as you grow older, you are left with nothing more than a handful of black-and-white photographs with your name scribbled across the bottom of each. And your memories, of course. Memories that nobody wants to hear. But those young men who visited me . . . they wanted to hear. (*Lost in his memory.*) They sat attentively on the sofa next to me and they listened. Listened to me talk about the old days. Listened to me reminisce about being a heartthrob. Their eyes would sparkle, and they would ask me questions about the Golden Age of Hollywood. They listened to a lonely old man trying to remember a time that everyone else had forgotten. And a time that some did not wish to remember. You see, they were more than strays, Mr. Weber. To me, they were beautiful young men that reminded me of myself at their age. Young. Hopeful. Each one wanting to be a star.

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Doing what they needed to do just to get by. *(Tears welling up in his eyes.)* I did not know if those young men were really listening to me, of course. They were being paid. I knew it, and they knew it. But whether they were listening or not wasn't important to me at the time. What was important to me was that, for a few hours each night, I did not feel so all alone. *(Slowly turning to leave.)* Someday, when you are old and lonely like me, you may find comfort in the company of strangers. And you may even find those strangers to be . . . beautiful. *(In the silence, Novarro quietly exits with his glass. Edward takes up his smoldering cigarette and continues.)*

EDWARD. I told Mr. Novarro that he was not alone. He had me who cared greatly for him. He had friends from the old days who still paid visits. He still had his fans. One strong organization out of New York kept him busy each month answering fan letters. One woman, a member of that organization, wrote to him and said she has been diagnosed with terminal cancer. She was writing to request that he call her and sing 'Pagan Love Song' from his movie *The Pagan*. She wanted to hear it once more before she died. *(A bit of the song 'Pagan Love Song' from the 1929 film The Pagan plays. Like the music before, the song is scratchy and sounds as if it is being played on a Victrola.)* I reminded him that it was her favorite song, and that Ramón Novarro was her favorite actor. *(Realizing there was nothing more he could do.)* But he didn't listen. *(The lights rise on the other part of the stage to reveal the Young Man. He is dressed as before, but his manner is skittish. He looks dirtier, as if the past months have been rough on him. He acts as if he may be on something, and he possesses a desperation that leads up to the climax of this scene. Novarro enters rolling an antique liquor cart with two bottles of beer, a bottle of Tequila, and a shot glass set on a tray. During this scene, a dim light remains on Edward. The music fades.)*

NOVARRO. Drinks, my young friend!

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YOUNG MAN. *(Distracted.)* Huh?

NOVARRO. *(Referring to the cart.)* Drinks. I thought you and I might each have a beer.

YOUNG MAN. Oh.

NOVARRO. I also brought Tequila. It might serve as a good chaser.

YOUNG MAN. *(Noncommittal.)* Yeah. Cool, man.

NOVARRO. You seem a bit distracted this evening.

YOUNG MAN. Naw, I'm okay.

NOVARRO. *(After an uncomfortable beat.)* I was surprised to hear back from you.

YOUNG MAN. Oh, yeah?

NOVARRO. Yes. I would assume that a young man like you would have plans for this week. With Halloween being tomorrow night, you'd probably have your choice of parties to attend.

YOUNG MAN. *(Brooding.)* Nope. No parties for this cowboy.

NOVARRO. I see. *(After a beat.)* I'm glad you called. I enjoyed our little chat the last time you were here.

YOUNG MAN. *(Abruptly.)* You hear back from your friends?

NOVARRO. My friends?

YOUNG MAN. Yeah. The ones who are gonna make me Tarzan.

NOVARRO. Oh, that. No, I have not. Well, I mean, I heard back from one. After you left. A film publicist. He asked for your phone number, but I told him I did not have it. But nothing since, I'm afraid. If you write your number down before you leave, I'll see to it he gets it.

YOUNG MAN. *(Again, noncommittal.)* Sure, ya will. *(He moves to the cart and picks up a beer.)* You got an opener?

NOVARRO. There is one on the tray. On the cart. *(Novarro watches as the Young Man picks up the opener, opens the beer, and takes a swig.)*

YOUNG MAN. Beer's warm.

NOVARRO. For that, I apologize. I put it in the refrigerator first thing after you called.

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YOUNG MAN. (*Opening the bottle of Tequila and pouring himself a shot.*) I like my beer cold. (*Novarro, not knowing what to say to this, stays silent as the Young Man throws back the shot. Looking at the empty glass before him.*) You know why they call these shots?

NOVARRO. No, I do not.

YOUNG MAN. Used to be, cowboys who didn't have any money could go into a bar an' trade a gun cartridge for a small glass of whiskey. (*Looking at Novarro.*) A shot for a shot. (*Putting the glass down on the cart.*) That's what I am right now. A cowboy without any money.

NOVARRO. Is that what is troubling you this evening?

YOUNG MAN. That, and the fact I got nowhere to stay tonight.

NOVARRO. (*Concerned.*) What do you mean?

YOUNG MAN. My ol' lady kicked me outta the house this afternoon.

NOVARRO. Your mother?

YOUNG MAN. (*Pointedly.*) My wife.

NOVARRO. But I thought you said . . .

YOUNG MAN. (*Abruptly.*) Yeah, I lied. I'm married, I'm not a fruit, an' I need bread, pronto!

NOVARRO. (*Disappointed at being lied to.*) I see.

YOUNG MAN. She kicked me out. Showed me the door when she found out I was peddlin' my ass to ol' sots like you to keep us in franks and beans. She called me a ton of names an' told me to get the hell out.

NOVARRO. I must say I do not like this new attitude of yours.

YOUNG MAN. (*Sharply.*) An' I don't like comin' in here an' begging for dough like some bum, but I guess I got no other choice. Huh?

(*Advancing to Novarro.*) Let's you and I cut to the chase, ol' man. Word on the street is that you're rollin' in it.

NOVARRO. (*Confused.*) Rolling in it?

YOUNG MAN. Yeah. That you've got money hidden all over this house. (*Going to the Tequila on the cart.*) I need some scratch. So, I've

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decided to come here an' see if the rumor's true. (*Pouring himself another shot.*) So, is it true, fancy-man?

NOVARRO. Please. This rumor you've heard is just that. A rumor. Nothing more. Some publicist years ago spread throughout Hollywood that I received a large settlement in 1939 after suing a business partner for embezzlement. According to this bit of gossip, I do not trust banks and I keep my money hidden somewhere here in this house. As I have said, however, the rumor is false. (*As the Young Man throws back another shot.*) Perhaps you should go a little easy on that.

YOUNG MAN. (*Surly. Setting his glass down.*) Yeah, I believe that. Just like I believe that crap you dished out about me lookin' like Mike Henry. An' callin' people and makin' me a star. It's all bullshit. That's what's this town's made up of. Bullshit!

NOVARRO. Please, I do not appreciate such language. If you would calm down, perhaps . . .

YOUNG MAN. (*Pouring another shot.*) You got yourself a business manager, an' God knows how many other people who'll do things for you. An' you live in a house in Laurel Canyon that looks like a museum full of old pictures and furniture. All worth a fortune, I bet. Yeah, you're rollin' in it. An' I bet if you give me a little, it ain't gonna set you back too far.

NOVARRO. (*Referring to the shot.*) Lighten up on the drinking, my friend. Tequila has a way of sneaking up on you.

YOUNG MAN. (*Holding up the glass.*) It sure as hell does. Jus' like life. Life has a way of sneakin' up on you, too! Sneaking up on you an' bitin' you on the ass. (*Moving to Novarro.*) But you don't gotta worry. 'Cause this drink ain't for me. Naw. This shot's for you, my friend.

NOVARRO. (*Nervously.*) I-I do not need anything to drink right now. Thank you.

YOUNG MAN. (*Building.*) Sure, you do, you ol' lush.

NOVARRO. I said, no!

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YOUNG MAN. You want this. We both know it.

NOVARRO. No. I want you to leave here. Now! That is what I want.

YOUNG MAN. You don't seem to be in too much of a position to tell me what to do.

NOVARRO. Please!

YOUNG MAN. An' I've never known a drunk to turn down hooch.

NOVARRO. Leave now!

YOUNG MAN. But that won't work with my plan.

NOVARRO. Your plan?

YOUNG MAN. Sure. My plan to get you drunk.

NOVARRO. Why would you want to get me drunk?

YOUNG MAN. So, you'll tell me where you hide the loot 'round here.

NOVARRO. I tell you, mi Amigo, there is no loot.

YOUNG MAN. *(With authority.)* Sure, there is. Now, drink.

NOVARRO. No!

YOUNG MAN. I said, drink!

NOVARRO. NO!

YOUNG MAN. *(Holding Novarro by the collar and forcing the drink into his face.)* I SAID, DRINK! *(Trying to stand his ground, Novarro reaches up and slaps the drink out of the Young Man's hand. The glass falls to the floor, and this bit of defiance enrages the Young Man. The look on his face becomes murderous, and he angrily backhands Novarro sharply across the face. Novarro falls to the ground in a heap and, as he rolls onto his back, the Young Man speaks to him.)* So, you wanna play rough, do ya? *(Standing over Novarro, the Young Man reaches into his back pocket. He brings out a switchblade knife that he flicks open.)* You don't wanna play rough with me, ol' man. 'Cause I know how to play rough. An' when I do, I don't play by the rules. *(Novarro lies on the floor sobbing as the Young Man drops to his knees and straddles the older man's chest. He places the end of the knife threateningly against*

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the side of Novarro's face. Sadistically.) Maybe what you need is a lil' persuasion. Then, maybe you'll tell me where your money's hidden.

NOVARRO. *(Praying through sobs.)* Dios te salve María, llena eres de gracia, . . .

YOUNG MAN. Shudup!

NOVARRO. . . . El Señor está contigo!

YOUNG MAN. I said, shudup! *(The Young Man angrily raises the switchblade and is just about to bring it down across Novarro's face before all lights quickly extinguish and plunge the stage into darkness. In the darkness, the sound of Novarro sobbing can be heard, then silence. After a beat, the lights slowly rise on Edward sitting behind the typewriter. He takes a last drag from his cigarette and crushes it out in the ashtray. After, he speaks to the audience. As he does, we realize that there is one last thing he must do before moving on from this process.)*

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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