

SAY GOODBYE TO HOLLYWOOD

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The big Hollywood sign.

LARRY (V.O.)  
Ahem... Alright, you can do this.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

LARRY (V.O.)(cont'd)  
Ahem... "Help me, help you. Help me...  
help you."

EXT. A TRENDY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

LARRY (V.O.)(cont'd)  
"Help me help you."

INT. RESTAURANT - EMPLOYEE RESTROOM - NIGHT

LARRY OLIVER stares into the cracked mirror over the dirty bathroom sink. In the dim fluorescent light, he bears a passing resemblance to Tom Cruise, and he's trying to play it up by wearing the same kind of sunglasses Cruise sported in Risky Business.

LARRY (cont'd)  
"Help me... help you."

He's also wearing a dirty white apron - the kind busboys wear. He lifts his glasses to glance down at the typed piece of paper in his hand.

The page reads:

TOM CRUISE LOOK-ALIKE: Help me, help  
you... SHOW YOU THE MONEY on any trade-  
in at Al's Pre-Owned Automobiles.

Larry shakes his head and stares at his image in the mirror.

He shoots himself a broad Tom Cruise smile.

Then he stops to stare again.

KNOCK, KNOCK

MAN'S VOICE  
Dammit, Larry. Take a table, will ya?  
Any table, for godsake.

Larry glances at the door before taking one last sorry look at himself in the mirror.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A Limousine door opens. The real TOM CRUISE gets out, taking off his sunglasses.

INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY

A bathroom door in the corner of the kitchen opens. Larry exits, removing his glasses.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cruise is met by a barrage of PHOTOGRAPHERS as he strolls to the entrance of the restaurant. Flashes erupt in his face. He shields his eyes.

INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Larry passes one of the kitchen stoves. One of the burners flares up next to him. He shields his eyes.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cruise smoothly negotiates the attending crowd as he heads for the restaurant door.

INT. RESTAURANT - LOBBY - NIGHT

Larry pushes his way through a throng of waiters in the kitchen, all ARGUING about whose order is up next.

LOBBY

Cruise appears at the door, scans the lobby. He spots a few of his BUDDIES in the corner and heads toward them.

MAIN DINING ROOM

Larry enters from the kitchen, scans the room. He spies a table that needs bussing and heads toward it.

As Larry busses the big table, his eyes dart about the room, listening to the SNIPPETS OF CONVERSATIONS FADING IN AND OUT around him:

VOICE 1 (O.S.)

Oh, she's perfect for the part, give her a breast enlargement.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)

Can't we tell a good story AND make  
some money for chrissake?

VOICE 3 (O.S.)

Then I suggested Keanu, and they were  
like, "whoa."

VOICE 4 (O.S.)

If you've got a great script, you don't need  
a big star. Is that Tom Cruise?

Larry continues to bus his table as the VOICES MIX AND  
MINGLE: "Points... Target audience... Percent of the  
gross... Overseas markets... Tom Cruise? ...Where?"

In the background, Cruise and his Buddies enter the dining  
room behind a snooty MAÎTRE D'.

Meanwhile, Larry notices an uneaten stuffed shrimp on the  
table and expeditiously pops it into his mouth.

The Cruise party follows the Maître d' right past Larry -  
who is now choking on his purloined prawn.

The passing Cruise notices Larry's discomfort.

CRUISE

Excuse me. Are you okay? Here....

Cruise twists Larry around and administers an expert  
Heimlich Maneuver.

RESTAURANT PATRONS stir: "What's happening over there?  
...What the hell? ...Is that Tom Cruise? "

CRUISE (cont'd)

Breathing...?

Another Heimlich. Everyone's watching now. The shrimp flies  
out of Larry's mouth and lands on someone's plate.

CRUISE (cont'd)

Breathing...?

Larry COUGHS and COUGHS.

CRUISE (cont'd)

You're okay?

Larry nods.

CRUISE (cont'd)  
You're okay. Good.

The restaurant erupts in APPLAUSE. Cameras flash. People move toward Cruise.

CRUISE (cont'd)  
Thank you. No... really...  
(to his Buddies)  
We can't stay here. We should go.  
(to Maître d')  
We should go.

Tom waves and shakes the odd hand as he leads his party out of the adoring room.

Meanwhile, Larry catches his breath. No one's paying any attention to him. Except the snooty Maître d'.

The Maître d' glares at Larry.

Larry takes off his apron, hangs it on the Maître d's shoulder and leaves the room.

LOBBY

Larry passes a mob of REPORTERS interrogating Cruise.

CRUISE (cont'd)  
I was just doing my civic duty.

Larry slinks past the mob and out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A rather modest dwelling.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Larry enters without turning on the lights. He checks his answering machine.

JANE'S VOICE  
"Hey, it's me. I know you're not home, but I didn't want to call you at work after... Well, I have to go to Nevada. Sis again. The plumber reminded her of Eddie - she went to pieces. So, I probably won't be back until Monday."

Larry rolls his eyes and throws up his hands.

LARRY

Great. That's great.

JANE'S VOICE

"Sorry I can't watch the Academy Awards with you tomorrow. I think Johnny and Bre are having an Oscar party. That might be fun."

LARRY

I don't think so.

JANE'S VOICE

"Anyway, I'll call you when we get there, okay? Love you."

LARRY

Mm, hm.

Larry plops down on the sofa and turns on the TV.

Nothing but snow and static.

He switches channels. Nothing.

LARRY (cont'd)

Shit.

He goes to the window and shouts up to the next floor.

LARRY (cont'd)

Walter. Walter!

WALTER (O.S.)

What?

LARRY

What happened to the cable?

WALTER (O.S.)

They unhooked it today.

LARRY

Wha...? It's--

WALTER (O.S.)

Don't worry about it. I'll hook us back up next week.

LARRY

It's... The Oscars are tomorrow night!

WALTER (O.S.)  
You got bunny ears. Use 'em!

LARRY  
The picture sucks.

WALTER (O.S.)  
I'll hook us up next week.

SLAM. Presumably, Walter shut his window.

LARRY  
Walter. Walter! Shhhhhhit!

Larry adjusts his antenna and flips through a few channels.  
Nothing.

He turns off the TV and goes to bed, CURSING.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

ON A TV SCREEN

But the reception's not that good.

In between the snow, there are snippets of Oscar pageantry:

STARS wave as they get out of their limos.

ACTRESSES show off their dresses to JOAN RIVERS and her daughter MELISSA.

BILLY CRYSTAL does a song and dance routine.

PRESENTERS open sacred envelopes.

STARS take the stage to receive their awards while other STARS applaud halfheartedly.

Etcetera. Static. Etcetera. Static. And so forth.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Larry smacks the side of his TV, adjusts the antenna and returns to the couch.

He kicks aside an empty two liter, putting his feet on the coffee table next to three empty bags of microwave popcorn.

ON TV: ALEC BALDWIN takes the stage:

BALDWIN

"Does anybody have the time? I've switched agents three times already.  
(audience CHUCKLES)

"Finally, the moment we've all been waiting for. You've seen clips of them throughout the night. Once again, the nominees for Best Picture are..."

STATIC and SNOW. The TV's out again.

Larry knocks the side of the TV with his fist and fiddles with the antenna. Finally, the picture comes back.

BALDWIN (cont'd)

"--Oscar for Best Picture goes to..."

Baldwin opens an envelope and smiles. But just as he's about to speak...

Larry's room SHUDDERS with the DULL RUMBLE of what sounds like a small earthquake. The lights in the room flicker and the TV goes out. Again. Total snow.

LARRY

Aw, man!

Larry bangs his TV. No dice.

LARRY (cont'd)

C'mon...

He goes to the window.

LARRY (cont'd)

Walter! Walter!!

WALTER (O.S.)

It's just a tremor. Go back to bed.

LARRY

Shit.

Larry slaps his TV around some more. To no avail.

He turns the volume down to get rid of the STATIC NOISE. Then he goes to the phone.

The phone's out, too. Exasperated, Larry tosses it onto the couch and plops down.

He listens to a HELICOPTER fly over while he sulks, watching the silent snow on his TV.

Then he closes his eyes, listening passively to the faraway SIRENS now starting to filter their way into his apartment.

ON HIS TV: A picture's fighting to come through the snow.

A confused NEWS ANCHOR struggles to put his earpiece in as he reports dire news while...

Larry snores.

ON HIS TV: The picture flickers in and out: footage of Alec Baldwin opening the envelope. Aerial video of a huge fire. The News Anchor with an Oscar graphic over his shoulder. Flames. Carnage. Fire trucks. Flashing blue lights....

And Larry sleeps through it all.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Larry's phone RINGS. He wakes up and finds the phone.

LARRY

Yeah. Wait, what? How come? Stu? Stu.

Stu must have hung up on him. Larry sits up.

His TV's still out. He gets up and adjusts the antenna. No improvement. He turns off the TV, CURSING quietly.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Larry walks. It's midday now and lots of people are out and about. But why are they acting so weird?

Larry watches them as they speak in hushed tones and shake their heads pitifully. Everyone seems dazed and shaken. And most everyone has a newspaper.

Larry walks over to a newsstand to get a newspaper for himself, but SOMEONE ELSE just bought the last one.

LARRY

Hey, what won Best Picture last night?

SOMEONE ELSE

Real funny, asshole. It's people like you give this town a bad name.

Larry's taken aback by the remark. Then he notices a THROG OF PEOPLE gathered in front of an electronics store - watching the TVs in the window.

ON THE TVs

Terrible scenes of carnage and smoking rubble. A giant Oscar statue lies on its side, broken in two. A TELEJOURNALIST stands in the foreground saying something the crowd can't hear through the glass.

PEOPLE in the crowd WHISPER things like "Oh, my God" and "Terrible. Terrible."

Larry tries to get a good look at the TVs, but the crowd's in his way.

LARRY

What's going on?

No one responds. So Larry continues on his way, clueless.

CUT TO:

INT. LOW-RENT OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Larry enters the lobby to find lots of people waiting.

Many of them look familiar. One man (yes, man) bears a striking resemblance to Cher. And is that Burt Reynolds?

Actually, the lobby is full of LOOK-ALIKES. And they all seem to be heartrendingly appalled.

A perplexed Larry meanders through the room.

LARRY

What's going on?

Ignored again, Larry shuffles through the lobby to find MELANIE sitting at her receptionist desk - crying.

LARRY (cont'd)

Melanie? What the hell's goin' on?

MELANIE

You haven't heard?

LARRY

Heard what? Where's Stu?

MELANIE

He's been on the phone all morning.

VOICE (O.S.)

Alright people, thanks for coming.

That was the voice of STU LIMRA, Larry's agent. He strides into the lobby from his office.

STU

Everybody settle down. Is this everybody? Where's Larry?

Stu's slightly overweight - an older man, pedestrian and disheveled. Not sleazy, but someone you wouldn't want to stay for dinner.

LARRY

Stu...?

STU

Larry! Good. You're the linchpin.

LARRY

What's--

STU

(to Melanie)

This everybody, sweetheart?

MELANIE

Staz and Erin aren't here.

STU

They don't look like anybody. Let's get started. People? Everybody settle down. I know you're all wondering why I called you here. We're all upset by the news. Don't worry, it's not the end of your careers. In fact, it might be the exact opposite... I'm getting ahead of myself. Trust me. I got a meeting at one o'clock that's gonna change everything. I'm gonna tell you about it, but first I'd like to have a moment of silence for... well, y'know.

Stu bows his head. Everyone else follows suit.

MELANIE

(whispering)

Stu...? Stu, it's one o'clock.

STU

What's that, sweetheart?

MELANIE

It's one o'clock.

Stu looks at his watch, taps it, listens.

STU

Damn watch. What time is it?

MELANIE

One o'clock.

STU

Dammit. I gotta meetin' folks. Meet back here at... what time?

MELANIE

(guessing)

...Three?

LARRY

Stu, what's --

STU

Meet back here at three o'clock, people. We're gonna make history.

EVERYONE'S TALKING at once. Stu pushes his way to the door. Larry follows.

LARRY

Stu, what the hell's going on?

STU

We're gonna make history, kid. Trust me. Three o'clock. You're the linchpin, you hear me?

LARRY

Wait.

Stu's out the door. Larry's fed up.

LARRY (cont'd)

Will somebody please tell me what the hell is going on?!

MELANIE

(still crying)

The Oscars, Larry! Somebody bombed the Oscars!

CUT TO:

A SMALL TV SCREEN

Helicopter news footage of a huge bomb site. FIREMEN and EMERGENCY PERSONNEL sift through smoking rubble.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

-- explosion measured nearly 2.1 on the Richter scale, claiming the lives of nearly everyone in the area...."

INT. TWILIGHT PICTURES - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

MELANIE (#2) sits at her receptionist desk absently filing her nails - her eyes glued to the small television set on the corner of her desk.

REPORTER (V.O.)

"The question still on everyone's mind: who won the award for Best Picture?"

Melanie sees someone coming down the hall. She quickly flips off her TV and gets back to "work."

A MAN storms past her.

MAN

Where's Travis?

Melanie starts to answer, but...

MAN (cont'd)

(positively quaking)

Travis!!

The MAN enters an office, slamming the door behind him.

The nameplate on the door says "DAVID WHITE, Executive Producer."

TRAVIS enters the lobby from another office, looks to Melanie. She shakes her head sympathetically.

INT. WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

Travis enters the office quietly and sits down.

White's at his desk with his head in his hands. But he's not crying. He's seething. White's the consummate movie producer: smart, charismatic and perpetually stressed. His Memphis accent reveals itself when he gets angry.

Travis is White's consummate assistant – the latest in a long line. He'd make a good producer one day if he wasn't dead set on becoming a screenwriter.

TRAVIS

That bad, huh?

White doesn't move.

TRAVIS (cont'd)

What about Strike the Match?

WHITE

It's dead. Just like Gabriel's Revenge, Windows of Grace....

TRAVIS

All of them?

WHITE

Of course all of them, Travis! All the damn stars kicked out.

TRAVIS

Kicked the bucket.

WHITE

Geena Davis, Baldwin, Kevin Bacon....

TRAVIS

(shakes his head)

Damn. You were almost one degree away.

WHITE

I can't get a fucking break! Are my directors still alive?

TRAVIS

I'm sure Smith is.

WHITE

Smith made it out?

TRAVIS

I'm sure he never made it in?

WHITE

Alan Smith... Y'know, if I can find another Baldwin, I can save Strike the Match. How many are left?

TRAVIS

How many...?

WHITE

Baldwins, Travis! Keep up if you wanna keep your job, dammit. We still got work to do.

TRAVIS

Uh, I don't know. Alec and Stephen were there I know, but --

WHITE

The fat one. What about fat one?

TRAVIS

I think he's in jail.

WHITE

(deep thought, then...)

...Eric. Is there an Eric Baldwin?

TRAVIS

"Eric"?

WHITE

Why don't you get on the phone, find me an Eric Baldwin.

TRAVIS

I don't think there's an Eric Baldwin.

WHITE

Sure there is.

TRAVIS

David, there's no "Eric."

WHITE

Don't argue with me, Travis. You want 'em to can my ass? You think they'll let you hang around without me here?

TRAVIS

...I'll see what I can do.

WHITE

That's what I thought.

TRAVIS

Have you had a chance to read Naked Angels yet?

White looks up quizzically.

TRAVIS (cont'd)

Naked Angels - my screenplay. You said you'd read it.

WHITE

Wha...? Hell no I haven't read it, Travis! I got big problems going on here. I don't have time to read your damn screenplays. I don't have time to do anything. That's why I have you.

TRAVIS

Have you even looked at it?

WHITE

After all this blows over, alright? That's the best I can do. If I don't get something going quick, it's over. My opinion's not gonna count for shit in this town. I might as well have been at the show with the rest of 'em.

TRAVIS

Whatever.

WHITE

Yeah, fuck you too, Travis. Why don't you stop worrying about yourself for a change and worry about me, huh? I'm drowning here. Eric Baldwin's the only one who can give me mouth-to-mouth. You get on the phone like I told you.

TRAVIS

What if there's no "Eric"?

WHITE

Then you find another Baldwin and you keep looking 'til you find one with the same dark hair and pursy lips and you find him quick before we're holding hands in the unemployment line! What the hell do you want?

That last sentence was in response to Melanie, White's secretary. She's been addressing him over the intercom.

MELANIE (O.S.)

Sorry. Stu Limra's here. He had an appointment at one o'clock?

WHITE  
(to Travis)  
I had an appointment with Stu Limra?

TRAVIS  
Yeah, it's on your ledger.

WHITE  
Why would I make an appointment with  
that has-been?

TRAVIS  
He called this morning. You said it  
was okay.

WHITE  
Shit, Travis. I was grieving!  
(looks at his watch)  
Melanie?

MELANIE (O.S.)  
Yes, sir?

WHITE  
It's one-thirty. Tell Mr. Limra I got  
another appointment and send him back  
to the dumpster, would you?

MELANIE  
Yes, sir. I'll -- Mr. Limra....

STU (O.S.)  
David White. Thanks for seeing me -  
under the circumstances.

Stu's just barged into White's office. Melanie is behind  
him looking like she broke White's favorite shot glass.

Stu extends his hand and White shakes it with a shit-eating  
grin on his face.

WHITE  
Stu Limra! I was wondering where the  
hell you were. How the hell are you?  
Travis, meet Stu Limra - last of the  
great agents. Travis is my assistant.

STU  
(shaking hands)  
Heya kid.

TRAVIS  
(shaking hands)  
Mr. Limra.

STU  
Call me Stu.

WHITE  
He'll never have to call you. Travis,  
you go on now.

White shuffles Travis to the door.

WHITE (cont'd)  
(whispers)  
Tell Mel to count to thirty and buzz  
me with an important call.

STU  
Thanks for meeting with me so soon  
after all this, Mr. White.

WHITE  
Well, tell you the truth, Stuart, I  
got my schedule mixed up today. Only  
have a few minutes.

STU  
Well, I'll tell you why I'm here: I  
know the bomb killed some of your  
projects.

WHITE  
That's an understatement. You hear  
about the survivors?

STU  
Couple reporters. Busey.

WHITE  
Gary fuckin' Busey. Man refuses to  
wear a damn motorcycle helmet lives  
through the biggest bomb blast in  
history.

STU  
I guess he never needed one.

WHITE  
Hard-headed sonovabitch.

MELANIE (O.S.)  
(on the intercom)  
Mr. White?

WHITE  
Well Stu, it's been fun.  
(into intercom)  
Yes, ma'am?

MELANIE (O.S.)  
You have an important call.

WHITE  
Of course I do. I'm sorry Stu, I gotta  
take this one. Maybe we could--

STU  
Cut the bullshit, White. For once in  
your career? I know you don't have any  
calls - 'leastways not for business.  
Who's gonna call you? Listen to me:  
(taps his head)  
I got your future in here. This is  
your last year. You don't come up with  
a money-maker, you're on the street.

WHITE  
You know a lot about that.

STU  
Sure. I was on top of the game once.  
Almost. Just like you. But I know what  
it's like to be on the way down - no  
one there to break your fall. You  
wanna listen to me for a second? Or  
you wanna throw away whatever chance  
both of us got of ever being on top  
again?

WHITE  
What the hell are you talking about?

STU  
I'm talking about a picture, White.  
THE picture. A dramatic spectacle of  
cinematic reverence - featuring every  
star in Hollywood. All of 'em.

WHITE  
Post mortem?

Stu shakes his head. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he  
says it like it's the cure for cancer:

STU

Look-alikes.

White stares, trying for the life of him to imagine what in hell Stu could possibly be talking about.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

David White sits on one side of the table smiling like a madman. THREE STUDIO HEADS sit across from him.

STUDIO HEAD #1

Look-alikes?

WHITE

Look-alikes. Re-enact the whole damn thing. These people work for peanuts.

STUDIO HEAD #2

You think people want to relive this... tragedy?

STUDIO HEAD #3

We lost friends in that blast, David.

WHITE

Now, now, I did too. It's a terrible thing. Absolute tragedy. I don't mean any disrespect. But this town was built on opportunity, gentlemen. And it's not so much the tragedy part of the deal. I mean, that's a big part of it there - the big finale, but... Look, do you know what Tom Cruise was doing the night before?

STUDIO HEAD #1

Before the explosion?

WHITE

He saved some kid's life! He's a damn hero! That's a movie right there. Now, what was everybody else doing? We find out what everybody else was doing - everybody wants to know, anyway - we find out, we got us a sprawlin' epic! Big stars, multiple storylines, big finish. "The Last Days of Hollywood." Huh? Huh?

The Studio Heads stare.

WHITE (cont'd)

Y'know, we don't corner the market on this thing, the networks are gonna beat us to it, make a mess of it. If we don't do it right, someone else is gonna do it wrong.

(beat)

Am I right?

The Studio Heads stare.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S OFFICE - DAY

Stu surveys the wall behind his desk. It's covered with framed head shots of past clients. Are they look-alikes or the real thing?

Larry sits across from him. He looks kinda shell-shocked.

LARRY

I still can't believe it.

STU

Damn shame.

Stu zeros in on an 8 x 10 glossy of Tom Hanks from his Bosom Buddies days, considers it reverently.

STU (cont'd)

You know who they wanted originally for Bachelor Party?

Larry shakes his head.

STU (cont'd)

Judd Nelson. But I fought and I fought - for two days with Adrian Zmed's people. I got it for him. Three months after it opened, he was out the door. No thank you, no nothin'. Now look. If he'd stayed with me....

Stu takes an early photo of Tom Cruise off the wall. He motions to Larry with it.

STU (cont'd)

He saved your life, y'know.

LARRY

Well, "save" is a strong word. I mean, you could say I was having was a problem....

Stu's phone RINGS.

STU

(on the phone)

Limra.

LARRY

I never gave the choking sign or....

STU

(on the phone)

What did I tell you?

LARRY

Definitely a problem swallowing, but "saved" is....

STU

(on the phone)

You just worry about your end. I'll get my show on the road.

LARRY

Alright, why not?

STU

(on the phone)

My pleasure.

Stu hangs up and leans back in his chair like he expects Larry to thank him for something.

STU (cont'd)

Larry, there are moments in life when you know you've got something. I knew it with Hanks, Cruise, Ms. Roberts....

Stu motions to pre-Mystic Pizza head shot of Julia Roberts.

STU (cont'd)

And now you. It's an awful thing that happened - a tragedy. I wish it could have been you and me instead. But it wasn't. We have to go on. It's up to me and you now - to show the world that they didn't die in vain.

LARRY

What are you talking about? I thought you hated the big stars. Always sellin' out.

STU

Ah, but I love acting. And that, my boy, is why we're gonna play out the final moments of their lives. With reverence, Larry. Dramatically. We're gonna create something that'll linger in the minds of moviegoers across America 'til the end of time. I got a whole lobby of people out there who can make it happen, Larry. Greg....

Stu refers to photos on the wall - "Greg" is a Jack Nicholson knock-off.

STU (cont'd)

Or Herman.

Another Nicholson.

STU (cont'd)

Phyllis....

A Whoopie Goldberg look-alike.

STU (cont'd)

All of you. You'll be part of the most important film of the century. That was David White on the phone just now - Twilight Pictures. The movie's already a "go."

LARRY

Twilight?

STU

You know what their motto is? "No subject is too controversial."

LARRY

That's what it says on their t-shirts.

STU

That's why I pitched 'em first. I knew they'd bite.

LARRY

I'm glad they went for it, but... I don't know, Stu...

LARRY(cont'd)

I know it's a real movie and all  
but... I'm tired of doing Tom Cruise.  
I don't even look that much like him.

Stu mocks disbelief. He picks up Cruise's headshot and holds it up for Larry to see. Then he gives the photo a mock double-take.

STU

What the...? I musta grabbed a mirror  
by mistake.

Stu walks around the desk, holds the photo up to Larry.

LARRY

Stu, c'mon. Not now.

Stu looks back and forth from the photograph to Larry.

STU

Sorry to bother you, Mr. Cruise, but I  
was talking to this talented lad named  
Larry Oliver - have you seen him  
around? He was here a minute ago.

LARRY

Alright, that's great, Stu. What was  
he, thirteen when this was taken?

STU

I'd just gotten him Losin' It. Funny  
thing: I got it on DVD the other day -  
God, what a great picture! Real shame.

(returns to his chair)

You get one shot, kid. I seen chances  
like this fly by, right in front of my  
face. You gotta grab those chances,  
son. Grab 'em, stuff 'em in your  
pocket and don't let 'em slip away,  
otherwise.... I can smell this one,  
Larry. I can taste it. This is the big  
one. My last shot.

LARRY

Aw, c'mon, Stu.

STU

No, I mean it. I've been around the  
block. Fuel light's flickerin'.

(Larry doesn't get it)

I've had pure gold in my hand and I  
seen it turn to shit.

STU(cont'd)

And I'll be damned if I'm gonna let that shit slip through my fingers this time. And I know that they --

Stu points toward the sky (okay, the ceiling). Larry's eyeballs float upward.

STU (cont'd)

-- would have wanted it that way.

LARRY

(reluctantly)

...What can I say? I'm with you, Stu. All the way.

STU

Heh! I knew I could count on you, kid.

LARRY

Wow. I guess I should tell Jane.

STU

You tell her to hold on tight, Larry, 'cause you're a shootin' star. Let's tell the others, huh?

Stu starts for the door, then...

STU (cont'd)

Hey, take off your shoes.

LARRY

...No, I'm not doing that again.

STU

C'mon. Real quick. They get a kick out of it.

Larry unwillingly takes off his shoes.

INT. STU'S LOBBY - DAY

MUSIC UP: The first few bars of Bob Segar's "Old Time Rock and Roll."

The door to Stu's office flies open.

A room full of faux stars looks up from their conversations and magazines as Larry tries to slide into the room in his socks. Unsuccessfully. He stumbles pathetically to the floor, instead.

Everyone goes back to their magazines and conversations.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

White's staring at the ceiling trying to think. Travis has a clipboard.

WHITE  
William Goldman.

TRAVIS  
Now you're just being stupid.

WHITE  
David Mamet.

TRAVIS  
(resigned)  
No.

WHITE  
Robert Towne.

TRAVIS  
David....

WHITE  
Joe Esterhaus.

TRAVIS  
He was sitting on the bomb. David,  
anyone with talent is dead.

WHITE  
Kevin Smith.

Travis SIGHS, flips through some papers on his clipboard.

TRAVIS  
No.

WHITE  
Kasdan?

TRAVIS  
Lawrence or Jake?

WHITE  
Either one.

TRAVIS  
They're both dead.

WHITE  
Son of a.... Williamson?

TRAVIS  
(like a shot)  
Dead.

The following exchange takes place extremely fast. Travis answers before White can even finish the names.

WHITE  
Paul Schrader.

TRAVIS  
Dead.

WHITE  
Gelbart.

TRAVIS  
Dead.

WHITE  
Koepp.

TRAVIS  
Dead.

WHITE  
Ephron.

TRAVIS  
Dead.

WHITE  
Dammit!

TRAVIS  
Francois Dammit. I think he's alive.

WHITE  
Shut up! Waitaminnit, what about that  
kid that wrote the first draft of  
Strike the Match?

TRAVIS  
Afraid not.

WHITE  
That kid was at the show?

TRAVIS

No, he blew his brains the weekend after you fired him.

WHITE

That's right. What about Jeff Pedigo or Chad Vance - those guys?

TRAVIS

Never heard of 'em. Look, why don't you give me a shot at it?

White CHUCKLES.

TRAVIS (cont'd)

C'mon, I've written some good screenplays. And I'm fast. Of course, you won't read any of 'em. I've read hundreds of scripts for you.

WHITE

You've read hundreds of scripts, Travis. Never one that I wrote.

TRAVIS

You haven't written any.

WHITE

I don't have time to write, Travis. I'm a damn producer. That's why I have you: to do all the shit I don't have time to do.

TRAVIS

...Are you telling me you don't have time to write a script, so you want me to do it?

WHITE

Don't put words in my mouth, Travis.

TRAVIS

You just said--

WHITE

You're my damn assistant. Why don't you do your damn job? Get on the phone and find me a writer. I want someone who's alive, who's got credentials, who's got time to write the biggest picture of the damn century. I don't have time for this shit. Now, go on.

TRAVIS

Fine.

Travis SLAMS the door behind him.

WHITE

Damn kids. They want to take over.

INT. TRAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

Travis throws his pad and paper across the office.

He sits down and collects his thoughts.

He picks up the phone. And puts it right back down.

Then, he bellies up to his computer and begins to type.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Establish.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Larry's girlfriend, JANE, looks tired as she loads toys into a big box. Her hair's disheveled from what was probably a lovely coif at the beginning of the day.

She hears a KNOCK and turns around.

Larry's leaning in the doorway. Grinning.

JANE

What are you doing here?

LARRY

I thought I'd stop by and say hey.

JANE

Oh. Hey.

Jane picks up toys.

Larry produces a bouquet of daisies from behind his back.

JANE (cont'd)

(sighs)

Okay, what's up?

LARRY

Something has to be up? I can't buy flowers for my girlfriend without something being up?

JANE

I guess not. Why aren't you at work?

LARRY

Okay, I'll tell what's up. Wait, come here, I want you to sit down for this.

Larry guides Jane over to a little Playskool plastic chair. He sits her down and grabs one for himself.

LARRY (cont'd)

(hands her the flowers)

You like 'em?

JANE

Lovely. Did you get fired again?

LARRY

I know you like roses better, but I thought it'd be too much. You'd think I was gonna propose or something.

JANE

Oddly enough, it never crossed my mind. Though I can't think of a more romantic setting.

LARRY

See, that's weird. I think it's got a whole Kindergarten Cop thing goin'.

JANE

Larry.

LARRY

Okay, okay. Stu - you know Stu.

JANE

Balding man, about 5'6".

LARRY

My agent. That's right. He just got me this part, okay... in a movie.

JANE

A movie?

LARRY

Feature film. Major motion picture.  
It's been green lighted already! Stu  
got the whole thing together - he  
knows this producer at Twilight, they  
took a meeting, bing, bang... You're  
looking at Tom Cruise!

JANE

I thought you were sick of doing Tom.

LARRY

That's just it. I'm not gonna be  
"doing" him anymore, I'm gonna "play"  
him. In a movie!

JANE

What, you're going to stand in for him  
on something he didn't finish or...?

LARRY

No, no, he's like a character in the  
movie. It's going to trace all the big  
stars before they died, y'know,  
like... Like... Leo. You know what Leo  
was doing the night of the Oscars?

JANE

Yes, he was being killed.

LARRY

No, I mean before that.

Jane shakes her head.

LARRY (cont'd)

Then apparently you haven't met Joey  
Zaninelli - "Leonardo DiCaprio"!

JANE

Oh God. Stu.

LARRY

Exactly!

JANE

Stu knows what all the stars were  
doing before the Oscars?

LARRY

Some writer'll figure it out. But  
isn't it great!? Aren't you excited?

JANE

First impression? Gotta go with  
disturbed and... a little nauseated.

LARRY

No, no, this is like a tribute. Heavy  
drama. Reverence.

JANE

What about the acting?

LARRY

You know Stu - it's not just the face  
he goes after. He only reps real  
actors. People with talent. Like me.

JANE

...Wow. This is... wow.

LARRY

Isn't it great? This is what I came  
here for. It's finally coming true -  
for both of us. God, you won't believe  
how much they're gonna give me either.

JANE

Look-alikes, huh?

LARRY

Look-alikes.

JANE

...Oh, sweetie, this is great, it  
really is. I knew you'd make it. I  
always knew. Congratulations.

They hug. But Jane has a sour look on her face.

JANE (cont'd)

(mouthing it)

"Look-alikes?"

CUT TO:

A COMPUTER SCREEN IN THE DARK

Letters form words that form sentences:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

TOM CRUISE enters and speaks to the  
maitre d'.

NEXT TO THE COMPUTER

Visible only thanks to the light from the computer screen: newspaper clippings and magazines about the "Oscar Tragedy" are strewn haphazardly next to...

THE KEYBOARD

Ten fingers type feverishly.

WHITE (O.S.)

Travis?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Travis looks up from his computer. With a keystroke, his screen saver engulfs the screen.

TRAVIS

Uh, yeah. David.

White pokes his head around the corner.

WHITE

You still here? Got a handle on that writer, yet?

TRAVIS

Uh, yeah. Sure.

WHITE

Who'd you find?

TRAVIS

Um, actually, I just talked to his agent.

WHITE

What's his name?

TRAVIS

His agent?

WHITE

Travis.

TRAVIS

It's uh... Garret. Brian Garret.

WHITE

Never heard of him. What's he done?

TRAVIS

He's good. He's good at research.  
He'll turn in something real.

WHITE

He understands where we're going with  
this thing?

TRAVIS

Oh, yeah. He's there. He's already  
started on the script.

WHITE

Already? He didn't want a meeting?

TRAVIS

He wanted to get started right away.  
He likes to work fast.

WHITE

Hell, it doesn't matter what he  
writes, anyway. Alan'll put his spin  
on it.

TRAVIS

Alan Smith, huh?

WHITE

Yep, The Match struck out, so he was  
available. You know Alan. He just  
needs something to start with besides  
a blank page.

TRAVIS

Uh, huh.

WHITE

Alright, well... I'm outta here.

TRAVIS

Okay. See ya.

White goes away.

Travis waits until he's sure the coast is clear. Then he  
gets back to typing.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Larry and Jane are in bed together. Jane is lying on  
Larry's chest. It's clear they've just had sex.

LARRY

I was thinking today - remember when we first met?

JANE

How could I forget?

LARRY

(laughing)

I kept bringing you all that sugar.

JANE

(laughing)

Ugh! Enough with the sugar, already.

LARRY

More sugar, ma'am? Oh, let me get you some more sugar.

JANE

I just kept pouring it in my coffee, so you'd come back. I couldn't even drink it.

LARRY

And then you had the gall to gyp me on the tip, after all I did for you.

JANE

Thanks to you, I'm probably diabetic.

They both LAUGH.

LARRY

God, I'm glad to be through with that.

JANE

Me too.

A LONG PAUSE.

LARRY

I hope this thing works out.

Jane raises up so she can talk to him face to face.

JANE

Hey... you came out here to act, to be an actor. Things happen for a reason. And there's a reason why you got this part. You're a great actor. You're doing what you set out to do.

JANE(cont'd)

And no matter what happens - Hollywood star or clumsy waiter or... unemployed busboy, I'll be here with you, okay?

LARRY

...Can I get you some sugar?

They LAUGH. Larry kisses her passionately.

CUT TO:

THE SUN

Rising over the Hollywood hills.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Stu's having his morning apple pie and coffee when David White shows up.

WHITE

Stuart. Good morning to you.

STU

White.

WHITE

(to a passing WAITRESS)  
Toast and coffee? Buttered and black.

STU

We in preproduction yet?

WHITE

Getting down to business - I like that. The answer is "yes, sir, we are officially in development." Travis found us a writer and I got an A-list director on board.

STU

"A-list," huh? I'm afraid to ask.

WHITE

That's right. The only A-list director left in Hollywood. Mr. Alan Smith. Inked the deal this morning. Just now.

STU

How did I know? How do you...? Alan Smith? The guy's a hack!

STU(cont'd)

Look, White, no way I'm gonna be Ralph Bellamy to his Cary Grant. Christ! The minute I heard The Match struck out, I knew you'd rope that guy in on me.

WHITE

C'mon, Stu. Strike the Match was set to burn it up at the box office. Smith was doing a fine job 'til Baldwin blew up. You didn't see the dailies.

STU

Screw the dailies. Alan Stanley Smith'll ruin this picture with his.... His initials say "ass" for chrissake!

WHITE

He's a talented director. Wait a minute: you guys have some personal history I should know about?

STU

Would it matter?

WHITE

I guess not.

(checks his watch)

Look, I'll call you when we get a storyline ironed out. I wanna get to casting ASAP.

STU

Smith involved in the casting?

WHITE

He's the director, Stu.

White runs off just as his Waitress shows up with his toast and coffee. Stu eats his pie.

STU

(sotto)

Ungrateful --

ALAN SMITH (V.O.)

Bastard.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER RESTAURANT - DAY

David White sits with ALAN SMITH, his new director.

Alan chain smokes and pretends to know everything. He has an anecdote for every situation, all involving cocaine or heroine. He speaks with a slight Australian accent.

WHITE

What the hell happened between you guys?

SMITH

Well, I was in Oregon on location one month for this western. Late sixties--

WHITE

Seattle Saddles?

SMITH

Seattle's in Washington. I was in Oregon directing this spaghetti western with Stu repping one of my principals - real pretty boy. This was back when he was a real agent. Anyway, one of the grips had half a kilo of premium coke stashed in one of the saddlebags. Stu's boy finds it and decides to take a hit behind one of the trailers. I guess no one told him stealing was illegal, ha, ha. So, the grip finds out about it, right? They get into this huge rumble and the kid rips Stu's boy a new one.

WHITE

And...?

SMITH

Well, I had to fire the kid.

WHITE

The grip?

SMITH

Stu's kid. Makeup can't hide two black eyes and a broke nose. I had to let him go. The grip and I spent the whole night riding around town in my van, sniffing the coke and cruising for chicks. A lot of people don't know it, but Oregon's--

WHITE

No. Alan. What about Stu?

SMITH

Oh, well, he got in my face about firing the kid - said he was gonna call the Guild and the producer and I don't know, so I clocked him in the back of the head. Ha, ha... broke two fingers. This one's still crooked.

WHITE

Well, you guys better put it behind you. I'm calling a meeting for next week. We gotta get goin' on this thing.

(getting up to go)

In fact, I better get to the office.

SMITH

Have we hired a writer, yet?

WHITE

I got someone working on it.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

Travis sits slumped over his keyboard - asleep.

He awakens with a start. Looks at his watch. Stares glassy-eyed at his computer screen. The keyboard has imbedded little squares into his cheek.

He downs what's left in his coffee cup and resumes typing.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

"So many stars are gone, and with them the characters they played."

CUT TO:

A TV SCREEN

The ANCHORMAN continues his report, a little graphic of a broken Oscar statue over his shoulder - part of an overly-designed "Oscar Tragedy" logo.

ANCHORMAN

"A candlelight vigil will be held tonight near the site of the massive explosion that interrupted the Academy Awards a few days ago. Authorities have yet to determine who might be responsible for the blast.

## ANCHORMAN(cont'd)

But we can expect a "blast" of cooler temperatures this weekend. Ron McNeil will be here to tell us about the weather after this."

CUT TO:

MUSIC UP: Something upbeat that says "Hollywood" - perhaps reminiscent of "There's No Business Like Show Business."

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1) INT. STU'S OFFICE - DAY

Stu Limra talks on the phone while he looks through head shots of look-alikes. When he comes to Larry's, he smiles like a dad and puts the photo in his desk drawer.

2) A TV SCREEN

NEWS FOOTAGE of FANS crying and laying flowers on the Hollywood Walk of Fame.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)

"The famous Hollywood Walk of Fame will be extended for five more blocks to accommodate the hundreds of actors and actresses receiving posthumous stars in the wake of the 'Oscar Tragedy'..."

3) INT. WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

White talks on the phone, making notes on his calendar. He says something into his intercom.

4) INT. TRAVIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Travis stops typing and says something into his intercom. Then he picks up the phone and dials. He types while he talks on the phone.

5) INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Larry and Jane sit on Larry's couch watching TV. A huge stack of videos adorn the coffee table.

They're watching a Tom Cruise movie.

6) EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

A newsstand is smothered with magazines bearing covers about the "Oscar Tragedy." The FRANTIC NEWSSTAND vendor tries to keep up with his customers.

7) INT. TRAVIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Travis types.

8) A TV SCREEN

A mammoth gathering of people in black suits and black dresses at a huge memorial ceremony. JOAN RIVERS - with a patch over her eye - interviews a MODEL.

MODEL

"I was so sorry to hear about  
Melissa."

JOAN

"Oh, thank you. You're so -- What is  
this? Let me see this.

(pawing at the Model's  
dress)

This is gorgeous! Who is this?"

MODEL

(shows the slit on her  
dress)

"It's Armani. I had them sew the slit  
a little lower for today."

JOAN

"It's fabulous! It's still fabulous."

9) INT. TRAVIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Travis stacks paper from his printer. The page on top of  
the stack reads:

The Last Oscar Show

by

Brian Garret

He puts the stack in an unassuming manila envelope.

10) A TV SCREEN

More footage of fans and flowers and the world in mourning.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

-- with the world still reeling over the events of the past two weeks and the survivors numbering in the lowly teens, one has to wonder - what will Hollywood do without the bright shining warmth... of its stars?"

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

White flips through a crisp, white, bound screenplay. Visibly impressed, he talks into his intercom:

WHITE

Travis, get Brian Garrett on the phone.  
(no response)  
Travis? Travis!

Travis comes bounding into the office.

TRAVIS

Hey! I was on my way... over. You want to talk to Brian?

WHITE

Yeah, I don't know how to contact him.

TRAVIS

You like the, uh... the --

WHITE

Whoever the hell this guy is, Travis. He's got a future in my business.

TRAVIS

Really?

WHITE

I mean, this is first class work here. Exactly what I was looking for.

TRAVIS

That's great!

WHITE

And so damn fast! See, Travis: if you wrote stuff like this I might sit down and read it.

TRAVIS

Well, actually--

WHITE

Of course if you wrote stuff like this you wouldn't be working for me, would you? Ha, ha...

TRAVIS

Uh...

WHITE

I'd fire your ass for your own good. 'Course Garrett won't make a penny on this thing. You sure he's a first-time writer?

TRAVIS

...Yeah.

WHITE

Yeah, I'll give him a couple bucks, two-picture deal or something. He can make the money after I'm through with him. You see, Travis, this business is all about give and take - what you give me, what I take from you. Y'see?

TRAVIS

I don't know.

WHITE

You gonna get him on the phone?

TRAVIS

Uh... yeah. It'll probably be after lunch. I know he's... inaccessible until after lunch.

WHITE

Good man.

White checks his watch.

WHITE (cont'd)

Well, it's about that time. I'm meeting Stu at Chow's. I'll be back in two and this Garret character and I'll talk. Deal?

TRAVIS

...Yeah.

White hustles off. Travis ponders the situation.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nobody's home. PHONE RINGS. Answering machine picks up.

STU'S VOICE

"Larry, Stu. Listen, It's official. White's got a script and he signed your papers today, so I wanna go ahead and hook you up with a publicist - an old friend of mine. She's looking forward to working with you. Call me."

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

YVETTE SANFORD sits at her desk.

She's in her forties and was probably attractive when she was in her twenties. Her office is adorned with photographs of herself with some of the top moive stars of the 1970s.

She eats some take-out as she watches...

TELEVISION: "Access Hollywood" is on.

GISELLE FERNANDEZ

"Hello everyone, I'm Giselle Fernandez. Pat O'Brien is on assignment. With the world in shock over the loss of Hollywood's finest, the question still remains, who was responsible? Nancy O'Dell has this 'Access' exclusive."

CUT TO NANCY

NANCY O'DELL

"Giselle, the Hollywood community is still devastated by the events at the Academy Awards two weeks ago. The mystery of who could have perpetrated such a malicious act is still unsolved. But it led us naturally to the home of one of the lone survivors of the bombing, actor Gary Busey.

CUT TO GARY BUSEY'S HOME

Nancy sits on the couch with GARY BUSEY. His head is bandaged, and he looks a little disoriented.

NANCY

"Gary, I guess the first question I have for you is - what were you doing at the Academy Awards?"

Gary stares for a moment before snapping back into reality.

BUSEY

"It was a special night. I was presenting the award."

NANCY

"Which one?"

BUSEY

"...We lost some good people that night. Talented."

NANCY

"Gary, the injury you endured from the bombing - do you feel like talking about it?"

BUSEY

(pointing to his head)

"You mean this?"

Gary points to the bandage on his head.

BUSEY (cont'd)

(continuing)

"No, this wasn't... I was on my bike yesterday and... and..."

Gary tears up. Nancy places her hand on his.

NANCY

"It's okay.

(beat)

"I understand you're directing now."

Gary snaps out of it.

BUSEY

"Yes, I'm very excited about that. Directing is something I've always wanted to do, and I think I'm at a point in my career...."

A KNOCK at the door. Yvette clicks off the TV.

YVETTE

Come in!

Stu and Larry walk in.

STU

Yvette, my angel.

YVETTE

Stu! You old goat. Get over here.

Stu and Yvette give each other a faux hug. Then Yvette turns her attention to Larry.

YVETTE (cont'd)

I'm taking one look at this young man and I'm saying to myself: "This is the salvation of Hollywood." Am I wrong in saying that?

Stu's all smiles. Larry's a little scared.

YVETTE (cont'd)

Look at this face. This is a face that can open a weekend. Cover ready. But the question is, can this face act? Does he have the chops to carry a movie on these... very broad shoulders?

STU

And of course, my dear, the answer to those questions is "yes, he does." This kid's got the goods.

YVETTE

Oh, where are my manners! Sit, sit.

Stu and Larry take a seat. Yvette moves around her desk.

YVETTE (cont'd)

Now, I'm not going to do all the talking, but let me say that in my... short career, I have worked with the very best and greatest. At one point, out of the top ten, I handled press for five of the most profitable stars. The other five can go fuck themselves, God rest their souls. Point being, Larry, I "can do" for you. Give me a month, and you'll be on every cover from Vanity Fair to In Style.

STU

She's the best, Larry.

YVETTE

I just work here, sweetheart. You're the one.

LARRY

I'm worried. I don't wanna just be the guy who looks like Tom Cruise, y'know?

YVETTE

My God! It's, it's like we have some... psychic thing going on here. Not more than an hour ago, I was working on a press release - just a little announcement - and my exact words - I shit you not - "He is not the next Tom Cruise, he is the first Lawrence Oliver."

LARRY

Lawrence?

YVETTE

Well, Larry is so pedestrian - no offense to your mother. And since were on that, let me run something else by you. After I talked to Stu, I came up with this line for you: "Lawrence Oliver can best be described as a bundle of talent and honesty tied together with a bow of vulnerability."

Yvette waits for the kudos.

Stu smiles big at Larry. Larry smiles. Kinda.

STU

(to Larry)

What'd I tell you? She's the best.

YVETTE

Like I said, I just work here. I can't wait for the casting to officially start so we can get you out there!

STU

White says we can go public as soon as he's happy with the script.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Travis talks to a friend of his - an actor who waits tables. His name is BRIAN GARRETT.

BRIAN

You told him I wrote it?

TRAVIS

I told you, I was stalling him. Your name just popped into my head. It was supposed to be temporary.

BRIAN

Now you want me to pretend I wrote it.

TRAVIS

I'll give you a cut of whatever I get out of it, okay? Fifteen percent. But listen, he can't know I wrote this.

BRIAN

You stealing his thunder or something?

TRAVIS

No, he's... he's just an asshole, okay? It's complicated. You're an actor, you can play a writer.

BRIAN

I'm an unemployed actor. I can't even get parts my friends set up for me.

TRAVIS

I told you: you had that part in the bag. The whole movie got scrapped when.... You gotta help me out on this, man. It's only temporary - until I can figure a way not to piss him off. He fired his last two assistants for tryin' to pull this same go-getter crap.

BRIAN

That sucks.

TRAVIS

He's nuts! He can and will ruin my career. Where am I gonna find another job right now? There's practically no one else to work for.

BRIAN

He'd fire you even though he loves what you wrote?

TRAVIS  
He loves what you wrote.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jane washes dishes. Larry comes up behind her, puts his arms around her. He holds her for a minute, then...

LARRY  
What do you think of the name  
"Lawrence"?

JANE  
I like your name.

LARRY  
You think it's better than "Larry"?  
Everybody calls me "Larry."

JANE  
Do you want them to start calling you  
"Lawrence"?

LARRY  
I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. TWILIGHT PICTURES - DAY

Travis briefs Brian as they walk to David White's office.

TRAVIS  
And defend everything, okay? That's  
what writers do.

BRIAN  
I can't do this.

TRAVIS  
You're an actor.

BRIAN  
This is improv, man. You couldn't  
write any lines for me? That's what  
writers do.

TRAVIS  
I didn't have time. And you can't  
predict what the hell he's going to  
say or do, anyway. He's....

TRAVIS(cont'd)

(to Melanie)

Is he in there?

INT. WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

White's on the phone.

WHITE

Well, tell me when. I still got a lot of funerals to go to. You'd think they'd be over with after three weeks.

Travis and Brian come in. White perks up.

WHITE (cont'd)

Stop right there. I'll call you back.

TRAVIS

Hey David, this is Brian Garrett. He wrote the--

WHITE

That's right. That's right. How are you Brian? Siddown, siddown. Travis'll get us something to drink. Travis?

White shuffles through the stuff on his desk while Travis leaves reluctantly.

White finds the screenplay he was looking for.

WHITE (cont'd)

(referring to script)

You're pretty damn fast, y'know that?

Brian's petrified. He looks around for Travis.

WHITE (cont'd)

(flipping pages)

I made some notes in here....

Brian's still looking for Travis.

WHITE (cont'd)

You up to making a few minor revs?

BRIAN

Uh... revisions. Sure. I guess.

WHITE

Excellent. By the way, can you make a production meeting on Monday?

BRIAN

...I guess so.

WHITE

Good man. Like I was saying, it's just a few things, but....

CUT TO:

A TV SCREEN

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY is on CNN.

HOST #1

--the press should no longer refer to disappointing... uh, financially disappointing films as 'bombs.' It's too referential of the--"

HOST #2

"What do you call them, then?"

HOST #1

"There are a number of terms. Uh, 'turkey'..."

HOST #2

"Oh, please."

HOST #3

"'Dud' is a good one."

HOST #1

"No. That's my point. Words like and 'bomb' and 'dud' are references to explosives."

HOST #2

"A 'dud' is a bomb that doesn't work."

HOST #1

"Any reference to explosives should be ruled out."

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Roll Call: David White, Alan Smith, Stu Limra, Travis, Brian Garrett and three other men - KEN ANDREWS, NICK RICHARDSON and TOM DAILY - all sit around a big conference room table.

WHITE

Alright, you all know me.

KEN

Unfortunately.

WHITE

Smart ass is Ken Andrews, marketing - just sittin' in. Now, I want you all to know: I am executive producing this thing, but I'm gonna be on the front lines - line producer, just like the old days. I want you all to know I am ready to blow this town up again. You with me? Huh? Some of you know Stuart Limra. He'll be our casting director.

SMITH

Casting director?

WHITE

The talent pool's filled with his clients, Alan. Don't give him any shit. Alan Smith of course, directing. Nick Richardson and Tom Daily, assistant directors. Brian Garrett over here wrote the script we're gonna rewrite... heh, heh. Just playin'.

SMITH

I'm not.

TRAVIS

What's that supposed to mean?

WHITE

We'll get into it. Everybody, Travis was just about to get us some coffee. Unless you'd like anything else...?

SMITH

Fresca.

KEN

Coffee's fine.

SMITH

Chilled, but no ice.

The others AD LIB stuff. Travis gives White the evil eye. Before he leaves, he signals Brian - "keep-your-mouth-shut."

WHITE

All right. Let's get started. This is a creative meeting. Alan's pretty much in charge. So, Alan....

SMITH

Right. Byron has written a perfect script for us.

BRIAN

It's Brian.

SMITH

You've written a great, great, great script here. It needs a little work, but it's almost there. Almost. But before we get into the script and the production, I want everyone to know my vision for this thing: I don't see an affirmation of life in these pages. I don't see trial and tribulation. I don't see genocide or mass murder. What I see is what happens to the lives of our greatest thespians in the days before one huge fucking explosion! The heart of the picture is what happens to the three or four biggest money-makers in this fucking business - God rest their souls. Tom Cruise.

STU

Check.

SMITH

Jim Carrey.

STU

Check.

SMITH

Tom Hanks.

STU

Check.

SMITH

(to White)

Shut him the fuck up.

White motions to Limra - "shut the fuck up." Stu grins.

SMITH (cont'd)  
Of course, there'll be some cameos.

WHITE  
Lots of actors'll have cameos. I mean we're setting out to recreate the last Oscar ceremony. We're not using any stock or news footage.

SMITH  
We are shooting it all, girls. Every foot of it.

WHITE  
Disaster with heart! I love it. Titanic can kiss my ass. Cameron's dead isn't he?

Everyone nods.

WHITE (cont'd)  
Alright, let's get started.

Travis returns with the coffee.

CUT TO:

MUSIC UP

SERIES OF SHOTS

1) INT. SMALL STUDIO - DAY

White and Smith sit in folding chairs. Stu ushers in FIVE JACK NICHOLSONS who form a line up. They size each other up through their dark glasses.

2) INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

Travis goes through his script with Brian. Travis is all wound up. Brian's defensive.

3) INT. ANOTHER RESTAURANT - DAY

Now Brian and Smith go through the script (which already has a number of blue pages scattered throughout). Basically, Brian writes in the script while Alan talks.

4) INT. STUDIO - DAY

FIVE TOM HANKSES try to look friendly and vulnerable as they line up in front of Smith and White. One of them is Hanks's brother, JIM HANKS. Alan chooses someone else.

5) INT. STUDIO - LATER

FIVE BURT REYNOLDSSES chew gum.

6) INT. STUDIO - LATER

Two Jack Nicholsons are fighting. The other three and Stu try to break it up while Smith and White laugh.

7) EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Travis yells angrily at Brian in front of a movie poster for Ace Ventura Trois featuring "The final performance of Jim Carrey" (then there's a picture of Ace/Jim Carrey with a halo and wings).

8) INT. STUDIO - DAY

The Nicholsons are still fighting.

9) INT. STUDIO - LATER

FIVE JOHN TRAVOLTAS.

10) INT. STUDIO - LATER

FIVE JULIA ROBERTSES.

11) INT. STUDIO - LATER

FIVE MEL GIBSONS.

12) INT. STUDIO - LATER

Brian and Smith go over the script, laughing like old buddies.

SMITH

That reminds me: have you ever done heroin? I knew this guy....

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

White drinks his coffee. Stu eats his apple pie.

WHITE

We got Cruise. We got Hanks, Carrey, wives.... We got Burt Reynolds for chrissake. Where the hell is Nicole?

STU

Don't worry about it.

WHITE

This is important, Stu. Principal starts in two weeks.

STU

A Nicole Kidman's a tall order.

WHITE

So what? We'll have Larry stand on a box or something. Hoffman did it all the time.

STU

(shaking his head)

She's what's is known as a "double-cross." Her features don't lend themselves easily to duplication.

WHITE

Stu, we're not cloning sheep here. It's a simple matter of finding a pretty face with alabaster skin and--

STU

(shaking his head)

It's an organic process. What can I tell you? When I see her, I'll know.

(beat)

Want some pie?

White ignores the question. He glares at Stu.

STU (cont'd)

Good for the last thirty years. Always the best.

WHITE

Look: all I know is you better find her pretty soon - her scenes are in two weeks.

STU

Found my first one right here - this was early on, when it wasn't full time. Mostly used them as decoys for the press, the occasional prank. Heh, like the time Frederic March got me to send Harry - Harry Ross, dead ringer - into Zanuck's office. Ha, ha.

STU(cont'd)

Zanuck spent all day negotiating Harry's contract with a plumber from Pamona. Heh, heh, Harry always loved it in Pamona.

White can't believe he's listening to this crap. He snags a passing waitress by the arm.

WHITE

Look, right there, what about her?

Surprise, surprise. The Waitress is an aspiring actress. Her eyes light up as she straightens her back, fluffs her hair and offers Stu her "good side."

Stu looks her up and down. Then shakes his head.

STU

Symmetry's all wrong. She's an oval - I need cheek bones.

WHITE

Look at this red hair!

Stu CHUCKLES to himself.

STU

If only it was that easy. It's more than the color of the hair, the point of the nose. It's more than that. You can go, sweetheart.

The Waitress slumps and rolls her eyes. Off she goes.

WHITE

Stu--

STU

Everyone in the world has a twin - you heard that before, right?

(right)

Well, that's Nicole. I'll find her.

WHITE

Why don't we just do a call?

STU

And bring out every flake with a fair complexion? No way. Too many casting calls already. I'm doin' this like the old days - a technique I originated. I call it "And Then You See It." Could be in a bar, back of the bus, whatever. Hair could be different, eyebrows too thick.

STU(cont'd)

Whatever it is, everyone looks right through them - invisible to the world. Except to me. I take them. I coach them. I get every little move - all the mannerisms just so, put Hollywood on their face, under their skin. I put it in their bones - And Then You See It.

WHITE

...What in hell are you talking about?

STU

It's close. I can feel it.

WHITE

I can't believe I'm in this pathetic little whole in the wall --

PATRONS turn and glare at White after the "pathetic" crack. Stu motions an apology.

WHITE (cont'd)

-- talking to an obviously insane person. And this idiotic idea I let you talk me into. Look-alikes. Your whole life, Stu. What the hell was the point? God, you're sad.

White gets up to leave.

STU

You'll be at this party a few months from now when the film is out. All the people will say how great it is, and what a wonderful memory of Hollywood this is to have.... And these people at the party, they'll say - the cast: how did you find actors who were so believable? And you'll take all the credit without blinking because I won't be at this party - I'll be at my office under a trade show deadline for a good Tom Selleck. But that's fine, that's how it goes. Everyone at this party thinks you're some kind of genius. And this young girl, just in town from the catering service - an aspiring actress - is so impressed with what you're selling that she lets you screw her in the pool house after the party.

STU(cont'd)

But you forget her name before the door clicks shut, so she doesn't get the part she so desperately needs to make her feel like she's somebody in this world, and later that week, two assholes from another studio give her the same bullshit spin she heard from you, and that's when she feels that unforgiving sting of this business in her belly. She takes their order - they both have the fish - and after work, she lets them both do her in the back of their limo because that's how bad she wants this town. She wants it that bad.

(beat)

That moment right there, White - that's what's sad.

White stares.

STU (cont'd)

But one thing's got nothin' to do with the other. Life's funny, etcetera. I'll find Nicole.

White tosses a couple bucks on the table and wanders away.

Stu looks around the room.

STU (cont'd)

She's out there. Somewhere.

Then he eats his pie.

CUT TO:

A FOOT ON A DICTAPHONE PEDAL

FINGERS ON A KEYBOARD

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The foot and fingers belong to HEATHER, an attractive girl in her twenties. She has long dark brown curly hair and sharp features. Her skin is quite fair for a brunette. She has a dictaphone headset on.

She's busy at work keying in words for the closed captioning of the TV show Walker: Texas Ranger.

A hand touches her shoulder. Heather freezes the show and takes her headphones off.

It's her boss TODD, a man in his early thirties.

TODD

Hey, 'bout done?

HEATHER

Almost - I had to go back and put in some "thwaps."

TODD

"Thwaps"? What "thwaps"? This isn't Batman. You don't need "thwaps" or "splats" and all that hullabaloo. Let the dialogue carry it.

HEATHER

I think "thwaps" really add something. At the very least it might erase your memory of the previous dialog.

TODD

No, what adds to it is what's spoken, not who's being beat up.

HEATHER

No, look right here. Okay, Chuck's coming into the bar, see. Three guys, surrounding him there. He's not going to smooth-talk his way out of it, he's gonna do a spin-kick or leg-thrust. I've done three of these already. It never ends in peaceful negotiation. There's always trouble.

TODD

It shouldn't be a problem, Chuck can handle three guys.

HEATHER

I know. We know it's not a problem because we hear it when his boot connects. But if you can't hear it, how does it get across every time he hits 'em? If I don't put in a "thwap," the way that camera angle is, it looks like he might've missed.

TODD

The guy's head pops back.

HEATHER

All the more reason.

TODD

Okay, I'm really trying to understand this, appreciate your thing here, but I've got a Sabrina the Teenage Witch loaded up with your name on it.

HEATHER

Jesus, that show sucks. The cat talks, laugh track. The cat chokes on a hairball, laugh track. There's no room for artistic expression.

TODD

Well, that's just the way it is, that's the--

HEATHER

What about a Frasier?

TODD

(sarcastic laugh)

You know how long I was here before I--

HEATHER

Three months.

TODD

Could I please finish one sent--

HEATHER

It was three months before you got to do one - I'm guessing.

TODD

...Four. And just asking me after you've only been here a month, it's... that's... you shouldn't even ask that.

HEATHER

I'll give you head.

TODD

What?

HEATHER

Blow job? Slob the knob, spit-shine the ole wing tip?

Todd's taken aback.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Ha! Wouldn't it be funny if I did,  
just to key in a Frasier? And you  
thought I would.

TODD

I knew you were kidding.

HEATHER

No, you didn't. I saw it in your face.

TODD

You did not.

HEATHER

It's all right. I don't mind.

TODD

Jesus.

HEATHER

I'm sorry.

TODD

No "thwaps," okay? Just stick to the  
damn dialogue.

HEATHER

One "thwap"?

TODD

No!

HEATHER

Look, right here - this one. I'll fuck  
you for that "thwap".

TODD

...I'm going to walk away. From here.  
And not be here, because you're...  
I'm... leaving now.

Todd walks away.

Chuck Norris delivers a spinning back kick - THWAP! Heather  
continues her work.

Todd comes back.

TODD (cont'd)

Would you mind going and picking up  
some sandwiches?

HEATHER

You told me to finish this.

TODD

I can't go. I gotta get these tapes to Roger. It'll only take a second.  
 (handing her a twenty)  
 Here, I'll buy yours.

HEATHER

Alright. Jesus.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

The marquis says:

Air Force One II - PG-13  
 Home Alone IV: Kevin Returns - NC-17  
 You've Got More Mail - R  
 Titanic II - PG  
 Eight - R

Heather walks by the theater.

She goes into a nearby deli just as Stu drives up in his '79 Oldsmobile.

INT. STU'S CAR - DAY

Stu flips down the visor. There's a torn-out magazine photo of Nicole Kidman taped to it.

STU

You're out there. Somewhere.

He gets out of the car.

INT. DELI - DAY

Heather's at the counter.

Stu walks up to the counter and stands beside her.

They glance at each other, smiling politely. Then with nothing to say, they look straight ahead - waiting.

Stu's eyes wander around the deli - the menu, the register, the fresh bread.... Hey, waitaminnit!

Stu shoots a look toward Heather...

But she's gone.

Stu spins around. Nobody.

Stu runs to the door. Then back to the counter. He speaks to the CASHIER.

STU

Excuse me! The girl. Who was the girl?

CASHIER

How should I know?

Stu runs out the door, looks down the street, both ways. Runs back in.

STU

Her name? You don't know her name?

CASHIER

She picked up an order. It happens.

STU

Picked up...? She called. What was the number she gave you? Please, miss. It's very important!

CASHIER

Can't help you, mister.

Stu contemplates his situation for a moment. Then, like lightning, he reaches into a small bin next to the cash register and takes off with a handful of order slips.

CASHIER (cont'd)

Hey!

Stu runs out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Heather walks in. Todd's in his office on the phone.

Heather motions to him - "the sandwiches are here."

TODD

(hand over the receiver)

Hey, some guy wants to talk to the girl who got the sandwiches.

HEATHER

What guy?

TODD

He says he's an agent.

HEATHER

Agent?!

Heather runs over and grabs the phone from Todd.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Hello?

(beat)

Yes, that was me.

(beat)

Nicole?

CUT TO:

STU

Smiling big - leaning against some gaudy wallpaper.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

A chair wheels around. Heather's sitting in it. She's undergone a transformation - from brunette with thick eyebrows to redhead with delicate features.

Stu opens his arms wide.

STU

Nicole.

Stu kisses her on the cheek as they give each other a Hollywood hug.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. LARRY'S '88 HYUNDAI - DAY

Larry drives down Santa Monica Boulevard listening to Bob Segar's "Old Time Rock n' Roll" - past billboards filled with photos of former has-beens and second-tier celebrities.

One is for A Little Romance - a romantic comedy starring Shannon Tweed and Jean Claude Van Damme.

Another's for Roger Moore in James Bond: Permission To Die.

Yet another is for Black Lightning starring Carl Weathers.

Larry pulls into a parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

Stu sits in White's office with Heather. She's been physically transformed into Nicole Kidman.

HEATHER

I don't know, I was so nervous,

STU

Nah, you were great. Those movies helped out, I hope.

HEATHER

It was like I was cramming for finals - if I'd gone to college, I imagine it would be something like that. I think I watched Far and Away a thousand times already.

STU

I gave you the wide-screen version?

HEATHER

Yeah.

STU

You know they shot that on 70 millimeter?

HEATHER

Uh, huh.

STU

Ron Howard.

HEATHER

I know.

STU

Opie was a client. Way back.

HEATHER

Really?

STU

Richie fired me.

HEATHER

Mm.

STU

Fonzie was good for business, though.  
Went through a lot of Fonzies back  
then. Put me where I am today.

HEATHER

Wow.

The conversation stalls. Luckily, David White and Alan  
Smith enter the room.

SMITH

If I cried, would you think me less of  
a man?

WHITE

That was - and you can ask Alan if you  
think I'm lying - that was the best  
screen test I've seen in a long time.

SMITH

She's a natural. A fucking natural.

Heather's excited. Stu's rather smug - his instincts are  
never wrong.

SMITH (cont'd)

It was Nicole on that screen. I could  
swear it.

WHITE

You need a script now, don't you?

SMITH

Fucking Nicole!

WHITE

(into his intercom)  
Travis, we need a script in here.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Larry gets off the elevator.

He walks through the office while people do double-takes  
and whisper.

INT. WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

Larry walks in. Smith, White and Stu are crowded around  
Heather.

WHITE

Larry! Get in here!

Larry comes in and sees Heather. Whoa.

SMITH

Ha, ha! Mr. Tom Cruise, I'd like you to meet your wife, Ms. Nicole Kidman.

STU

Heather, meet your co-star, Larry Oliver. The cast is complete.

Larry stares at Heather. Smith shakes him by the shoulder.

SMITH

Come on mate. Better get chummy. We've got two days before principal starts and I want my leads nice and cozy with each other.

WHITE

I know. I'll make a reservation for you two at Mr. Chow tonight.

SMITH

Yeah, yeah. No - that place, you can't get a reservation.

White picks up the phone.

WHITE

Sure, you can. Every restaurant in town's empty except for the damn tourists. Ever since the uh, the....

STU

The bombing.

WHITE

Right. They ever find out who was behind that deal?

(into the phone)

Yes, hello? I need to make a reservation for tonight. Two.

Travis enters the office with a script filled with multi-colored pages.

TRAVIS

Here's the script. Damn crayon box.

SMITH  
 (takes the script)  
 Yeah, yeah, Bri & I made some changes.

WHITE  
 Changes?

SMITH  
 Y'know he's a great writer.

TRAVIS  
 I guess I can pick 'em.

WHITE  
 Damn rainbow! Looks like you re-wrote  
 the whole damn thing!  
 (into the phone)  
 Yes, by the window.  
 (to Alan)  
 You didn't change my changes did you?

SMITH  
 Oh, I had to. They were piss poor.

WHITE  
 Travis!

TRAVIS  
 Hey, I just found out about this. You  
 knew he had some "issues."

WHITE  
 Issues are presented! Itemized, one-by-  
 one, as in a certain "issue" a person  
 has with the script, or pertaining to.  
 Issues aren't lumped together and  
 simply titled "issues"! Give it here!  
 (into the phone)  
 Seven o'clock is fine. David White,  
 that's right, goodbye.

SMITH  
 (hands script to Heather)  
 Here ya go, sweetheart.

WHITE  
 Wait, lemme see. Make me a copy, Travis.

TRAVIS  
 I just... why didn't you ask for two?

WHITE  
 I didn't know about the "issues"!

SMITH

Fuck, just let her have the script.  
We'll go over it later.

WHITE

Goddam right we will.

Larry stares at Heather.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jane sits on the couch. Larry walks in.

JANE

Hey.

LARRY

Hi.

JANE

How was the meeting?

LARRY

It was great.

JANE

Did you meet Nicole?

LARRY

Yeah, Heather. She's really good.

JANE

What does she look like?

(beat)

Oh, right.

LARRY

Y'know, I think I really found my  
character today.

JANE

You should have, considering I had to  
pay a forty dollar late charge for  
Interview With A Vampire.

LARRY

Do you have any idea how hard it is to  
act with those teeth - big pointy  
vampire teeth?

JANE

Is that in the script - big pointy vampire teeth?

LARRY

It's not about the script, Jane. It's about becoming the character through and through.

JANE

Ugh! I was kidding. I didn't think Tom Cruise was ever this big of a jerk.

LARRY

Fuck him.

JANE

God, I don't believe this. If it wasn't for his horrific death, you'd still be stealing food off tables.

LARRY

Y'know, she gets it, she understands what we're trying to accomplish.

JANE

Who does? "Nicole?"

LARRY

Yes. "Heather."

JANE

Accomplish? The only thing I see anyone "accomplishing" is a fast buck off the dead. Have you noticed all the "Last Performance of" posters popping up?

LARRY

Whatever. By the way I'm having dinner with her after rehearsals.

(Jane glares)

It's innocent. White set it up. It's for the movie.

JANE

You know, I'm starting to wonder how much of this is for the movie and how much is for Larry.

LARRY

Oh, grow up.

JANE  
Oh, go to hell, "Tom."

LARRY  
Sure thing, "Mimi!"

Larry storms out of the apartment.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. CHOW - NIGHT

Establish.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A WAITER is attending Larry and Heather. Larry refers to his water glass as he speaks to the Waiter:

LARRY  
Excuse me. This is a wine glass. Could I have my water in a water glass, please?

WAITER  
That's a stemmed water glass.

LARRY  
...I'll have the fish.

The Waiter bows and leaves.

HEATHER  
God, look at this place. There was a six-week waiting list to get in, now it's just tourists in a ghost town.

LARRY  
I bet it was great when you could see all the stars in here.

HEATHER  
You were great today at rehearsals.

LARRY  
You were, too. As good as she ever was.

HEATHER  
But how can I be? It's like when they remake a great movie - how can it be better? They're remaking it.

LARRY

A copy's never as good as the original. Second, third generation....

HEATHER

Right.

LARRY

Then again, there's Cape Fear.

HEATHER

Scorsese's Cape Fear was good, but the fact that it was remade in the first place makes the original better. This is what I would do: have you ever seen The Rage Of Paris with Douglas Fairbanks Jr.?

LARRY

Uh, I don't think so.

HEATHER

God, I love that movie. Fairbanks - what a looker. Pencil-thin mustache, filled out a pinstripe like nobody's business. It's #3 on my list.

LARRY

List?

HEATHER

Favorite movie list. You know, the ones that make me feel good. Not the best ever made necessarily, but ones for some reason you just connect with - like when you meet someone and you feel like you know them already?

(beat)

Anyway, one day I'm gonna remake The Rage of Paris, but it's going to be line by line, scene for scene, set in the thirties - the whole thing.

LARRY

Ha, ha. So what you really want to do is direct.

HEATHER

Doesn't everybody?

LARRY

You must really love movies.

HEATHER

They're everything. It's all I've ever wanted - to be in The Movies.

Larry gazes into her eyes.

Until a MAN and WOMAN show up with an autograph book.

WOMAN

Sorry to interrupt, but... you're Tom Cruise, aren't you?

LARRY

Uh...

HEATHER

...Yes. He is.

WOMAN

And you're...?

HEATHER

It's so nice to meet you. So nice to be recognized in public.

WOMAN

I knew it. I'm so glad to see you two are okay. We thought, well...

HEATHER

We were on location in London.

WOMAN

What a horrible thing, all those stars. We almost decided not to make the trip. I'm so glad we did.

HEATHER

(motions to autograph book)  
Do you want us to...?

WOMAN

Oh! If you don't mind.

HEATHER

Of course not. Right, honey?

LARRY

Uh, sure. Honey. "Nick."

Heather winks at Larry as she signs the book. Then she passes it to him.

He starts to write "Larry" before he stops himself. He ends up writing a messy "Love, Tom Cruise."

WOMAN

Thank you so much. If anyone can keep the movies alive, it's you two.

HEATHER

That's very nice.

LARRY

Thanks.

"Tom and Nicole" giggle as the couple walk away.

LARRY (cont'd)

This was a good idea. Dinner, getting to know you. You're nothing like I thought you'd be.

HEATHER

You're exactly what I pictured. Maybe a little more. Have you read your scene for tomorrow?

LARRY

Not yet, I guess I'll be up tonight.

HEATHER

Not a lot of dialogue. You save this waiter's life.

LARRY

Mm.

HEATHER

I remember reading about that in the paper. What was that, like the tenth time he snatched some poor slob from the jaws of death?

LARRY

Death is a strong word.

HEATHER

It's very dramatic. You run all the way across the restaurant. The guy's out, so you start CPR. Pump!

LARRY

See...

HEATHER  
(continuing)

Pump!

LARRY

Okay.

HEATHER  
(continuing)

Pump!

LARRY

Big hero, we're all impressed.

HEATHER

It's a great scene. Have you met the  
writer, yet?

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

This is the place where Brian works.

Brian's out in the alley smoking. Travis is motioning  
angrily with the script.

TRAVIS

I mean, look at this shit! This isn't  
mine! I didn't write this crap!

BRIAN

What was I supposed to do?

Travis flips through the script.

TRAVIS

CPR?! That didn't even happen!

BRIAN

What was I supposed to do?

TRAVIS

You could at least run it by me. David  
should have seen it.

BRIAN

I thought Alan had some good ideas.

TRAVIS

...? You're not a writer.

BRIAN

I'm an actor. I know what goes into a script. I've read hundreds of them.

TRAVIS

You're a fucking waiter. You've read hundreds of scripts - you've never actually gotten paid to memorize one.

BRIAN

Screw you, man. I'm helping your ass. You're the one who talked me into this!

TRAVIS

I didn't think you'd fuck me over.

BRIAN

That's Hollywood.

TRAVIS

Fuck this.

Travis storms off.

BRIAN

Hey, we got a deal, man! Percentages!

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S '88 HYUNDAI - NIGHT

Larry drives Heather home.

LARRY

So, how do you think this is gonna go over? The movie. I mean, do you have a problem with what we're doing?

HEATHER

Doing?

LARRY

Do you think we're... capitalizing?

HEATHER

Capitalizing?

LARRY

Yeah, like... from death.

HEATHER

...How long have you been in L.A.?

LARRY

About eight months.

HEATHER

Eight months. I've been trying to make it here for the last three years. The only thing I have to show for it is a thousand promises whispered to me in clubs, two call-backs to show my tits and a stupid Casablanca poster in my bedroom. I'm capitalizing? Fucking right I am.

LARRY

Well, at least you're not bitter.

HEATHER

(laughs)

You've got that goddam Idaho farmboy charm, don't you?

LARRY

Minnesota.

HEATHER

Listen, you wanna come up and go over tomorrow's scene?

LARRY

Uh, yeah - for a couple hours I guess. I got a couple hours.

HEATHER

We should be done by then.

LARRY

Alright.

Larry and Heather get out of the car and walk up to Heather's apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jane sits on her couch reading over Larry's copy of the script. She reads parts of it aloud.

JANE

"Tom dashes across the restaurant, slides on his knees to the waiter's side and begins CPR. Pump. Pump.

JANE(cont'd)

(turns page, rolls eyes)  
"Pump."

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather is full stride on top of Larry.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jane's still reading.

JANE

"Pump, pump, pump - they wrote every  
single pump?"

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather and Larry are still going at it.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JANE

"The waiter revives, gulping sweet  
oxygen. Nicole appears at Tom's side.  
She kisses him hungrily." Ugh!

INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather collapses on top of Larry, kissing him hungrily.

HEATHER

(whispers)  
Mmm, Tom.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Losing interest, Jane tosses the script aside. She turns on  
the TV and flips through some channels before stopping on  
"Entertainment Tonight."

ON THE TV

BOB GOEING

"As Hollywood still mourns the loss of it's biggest stars, still more victims of the terrible Oscar Tragedy have been discovered - victims nobody would have even guessed were out there. Lisa Cannon explains."

LISA

"Bob, with the majority of Hollywood's best gone, a new and terrifying disaster is about to take place. And this time, it's the pets of the stars that hang in the balance."

CUT TO a Man. A super on the screen identifies him as "ART LEWINSKI, Owner, Celebrity PETHouse."

ART

"We keep the pets of stars who are on location or extended vacations. As you can see, they each have their own room with a TV and a full time staff employee we call the play partner."

CUT TO Lisa, walking with Art through his facility.

They stop at a room where a GUY is frolicking with a cat. The cat's not interested.

ART (cont'd)

(continuing)

"Each pet has special needs that are met by three full-time animal psychiatrists. As you can see here, Johnny Depp's poodle had some issues."

Art refers to the poodle's room. It's in a world disarray - destroyed by the dog.

LISA

"What happens now? Will they continue to stay here?"

ART

"Oh God, no. Most of the owners specified no other legal guardian for the animals. I guess they'll just have to be destroyed."

LISA

"What about an auction or...?"

ART  
"... Whatever."

CUT TO:

THE SUN

Rising once again over the sprawling city of L.A.

CUT TO:

INT. A REAL RESTAURANT - DAY

White's walking through when GLENN MASTERSON, a fellow producer, stops him.

MASTERSON  
White. David White.

WHITE  
Glenn. Hey buddy. How's that piece of shit comedy coming?

MASTERSON  
Ah, it's a piece of shit. What about this Oscar thing?

WHITE  
Principal starts today.

MASTERSON  
Yeah, I heard about the closed set. What's the deal?

WHITE  
Well, I don't want to give the picture away. Everybody already knows what it's about.

MASTERSON  
I get it. You hear about next year's Oscars?

WHITE  
They made a decision yet?

MASTERSON  
Not yet. It's a no-brainer. I mean, c'mon! No Academy Awards next year?

WHITE  
I guess we'll see.

MASTERSON

They think everybody needs a year to  
"recover from the horror."

WHITE

Jackasses.

MASTERSON

You hear the buzz on "Lusitania"? This  
was my fucking year! Jim Cameron would  
have been kissing my ass.

WHITE

From the grave.

MASTERSON

From the fucking grave!

WHITE

Nothing to worry about, Buddy. They'd  
extend your eligibility - everybody's.

MASTERSON

So what? A film opens in the middle of  
the year, the Academy forgets about it  
by Christmas. Two years, they'd have  
to consider what - like 400 films?

WHITE

Well, production's cuttin' back. You  
re-release it if it's that good.

MASTERSON

Yeah, but I'd be going head-to-head  
with you and "The Exploded Oscar Show"  
or whatever, right?

WHITE

Well--

MASTERSON

Don't wanna touch that. When's that  
thing gonna open, anyway?

WHITE

This thing? We haven't set a firm date  
yet, but I figure... Christmas?

MASTERSON

Next Christmas, hm.

WHITE

No, this Christmas. We're moving pretty fast

MASTERSON

...You bastard.

WHITE

What?

MASTERSON

This was my fucking year! Goddam Academy! If my "Lusitania" has to deal with your little "disaster movie"....

WHITE

Disaster movie?

MASTERSON

Fuck you, White. Fuck you.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The stage is dressed like a restaurant. Alan Smith is directing Larry on his first scene. White is hovering. Assistant Directors Nick and Tom are there too, along with a few GRIPS and EXTRAS.

SMITH

Right, so Tom comes in here. He finds the waitress... waiter? Waiter. He sees the waiter on the floor...

LARRY

Yeah, I wanted to --

SMITH

(running)

He runs over like this and prepares to go mouth to mouth.

LARRY

Mouth to mouth?

WHITE

And Larry, don't forget Tom Cruise has... had, had that run, see?

White tries to demonstrate in slow motion.

WHITE (cont'd)  
This kinda thing, see?

LARRY  
Yeah, but --

NICK  
That's not how Tom Cruise ran.

LARRY  
He didn't run.

TOM  
He didn't run in slow motion.

WHITE  
I'm demonstrating here.

LARRY  
But he didn't run.

NICK  
He didn't run like that. He ran with his hands like this, see? He stuck his hands out and... see the hands?

SMITH  
You know what we need? We need a tape of Tom Cruise running.

NICK  
I'm telling you how he ran.

LARRY  
But he doesn't need to run.

SMITH  
Of course he runs. He's saving this poor slob's life.

LARRY  
But he never ran.

NICK  
Hey, I've seen Tom Cruise run, man.

LARRY  
No, I mean--

GRIP #1  
He ran in Mission: Impossible.

SMITH

We need a tape of that.

LARRY

No, I mean he didn't run. He --

GRIP #2

He ran in that football movie.

NICK

All the Right Moves.

SMITH

Can we get a tape of that?

TOM

Running with a football's not the same. And that was before he developed that signature run.

WHITE

The signature's what I'm getting at.

SMITH

What other movies did he run in?

LARRY

Look, I'm telling you: he didn't run to save m-- this person. He didn't run. He didn't give mouth to mouth, he didn't do any of that stuff. This is--

SMITH

Were you there?

LARRY

Wha...? I....

SMITH

Were. You. There?

LARRY

Um....

SMITH

That's what I thought. We're wasting time here. How hard is it to get a tape of Tom Cruise running?

WHITE

Larry... could you and I...?

David shuffles Larry aside while the others continue their problem-solving session.

WHITE (cont'd)

I realize, we may be deviating from reality here, Larry.

LARRY

I was not... That guy was not passed out on the floor.

WHITE

Well, we're gonna deviate a little. It's creative license.

LARRY

But--

WHITE

I understand your need to be true to your character and what your gut tells you. But all this - the running and the waiter passing out like a woman - they add tension to the scene, see? Dramatic tension.

LARRY

It's just--

WHITE

We're not making a documentary here, Larry. We're making a, uh, a motion picture about a true event. Eh?

LARRY

Mr. White--

WHITE

Alright, let's get back to it, huh?

White rejoins the group still in conversation.

NICK

-- but he was running away there. It's a different gate. We need him running to somebody.

SMITH

Precisely.

LARRY

Uh... he ran in Jerry Maguire.

WHITE  
What's that, Larry?

LARRY  
At the end. When Cuba Gooding Jr. was  
unconscious....

SMITH  
Get a tape of it.

GRIP #2  
I thought it was "Kyoo-ba."

WHITE  
We can get a tape of it.

TOM  
No, it's "koo-ba."

NICK  
I'll run to the store.

SMITH  
Where's Brian?

WHITE  
I got a meeting to catch.

SMITH  
Take twenty, everyone.

Everyone shuffles off leaving Larry standing alone in the  
"restaurant."

He notices some fast-food bags on one of the prop  
restaurant tables. He bussess the table.

CUT TO:

INT. HEATHER'S TRAILER - DAY

Heather and Larry burst into the trailer together.

LARRY  
God, that was great!

HEATHER  
You nailed that scene, fucking nailed  
it to the wall.

LARRY  
We nailed it. God, the energy! When  
that guy came back to life?

LARRY(cont'd)

I knew what it was like to be him - to have that kind of power. I gotta get to work if I wanna keep that level of intensity. You were incredible!

HEATHER

Couldn't you feel the passion Nicole had for you - the fire?

LARRY

I felt it.

HEATHER

Those are the moments I've always dreamed about - the ones I kept telling you could happen. A scene like that - capturing something so beautiful on film. It's magic. I've had this dream so long and wanted it so bad... it's finally mine. It's all I've ever wanted. Tell me I'm right, tell me it's mine.

LARRY

It's yours. It's all yours.

They kiss passionately, falling onto the couch.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Nick and Tom walk by.

TOM

So, what did you think of the scene?

NICK

Sucked.

TOM

Ha, ha. I don't mind a bitch if she can act, but God....

NICK

How hard is it to run like Tom Cruise?

TOM

And the Oscar for Total Crap goes to....

They LAUGH as they walk away.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jane comes in.

Larry's on the couch in his boxer shorts reading "Dianetics" by L. Ron Hubbard. The book obscures his face.

JANE  
...You're not ready?

LARRY  
(nose in the book)  
Ready for what?

JANE  
We're going over to Bre and Johnny's  
for dinner. I told you that yesterday.

No response.

Jane pushes the book down from Larry's face.

JANE (cont'd)  
Tom, I need you to get Larry for me,  
okay? He's going to dinner with me and  
we have to get ready.

LARRY  
...That's not funny.

JANE  
It wasn't supposed to be.

LARRY  
I'm a method actor.

JANE  
Don't you mean a method look-alike?

Larry acts hurt. He turns and stares out the window.

Jane goes to him.

JANE (cont'd)  
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that.  
I'm just getting... frustrated with  
all this. I mean, you're changing.

LARRY  
I'm trying my guts out here, Jane. For  
us. For both of us.

JANE

I know, I know. Maybe that's what's so frustrating. You're getting lost in this Tom Cruise persona.

LARRY

It's acting.

JANE

No, it's... I don't know who I'm making love to anymore. It's... I'll get over it. I know this is important for you - for us. I'm sorry. Okay?

LARRY

No, I'm the asshole - neglecting you. I'm sorry.

JANE

We love each other, right?

(Larry nods)

Alright then. We're not going to let Tom Cruise get in our way.

Jane smiles a little and Larry kisses her tenderly.

His head over Jane's shoulder. Larry looks at a poster on the wall in the corner. It's a promotional poster for the movie, Far and Away starring Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman.

Larry stares at the illustration of Nicole.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Tom and Nick sit in directors chairs. Various star look-alikes and other people meander around in formalwear.

TOM

I figure Hell.

NICK

What about Harrison Ford?

TOM AND NICK

Heaven.

NICK

Definitely.

Larry walks by in a tux.

NICK (cont'd)

Tom Cruise?

TOM

Heaven, probably.

NICK

What about... Alecia Silverstone?

TOM

Her own personal hell.

Harry, the Jack Nicholson look-alike, saunters by in a tux.

NICK

Ha, ha... what about Jack?

TOM

Uh... Heaven.

NICK

Heaven?!

TOM

What?

NICK

Nicholson?!

TOM

Why not?

NICK

Wha...? Because he was "Jack," man.

TOM

He wasn't a bad guy.

NICK

He was "Jack"! He wouldn't be caught  
dead in Heaven.

Here comes Smith with a megaphone.

SMITH

(on the megaphone)

Alright people. It's a big day. I need  
all the stars to report to the limo  
area. Where's Tom?

(off the megaphone)

Where's Tom?

TOM  
I'm right here.

SMITH  
I mean Tom Cruise.

NICK  
He's dead.

SMITH  
Very funny. You guys take care of the red carpet?

TOM  
We got guys taking care of it.

SMITH  
Alright. But Tom, I want you out there to keep everyone organized. Nick, you find Tom Cruise and tell him to find me. And keep an eye out for two Jack Nicholsons. It's a rivalry or something.

Nick and Tom go.

NICK  
Heaven. What a dumb ass.

TOM  
Shut up.

SMITH  
(on the megaphone)  
All stars and related look-alikes report to the limos.

Brian shows up with a script and some loose pages.

BRIAN  
I made the changes we talked about.

SMITH  
Yeah, yeah, let's see....

Alan throws an arm around Brian as they walk away.

They pass Travis - who glares at them with contempt.

CUT TO:

HANDS

Opening an envelope. The card inside says: "That's A Wrap!  
You are cordially invited to the wrap party for The Last  
Oscar Show...."

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVID WHITE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Big party. Huge spread. EVERYBODY's mingling. Balloons  
float in the pool. Black-tied servers circle the area with  
big platters of hors d'oeuvres.

White eyes Heather across the pool as he talks to Stu.

WHITE

Hate to hand it to ya, Limra. But  
she's great.

STU

One of my best, I think.

WHITE

She's gonna be the next big thing.

STU

And Lawrence.

WHITE

Who?

STU

Larry. Tom.

WHITE

Oh, him too. Definitely.  
(food platter goes by)  
Oooh, shrimp.

White takes in his surroundings as he walks over to the  
catering table.

STU

Nice place you got here. Asshole.

Meanwhile, Larry and Jane are walking around on the second-  
story deck, looking out over the pool area.

LARRY

Look at this. Did you ever think it?

JANE

It's nice.

LARRY

This is Hollywood.

Jane watches Larry get caught up in the moment.

HEATHER (O.S.)

"Tom!"

Larry and Jane turn around to see Heather running up.

LARRY

"Nicole," hey!

Larry and Heather hug. Jane doesn't seem pleased.

Still clinging to Larry, Heather eyes Jane.

HEATHER

You must be Jane.

JANE

(smirks)

Must I?

Heather lets go of Larry.

HEATHER

Larry was right. You look just like Joan Fontaine.

LARRY

Told you.

JANE

Who?

HEATHER

Joan Fontaine. You know, the actress in Jane Eyre and Hitchcock's Rebecca. You watch movies, don't you?

JANE

I'm not much of a fan, really.

HEATHER

You're kidding?

LARRY

Yeah, Jane's more into reality.

HEATHER

That's so... regular.

JANE

Not really. I read the novels, Jane Eyre and Rebecca. You read, don't you?

HEATHER

Only if the first words are "FADE IN."

Jane smiles. Although, if she were a cat, she'd be hissing.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Oh! Tom, you have got to meet my new agent! He's--

LARRY

W-w-wait. New agent. What happened to Stu? I thought--

HEATHER

Oh, I didn't tell you. Stu. Stu's a great guy. But he's... well I can't be somebody else for the rest of my career, can I?

LARRY

What are you--

HEATHER

You want me to set up a meeting?

LARRY

Meet... No! Stu's here. Tonight.

HEATHER

It's a party, Larry. People talk. C'mon, he's right down there.

Heather points down to the party, below.

Jane shakes her head, disgusted by Heather's scheming.

HEATHER (cont'd)

There. The one wearing Prada.

LARRY

Wow, he must be good.

JANE

(walking up behind them)  
Wait, there's Stu.

JANE(cont'd)

(shouts)  
Stu! Hey, Stu!

Jane puts her fingers in her mouth and whistles.

PARTY GOERS turn and glare at Jane.

Stu sees her, too. Jane motions for him to come over.

LARRY  
Jane...?

JANE  
What? I'm calling your agent over. You know, the one wearing St. John's Bay?

HEATHER  
I was just trying to help him.

Jane and Heather size each other up.

LARRY  
(to Heather)  
He's coming over here. Look: I don't want Stu to know about the new agent, okay? Wait here.

Larry runs down the stairs to meet Stu.

Meanwhile, Heather and Jane look down over the party.

HEATHER  
Look, Jane. I'm just trying to help him. He's a great guy and--

JANE  
He was a great guy. Now he's someone named "Tom."

HEATHER  
He's a talented actor. You know, if I were you, I would be a little more careful. You may not be sitting beside him when they open the envelope.

JANE  
Excuse me?

HEATHER  
Don't drag him down because you're hung up on what you think is right, Jane. Morality is relative.

JANE

Who do you think you are?

HEATHER

Watch Biography Thursday night if you  
wanna know that - the Rising Stars  
special. You're in a different world  
now, Jane. One you obviously don't  
understand. The rules are different.

Heather walks off. Jane smolders.

Looking out over the party, she sees Larry chatting with  
Stu. Heather's agent (the one in Prada) approaches them and  
joins their conversation. But his attention is focused on  
Larry. And soon, Larry's attention is all on him as well.

Stu must realize it. Because he's shuffling away.

Jane shakes her head. Then her eyes catch Heather standing  
by the buffet table, watching her agent woo Larry.

She glances up at Jane and smiles. An evil smile.

Jane turns around and grabs another glass of wine off a  
passing tray.

Everyone's in their little party cliques, mingling, making  
deals. Jane's all by herself.

CUT TO:

BLACK

MUSIC builds as master voice talent JOHN LAFONTAINE's voice-  
over begins:

LAFONTAINE (V.O.)

In a world of make believe...

A FLARE OF WHITE LIGHT AND...

CUT TO:

THE BIG HOLLYWOOD SIGN

LAFONTAINE (V.O.)

The only thing real... is death.

A RED FILTER fades in.

ANOTHER FLARE OF WHITE LIGHT AND...

CUT TO:

TOM CRUISE

Waving in slow motion - Nicole on his arm.

LAFONTAINE (V.O.)(cont'd)  
It was their last performance...

A FLARE OF WHITE LIGHT...

CUT TO:

TOM HANKS

Smiling his everyman smile - moving in slow motion.

A FLARE OF WHITE LIGHT...

CUT TO:

JIM CARREY

Hamming it up in slow motion.

LAFONTAINE (V.O.)  
It was...

A FLARE OF WHITE LIGHT...

CUT TO:

THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF AN OSCAR STATUE

LAFONTAINE (V.O.)(cont'd)  
"The Last Oscar Show."

The MUSIC reaches a crescendo.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The Oscar statue is broken in half. A TITLE appears under the statue:

"The Last Oscar Show."

LAFONTAINE (V.O.)(cont'd)  
Coming... this Christmas.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

David White turns off the big TV at the end of the room and faces his audience - Ken Andrews and his staff from marketing: JIM and ALEX are wearing jeans. DONNA and MARIE are dressed for business.

WHITE

What do you think?

KEN

I thought we weren't going to use any stock footage.

WHITE

Just the ads - for recognition.

JIM

I think it's fine.

ALEX

It works. I like how you changed all my copy.

WHITE

Alan had some issues with the copy.

ALEX

Uh, huh.

WHITE

And you guys know this is just the beginning. I want a big roll out: "The Stars are Back" - like that.

JIM

This was just a teaser.

WHITE

I know that.

KEN

I'm still not sure I like the name.

WHITE

Ken, we've been over this.

KEN

But it wasn't the last Oscar show. They've decided to have it this year.

ALEX

But, it's the last one. Y'know, "the last one" they had.

Jim and Alex CHUCKLE.

WHITE

We're talking figuratively here.

JIM

At the next Oscar show, everyone'll say "I hope nothing happens like at the last Oscar show."

Jim and Alex CHUCKLE some more.

DONNA

It's a public relations nightmare.

MARIE

Already. I don't like the name either.

WHITE

The name--

KEN

I think it needs something more awe-inspiring like "The Black Hole" - you know like a bunch of exploded stars?

DONNA

Aren't those called quasars?

MARIE

I don't know.

ALEX

An exploding star is called a nova.

JIM

I thought it was a quasar.

ALEX

Stars go nova.

KEN

But then you're left with a black hole. Like, we're all left with black holes in our hearts --

ALEX

Oh, please....

KEN

-- and Hollywood is a black hole. Like you can't have a truly great movie without stars.

WHITE

We've got stars.

KEN

I'm talking figuratively.

JIM

What about "Falling Stars"? It's kinda melancholy and--

ALEX

What about "Going Nova"?

MARIE

Nobody knows what that means.

ALEX

You don't know what it means.

KEN

It's not a sci-fi movie.

ALEX

The Black Hole was.

White keeps trying to get a word in.

JIM

What about "The Last Picture Show"?

ALEX

(shaking his head)  
Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepard...

JIM

Huh?

ALEX

You've never seen The Last Picture Show?

WHITE

Look! The name stays, alright? Every film that comes out of my office you guys gotta pick it apart. Great films sell themselves. People go see them. Just put the best parts in a TV commercial and... They. Will. Come.

ALEX

Then let's call it "Field of Dreams."

Alex and Jim CHUCKLE.

WHITE

It's called what it's called.

JIM

"Field of Dead Bodies." Ha, ha.

DONNA

Public relations nightmare.

MARIE

When's it going to be finished?

WHITE

We're editing right now.

CUT TO:

INT. EDIT SUITE - SEEMINGLY NIGHT

The room is dark except for the light coming from four big computer screens and a video monitor.

Alan Smith and EDWIN MURPHY are working quietly.

SMITH

...So Marcus has his head in the glove compartment, right? I'm hiding the crack pipe in the back seat - y'know between the seats...?

Light floods the room.

WHITE

Hey, guys.

Smith and "Murph" turn, shielding their eyes.

SMITH

Godammit!

MURPHY

Aw, man.

WHITE

What?

SMITH

We're trying to fucking work. Stop that will you, Murph?

Murphy taps some computer keys.

WHITE

What, the goddam Executive fucking Producer can't check up on his own goddam project?!

SMITH

It's not personal. We just can't have you looking over our fucking shoulders all the time.

WHITE

Just checkin' in. I don't want to make the creative decisions. Where are we?

MURPHY

We're uh... scene eighteen: Cruise saves the waiter.

SMITH

Some great shit. Fabulous.

WHITE

All one shot, huh?

SMITH

No, we're gonna break it up.

WHITE

What? What the hell for?

SMITH

Goddammit! Would you just--

WHITE

Alright, alright.

(beat)

I got final cut. You know that.

SMITH

Son of a... Yes! Yes! I know the studio has final cut. Shit. The studio's bigger than you, y'know.

WHITE

And I'm bigger than you.

MURPHY

Why don't we watch the sex scene again?

WHITE

What sex scene?

SMITH

Oh, yeah. You weren't there. Bri & I tacked it on one day - improv.

WHITE

Alan....

SMITH

Relax. It didn't cost anything. You gotta see this.

Murphy works some keyboard magic and White's mouth drops.

SMITH (cont'd)

Turn up the sound.

The sound comes up and it's Heather, MOANING.

WHITE

Oh, my God.

SMITH

Ha, ha. I can't believe she did some of this shit. That girl is hungry. She'll go far. Very far.

The three men continue to watch the monitor. White takes a seat while a recorded Heather continues her CARNAL SQUEALS.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

Heather strikes suggestive poses in front of LUIS, the photographer, and his flashing camera.

Off to the side, Yvette primps Larry for his upcoming photo session. He's wearing a tux.

He can't take his eyes off Heather.

YVETTE

Fantastic, fantastic, darlings. Heather, you're beautiful. Luis, you're a genius. Larry's turn, yes?

Heather strides out of the hot lights. Slides past Larry, kissing him hungrily on the lips on the way to her dressing room. Larry watches her go. She turns and winks at him, smiling like the devil.

YVETTE (cont'd)

Larry, chop, chop. Come now. We're on a schedule.

CUT TO:

INT. FOCUS GROUP ROOM - DAY

White and a research assistant, ANDY, are in a focus group room awaiting the arrival of the test audience who just watched a screening of The Last Oscar Show.

WHITE

Okay, bring 'em in. How many?

ANDY

Um, twenty, actually.

WHITE

Ooh, twenty - okay bring 'em in. How many women?

ANDY

Um, actually, about ten.

WHITE

The rest men?

ANDY

...? Um, yes, that's right.

WHITE

Bring 'em in. Expressions pleased?

ANDY

Um, squinting actually.

(beat)

It's dark in there, so they squint.

WHITE

Alright go, go.

Andy leaves the room through one door while White hurries out through another.

INT. FOCUS GROUP VIEWING ROOM - DAY

White joins Alan Smith in the little room. They watch through a two-way mirror built into the wall as Andy shuffles people into the focus group room.

SMITH  
Great crowd, good mix.

WHITE  
I'm worried about the ending.

SMITH  
No, no, they loved the ending. That's the reason everyone'll go to see it.

WHITE  
I don't know, the way we had Anthony Hopkins impaled on that giant Oscar statue....

SMITH  
No, no, that's real! See, that's the reality of the business. That image symbolizes everything an actor will sacrifice to win an Oscar. They'd impale their very souls upon it.

WHITE  
But Hopkins was an Oscar-winner.

SMITH  
That's what makes it so tragic.

The people in the focus group room all find their seats.

WHITE  
They look kinda dazed.

SMITH  
It's a good kinda dazed.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE VIEWING ROOM AND THE FOCUS GROUP ROOM:

ANDY  
Okay, um, actually, I'd like to start by thanking everyone for taking part in our test audience. Did everyone get their Last Oscar Show T-shirts?

The people nod and AD-LIB affirmatives.

ANDY (cont'd)

Great. Okay, well, now I'm going to ask you all some questions about the movie, and if anyone wants to respond, just feel free to do that, okay?

OLD MAN

(refers to mirror)

Is there somebody behind there?

Behind the mirror, Smith and White duck down.

ANDY

Um... actually, there are some people from the studio who are here to--

WOMAN

I don't like being watched like that.

ANDY

Um... actually, they're just taking some notes to help us with the film.

OLD MAN

Why do they even have that anymore? Everyone knows what it is. Who are they trying to fool?

ANDY

Let's get started with the actual questions, shall we?

OLD MAN

I ain't no fool.

WOMAN

I don't like being watched.

ANDY

So, would someone like to tell me what they thought of the film?

WOMAN

(eyeing the mirror)

I liked it. A lot.

SMITH

See. They got it, baby!

YOUNGER WOMAN

I liked it, too. I thought I wasn't at first, seeing all those people get killed.

YOUNGER WOMAN(cont'd)

But I thought it was really handled with care - and I really liked that Tom Cruise fella.

SMITH

Yes! Yes!

WHITE

It's only two people.

SMITH

Yeah, yeah, but the first one's set the tone. Like the critics. The rest follow like sheep.

WHITE

You think so?

SMITH

I can see it now. Four stars. Yeah!

WHITE

Just four? Shit, we got all the stars.

SMITH

I'll trade all of 'em for a four fucking star film.

YOUNG MAN

It's the best film I've seen all year so far.

SMITH

Fuckin' A!

WHITE

A few more groups like this and I'm on the damn phone. I'm pushing for the biggest premier in movie history.

YOUNG MAN

Do we get our money now, or in the mail?

CUT TO:

THE TONIGHT SHOW WITH JAY LENO

Larry sits in the guests chair. Heather sits beside him - as if her guest segment has already taken place.

LENO

And I believe we have another clip from the film, don't we, Lawrence? One of your scenes?

LARRY

Right, uh, this scene... I think it's the scene where I, uh, Tom Cruise actually - me playing Tom Cruise of course - gives a busboy, uh, or a waiter, the Heimlich Maneuver.

LENO

Sounds pretty complicated. I remember, that actually happened, right?

LARRY

Uh....

LENO

Yeah, that really happened - over at, uh, what's-their-name on Sunset.

LARRY

Right.

LENO

Yeah, some idiot busboy was eating food off a table or something, right?

LARRY

Actually, that's--

LENO

What, are they letting homeless people bus tables now? What's the deal?

LARRY

That's really not important to the scene, really.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAGAZINE RACK - DAY

The pictures LUIS took of Larry and Heather are plastered all over the stands. Magazines are flying off the shelves.

CUT TO:

THE LATE SHOW WITH DAVID LETTERMAN

Larry sits in the guests chair.

LETTERMAN

Are you sure you're not Tom Cruise?

LARRY

Only on film.

LETTERMAN

(to Paul Schaeffer)

Only on film. Did you hear that, Paul?  
If we'd shot the show on film, we'd  
have Tom Cruise on.

(to Larry)

What was your name again, son?

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

Larry walks in front of the restaurant he used to work for.  
A group of TEENAGE GIRLS approach him. He signs their  
autograph books.

CUT TO:

THE ROSIE O'DONNELL SHOW

Rosie's hugging Larry, fawning all over him.

ROSIE

Oh, gawd. It's like deja vu! You look  
just like - doesn't he look like Tom  
Cruise? Oh, my gawd.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Jane sits at her desk reading a book. Toddlers are asleep  
on pallets.

There's a soft TAPPING from across the room. Jane doesn't  
hear it at first. After a few taps, she looks up.

Larry is standing at the door.

Jane gets up and carefully works her way through the  
sleeping children.

She joins Larry in the hall.

JANE

Wow, twice in one year. Let's see,  
first daisies, so it must be roses  
this time.

Larry doesn't smile. He paces back and forth.

JANE (cont'd)

What's wrong? Is it the film? Did they  
cut some of your scenes? What?

Larry stops pacing.

LARRY

Jane, I... Oh, man. This is....

JANE

Larry, you're making me nervous here.  
(motions to classroom)  
And if I'm nervous around small  
children, they can sense that like  
wild dogs. Soon the flesh is torn from  
the body and --

LARRY

I'm in love with Nicole, Jane.

JANE

Wha... What?

LARRY

I've fallen in love with Nicole.

Jane's dumbstruck. She leans against the wall.

LARRY (cont'd)

I didn't mean for it to happen. It  
shouldn't have. I mean, I didn't think  
it could ever... happen. Nicole and I  
- it's just something I can't explain.  
How can you? Things like this, they're  
too unexplainable to explain.

JANE

"Nicole." You're in love with "Nicole."

LARRY

Jane, I never --

JANE

"Nicole" - you asshole. Her name is  
not "Nicole" - it's Heather, her name  
is Heather. Heather.

JANE(cont'd)

And yours is not Tom. It's Larry.  
Larry from... fucking Lake Woebegone,  
Minnesota. Goddammit! I can't... What  
world are you occupying space in now,  
Larry? Let me help you out with  
something you're having trouble with:  
it's make-believe, okay? A magic show.  
And here's a hint for being an actor:  
know the difference between pretend  
and reality. Watch: see: this is  
pretend:

Jane smiles and dances around.

JANE (cont'd)

I'm pretending to be happy, see? See  
that? Now, this is reality:

Jane stops dancing. She's very angry now.

JANE (cont'd)

See how that works? Reality, Larry.  
I've got a kid in there with an IQ  
lower than "Rainman" who can grasp the  
concept better than you. Pretend to be  
somebody else, pretend you're a star  
who falls in love. Did you ever stop  
for a minute to think that's what  
she's doing?

LARRY

She... We both feel this way.

JANE

She's obviously a better actor than  
you are, Larry. Since you're so far  
removed you can't tell the difference  
between a nice piece and, and, love!  
Which is what we....

LARRY

Jane, please. Understand --

JANE

No, Larry.

(beat)

It's time to say goodbye.

LARRY

Jane....

JANE

Say goodbye, Larry. Just say goodbye.

Larry looks at her. She doesn't budge.

A LONG PAUSE.

LARRY

They'll be by to get my things later.  
I'm moving into a house. A real house.  
Can you imagine?

Jane turns away from him.

Larry stands around for an uncomfortable moment.

Then he walks away.

Jane leans against the wall. Too angry for tears.

CUT TO:

A MARQUIS

"World Premier"

"The Last Oscar Show"

CUT TO:

A BOTTLE OF DOM PERIGNON

The cork pops.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Glitz and glamour, tuxedos and formal dresses. It's "The Last Oscar Show" premier party.

Larry stands holding a glass of champagne.

He's cool and confident. Maybe a little vain.

He has "arrived."

TWO CUTE TEENS approach him with an autograph book. It's clear they're starstruck.

TEEN #1

Um... excuse me.

TEEN #2

Would you sign our book?

LARRY

Yes, of course.

TEEN #1  
We thought you were great.

TEEN #2  
Our dad got us in.

Larry smiles politely as he signs the autograph book.  
He writes the first two letters of "Tom," then stops.

LARRY  
Who is this to, again?

TEEN #2  
Um... Misty and Tess?

LARRY  
Misty and Tess...

Larry ends up with an extravagant scribble that says "To  
Misty and Tess (and then a little heart) Lawrence Oliver."

LARRY (cont'd)  
Here you go.

The girls GIGGLE as they move away. Larry smiles.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Oh, my God! Is that Lawrence  
Oliver...?

Larry turns to see Yvette and Stu. Yvette hugs him.

YVETTE  
My God! What a performance.

STU  
(shaking his hand)  
Great job, Larry.

LARRY  
Yeah, thanks.

YVETTE  
I am going to have so many messages  
when I get back to the office.

STU  
Your new office.

YVETTE

My new office. You are the toast of this town, Lawrence Oliver. Am I right, Stu?

STU

She's right, Larry. And this is only the beginning. Stick with us, kid. You're going places.

LARRY

Um, yeah, Stu. Listen --

YVETTE

Two words, Larry: Barbara Walters Special. Oh, my God, that's three. Ha!

STU

Ha, ha. I think your publicist has been working a little too hard, Larry. We're gonna call it a night.

LARRY

Uh, Stu....

STU

Great job, kid. I'm proud of you.

LARRY

...Thanks, Stu. Yvette.

STU

Now if the lady will join me for coffee...?

Stu offers his arm to Yvette. Yvette takes it.

YVETTE

You old goat.

STU

See ya later, Larry. Stop by some time. See my new office.

Larry smiles politely as they walk away.

They pass David White, who's on the make with a YOUNG ACTRESS.

WHITE

Limra! Glad you could make it, buddy.

STU  
Guess we pulled it off, huh White?

WHITE  
We?

Stu and Yvette continue on. White gets back to flirting.

MEANWHILE

Elsewhere at the party, Alan Smith is talking to SOME PEOPLE. He's in the middle of some story.

SMITH  
So he had to drive all the way back to Vegas with a van full of mary jane - and this is 1973, so he never --

Larry shows up.

LARRY  
Alan, where's Heather?

SMITH  
Shit, I don't know.  
(back to the story)  
So anyway, he had a raging hard on the whole way there, and...

MEANWHILE

Elsewhere at the party, Travis and Brian are in the middle of an argument.

BRIAN  
I tried to tell him you wrote it!

TRAVIS  
"Tried"? Why didn't you just say it?

BRIAN  
Why the hell didn't you?

TRAVIS  
I wasn't gonna lose my job!

Larry passes by.

LARRY  
Have you guys seen Heather?

The guys shake their heads. Larry keeps looking.

BRIAN

We had a deal. You'll get your money,  
if that's what you're worried about.

TRAVIS

It's not about the money. It's about  
the credit.

BRIAN

Hey, man. No offense, but that wasn't  
your script up on that screen tonight.

TRAVIS

You don't think I know that?

BRIAN

I rewrote the whole thing.

TRAVIS

I thought Alan rewrote it.

BRIAN

...

TRAVIS

You mother...!

Fist fight.

MEANWHILE

Larry's just found Heather.

LARRY

Hey. Heather. C'mon, I thought we  
could celebrate.

HEATHER

We are celebrating. It's a premier  
party. As in "celebration"?

LARRY

I mean just you and me.

HEATHER

Larry... it's opening weekend.

LARRY

I know. That's what I'm saying. So,  
let's go out and --

HEATHER

But we're done.

LARRY  
What do you mean?

HEATHER  
Did you know every studio in town is clamoring to get me in their next film?

LARRY  
Me, too. So...?

HEATHER  
So, I've finally made it. After all the fucking shit.

LARRY  
We both have.

HEATHER  
I thought you understood. All of this. It was for the film, Larry. Did you think we were going to be Tom and Nicole forever?

Larry's trying to take this in.

HEATHER (cont'd)  
The movie's over, Larry. It's over.

Larry looks around.

He sees look-alikes partying. They look like the dead stars they impersonated in the movie, but they're not acting anymore. They're being themselves.

LARRY  
(sotto)  
So stupid.

Another pretty TEEN (#3) approaches him.

TEEN #3  
Mr. Cru-? I mean... Mr. Oliver? Can I have --

LARRY  
(sotto)  
Oh, no....

HEATHER  
Larry?

LARRY  
No... oh, no....

Larry runs away. Heather and Teen #3 watch.

Then the Teen turns to Heather.

TEEN #3  
Will you sign my book.

HEATHER  
(smiling too big)  
Of course! What's your name?

MEANWHILE

White's still working on the Young Actress.

WHITE  
Everybody's always bitching about credit - what the hell is credit? I'm trying my best to put this fucking film together and... Y'know I got a project coming up that you would be perfect for. Are those real?

Larry flies by.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANN'S - NIGHT

Nick and Tom are drinking beer, talking to A FEW GIRLS.

NICK  
Heaven.

TOM  
You're crazy!

NICK  
Why?

Larry bolts through the doors and runs past them.

TOM  
Wh...? That's it! That was it!

NICK  
Huh?

TOM  
Larry. The run! That was it!

NICK  
You're drunk, man.

Larry runs. But PAPARAZZI and RABID FANS have suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Larry fights his way through the crowd as they grab at him, tearing his jacket.

He makes it through the crowd a little the worse for wear.

And he keeps running. A few diehards run after him, some SHOUTING "Tom! It's Tom!"

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Larry runs.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Larry runs.

LARRY

Jane! Jane!

Larry reaches his apartment door and tries the knob. Then he pounds on the door, breathless.

LARRY (cont'd)

Jane!

Larry's upstairs neighbor WALTER appears in the hallway.

WALTER

Not there, chief.

LARRY

Walter... where is she?

WALTER

Guys moved everything this morning.

Walter opens the door to the stairwell.

LARRY

Wait, did she say anything?

Walter shrugs his shoulders...

WALTER

She said goodbye.

Walter goes up the stairs. Larry tries the knob again.

Then he runs to the stairwell.

LARRY

Wait, Walter! Can I use your phone?

WALTER (O.S.)

They unhooked it yesterday. I stopped paying the bills.

Larry runs away.

WALTER (O.S.) (cont'd)

Hey, but I finally got the cable working again.

(beat)

Larry?

CUT TO:

EXT. - PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Larry's on the phone. Paparazzi surround the booth.

LARRY

(into the phone)

It's in Nevada. I don't... No, I said collect. It's in Nevada. I don't... shit!

Larry slams the phone down. Twice. Three times.

LARRY (cont'd)

Shit!

Larry slumps in the phone booth, defeated. Cameras flash all around him.

Larry's becomes annoyed by the flashes of light. He shields his eyes and hits the side of the booth.

Hits it again. Again. Building into a rage. He violently squeezes out of the booth and fights his way through the paparazzi.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

Larry wanders aimlessly in his disheveled tux, staring at the ground. He clutches a camera lens in one hand.

He passes a newsstand where a GUY is loading up the racks with magazines bearing Larry's smiling face.

Larry trudges by, staring at the ground. Soon, he realizes he's on the Walk of Fame.

He watches the stars go by as he walks.

Then he stops.

He stands on Tom Cruise's star.

He stares at it, dropping to his knees.

Then he breaks down. Then he pounds the star with the camera lens until the lens is destroyed. Then he beats the ground with his open hands, then with his fist. Then he breaks down again.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

Stu sits at his new desk, surrounded by new mahogany furniture and silk wallpaper. In front of him is a pristine USA Today newspaper.

In the upper corner of the front page is a blurb for a Last Oscar Show review. Four stars.

Stu stares at the paper.

He runs his hands over it.

STU

This one thing.

LARRY (O.S.)

Stu?

Stu looks up to see Larry standing in the doorway still in his former tux.

STU

Kid! Some party last night, huh?

Larry looks down at his clothes.

LARRY

Yeah.

STU

I told you, didn't I? You're a hit. Haven't read the review yet, but four stars - they loved you.

LARRY

Yeah, good review.

STU

Of course it is. Not to brag, but I don't just get punks off the street. You really were fantastic. Come on in here. Sit down. We'll read --

LARRY

I'm dropping you, Stu.

STU

...Oh.

LARRY

I wanted to tell you last night.

STU

Oh... When did this happen?

LARRY

Last week. I... I'm gonna sign with that guy at CAA.

STU

Back in business, huh?

LARRY

Yeah, they just had to regroup after the... It's nothing personal.

STU

I know, I know.

LARRY

I never would have made it this far without you, Stu.

STU

I know. You just need somebody who can get the big projects for you. Better table, better contract. I know. That's the Business.

LARRY

You're a great agent, Stu.

STU

Aw, you don't have to say anything else, son. I knew this was coming. I knew it a long time before I saw these four stars in the paper today.

STU(cont'd)

You don't have to apologize for anything. You were a great client. My best.

LARRY

The "linchpin"?

Stu almost chuckles.

STU

I, uh... I heard you and Heather didn't work out.

LARRY

Already? She broke it off last night.

STU

Shame. Perfect couple, you two.

LARRY

Only in the movies, I guess.

STU

Mm. Great thing about the movies, though: you get as many takes as you need to get it perfect. Last night, on that screen, you were perfect, Larry. You were great.

LARRY

But a copy's not quite as good as the original is it?

STU

What's that?

LARRY

Nothing. Listen, I'll call you next week, huh?

Stu nods as Larry turns to leave.

STU

Larry...?

LARRY

Yeah?

STU

Anyone ever tell you - you look a lot like somebody?

A smile creeps across Larry's face. He turns and leaves.

Stu sits for a minute.

Then he opens a desk drawer and pulls out a framed picture.

It's Larry's head shot.

Stu finds a lonely nail on his wall and hangs the picture.

He steps back to look at it along with all the other "stars-before-they-were-stars" and look-alikes on the wall.

CUT TO:

THE OSCAR SHOW

The show is FULL SCREEN - just as if it were on TV.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Welcome back to the Academy Awards!

Ladies and gentlemen... the stars of Salt and Pepper...  
Kirk Cameron and Gary Coleman.

GARY COLEMAN and KIRK CAMERON take to the stage to MODERATE  
APPLAUSE. They read from teleprompters:

KIRK

William Shakespeare's tragedies have  
long been considered classics of  
English literature.

GARY

And throughout the years Hamlet,  
Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet - all of  
these tragic stories, and many more,  
have been adapted to film.

KIRK

Tonight's fifth and final nominee for  
Best Picture contains all the elements  
of these historic masterpieces - and  
one more element that makes it more  
tragic than all of them put  
together... the element of truth.

GARY

Ladies and gentlemen, our fifth nominated  
film for Best Picture: The Last Oscar  
Show.

The crowd erupts in THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE as they watch...

A SCENE FROM "THE LAST OSCAR SHOW"

Larry, as Tom Cruise, winks and nods as he follows a maître d' through a restaurant.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh my God! Somebody help!

Larry turns to see a WOMAN cradling an unconscious waiter in her arms. Clichéd MUSIC BUILDS.

IN SLOW MOTION, Larry runs - that Tom Cruise run - and slides on his knees to the waiter's side.

LARRY

Stand back! Somebody call an ambulance!

(points at a MAN)

You. Call an ambulance. Do it!

Larry cocks the waiter's head back and gives him mouth to mouth, then administers CPR.

LARRY

One and two and three and four and c'mon, c'mon...

Mouth to mouth again. More CPR.

LARRY

C'mon! And two and three and...

MAN #2

(to a LADY next to him)

Jesus. I was gonna stiff the guy.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S LOBBY - NIGHT

Stu sits on the lobby couch eating a sandwich and watching Larry on a little TV.

He seems very proud. And very sad.

CUT TO:

THE OSCAR SHOW - FULL SCREEN

LARRY

...and seven and eight and nine and...

Larry's about to give mouth to mouth again, when the Waiter revives - COUGHING. The clichéd MUSIC reaches a CRESCENDO.

LARRY (cont'd)

Yes. Thank you. Thank you.

The EXTRAS in the scene APPLAUD.

HEATHER

Oh, thank God.

Larry chokes back a macho tear.

LARRY

Are you okay? Can you tell me your name?

The Waiter looks at Larry and overacts when he says...

WAITER

Tom Cruise...?

LARRY

Heh, heh. That's my name, too.

WEEPY LAUGHTER all around. Larry chokes back another tear.

He stands up, smiling - that Tom Cruise smile. Heather runs to him and they embrace. FREEZE FRAME.

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE erupts from the auditorium.

CUT TO:

A TV SCREEN

The screen shows Larry sitting in his seat at the Oscars - smiling big. The DITZY MODEL next to him LAUGHS as she wipes tears from her eyes.

Brian's sitting behind them holding an Oscar statuette.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A drunk Travis sits on the couch watching Brian on TV. He spins the cylinder of the revolver in his hand and snaps his wrist, swinging it into place. He props his elbow on one knee, gun ready.

THE OSCAR SHOW - FULL SCREEN

Kirk and Gary bow and wave as they exit the stage.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and Gentleman... Eric Baldwin.

"ERIC" (!?) BALDWIN takes the stage amid DYING APPLAUSE.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAVIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Travis has the gun in his mouth.

He removes it when he sees Eric Baldwin take the stage.

Then he shrugs his shoulders and puts it back in his mouth.

CUT TO:

THE OSCAR SHOW - FULL SCREEN

ERIC BALDWIN

It's now time to present the Oscar for  
Best Actor.

APPLAUSE.

ERIC BALDWIN (cont'd)

And the nominees are... Joseph Barnes  
for his performance in Lusitania.

Glenn Masterson CHEERS voraciously, elbowing the GUY next  
to him - presumably Joseph Barnes.

ERIC BALDWIN (cont'd)

Kevin Gage for The Hands of Men.

KEVIN GAGE nods appreciatively as the PEOPLE around him pat  
him on the back.

ERIC BALDWIN

Jim Carrey - posthumously for Ace  
Ventura Trois.

A still photo of Jim Carrey.

ERIC BALDWIN (cont'd)

Macaulay Culkin - for his performance  
in The Sorcerer's Apprentice.

MACAULAY and HIS WIFE.

ERIC BALDWIN (cont'd)  
And for The Last Oscar Show...  
Lawrence Oliver.

Larry smiles at his Ditzzy Model.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S OFFICE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Stu waits with bated breath.

STU  
C'mon, kid. C'mon.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jane watches TV while her SISTER sobs quietly on the couch next to her. She glares at Larry and shakes her head - "how pathetic."

CUT TO:

THE OSCAR SHOW - FULL SCREEN

Little boxes on the screen show "Eric" surrounded by the nervous nominees.

ERIC BALDWIN (cont'd)  
And the Oscar for Best Actor goes to...

Eric has some difficulty opening the envelope.

Larry bows his head in prayer, lifts it up - tears forming in his eyes.

Finally, Eric pulls a little card out of the envelope.

He smiles. And just as he opens his mouth to speak...

STATIC engulfs the screen.

FADE OUT.