

"2ND TEAM"

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INT. WESTERN TAVERN SET -- NIGHT

The screen's blurry, opaque. Shadows cross back and forth.

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 You hear about the Canadian who locked
 his keys in his car? Took him two
 weeks to get his family out.

The screen dims and lightens, comes into focus, finds WES
 GRAVES, late 20's, white t-shirt beneath a Tuxedo jacket,
 standing at the end of the bar amidst VARIOUS SALOON EXTRAS.

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Wes? You on his first mark?

Wes nods.

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Quiet please. 2nd Team rehearsal's
 up. BACKGROUND ACTION. Action Wes.

Extras move in and out of frame, BARMAIDS fill trays, COWBOYS
 approach the bar. Wes tips his hat to a Barmaid, winks at
 another. The camera tracks with him, passes beams, catches
 glimpses of cleavage, stops as he walks out the tavern doors.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE -- NIGHT

Wes exits the set. Inside, it looked so real. Outside,
 it's a piece of wood. CREW MEMBERS wait, eat, drink.

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 And.....that's a cut on rehearsal.

The Crew erupts in motion, talk.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - WESTERN TAVERN SET -- NIGHT

Wes re-enters. The Extras return to first positions. The 1ST
 ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, 40's, ball cap, calls out to the crew.

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
 Everybody back to one.
 (into headset)
 Walk in 1st Team. 2nd Team's wrapped.

Wes steps up next to him.

WES
 Hey, it was great working with you.
 (extends voucher)
 How about an end of show bonus?

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Maybe on the next one.

There's a sudden hush as THE STAR enters the set, wearing the same clothes as Wes. He's followed by MAKEUP, HAIR and WARDROBE ASSISTANTS.

The 1st walks away, leaves Wes holding the voucher. Wes dabs at his nose like he's been hit, checks for imaginary blood.

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE -- NIGHT

The stage door slides to a close as Wes scribbles on his voucher. He forges a signature below a self administered bonus.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE #2 -- NIGHT

Extras Holding. Empty, save numerous tables and chairs with coats and backpacks. Wes hands his voucher to a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, 20's, female. She writes the in and out times.

Wes notices her hat - *Boyd Traynor is SOUTHERN CROSS.*

WES

(under his breath;
sarcastic)

Boyd.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

You know him?

WES

Me, him and another buddy were extras on *BRAVE SEASON*. He still an asshole?

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

No. Now he's a tv star.
(returning voucher)
And you're still an extra.

WES

I'm a Stand In.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

There a difference?

Wes notices she scribbled out the bonus. He looks up.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Loser.

EXT. RUNDOWN THEATER -- NIGHT

A weathered sign hangs from uneven chains. We can't make out the establishment's name, but the word "theater" is legible.

Two metal gates have been pulled apart. JOE NATHAN, 40's, husky, trench coat, steps up. He has to slide the gate a little more to make it through.

INT. RUNDOWN THEATER -- NIGHT

Small. Maybe 30 seats. A GROUP OF ACTORS, 20's to 30's, rehearse on the tiny stage. Joe stands in the middle of the aisle, clears his throat. The Actors ignore him, continue.

He clears his throat again, louder. It echoes through the building. Plaster lands toward the front near MARSHALL GRANT, late 20's, the director. He turns and sees Joe.

EXT. RUNDOWN THEATER -- NIGHT

The Actors stand on the sidewalk watching Marshall speak with Joe.

MARSHALL

What's the message here, Joe, huh?
You saying I shoulda bullshit ya'?
Is that what you're saying?

Joe slides the gate closed.

MARSHALL

'Cause if I had we'd still be
rehearsing.

JOE

Hollywood's hard, kid.
(snaps a lock on the
gate)
It's harder when you're stupid.

Joe leaves. The Actors drift away, leave Marshall alone.

INT. WES'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Wes sips from a beer, stares out the window. He's not happy. Behind him, LAURIE, 20's, stands by the door with a FRIEND, 20's. Laurie glances back at Wes. She's been crying.

LAURIE

Let's just go.

They exit. Wes chugs the beer. We PAN to a large billboard. Letters blazoned over the Ultra-Brite smile of a 20's male

read: **Boyd Traynor is SOUTHERN CROSS. Tuesdays at 8.** Bottles - like the one bouncing off Boyd's forehead - are stuck in Boyd's face.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOYD'S BILLBOARD/WES'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A few more bottles made their way into Boyd's face. We PAN back to Wes's. Curtains billow in the window. A phone's ringing. The answering machine picks up.

WES (O.S.)

Hey, you've reached Hollywood's best stand in. Leave a message.

The caller hangs up.

INT. WES'S APARTMENT -- DAY

We spiral around the room. One sheet half hung, a cardboard standup from "Pretty Woman", charts depicting film grosses, tv, dvd, vcr, videos, conspicuous open spaces on shelves, drawers left open. Wes loves film, Laurie left in a hurry. The dialogue overlaps.

WES

Paul Walker. Burger me. You know that was Laurie hanging up.

We hear the wrapper crinkle and notebook pages being turned.

MARSHALL

6'. Has a stand in listed with his deal memo.

The camera rests on Wes sitting in front of a cubic fridge. He uses it as a table for the Hollywood Reporter. Numerous Production Listings are crossed out, others circled with a "W" written in the margin. None have an "M".

Marshall sits by the wall, pile of burgers to his side, DGA Directory in his lap, old binder in his hands. They reference quickly, they've done this before, they're pros. Wes unwraps a burger, a bite's missing. It doesn't faze him.

WES

Topher Grace. I'm pushing thirty and still only a stand in. That's why we broke up.

MARSHALL

5'10. No one in his deal memo. I didn't ask. Soda Me.

WES
Why'd you and Alison split?

MARSHALL
I told you. First A.D.?

Wes opens a can of soda, takes a sip and hands it to Marshall. Wes's finger runs down the credits of the film listing they're on. He stops at "Assistant Director".

WES
Jenkins. Claude. You told me
"because of the sounds".

Silence. Marshall flips through the DGA book.

MARSHALL
First Assistant Director on "Under
Pressure", "Hangman".

Marshall shrugs. Wes writes a "W" in the column.

MARSHALL
That it?

WES
Yep. That's it.

Marshall glances at the periodical, sees the *DEADLY IMPACT* listing, knows it's been skipped. Wes closes the magazine.

MARSHALL
Make it take it?

Wes looks up as if challenged.

WES
Guard me.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

Two pairs of shoes shuffle along the court. Wes keeps up with Marshall as he dribbles.

MARSHALL
I know you skipped the *DEADLY IMPACT* listing. You've worked with the Prop guy before. What's his name? Chandler? And the 2nd A.D.'s Scotty Fitzgerald.

WES
If they find out about *BRAVE SEASON* it'll reflect on me. I'll get you on the next one.

Marshall suddenly shoots and sinks it. Wes grabs the ball.

MARSHALL

(waves for it)

This *is* the next one. C'mon, I do this, I can rent the theater. I need to make some money, Wes. I'm dying.

WES

So now the artist needs money, huh?

MARSHALL

Don't be a jerk. I get something going, you'll be asking for a part.

WES

Like that's gonna happen. What was the last show you finished?

MARSHALL

BRAVE SEASON.

Wes bounces the ball to Marshall. Swish. Wes grabs the ball. Again, Marshall starts dribbling, shoots, sinks it.

WES

Flag on the play.

MARSHALL

Check the rule book, buddy.

WES

20-19. Me.

Marshall starts dribbling. Wes bumps, elbows.

WES

What was the last show you finished?

MARSHALL

BUCCANEER.

WES

You were an extra on *BUCCANEER.*

Marshall sinks it.

MARSHALL

I was a pirate. 20-20. Game point.

Wes gets the ball, rolls it to Marshall. Marshall kicks the ball up with his foot, makes a run for the basket, Wes back pedals. Marshall pulls up to shoot.

WES

What were the sounds?

Marshall slams it off the backboard into Wes's hands. Wes steps behind the foul line, sinks a shot. As they walk off the court, Wes holds out Marshall's jacket. Marshall makes a grab for it but Wes pulls it back.

WES

Rookie move.

Wes hands him his jacket as they walk to their motorcycles. Wes has a brand new bike. Marshall's is a piece of shit.

WES

I wanna help, Marsh. I really do.
But you were the one who got fired.

Marshall throws on a helmet, slides the kickstand up.

MARSHALL

And you were the one who should have.

Marshall push starts the bike, rides off.

INT. SANTA MONICA PIER ARCADE -- EVENING

Marshall plays pinball. ALISON, 20's, pretty, leans on the glass, seemingly blocking his view.

ALISON

I really got you shaking rocks, huh?
Twisted your noodle?

The game's over and he reaches into his pocket. One quarter. He needs three. A HAPPY COUPLE move up to another game, laughing, flirting.

ALISON

You'll get your shot, Marshall. Guys
like you always do. Just be patient.

From further away, WE SEE Marshall standing alone. Alison's conversation was in his mind.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER ARCADE -- EVENING

We're hearing a phone ring through the receiver. As the HAPPY COUPLE exits the Arcade, we DOLLY BACK, find Marshall at a pay phone. Wes answers.

WES (O.S.)

Hello?

MARSHALL

Hey. Just making sure you and your roommate are okay.

INT. WES'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Wes strolls by the window, Boyd's billboard comes into frame.

WES

(sarcastic)

Ha-ha. I spoke with Scotty. We're on. They were just gonna hire some jackoff from Extras Casting.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER ARCADE -- NIGHT

MARSHALL

Thanks.

INT. WES'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Wes leans on the window sill.

WES

Now, we're even.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER ARCADE -- NIGHT

Marshall turns, sees a small *Southern Cross* Ad glowing in the side of the payphone. His face reflects on the glass next to Boyd's. Uncomfortable, he closes his eyes.

WES (O.S.)

Say it.

EXT. WES'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Wes hears Marshall hang up....dabs at his nose.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER ARCADE -- NIGHT

...Boyd continues to smile, though the glass is shattered with spider web cracks. Marshall's reflection walks away.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN -- DAY

"DAY 1 OF 62"

Calm, peaceful. Birds play tag, the tide slips up on the sand. We TRACK BACK past Forty-Footers, cube vans, doors opening, gates lowered, equipment rolled off.

EXT. CATERING TRUCK -- MORNING

A Catering Truck's parked in the lot. A couple tables are set up with cereal, fruits, etc. Wes gets his plate, walks over to the table. Marshall's putting together a plate of fruit.

Across from them, CHELSEA FAIRCHILD, 20's, lithe, girl next door beautiful, down jacket, does the same. Only she struggles to pick out the seeds in various pieces.

CHANDLER, 50's, stands waiting for his plate. Behind him are VARIOUS OTHER CREW MEMBERS including FLEISCHER, 30's, long blonde hair, saber tooth necklace and JERRY, 30's, beer belly.

FLEISCHER

Man, this Canada shit sucks nuts!
I've done three commercials in two months.

JERRY

Lucky you. I'm so far behind on child support the Ex won't lemme see my kids.

Fleischer smiles, cranes his neck to check out the length of the line, takes a step closer to Jerry.

FLEISCHER

Listen, Sparky made me promise not to say anything, but-

SPARKY, 30's, bald, small, thick moustache, leans out from further back.

SPARKY

Sparky what? Sparky had to make some cash that's what Sparky did!

FLEISCHER

Yeah, fuckin' Canadians!

CHANDLER

Canadians gotta support their families too, boys.

A dark lull washes over the line. Chandler receives his order, walks to the table, stands next to Wes.

CHANDLER

Couldn't find a real job, eh, Gaylord?

WES

Hey, Chandler. This is my buddy, Marshall.

Marshall and Chandler shake hands. Chandler turns to Wes.

CHANDLER
How's Laurie?

WES
Didn't work out.

CHANDLER
Keep your chin up.

Chandler walks away, passes HUDSON, 20's, ball cap, glasses, chunky, and another PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, 20's.

HUDSON
I swear to God, you coulda tied a cord between 'em and hung laundry. She had, the biggest nipple erections, I have ever seen. Like my brother says - you want a great titty bar, head for the airport.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
What's this place called?

HUDSON
The Landing Strip!

The Production Assistant laughs.

HUDSON
Jump in front.

Hudson grabs a cup of coffee.

SPARKY
Buddy, the line starts back here.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
It's for Wyman Schwartz the 1st A.D.

JERRY
Do something, Fleischer.

FLEISCHER
Sparky?!?

Sparky flips him off. At the table, Wes glances at Hudson like he's figuring out if he knows him. Hudson smiles.

WES
I'm sorry, you...look familiar.

HUDSON
Yeah, I got that kinda face.

Hudson exits past Chelsea as she picks clean her fruit.

CHELSEA
Seeds. They're useless.

MARSHALL
My Grandmother calls 'em Caveman
Coupons.

CHELSEA
I think I saw that on the Discovery
Channel. I'm Chelsea. I play Tanya,
ball busting Assistant District
Attorney with a great rack.
(leans in, whispers)
Guess they're gonna add that in post.

MARSHALL
Marshall. I'm just a Stand In.

The Crew smells blood, pipes in.

SPARKY
Stand in?

WES
(under breath)
Rookie move.

JERRY
You mean "prop that eats".

SPARKY
Sandbag with an attitude.

FLEISCHER
Meat Puppet.

WES
(to Marshall)
Got a second?

MARSHALL
See ya'.

Chelsea waves with a fork as they walk away.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF CATERING TRUCK -- MORNING

Wes and Marshall turn the corner.

WES
There's two types of people in this
business: above the line and below
the line. They don't mix.

MARSHALL

Relax, Wes.

WES

You get me a job I'll relax. She's an actress. You're an extra.

MARSHALL

I thought we were stand ins.

WES

(returning to truck)
Flag.

MARSHALL

Rulebook.

EXT. BOARDWALK -- DAY

The Crew's assembled by two Harleys and a red Ferrari. An arcade basketball game, three shots for 50 cents, is next to the vehicles. Chelsea stands with CAL DOCKER, 30's, Marlboro Man, CHUCKY GELSON, 30's, biker-esque. They speak with DON MCGUIRE, 50's, a gray bear, the director.

We CRANE DOWN find Marshall and Wes up front. WYMAN SCHWARTZ, 30's, Napoleonic, steps in front of them, holds a bullhorn.

SCHWARTZ

Scotty? The background ready?

SCOTTY FITZGERALD, 30's, the 2nd Assistant Director, turns.

SCOTTY

Chandler's propping them out.

Chandler gives the VARIOUS EXTRAS cotton candy, stuffed animals, assorted boardwalk toys. Wyman raises the bullhorn, pulls the trigger to speak through it. A foghorn blasts. The Crew laughs.

SCHWARTZ

Shit! DEWEY!

DEWEY DIXON, 20's, wiry, goofy, rushes to Schwartz. Schwartz thrusts the bullhorn into him.

SCHWARTZ

Fix this!

Schwartz turns bumps right into Don.

DON

Everyone quiet for picture!
(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)
(to Schwartz)
That's how we did it in the old days.

Don walks over to the monitor.

SCHWARTZ
ROLL SOUND!

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- DAY

The Timecode Slate closes as we PULL BACK from a monitor.

DON (O.S.)
And....action.

Chelsea storms off, leaving Cal and Chucky at the game.

CHUCKY
She should be departmental issue.

Cal performs his trademark move, mimicking a gun with his hand and winking. Chucky strokes his goatee.

CAL
She's mine.

Cal leans to the side just enough to block Chucky's light, smirks as a small shadow creeps across Chucky's face.

CHUCKY
I saw her first.

Chucky breaks character, points a finger into Cal's chest.

CHUCKY
Dick!

As Chucky walks away, Cal holds up his hands, plays the angel.

EXT. CHUCKY'S TRAILER -- DAY

Don approaches the trailer, knocks.

CHUCKY (O.S.)
He's like a Beauty Queen Runner Up.
Always sticking his tits out before
the flash.

INT. CHUCKY'S TRAILER -- DAY

Chucky holds a bottled water, sits on the couch. Don stands.

DON

We've done three films with him,
Sweet Pea. Get it together and be a
Pro. We ain't here to fuck spiders
now are we?

CHUCKY

The pressure's too much. My last
seven movies bombed. That's the only
reason I'm doing this. I need a hit,
Donny. *Bad.*

DON

I'm with you, kid. And I'm not gonna
let him steal the picture. You're my
star. He's some TV Schnook with a
record deal. Keep off the booger
sugar and when I start editing, he's
on the floor.

CHUCKY

Really?

DON

Trust me.

Don slaps the bill of Chucky's baseball hat, leaves. Chucky
waits a couple of seconds, grabs the phone and dials. He
peeks through the blinds, sees Cal escort a PRETTY EXTRA
into his trailer. Someone answers the call.

CODY (O.S.)

Talk to me.

CHUCKY

Cody? It's Chucky. I wanna buy a
box of cigars.

CODY (O.S.)

I thought you gave up smoking.

CHUCKY

I did. But I really need some tobacco.
And I want some when we get to Vegas.

Chucky releases the blinds.

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- DAY

Don sits down next to Chelsea, glances at the monitor, sees
Marshall and Wes standing on the marks. Wes holds the ball
as the Boom Operator checks for shadows. He picks up their
dialogue. It broadcasts over a small speaker on the monitor.

MARSHALL

They should play for her.

Schwartz steps over. Glances at the monitor.

SCHWARTZ

What's going on?

Don holds up a hand, quiets him.

MARSHALL

Yeah. Cal has the ball, says "Make it take it?" And Chucky says -

WES

"Guard Me".

Don laughs.

DON

We're using that.

(points at Schwartz)

Call in 1st Team, let's go for it.

Schwartz turns to Chelsea. She's risen, walked to the set. On the monitor, he sees her reach her mark.

CHELSEA

I got next.

WES

You'll be playing me.

CHELSEA

My money's on John Stockton, here.

SCHWARTZ

2nd Team step off.

Wes and Marshall walk to the sidelines.

EXT. SET -- DAY

CHELSEA

Hey, Cave Boy.

Marshall turns. Chelsea waves for the ball.

CHELSEA

A little help?

He tosses the ball underhand. She catches it.

CHELSEA
 Not bad. For a girl.
 (whizzes it back)
 Try it like a man.

She nods, offers a daring smile. There's something between these two. Schwartz feels it, watches in disapproval as Marshall walks the ball over, hands it to her.

MARSHALL
 You get hurt, everyone's out of work.

Chelsea dabs at her nose, checks for blood, smiles.

CHELSEA
 Am I bleeding?

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. CRAFT SERVICE -- DAY

In the background, Cal and Chucky are on their marks, and their earlier scene plays as before. Marshall and Wes whisper as they walk from the set.

WES
 I can't believe I'm saying this to the guy with the "save Tibet" sex life, but she was flirting with you.

MARSHALL
 I don't wanna meet any women, Wes. I just want to get through one show.

WES
 You got through *BUCCANEER*.

MARSHALL
 Yeah, but I was just an extra.

Stung, Wes slows down, stops. Marshall continues on. We PUSH PAST Wes, find Cal and Chucky finishing their scene.

CHUCKY
 Make it take it?

CAL
 Guard me.

As Cal raises the ball to shoot, Chucky SLAMS it HARD into his face. It bounces off Cal's nose. Chucky does a chicken dance. Bleeding, Cal wrestles Chucky to the ground. The Crew rushes in to break it up.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DUSK

P.A.'s fly call sheets, trucks are loaded, cars pull out. Wes and Marshall approach their motorcycles. Wes sets his bag on his bike. Marshall kneels down to a lock and chain securing his bike to a pole. Wes snickers.

MARSHALL

I can't afford to replace it, okay?

WES

Call Boyd.

Marshall shakes his head, removes the chain.

WES

What? I'm the one he fucked over.

He fires up his engine, peels out. As Marshall rises, Chelsea pulls up in her Jeep.

CHELSEA

You really think someone'd steal it?

MARSHALL

Wes just took off. Drive like a man, you'll catch him.

CHELSEA

How 'bout hooking me up with a coffee shop so I don't have to slap you around.

MARSHALL

Directions? Sure. You got a lipstick and tissue to write them on?

CHELSEA

I'll just follow you. If you think that piece of shit'll make it.

INT. PRODUCTION TRAILER - DUSK

Schwartz speaks with Dewey and Scotty. Glancing out the window, he sees Marshall standing at Chelsea's jeep.

SCHWARTZ

...and I think there may be a problem with one of the stand ins. Have a word with him tomorrow, Scotty. Tell him to mind his P's and Q's, leave the talent alone.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DUSK

Marshall revs onto the road between two quickly moving cars. Chelsea tries to follow but has to hit the brakes.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- EVENING

Marshall sits opposite Chelsea.

CHELSEA

Is the Chucky/Cal relationship common?
'Cause they act like a couple bitches.

Marshall's attention is focused outside the coffee shop. He sees the Actors from his play sit with a 40ish BEARDED MAN.

MARSHALL

Well, you always run the risk of landing a Shannon Doherty. But most actors, even if they dislike eachother, focus on the work.

Chelsea stares at him, smiles. Uncomfortable, nervous, Marshall glances at his cup, then looks back up.

MARSHALL

There's also an unwritten rule that says Below-The-Line leaves Above-The-Line alone so they can work. According to Wes, that is.

CHELSEA

Ah.... This is my first film. I'm a rookie.

Her remark catches Marshall by surprise. But he's still drawn to the Actors outside. He rises.

MARSHALL

Excuse me.

Chelsea watches him exit, begin a conversation with them

EXT. COFFEE SHOP -- EVENING

MARSHALL

I'll have enough to produce the play in three months.

ACTOR #1

Marshall, Harry secured the theater. We're gonna do the play with him.

Marshall's crestfallen.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- EVENING

Chelsea watches the conversation become intense.

ACTOR #2

We need someone who's gonna be more
...aggressive for us.

ACTOR #1

More intuitive about the needs of
the project.

MARSHALL

What are you talking about? It's my
project. I chose the text. I cast
you all.

The table of Actors exchange glances, rise to leave. Chelsea
slides her seat back, walks toward the door.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP -- EVENING

Chelsea exits the coffee shop.

MARSHALL

It's the money, isn't it?

ACTOR #1

Hollywood's hard, kid.

ACTOR #2

It's harder when you're stupid.

They laugh, walk away.

CHELSEA

You okay, big guy?

MARSHALL

If I could lose my ethics, sure.

CHELSEA

Do you really wanna be Wes?

MARSHALL

Wow! Does that hurt your fist at
all? The impact on the knuckles?

CHELSEA

Not if I follow through. You coming
back inside?

She smiles, opens the door. Reluctantly he enters.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM -- NIGHT

The basketball scene's on the screen.

CHUCKY
Make it take it?

CAL
Guard me.

Chucky slams the ball away, Cal attacks him, the Crew rushes in. The camera continues to roll, never cuts. It's mayhem. The lights ease up on Don, Stan and his Playmate girlfriend SHAUNA, 19, a hot August night but dumb as a brick. Don and Stan rise, walk up the aisle. Shauna remains in her seat.

STAN
The studio's fucking me, Donny. We can't go over on this. Every dime I have is sunk into *Deadly IV*.
(leans in close)
I'm even thinking of asking Shauna to do another Playboy spread.

DON
That girl Chelsea, she's a one take wonder. We'll make it up.

STAN
That's what I like to hear. One take. Cheap. 'Cause we still gotta shoot in Vegas, and Vegas ain't cheap.

EXT. TRUCKS -- MORNING

Crew Members roll carts past the Prop Truck.

SCOTTY (O.S.)
Look, its the nature of the beast. Nepotism was around before talkies.

CHANDLER (O.S.)
So was murder.

INT. PROP TRUCK -- DAY

Scotty stands in front of Marshall. Nearby is Chandler and a scornful Wes.

SCOTTY
The bottom line is - how bad you need a paycheck? You need it? Avoid Wyman. Avoid Chelsea.

Scotty steps toward the door.

CHANDLER

Are we gonna shoot anything before
lunch?

SCOTTY

Doubt it. But hey, Helen Hunt won an
Oscar so anything's possible, right?

Scotty hops off the truck. Wes shakes his head. Marshall
reaches his into his backpack, pulls out a play.

MARSHALL

Don't do that. Why do you do that?
Don't do that.

EXT. TRAILERS -- DAY

Marshall and Wes walk along the line of trailers. Wes glances
at the play, snickers.

MARSHALL

I couldn't afford the theater, so
they gave it to someone who could.
My notes. My blocking. My cast. Gone.

WES

Welcome to Hollywood.

MARSHALL

You wouldn't be such a jerk if you
stopped worrying about money and
started thinking about art.

WES

You wouldn't be such a pussy if
stopped thinking about art and started
worrying about money.

MARSHALL

Maybe -

Suddenly, Chelsea's door swings open in front of them.
Marshall panics, hits the dirt, rolls underneath.

WES

See ya'.

EXT. UNDERNEATH CHELSEA'S TRAILER -- DAY

Marshall rolls to the other side, sees a set of feet shuffling
in the dirt. It's Dewey, and he's got Wyman on his shoulders.

DEWEY (O.S.)

Someone's coming!

Wyman drops down, they rush off as Chelsea comes around. Still beneath the trailer, Marshall freezes. A moment passes and she walks away.

EXT. ROACH COACH LUNCH WAGON -- DAY

The Cook serves Lunch entrees. Tables are set up nearby. The Crew's in line. Still dirty, Marshall stands in front of Wes as Wes receives his plate. Schwartz passes with Scotty and Dewey. He stops, addresses Marshall.

SCHWARTZ

Let the real crew eat first.

DEWEY

Back of the line.

Disapproving, Scotty turns away. Marshall glances around. Some downcast eyes, some smirks. Completely humiliated, Marshall removes his tray and walks down the entire length of the line. He's last behind Sparky, Fleischer and Jerry. Suddenly, Chelsea playfully bumps into him.

CHELSEA

Hey.

MARSHALL

Hey.

Marshall takes a step back, gestures for her to move forward.

CHELSEA

I'm fine.

MARSHALL

You *have* to go before me. Seriously.

CHELSEA

Tell me a joke.

MARSHALL

No.

CHELSEA

Yes.

MARSHALL

Chelsea.

CHELSEA

Marshall.

MARSHALL

How many First A.D.'s does it take to fire a Stand In?

CHELSEA

I don't know, Marshall. How many
First A.D.'s does it take to fire a
Stand In?

MARSHALL

Just one.
(nods toward Schwartz)
That one.

Chelsea nods, takes her place in front of him.

INT. WES'S TABLE -- DAY

Wes sits with Hudson.

WES

By LAX? Really? What's it called?

HUDSON

The Cockpit.

Hudson breaks into laughter, rises and leaves. Marshall sets his tray across from Wes's, grabs a condiment from the table. Wes quickly takes a bite from Marshall's chicken. Marshall turns back, sees him chewing.

MARSHALL

Ah, man, flag on the play.

WES

Check the rule book, buddy.

EXT. SCHWARTZ'S TABLE -- DAY

Dewey approaches Schwartz, diverts his attention.

DEWEY

Okay, I called again and they said
the same thing, "Cal's on his way".

Scotty stands, walks away.

DEWEY

And Chucky, he told me never to send
for him until Cal's already on set.

Schwartz watches as Scotty speaks with Marshall and Wes. Marshall and Wes rise, walk away. Scotty returns, sits down.

SCHWARTZ

What's going on?

SCOTTY

Don wanted to do a master up top.
And we have Chelsea here.

SCHWARTZ

Yeeaaaaah, but what about Cal and Chucky? Use your heads guys, think outside the box. You know, when I was a lowly P.A. on the first *DEADLY-*

SCOTTY

We're far enough away the Stand Ins could photo double.

EXT. MAKEUP TRUCK -- DAY

Dressed and made up like Cal and Chucky, Marshall and Wes exit separate doors. They're not spitting images, but close.

MARSHALL

Think we'll get to ride the bikes?

WES

That would rock!

They run off like a couple kids.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF HOUSING PROJECT -- DAY

The camera's set on a hill overlooking the project. Various EXTRAS in jeans, iron toe boots, hard hats, etc., carry boards, work on roofs. Don speaks through the bullhorn.

DON

READY...AND...ACTION!

Marshall, Wes and Chelsea rush from various hiding places and dodge their way to a central location of regrouping.

DON

CUT!

Don turns to Schwartz.

DON

They look good, kid!

SCHWARTZ

That's why I hired them, so they could photo double.

DON

Have wardrobe suit 'em up everyday. Give us some contingency. We're rockin' the Casbah, now.

Schwartz smiles. About ten feet behind him, Scotty shakes his head in disgust. Dewey arrives with a cellular phone.

DEWEY

Wyman?
 (whisper)
 It's Stan.

Schwartz grabs the phone, walks away from the ridge.

SCHWARTZ

Uncle Stan?

INT. STAN GOLD'S PORSCHE -- DAY

Stan flies down PCH seemingly alone in his Porsche.

STAN

Wyman, I'm sure you've been asking yourself, "why the hell did Uncle Stan hire a schnook like me". Well, its graduation day, my - OUCH!!

Stan pulls Shauna from his lap by her hair.

STAN

I'm putting a bullet in your orthodontist. Take the phone.

Shauna holds the phone against his ear. He puts one hand on the wheel, the other in his lap.

STAN

I need your help with the budget. Every three dollars you save, you get one.

SCHWARTZ

But how do I-

STAN

You cut-cut-cut-cut!!!! Holy Hell you little man! Figure it out. You are the First A.D.! You are the First A.D.!

Stan motions with his head and Shauna removes the phone.

STAN

Take the wheel.

Shauna does. Stan lowers his hands into his lap, closes his eyes, throws his head back, goes for it solo.

EXT. RIDGE-DAY

Wyman clicks off the phone and looks over the ridge. The entire production's before him. Lots of cash. A CREW MEMBER passes with three bottles of water. Wyman takes away two, hands them to Hudson as he passes the other way.

SCHWARTZ

Put these back in the cooler.

EXT. SIGN OUT TABLE -- NIGHT

Dewey and Scotty sign out Extras. Marshall and Wes step up. Scotty fills in Wes's voucher as Dewey does Marshall's.

WES

We get a bump for photo doubling, right?

SCOTTY

\$50.

Scotty hands back Wes's Voucher. Dewey extends Marshall's. Marshall reaches for it. Dewey pulls it back.

MARSHALL

Set it on the table.

Dewey extends it again. He and Marshall lock eyes.

MARSHALL

On the table.

DEWEY

(to Wes)
Friend of yours?

Wes grabs the voucher, pulls Marshall away.

WES

Listen, hammerhead, am I gonna have to baby sit you? These guys make a lot of movies.

MARSHALL

Don't worry, you're Hollywood's best stand in.

Behind them, Chandler sticks his head out the Prop Truck.

CHANDLER

GAYLORD! MARSHALL! STOP MAKING OUT AND GET OVER HERE!

Marshall pulls his arm away as they walk to the prop truck.

WES

You're in the wrong business.

MARSHALL

I thought it was an art form.

INT. PROP TRUCK -- NIGHT

A soda pops open. Chandler holds it up in the air. Wes and Marshall sit on opposite counters with beers.

WES

To Marshall making it a week.

Chandler gently slaps the side of Wes's head.

CHANDLER

To friends.

They reluctantly clink cans. It's quiet. Thick atmosphere. Chandler exhales, sets his soda on the counter, opens a box of gin, pulls out a few bottles, puts them in a cabinet.

MARSHALL

Wow, is that a case of Beefeater?

CHANDLER

It's for Nelson Roth. The writer.
Why, you like this shit?

MARSHALL

Yeah.

CHANDLER

Beefeater?

Wes groans as he swallows.

MARSHALL

Yeah, you know, Tom Collins, gin.

WES

Ah, man, don't do that, why do you
do that, don't do that.

MARSHALL

Flag.

WES

Rulebook.

CHANDLER

Gaylord and Beefeater.

Wes hops off the counter, exits the truck.

WES
Got yourself a nickname, pal.

CHANDLER
You two oughtta get married.

Chandler continues to put away the gin bottles, speaks softly.

CHANDLER
Did you know Laurie?

MARSHALL
Yes.

CHANDLER
Man, I can't believe he let her get away. When they first met...

EXT. PROP TRUCK -- NIGHT

As Wes relieves himself he hears the whole conversation.

CHANDLER (O.S.)
...love at first sight. That's why we started calling him Gaylord, because he was head over heels, buying her flowers, writing poetry. I thought they'd be together forever.

Wes glances to the side, sees Schwartz at Chelsea's jeep.

SCHWARTZ
...so maybe we could grab some sushi?

CHELSEA
No, thanks.

She hits the gas, peels out, leaves him in the dust. Wes glances to the other side, sees Hudson lower the roof on his BMW. I swear it sounds like a Porn Soundtracks blaring from his stereo. He gives Wes a nod. Wes zippers up.

INT. PROP TRUCK -- NIGHT

WES
I'm outta here, guys. Bag me.

Chandler tosses Wes his knapsack.

CHANDLER
See you Monday, Gaylord.

WES
Yeah....
(MORE)

WES (CONT'D)
 (to Marshall)
 Try not to get fired on the way home.

Wes leaves.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHTS

The top down, Hudson's BMW slows by the gate exit. Wes knocks on Hudson's hood.

WES
 Where you headed?

HUDSON
 Meet some girls by the airport.

WES
 Need a co-pilot?

HUDSON
 Hop in.

INT. PROP TRUCK -- NIGHT

Chandler wipes off a bottle, sees Marshall looking at a framed photo on the wall. Two adorable kids hugging their kneeling mother.

CHANDLER
 Yes, that was my family.

MARSHALL
 I heard. I'm sorry.

CHANDLER
 You got a lady waiting?

MARSHALL
 I'm on hiatus.

Chandler hands him a bottle of Beefeater.

CHANDLER
 For your namesake. Now get outta here.

Marshall grabs his bag, hops off the truck. Chandler turns to the photo, pops a real beer. Glances at it, tosses it.

EXT. LANDING STRIP CLUB -- NIGHT

A jet soars over the building.

INT. LANDING STRIP CLUB -- NIGHT

Wes and Hudson sit at the bar. Strippers abound. Music pumps. People move about.

HUDSON
Here they come.

TWO JAILBAITS, 16, enter. Shocked, Wes turns to Hudson.

HUDSON
(defensive)
They got I.D.'s.

WES
You need help, buddy.

Hudson laughs.

HUDSON
I know.

WES
I mean it.

Hudson laughs harder. Its contagious.

HUDSON
I know.

Hudson and Wes stand, let the girls into the booth.

INT. HUDSON'S BMW -- NIGHT

The top's down. Hudson drives with a Jailbait in front, the other sits in back with an extremely disinterested Wes.

HUDSON
So what's your curfew?

JAILBAIT #1
We told our parents we're sleeping
at each other's houses so we can
stay out all night.

The Jailbaits and Hudson scream in delight.

WES
Hudson! Stop the car. I'm sorry, I
gotta get out here.

HUDSON
(pulling to the curb)
What? Ah, man...

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

We hear smashing glass then Wes passes us, walks away without issue. We TRACK to the side, see a pile of shards from a bus stop poster display. *Boyd Traynor is Southern Cross.* A moment later we hear more shattering.

INT. MARSHALL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dark and late. Real late. And there's an incessant knock. Marshall opens the door. Wes stands with a basketball.

WES
Make it take it?

EXT. VENICE BASKETBALL COURT -- NIGHT

Two pairs of shoes shuffle along the court. One set trips, stumbles. It's Wes, and he bites it hard on the court. Marshall does a lay up, turns around.

MARSHALL
You should pad up before a stunt.

Wes sits on the court.

WES
I broke up with *her*.

MARSHALL
What?!! But she loved you, man!

WES
I fucked up, okay? I'm pushing 30 and only a stand in. Figured my days were numbered.

Wes extends his arm. Marshall helps him up. They pass their bikes on their way to the beach.

WES
Tell me, it's been over a year. Why did you and Alison split? Was it 'cause you got fired?

MARSHALL
I told you why.

WES
You said it was "the sounds". Any more cryptic you'd be David Lynch.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - LIFEGUARD STAND -- NIGHT

They sit at the top of the ramp. Again, a *Southern Cross* poster adorns the back. Wes holds the Beefeater, Marshall the 7-Up. Wes takes a slug, makes a face, swaps with Marshall.

WES

Man, if it weren't for Boyd it'd be my face on those billboards.

Marshall fidgets, exhales.

WES

What is it with you? It was my audition he stole. The way you whine you'd think he fucked your girlfriend.

Marshall looks down, nearly winces.

WES

Holy shit. You're kidding me? There's always one piece of information that makes the whole thing come together. You ever see that *STAR TREK* episode-

Marshall stands, walks down the ramp.

WES

That's why you'll never make it, Marshall. You can't deal with shit. It's like I always say, there's two types of people in this world-

MARSHALL

The kind that do the wrong thing and the kind that pay for it.

Wes follows him down to the sand.

WES

Oh, you're gonna bring up *BRAVE SEASON*? That's where we're going? Okay, well, listen - I didn't make you take the fall.

MARSHALL

And I didn't make you steal those vouchers. You knew you were putting me in a bad situation.

WES

You made your own choices.

MARSHALL

I covered my friend's ass. And he let me fry.

WES

Well, I'm trying to make up for it.

MARSHALL

You can't make up for something like that. It's a character flaw, Wes. It's who you are. You're selfish. You trying to help me now is only you trying to help you. You can't spin it into something else.

WES

Yeah, well, money talks and bullshit's a long distance runner.

MARSHALL

You may have the toys and the gab, Wes. But I have self respect. And if you ask me, Boyd did you a favor.

WES

I gotta hear this. Tell me. How did Boyd do me a favor?

MARSHALL

He made it okay for you to quit. You've never hung it out there. Ever since I've known you, you've treated your dreams like a hobby. You're real big on criticizing me and sucking up to them. But you'll never have passion, you'll never have honor and you'll never go for it. You will *always* be second team.

Wes throws the first punch. They start fighting, wrestling, really going at it. They pause, step away. Out of breath, Marshall picks up the bottle, walks away.

WES

I don't want to see you on Monday.

MARSHALL

Then don't show up.

Marshall glances at the *Southern Cross* poster, heaves the bottle. Gin runs down Boyd's face.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WES'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Boyd's face stares at us as Wes draws the curtain. Pensive, he moves past the wall of Stand In photographs.

INT. MARSHALL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The opposite of Wes's. Bare, inexpensive, unadorned. Black & White tv, rabbit ear antennae with tinfoil booster, futon, plays, self-help books, biographies, a desk. We find Marshall in the bathroom, sitting on the tub, staring at the floor.

Alison sits next to him, rubs a hand through his hair.

ALISON

Marshall, you gotta learn how to
bend a little or it won't be a theater
you'll get locked out of. It'll be
the rest of your life.

FADE OUT:

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK -- DAY

Marshall carries a basketball, strolls past the various shops and characters. Up ahead, Wes walks towards him. With Dewey. Marshall smiles, gives a nod. They ignore him, blow him off, walk on by.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Chelsea sits alone studying her script. She hears a bell ring as the door opens, looks up expectantly. A COUPLE exits, girl leaning into boy, smiling, in love.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY

In a print dress, heels and brown wig, Stan's on his hands and knees, red ball in his mouth, tied to the bed. Off to one side struts Shauna in black leather suit, stilettos. She pulls back a Cat O' Nine Tails when the doorbell rings.

SHAUNA

I'll get it.

She bolts from the room as Stan shakes his head "no", struggles out muffled protests.

INT. THEATER WORKSHOP - UMA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Marshall knocks on the door. Behind a desk sits UMA, 50's, artsy, stylish, proud. She smiles, rises, gives Marshall a hug, invites him to sit across from her.

MARSHALL

I was hoping you'd help with my notes.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Through a side window we see TWO POLICE OFFICERS knocking on the door. They're pretty intent on making their presence known. We TRACK across the door, find Jerry, back to the wall, holding a shotgun. There is absolutely no furniture. He glances out, sees them return to their car.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Shauna re-enters with Don. He sees Stan on the bed. Laughs, shakes his head. Gets an idea, glances at Shauna.

INT. CHANDLER'S HOUSE -- EVENING

We TRACK along the hallway, pass the kids room, immaculately kept, clean, organized, untouched...unused for a while...a woman's sewing room...organized, untouched...unused for a while...come upon a small shelf with family photos, kids smiling, mother happy, husband and wife, find an ashtray with a wallet and keys...are those AA chips?.....a hand reaches into frame, takes the keys, wipes frame...we continue...look in mirror, watch Chandler leave, end up on a Little League picture, Chandler the coach standing proud with his team. And son.

EXT. VIDEO STORE -- DAY

In sunglasses and knit hat, Sparky exits carrying a couple plastic bags full of video tapes. He looks both ways, heads up the sidewalk. Tosses them into a garbage can.

INT. STAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Don motions for the whip. Shauna hands it over. He smiles, slowly steps forward out of frame. A moment later, we hear an excruciatingly loud SWAAAAPPPP!!!! Shauna ducks as the red ball flies past her, shattering a mirror, followed by Stan's screams. SWAAAAPP!!! SWAAAAPP!!! SWAAAAPP!!! Shauna's eyes gleam. She's kinda turned on.

INT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

Wes and Dewey sit drinking beer and watching a game with OTHER PRODUCTION TYPES. The place is full of twenty-somethings. Jocks, preppies, girls. A GROUP enters the front, among them Laurie.

Wes watches, hides a bit, sees the group mixed between guys and girls, nobody really paired off. They sit down, a WAITRESS approaches, hands out menus.

We can't hear the dialogue, but Dewey leans over, Wes points out Laurie, rises, tosses some money on the bar, heads for the entrance.

Dewey lets him go, glances back at the table. He waits until Wes has left, then walks over and introduces himself to the group. He takes a seat opposite Laurie, offers a smile.

INT. CHELSEA'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Chelsea stands on her deck, staring as the lights of L.A. burn holes in the night. She steps inside, reaches for the phone, changes her mind, walks away.

INT. MARSHALL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Marshall enters his apartment, sets down his knapsack and keys, glances at his machine. No messages. He removes a play and sits at his desk, starts working.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. STUDIO PARKING LOT -- DAY

We CRANE DOWN, twist around, find Marshall driving past the Guard Shack, pull into the lot, park next to Wes's bike. He sees Wes, Hudson and Dewey on a truck, hears their conversation.

HUDSON

Your buddy just drove up.

WES

He ain't *my* buddy.

He hops off the truck, walks away. Dewey waits a moment, peers around the side to make sure Wes's gone.

DEWEY

Me and Gaylord went to this bar and his Ex shows up so he pussies outta there. She was vibin' me, bro! I got her digits!

Hudson laughs, high fives Dewey. We PUSH IN on Marshall.

EXT. CATERING -- DAY

Wes grabs his plate from the window. Marshall approaches.

MARSHALL

Listen, we're pissed at eachother, but Dewey -

Wes ignores him, throws shoulder in passing. Marshall turns, nods his head, angry. Chelsea appears, pats him on the butt.

CHELSEA

Cheer up.

She smiles over a shoulder, heads for her trailer. Sparky and Fleischer step to each side of him.

SPARKY

Hey, Fleisch, how many First A.D.'s does it take to fire a stand in?

Jerry crosses in front of them.

JERRY

One. But he's gotta bring an Uncle.

They all laugh, leave Marshall standing alone.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - TANYA'S OFFICE SET -- DAY

Chelsea leans back in her chair, legs crossed, feet up on her desk. On the otherside, Cal and Chucky stand facing her.

CHELSEA

That's all, Gentlemen. Don't let the door hit you in the ass.

Cal and Chucky look at eachother, exit the set.

DON (O.S.)

Cut! Perfect!

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - VIDEO VILLAGE -- DAY

Don watches the monitor.

DON

Check the gate, let's move on.

Schwartz pushes his walkie button.

SCHWARTZ

Okay, we're checking the gate moving on to coverage. First team's stepping off, second team in.

INT. CHELSEA'S D.A. OFFICE -- DAY

Marshall enters, takes Chucky's mark. Wes walks through the door, stands on Cal's mark. There's a commotion outside the set. Suddenly, the large door opens. In walks Stan, followed by a STUDIO EXECUTIVE, SECURITY GUARDS and Chandler.

STAN

I need everyone over here.

The Crew forms a half circle around Stan.

STAN

Originally, we intended on getting the L.A. footage and then making a move to shoot the Vegas scenes and the blowing up of the building in the desert. Due to an unexpected...

(clears throat)

...*financial reorganization*...

SPARKY

Grab your ankles, boys.

STAN

Who said that!?!

Everyone points to Schwartz. Stan continues.

STAN

...we're going to adjust the schedule, shoot the desert sequence then return for the remaining footage. If we want to get this picture in the can, we all have to pull together. I've outlined some necessary cutbacks to Chandler, he'll go over them with you. Obviously, we can't do this picture without you. The bus leaves tomorrow morning. That's it.

The Executive exits with the Guards. Stan turns around, Don approaches, open handed. Stan falls into step with him.

STAN

Don't worry, I pulled some strings, got Nelson outta detox. He'll fix the script. It'll be aces.

They walk out the stage door.

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE -- DAY

Stan and Don walk into the alley.

DON

If you're gonna take me down, at least lemme know what they got on ya'. Red ball? High heels?

(leans in)

Broken mirror?

He slaps Stan's ass. Stan reels in pain.

STAN

OUCH!!! It's those fucking executives.
I went a *few drops* over on *SKY DEATH*
2 -

DON

50 million's more of a Tsunami.

STAN

I couldn't find snow! Now, they're
jacking the soundstage rates on me,
the cocksuckers.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE -- DAY

Chelsea approaches Marshall as Chandler addresses the crew.
She leans on his shoulder.

MARSHALL

I'm avoiding you, remember?

CHELSEA

What's going on?

MARSHALL

They're voting on whether to cut men
or rates. It's against the Union
rules but if everyone agrees...

She blows in his ear.

MARSHALL

Could you not do that please?

She smiles.

CHANDLER

In favor.

CREW

Yay!

CHANDLER

Against.

Silence.

CHANDLER

Congratulations. You fucked us all.

Chandler storms from the stage. The Crew slowly disbands. A
SMALL GROUP exits with bags and tools, heads en masse down
the alley. The remaining others return to work.

SPARKY
Think we did the right thing?

JERRY
The right thing's to see my kids.

FLEISCHER
Fuckin' Canadians.

Chelsea turns to Marshall.

CHELSEA
So that's it? They lose their jobs.

MARSHALL
As Wes would say, welcome to
Hollywood.

Chelsea chases down the departing group, gives hugs and handshakes to those leaving. Scotty approaches Marshall.

SCOTTY
Marshall? Wyman Schwartz wants to
see you and Wes.

Marshall stares back, scared.

MARSHALL
What for?

SCOTTY
He'll tell you.

INT. WYMAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Marshall and Wes sit in front of Wyman's desk. Schwartz sits in his chair behind a desk. He's actually sitting on a phone book to give himself added height. Wes cradles a script.

SCHWARTZ
Stan set the terms for Stand Ins but
I guess in the heat of pre-production,
I neglected to mention them.

WES
No overtime, no bumps.

SCHWARTZ
Obviously, we can't do this without
your assistance, but I'm certain you
understand we're a family here at
Prestige and take care of everyone
who takes care of us.

WES
No problem, Wyman.

Marshall eyes the script, looks at Wes smiling at Schwartz.

MARSHALL
Is that it?

SCHWARTZ
Yeah. That's it. Thanks guys.

Wes hops up, heads for the door. Marshall rises.

SCHWARTZ
What else have you worked on?

MARSHALL
I was a pirate on *BUCCANEER*.

WES
He was an extra.

Schwartz smiles. After they've left, Schwartz picks up an advertising pamphlet for a new car.

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICES -- DAY

Walking out, Marshall grabs the script, keeps it from Wes.

WES
Give it to me!

Marshall holds it behind his back, tosses it down the stairs. Wes rushes down and picks it up. Kneeling, he looks up.

WES
It's my shot!

Marshall descends the stairs, passes him.

MARSHALL
It's only paper.

EXT. THEATER WORKSHOP -- NIGHT

Smoking a cigarette on the sidewalk stands Boyd. He tosses it away, steps to the curb as a taxi pulls up. He boards the cab and it pulls out. A moment later, Marshall drives up and parks his bike. He enters the front door.

INT. THEATER WORKSHOP -- NIGHT

The workshop lights are down. Uma stands by the window, turns and smiles as Marshall takes the play from his bag.

UMA
You just missed Boyd.

MARSHALL
He still studies here?

Uma walks takes his arm and leads him to her office.

UMA
I coach him on difficult scenes or
when he's offered a part.

INT. THEATER WORKSHOP - UMA'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Marshall and Uma pour over the play and his notes.

UMA
I like what you're trying to do with
the blocking. Do you have a venue?

MARSHALL
I have a place in mind.

UMA
What about cast?

MARSHALL
I'm hoping to use some friends.

UMA
Will these friends pull in an
audience? If not, you should consider
calling in a favor from a successful
acquaintance.

Marshall stares blankly.

UMA
Just a thought.

INT. THEATER WORKSHOP -- DAY

Uma smokes at the window, watches Marshall ride away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEADLY IV BUS -- MORNING

Chandler stands searching for Marshall as the DRIVER shuts
the luggage compartments. Dewey appears at the stairs.

DEWEY
We gotta go.

CHANDLER

Five minutes.

DEWEY

(a la Schwartz)

I am the Third Assistant Director -

Chandler glances intensely over a shoulder. Dewey cowers.

INT. DEADLY IV BUS -- DAY

The door shuts, the engine shifts into gear. Chandler takes a seat across the aisle and up from Wes, shrugs his shoulders. Wes sits back, reads the script.

EXT. GAS STATION IN DESERT -- DAY

Marshall finishes pumping gas and replaces his tank cap. He hops on, fires up the bike and slowly pulls onto the road.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- DAY

Marshall rides along, enjoys the view. Slowly, the Deadly IV bus appears next to him. He glances over, sees the Crew. Some flip him off, others just stare. Wes shakes his head.

Marshall gives it some gas when suddenly smoke pours out. Wes shakes his head at him as Dewey leans over, uses his hand to put an "L" loser sign to his forehead. Marshall pulls to the side of the road as the bus disappears.

EXT. SOUTHWEST PLATEAU -- DAY

An incredible view of painted landscapes is framed by some colored plateaus. A highway stretches across the screen. Marshall appears, running with the bike, then hopping on in an attempt to push start it.

Through a series of dissolves, he makes his way along the road, failing. The colors darken with the dusk and soon the bike is left on the shoulder as Marshall heads east.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

Marshall continues walking. Headlights appear. He removes his headphones, extends his thumb. A jeep pulls over. He picks up his bags when Chelsea stands up.

CHELSEA

On a Visionquest?

Reluctantly, he tosses his stuff in the back.

CHELSEA
I saw your bike back there. It was
circled by vultures.

INT. CHELSEA'S JEEP -- NIGHT

CHELSEA
Somebody around here owes me dinner.

MARSHALL
How 'bout I just give you fifty bucks.

Chelsea shakes her head, smiles, downshifts, pulls away.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

The Jeep rolls into the night.

EXT. DEADLY IV HOTEL -- NIGHT

The Jeep turns into the parking lot.

INT. WES AND MARSHALL'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Marshall enters as light streaks in. Wes sleeps in the far
bed, his back to the room. Marshall closes the door.

FADE OUT:

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE -- DAY

Soaring above the desert, we approach a lone building.

INT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

Stan sits in the chopper with Don, Scotty, Schwartz and JACK
STEVENS, 50's, a suit. All wear safety harnesses.

JACK
That's my baby. Twenty stories of
financial foreclosure.

They circle the run down building.

DON
We can blow it at dawn. Reveal the
sunrise.

Stan leans forward, taps the pilot on the arm.

STAN
Take us to back to location.

Stan's harness comes undone. He looks up, laughs. But the
chopper banks and he SLAMS against the door.

Schwartz and Scotty get him buckled in. Don laughs his ass off.

DON

Maybe it's time for some Jenny Craig.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE -- DAY

The chopper soars off.

INT. PROP TRUCK -- DAY

A coffee maker drips into a pot. Wes sits on a counter opposite Chandler. He watches as Chandler fills a mug halfway with coffee and the rest with gin.

WES

What do you call that?

CHANDLER

This? Gaylord, this is a "Half Nelson". Named after our writer, Nelson Roth.

WES

When do you make full Nelsons?

CHANDLER

After lunch. Or when they ask him for new scenes. By the end of the day he'll be hugging extras.

Chandler turns and sets the gin bottle in the liquor cabinet.

CHANDLER

You and Beefeater have a fight in the sandbox?

Wes bounces a basketball on the counter, shrugs. Chandler gathers the various props together.

CHANDLER

Where'd you two meet?

WES

On *BRAVE SEASON*. I never told you the Indian story?

Chandler shakes his head.

WES

It was a period piece so there were a lot of Indians, right?

CHANDLER

Yeah, bows and arrows, I got it.

WES

Well, the Indians were extras and you know how production treats extras.

CHANDLER

Yeah, props that eat, I got it.

WES

Can I tell the story?

Chandler waves "okay".

WES

The Indians, they're just off the Res, so they don't know the protocol and the P.A.'s would bust on 'em. Well, that pissed off Marshall so he explained to the Indians how important they were to the production. Once they knew the game, they didn't take any shit. Marshall got 'em more money, a special trailer, they even broke for lunch before the crew. And since they only trusted Marshall, production had him deal with the Vouchers.

CHANDLER

So what happened?

WES

The Accountant realized there were more Vouchers than Indians. Marshall got fired for stealing.

Chandler glances at him suspiciously, exits.

CHANDLER

Remind me to stay on your good side.

EXT. PROP TRUCK -- DAY

Chandler descends the stairs. We FOLLOW the mug along the row of other Production Vehicles until we reach a chair stitched with the name of NELSON ROTH, Writer. Nelson, 50's, turns and takes the mug. He's cold, distant.

Chandler continues walking. Fleischer and Sparky wipe frame, continue past Schwartz and Dewey. Dewey plays a Game Boy.

SCHWARTZ

Did we send someone for Derek? Dewey, who'd you send for Derek?

DEWEY

His brother.

Shocked, Schwartz stops in his tracks.

EXT. JETWAY STRIP CLUB -- DAY

An airplane soars over the building.

INT. JETWAY STRIP CLUB -- DAY

Hudson and his brother, DEREK HUDSON, 30's, sit at the stage. Derek's an older, heavier version of his brother. Music pumps, dancers gyrate, liquor pours.

DEREK

You coulda choppered in napalm and
it wouldn't have mattered. She had,
the hairiest bush, I have ever seen.

Hudson's pager goes off. He checks the number, rubs his eyes.

HUDSON

We should get going.

Derek throws a bill onstage.

DEREK

Fuck 'em. How much you got on you?

HUDSON

What?

DEREK

Last night I dropped five grand.
This morning I was up fifty.

HUDSON

Fifty thousand dollars?!?

DEREK

No! Fifty bucks. Gimme some money.

HUDSON

You're the millionaire.

DEREK

Its gone. That's why I'm doing this
piece of shit.

Hudson studies him, realizes Derek's not lying.

HUDSON

Jesus, Derek.

DEREK

(charming)

I wanna make enough to buy one of those little cabana bars in the Bahamas.

Hudson rises, angrily throws some cash on the table.

HUDSON

This is just like when we were kids.

Hudson heads for the bathroom. Derek pulls out his phone.

DEREK

Hey. Has it started? Put Fifty on the D'Backs. Lemme know how I did.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Forklifts, oil cans, trucks, barrels. The crew's set up at an industrial site. We're in the movie-movie. Chelsea, Chucky and Cal squat by a series of crates. Chelsea uses a small crow bar to open the box. Inside are various automatic weapons and grenades. Derek, in a long black coat and pork pie hat, steps up behind them. He chews a tooth pick, holds a revolver.

DEREK

How y'all doing?

They're alarmed.

DEREK

Don't make me shoot.
(motioning to crates)
I can't afford to blow 'em up.

Chelsea reaches into her open shirt. A minuscule leather beretta holster's attached to her bra.

DEREK

Hands in the air.

All raise their arms, but are interrupted by a beeping. It seems like part of the scene but the actors break character. Crew Members reach to their belts and check their pagers. Derek removes a cellphone from his jacket. At the monitor, Don sits next to Stan.

DON

CUT!! Derek, we're shooting a movie.

DEREK

This'll only take a sec.

He heads from the set answers the phone. Don turns to Stan. Stan holds up his hands.

STAN
He took scale.

Hudson stands by caution tape separating a group of fans holding cameras, photos and autograph books from the set. He flirts with SHANNON STEPHENS, 18, blonde. All eyes turn to Derek as he suddenly erupts, throws the phone to the ground, stomps on it.

HUDSON
Everything okay there, big guy?

DEREK
Gimme fifty bucks.

HUDSON
Fuck off.

Hudson smiles at Shannon. She smiles back.

EXT. LUNCH TABLES -- DAY

Hudson and Shannon sit eating lunch. She sees Wes in line, dressed as Cal, and wearing the requisite cowboy hat.

SHANNON
What's up with Woody?

HUDSON
He's Cal Docker's Stand In.

Bingo! Her perspective changes from snide to flirtatious. Wes receives a plate, sits down. She eyes him like a doe.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Shannon waves as she peels out in a red convertible. Wes holds a napkin with her name and number. Hudson steps up.

HUDSON
It's gotta be the hat.

Wes mimics Cal's pistol move and smiles a Cal grin.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MONITOR-DAY

Cal's face fills the monitor. He lights a cigarette and turns around. The camera PULLS BACK revealing Chelsea.

CHELSEA
We don't have a warrant we -

CAL
I don't care about warrants.

Chelsea registers surprise, she's at a loss for words.

CAL
Yeah, that's what I thought.

Cal walks away. The camera pushes in on her.

DON (O.S.)
Cut!

There's a flickering of images as the film stops rushing through the camera. Schwartz approaches her.

SCHWARTZ
(joking)
You know, you want me and you just don't know what to do about it.

Barely amused, Chelsea forces a smile. He laughs, walks away.

EXT. MONITOR QUAD -- DAY

Cal sits down next to Don. On Don's other side is Nelson.

NELSON
If she doesn't nail this, she'll lose the audience.

Cal smiles to himself. Nelson clears his throat, leans over.

NELSON
You want me to talk to her about the rhythm of the scene?

DON
Uh....not just yet.

EXT. SET -- DAY

Chelsea puts a hand to her head. Marshall appears, hands her a water.

CHELSEA
I feel like I'm singing off key for that *AMERICAN IDOL* asshole.

MARSHALL
Roll with it.

CHELSEA

Cal keeps changing the lines.

Dewey passes, gives a disparaging look at Marshall.

MARSHALL

Listen, to me. You can ad lib. You can improvise. Pretend like it's you and me out there.

Marshall glances at Video Village. Cal's signing an autograph for a couple FEMALE FANS.

MARSHALL

Cal's the black hole of acting.

Cal hands the girls their autographs. Hudson escorts them back to the crowd of onlookers.

MARSHALL

He doesn't want a scene to work, he wants the attention. So he's not gonna give you shit.

Dewey whispers in Schwartz's ear. Schwartz swings around like a gunfighter.

SCHWARTZ

Marshall!! We're trying to work here!

Marshall looks at Chelsea.

CHELSEA

See ya'.

She winks, smiles. He walks away, passes Wes.

WES

You a film director now?

MARSHALL

Why, you need vouchers?

Wes checks his nose for blood.

EXT. SET -- DAY

DON (O.S.)

Action.

CHELSEA

We don't have a warrant. We have -

CAL

I'm a cop. Not a politician. Figure it out.

He starts to walk away. She grabs his shoulder, spins him.

CHELSEA

Look, buddy, we have jobs to do and we're gonna do 'em by the book. It may suck nuts, but money talks and bullshit's a long distance runner. You don't like it, buy some track shoes.

She walks off, leaves Cal slack jawed.

DON (O.S.)

Cut. Excellent! Check the gate.

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- DAY

Cal sits down, lights a cigarette.

DON

She got ya'.

CAL

I'll make it up on the close ups.

DON

We're not doing close ups.

Cal lowers his cigarette as the monitors are rolled away.

CAL

What?!?

Don stands as a P.A. takes his chair. He slaps the brim of Cal's cowboy hat, walks away. Cal follows him.

CAL

She's gonna steal the movie.

DON

Listen, Cal. You're my star. She's just some broad off a magazine cover. Lay off the all night orgies and when I start editing, she's on the floor.

CAL

Really?

DON

Trust me.

EXT. SET -- DAY

In the middle of the crew, Schwartz watches Chelsea walk off set, head for Marshall.

CHELSEA

Thanks.

She leans in and softly kisses him. As her lips part from his cheek, we TRACK between the two of them toward an infuriated Schwartz and into the pupil of his RIGHT EYE.

INT. DARK ROOM - SCHWARTZ'S IMAGINATION -- NIGHT

We're TRACKING *fast*, toward a pin point glow in the distance. As we approach, the image becomes clearer - large bed, white sheets billowing from the canopy, surrounded by a ring of fire. Marshall and Chelsea are having serious wild dogs in heat passionate sex. We quickly TRACK around the bed, then retreat the way we came, matching the entrance shot.

EXT. SET -- DAY

We PULL BACK from Schwartz's LEFT EYE. It's twitching.

SCHWARTZ

He's fired.

Scotty steps up.

SCOTTY

You can't just fire him, Wyman. His Union'll sue the Armani off your Uncle.

SCHWARTZ

Then I'll make him quit.

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- DAY

Chandler wraps the chairs as Nelson hugs various extras.

NELSON

Goodbye! Thanks for working on our show. Thanks for-

CHANDLER

Nelson. Nelson!

Nelson turns around.

CHANDLER

We're moving, not wrapping. We've got more scenes.

NELSON

Only a move? In that case, get me another cup of coffee. But this time, no decaf!

CHANDLER

Copy that. Full Nelson.

Nelson stumbles by. Chandler turns him around, points him in the right direction.

EXT. HILL -- DAY

We cross a peaceful road and travel up a hill. Once over the crest, WE SEE a basketball court, complete with film production vehicles and Crew.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

We're in the movie-movie. A pair of shoes step onto the court. We hear a ball bouncing, TILT up to see Cal in costume.

CAL

So it comes down to this, huh?

Chucky walks into frame. Sweating like a race horse, about to have a coronary.

CHUCKY

I love her, man.

CAL

So do I. Make it, take it?

Chucky bounces him the ball, his lungs HEAVE!

CHUCKY

Guard me.

DON (O.S.)

CUT!

Don sighs in disapproval, waves Scotty over.

DON

Send in the stand ins. And call an ambulance for these Schnooks.

Out of breath, Chucky and Cal walk off the court to their chairs. Hudson and another P.A. hand them towels. Chucky hangs his head, drapes the towel over it. Cal fires up a cigarette, blows the smoke toward Chucky.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

In costume, Marshall and Wes stand opposite each other. Crew sets up equipment, does light readies.

WES

Chelsea dump you already?

MARSHALL

We're just friends.

WES

That so?

MARSHALL

Yeah. Like we used to be.

WES

I ain't the one with the short shelf life. I have a career.

MARSHALL

Wes, calling yourself Hollywood's best stand in's like being the world's tallest midget - no one cares. What's next? Best Fluffer?

WES

You wanna lay it on the line? Right here, right now. Winner keeps the job, loser takes a walk.

MARSHALL

Make it take it?

WES

Guard me.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- MONTAGE -- DAY

The two play serious basketball. Wes and Marshall block shots, stuffing, burning each other and getting more and more pissed off. The A.C.'s reload the cameras. Wes heads for Craft Service. Marshall wanders from his mark.

SCHWARTZ

Where you going?

MARSHALL

Water.

SCHWARTZ

Back on your mark.

Marshall glances around the set. Everyone's watching him sweat. Staying away. Heat rises from the blacktop. The sun's burning down. The crew's covered beneath pop up tents and drinking water. Chandler watches Marshall stand on the mark, sweat running down his face. He wants to do something, but can't quite muster the courage. Schwartz rocks back and forth on his heels. Scotty stands next to him, walks away, grabs a bottle of water and passes by Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ

I wouldn't do that.

Scotty stops.

SCHWARTZ

Think about it. Pup like yourself, pushing forty. You really wanna throw it all away over *this* guy?

SCOTTY

You're a prick, Schwartz.

As Scotty walks away, Schwartz grabs hold of the bottle.

SCHWARTZ

Just....let go.

Schwartz smiles to himself, raises the bottle. Chandler takes it from him, tosses it to Marshall.

SCHWARTZ

You like your job?

Chandler towers over him, smiles.

CHANDLER

Not as much as I like my Union.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

Marshall's guarding Wes. He's tired. Wes sinks a shot.

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- DAY

It's late afternoon. Wes's dribbling. He pulls off a great move, makes a wonderful shot. Marshall's left in the dust. He seems beaten. Don stands up, claps.

DON

Awesome. That's a wrap, folks. Let's give these guys a hand.

Don starts clapping. The Crew barely joins in. Schwartz watches Marshall drop to one knee, steps up to him.

SCHWARTZ

How's it going? Tired, huh? Me, too. I gotta hit the shower. Grab some Sushi with Chelsea. You have a good night. Loser.

Schwartz strides off, tosses his walkie to Hudson. Marshall lays on the court. Wes drops the ball on him.

WES

Tell Boyd I said 'hi'.

CHANDLER

Get your bag off my truck.

WES

Blow me you fat fuck.

Chandler takes the ball from Marshall. The rest of the Crew sweeps equipment. Jerry breaks ranks.

JERRY

Chandler....

Fleischer and Sparky continue pushing their carts.

JERRY

Chandler, you need a hand?

Chandler tosses the ball. Jerry catches it, places it with the rest of his equipment. Marshall sits up, calls to Wes.

MARSHALL

It ain't over.

WES

You're on the bus, firecracker.

Chandler helps Marshall stand.

MARSHALL

That wasn't a game. That was a bunch of set ups for a film.

WES

I gotta find my chick.

MARSHALL

I've been standing in the sun all day. No breaks. No water. Shouldn't take you too long to kick my ass. Gaylord. Jerry!

Marshall claps his hands. Jerry tosses him the ball. Wes throws down his things, returns to the court.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- EVENING

As the sun begins to set, Marshall and Wes battle.

INT. TRANSPOR VAN -- EVENING

Sparky and Fleischer sit in the back. Chandler gets in.

SPARKY

They're gonna sleep like babies.

FLEISCHER

Yeah, pee the bed and wake up cryin'.

Sparky wrinkles his brow, shakes his head. Chandler rolls the door shut. The van pulls out.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- EVENING

The vans and trucks are gone. The guys are exhausted. Marshall tosses up a shot, sinks it. Wes grabs the ball. Bounces it just out of reach so Marshall has to step away.

MARSHALL

Dick.

Wes flips him off.

MARSHALL

20-20. Game point.

WES

Two out of three.

MARSHALL

Beg to differ.

Marshall starts dribbling, slowly, then quicker, quicker, faster, faster, building up the pace. Marshall wants to win, Wes can't lose. He draws Wes out, heads for the basket. He's running for the hoop, he's about to go for the lay up when Wes body blocks him, cleans him out like its football.

They land in a tangle. The ball careens off the court, down a slope. Marshall pushes Wes off, wipes blood from a lip.

MARSHALL

What the hell was that?

WES

Part of the game, pal.

MARSHALL

You fouled me.

Both rise.

WES
Yeah, so what. Go get the ball.

MARSHALL
You get the ball.

WES
No way, pal.

MARSHALL
Unless you get the ball, I win.

WES
Unless YOU get the ball, we tied.

They walk off the court.

MARSHALL
Gaylord.

WES
Beefeater.

EXT. ROAD BACK TO TOWN -- EVENING

On opposite sides of the road, the two head home.

WES
You should've gotten the ball,
Beefeater.

MARSHALL
No, Gaylord, YOU should've gotten
the ball.

INT. WES AND MARSHALL'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Marshall lays on the bed. Exhausted. Sore. He's referencing the play and notebook. In the bathroom, Wes puts on after shave. There's a knock on the door. Wes doesn't make a move. Frustrated, Marshall pulls himself up, hobbles over and opens the door. It's Shannon. Wes pushes by him.

WES
Hey....

Wes exits then sticks his head back in.

WES
See, there's two kinds of guys in
the world. Guys that take chicks
out. And...

(MORE)

WES (CONT'D)
 (slight laugh)
 ...guys like you.

Pulling away from Marshall, the door closes on us.

EXT. DEADLY IV HOTEL - PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Shannon and Wes drive away in her convertible. Standing at the window, Marshall lets the shades fall.

INT. WES AND MARSHALL'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Marshall lays on the bed. Very much alone. He suddenly flies off the mattress.

INT. POOL HALL -- NIGHT

From the ground up, we check out Shannon. Black heels, black hose, short skirt, legs apart for balance, torso leaning over the table for a tough shot, a great ass all but winking at us. Shannon makes the shot with ease, straightens, grabs the chalk and scrapes it on the cue.

Her concentration's 100% on the game. She heads around the table, catches Wes's eye, smiles. He steals a look around the room. She's with him.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP -- NIGHT

Marshall walks down the Vegas strip. Sees the occasional Crew Member enjoying themselves. He passes a parking lot notices Chelsea's car. Continuing on, he reaches a Sushi Restaurant and peers inside.

At a large table sits Don, Stan, Shauna, Chucky, Cal, Derek, Schwartz and Chelsea. Paparazzi snap photos as Stan proposes a toast. AUTOGRAPH SEEKERS approach them all. Chelsea's self-effacing as she signs a Fan's book. Marshall drops his head, retreats. A moment later, we hear music blaring from a car. Shannon's convertible passes by, she and Wes laughing.

INT. SHANNON'S CAR -- NIGHT

Wes looks down at Shannon's skirt. It rides high on her thigh. As she shifts gears it rides a little higher. He shouts over the music.

WES
 Hey, if you're not doing anything tomorrow, maybe you could come to the set.

Again the smile to penetrate a bullet proof heart.

EXT. DEADLY IV HOTEL -- NIGHT

Shannon's car pulls to the front and lets Wes out.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEADLY IV HOTEL -- MORNING

The crew boards the bus.

INT. DEADLY IV BUS -- MORNING

Marshall sits alone, still down from the previous evening. Fleischer slips in next to him.

FLEISCHER

How ya' doing?

MARSHALL

What do you need, Fleischer?

FLEISCHER

A favor. There's a pool, see, on when Schwartz's gonna get his Uncle to ax you. And I was hoping-

Suddenly, there's a collective sigh from the bus, folks rush to the windows as Wes drives with Shannon. She's in jean shorts, tank top, hair blowin' in the wind. Wes rolls his head over, smiles at them, rolls it back. Shannon guns it.

FLEISCHER

Can you make it 'til tomorrow?

EXT. ROAD TO LOCATION -- DAY

The movie convoy weaves through the canyons. In the distance, a bridge extends over a calm river.

EXT. DEADLY IV BUS -- MORNING

Crew members step from the van. Marshall exits. He sees Chelsea's trailer. Door closed. No activity. He walks away, passes the craft service table.

A large bottle of Beefeater's poised in the center, with his picture on it and a grid of dates and times. Various crew members drop money in the bottle and initial specific boxes. A large, blank one reads: *MAKES IT THE END - HA! HA!*

EXT. CLIFF IN DESERT -- DAY

Facing the great beyond, two Trucks parked in a "V" are surrounded by the lighting crew.

EXT. CLIFF IN DESERT -- DAY

Schwartz and Don approach the trucks. Don stops.

DON

What's Derek doing in the truck? You didn't order more stand ins?

SCHWARTZ

No money, Don. Things are tight.

DON

What about when we get back to L.A.? There's a scene with seven actors.

SCHWARTZ

We'll get it done.

DON

I shoulda never left the *REEF*.

Don steps away. Dewey approaches.

DEWEY

Okay. I called the Dealership. They don't have metallic blue but they can get Mahogany.

SCHWARTZ

What do you think?

DEWEY

Personally? I like green.

INT. TRUCK -- DAY

Marshall's in the driver's side, Wes the passenger's. Wes studies the script. Barely audible is a sports announcer.

DEREK

Jesus fucking Christ!

Sitting in the back, Derek rips out an ear plug, tosses a small t.v. on the ground. Wes turns around, Marshall glances in the rear view mirror.

DEREK

We never lost at home. Shit!

He rubs his face his eyes.

DEREK

The Seminoles suck now!

MARSHALL

You played for Florida State?

DEREK

Yeah. Full Athletic Scholarship. But then I discovered rock music and Happy Hour. They threw me off the team the night before a game. So after fifty bucks worth of dollar drafts I chained myself to the goal post until they reinstated me.

WES

Did they?

DEREK

(devious smile)

For a little while, yeah. When I lost my ride I fell in to acting.

Through the windshield, we see the crew's heads turn as Shannon walks past. Marshall looks away, snickers.

WES

I hear they got a pool on you, Beefeater.

DEREK

You're Beefeater?!?! Buddy, we gotta talk.

EXT. CRAFT SERVICE TABLE -- DAY

Marshall puts together a plate of carrots, celery, etc. Fleischer copies each choice. Marshall steals a look at Chelsea's trailer. Hudson walks up knocks on the door. It opens and Marshall perks up expectantly, but Hudson hands her some sides and she shuts it without a glance.

Marshall takes a seat, Crew Members slide away. Fleischer sits across from him, whispers.

FLEISCHER

Tomorrow. 10 AM.

Fleischer winks. Marshall turns away, watches Wes massage Shannon's shoulders while she sits in a director's chair reading his script. She glances at Cal who's smoking a cigarette, staring right at her. Shannon smiles, rises, turns to Wes and points her ass at Cal.

SHANNON

I'm thirsty.

She kisses Wes, bites his lip. He heads to craft service. While he's removing a drink, Cal approaches Shannon, whispers in her ear. They immediately walk toward the trailers. Wes turns, sees them leaving, knows what's happened. Marshall snickers.

WES
You wanna settle this, Gaylord?

MARSHALL
Name it.

WES
You name it.

Marshall smiles.

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- DAY

Again, we're watching the monitors. Cal and Chucky exit the truck, close the doors, file past camera.

EXT. TRUCK -- DAY

DON
Cut! Check. Move.

SCHWARTZ
Second Team!

Scotty glances around. In the background, a bridge looms. One body lowers from it, then another.

EXT. BRIDGE -- DAY

Wes and Marshall hang.

MARSHALL
Tough to cheat on something like this.

WES
Blow me.

EXT. TRUCK -- DAY

Schwartz and Scotty stand by the empty vehicle.

SCOTTY
Hudson, find second team.

Hudson turns, sees them hanging from the bridge.

HUDSON
Uh, Scotty?

Hudson points in the distance. Scotty closes his eyes.

EXT. BRIDGE -- DAY

They still hang. Marshall tries to pull himself up, fails. Wes laughs. But then he fails to pull himself up as well.

WES

Check it out: you let go, I swing
my feet up and tell everyone how
cool you were for saving my life.
Could make for a touching spot on
Entertainment Tonight.

MARSHALL

You just don't get it, do you? You
never understood how much this
friendship means to me.

WES

(snide)
How much does it mean?

Marshall snickers, laughs harder and harder. Wes joins in.

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- DAY

Don turns, sees them hanging. He steps up to the Camera Operator, whispers in his ear. He pans, finds the bridge.

EXT. BRIDGE -- DAY

Marshall and Wes are in hysterics. Marshall releases one hand, swings back and forth. Wes laughs harder. Suddenly, Marshall's expression turns bittersweet.

MARSHALL

That Saturday you and Dewey were at
the beach? You went to a bar, Laurie
showed up, you left. Dewey got her
number. That's the kind of friendship
you have now. Make sure they spell
my name right.

Marshall releases his other hand, free falls into river.

EXT. TRUCK -- DAY

Chandler watches Marshall drop into the water.

EXT. BRIDGE -- DAY

Wes hangs alone, freaks out. He sees Marshall swim away, calms down.

WES

Damn....

He lets go, drops into the river.

EXT. TRUCK -- DAY

Sparky, Fleischer and Jerry stand by Chandler.

CHANDLER

Those....fools.

FLEISCHER

Yeah, they're supposed to attach the giant rubber band first.

EXT. TRUCK -- DAY

Don stands by the Operator.

DON

You get 'em?

The Operator nods. Don pats him on the back.

DON

We're gonna make this movie despite those studio cocksuckers!

EXT. PRODUCTION TRAILER -- DAY

Squishy shoes exit the door. Still wet, the guys stand alone.

WES

I've never been fired before.

MARSHALL

Relax, you're doing fine.

WES

Thanks. What do we do now?

Marshall smiles.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- DAY

Two shot glasses slam on the counter. Marshall and Wes, still in photo double clothes, sit amidst a few CUSTOMERS. A tv above the bar shows an ad for *SOUTHERN CROSS*.

MARSHALL

Turn that off!!

WES

Turn that off NOW!!

The Bartender flicks the station. They clink glasses, down a shot. A FEMALE FAN approaches Wes with a pen and napkin.

FEMALE FAN

Mr. Docker?

Wes smiles, signs the autograph. The Fan gives him a kiss on the cheek. Wes does Cal's trademark move, turns to Marshall. They share a laugh. Wes becomes sullen.

WES

The reality of this thing's hitting me. I'll never work as a stand in again.

MARSHALL

Then you'll push on the acting. You'll *have* to.

Wes sighs.

WES

I don't know if I'm ready for that.

Wes motions to the Bartender, points at the shot glasses.

EXT/INT. DEADLY IV HOTEL -- NIGHT

A classy, expensive, European Mercedes with right side steering wheel pulls to the curb. A VALET opens the back door for CODY, 40's, black suit. He buttons his jacket as FRED, 30's, Cody's Muscle, comes around from the other side carrying a small case and a cigar box. Cody takes the box.

Cody and Fred enter the lobby. The DRIVER remains in the car. Fred moves toward the desk as Cody and the cigar box enter the elevator. The door closes.

INT. DEADLY IV HOTEL - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

A YOUNG NYMPHET adjusts her skirt as the elevator door opens. Cody exits and she enters. He walks down the hall, reaches a suite, knocks on the door.

Chucky opens it. Cody smiles and lifts the lid of the cigar box. A large package of coke is inside. Chucky lets Cody in. As the door closes, the suite next to it opens and Cal, in a towel, kisses Shannon goodbye. She walks down the hall.

CAL

Thank your friend for letting me take those Polaroids.

We follow Shannon into the elevator. The doors close.

INT. DEADLY IV HOTEL - LOBBY -- NIGHT

Shannon exits the elevator as a SECOND NYMPHET enters. Shannon pauses for a moment, looks over her shoulder as the doors close. She turns back around, walks out the door.

INT. DEADLY IV HOTEL - HALLWAY -- DAY

The elevator doors open and the SECOND NYMPHET exits. Cal's at the ice machine in his towel. He puts his arm around her, escorts her to his room

CAL

You're early, darlin' I have another friend coming up. Is that okay?

As he pushes his door open she rips the towel off. He kicks it closed as Cody exits Chucky's room, walks to the elevator.

INT. DEADLY IV HOTEL - LOBBY -- NIGHT

Cody exits the elevator as a THIRD NYMPHET receives a room key from the Desk Clerk and heads for the elevator. Cody reaches a sweating, chain smoking Derek, his tie a little too low. He and Fred stand. Derek extends his hand. Cody shakes it, studies him.

CODY

You look familiar.

DEREK

Yeah, I got that kinda -

CODY

Atlantic City. The Ponies.

Derek nods.

CODY

You must've become very religious after that. How much we talking?

FRED

Ten.

Cody nods. Fred hands Derek the case. Derek opens it, flips through the bills, and smiles before heading into the Casino. Cody and Fred laugh.

INT. HOTEL CASINO -- NIGHT

A roulette wheel spins, the white ball dancing about before taking residence in sixteen black. Derek roars with joy. Hudson storms up behind him as he receives his winnings.

HUDSON
You made Mom take out a second
mortgage?!?

DEREK
(placing bets)
She's just as much a Knicks fan as
you and me.

HUDSON
The Knicks lost!

DEREK
(points at his temple)
That's why we took the points.

A GAMBLER walks past, does a double take, returns.

GAMBLER
You look really familiar.

DEREK & HUDSON
Fuck off!

Hudson gathers the chips.

HUDSON
I'm wiring it back to Mom.

DEREK
She won't be able to pick it up. She
sold her car last Thursday.

HUDSON
(walking away)
You're lucky Dad's dead.

DEREK
Yeah, no shit.
(to Dealer)
Can you call Security, have them get
my chips back and meet me at the
Sports Book?

EXT. VEGAS STRIP -- NIGHT

Two hands carry plastic bags jam packed with videos and dvd's.
Again in sunglasses and knit hat, Sparky moves briskly along
the sidewalk. He crosses the street, passes a garbage can,
drops the bags into it.

INT. SPORTS BOOK -- NIGHT

A horse race takes place on a giant video screen. Amongst
numerous other GAMBLERS, Derek sits watching.

DEREK

C'mon, baby, c'mon, baby...

Two horses are in a dead heat. A YOUNG COUPLE a few seats away are cheering as well. As Derek slowly stands, so do they. All rooting their horse on. It comes down to the wire. At the finish, the Young Couple deflate.

Having won, Derek's frozen, a statue. He slowly sits down, sweeps the room, glances at his ticket: \$10,000. 50 to 1. To Win. His eyes shoot to various parts of the room. The Young Man moves past Derek. Derek looks to the Young Woman, she pulls out a magazine, crosses a leg, buries herself into it. The Young Man's jacket hangs on his chair. A Valet Ticket protrudes from the outside pocket.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

Marshall watches Wes sulk.

WES

I'm gonna be Vincent Spano now.

MARSHALL

Who's Vincent Spano?

WES

Exactly.

Marshall pushes off the stool, walks into the Casino.

INT. CASINO -- NIGHT

Marshall strolls through the casino, contemplates Wes's words. Folks notice, point. He hears nothing.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

Wes signs an autograph, glances at the television. The news is doing a piece on the next day's blowing up of the building. Suddenly awash with an idea, Wes jumps off the stool.

INT. CASINO -- NIGHT

Marshall stands near the Sports Book. Wes rushes to him.

WES

I got it!

A sweaty, paranoid Derek flies around the corner, levels a COCKTAIL WAITRESS. He hugs Cody's case, holds a pistol. Marshall and Wes help up the girl. She sees the pistol, backs away scared.

MARSHALL
 (parental condescension)
 Derek....?

DEREK
 You gotta get me outta here.

He peeks around the corner, moves past them.

WES
 You shouldn't walk around with that.

Derek stops, looks at the gun.

DEREK
 Yeah, you're right. Here...

He turns around, tosses it to Wes.

WES
 (tossing it to Marshall)
 Fuck you!

MARSHALL
 (tossing it to Derek)
 Fuck YOU!

DEREK
 Okay, okay. C'mon...

Marshall laughs.

WES
 Uh.....

Derek points the gun at them.

INT. CASINO -- NIGHT

Wes and Marshall lead the way. Hunched over, Derek hugs the case, looks out for Cody and Fred. HOTEL PATRONS turn their heads, pointing.

GAMBLER
 Look, it's Cal Docker!

GAMBLER #2
 And Chucky Gelson!

OTHER PATRONS approach Wes and Marshall with pen and paper. Derek waves them off.

DEREK
 They're stand ins. They're only stand ins.

INT. BALCONY -- NIGHT

Fred glances out over the floor, sees Wes and Marshall sign autographs as Derek pushes them through the crowd.

FRED

Our boy's running away from home.

Cody sits up, peers over the ledge.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

A beat to shit MG pulls up. Derek hands the VALET a fifty.

VALET

Hey, thanks!

Derek notices the fifty, snatches it back, hands him a five.

MARSHALL

Can we go now?

WES

I gotta whiz something fierce.

DEREK

No. Get in back.

They hop in, look for seat belts. There's one part from each set on opposite sides. As Derek peels out, Cody and Fred rush from the hotel, signal their driver.

INT. DEREK'S MG -- NIGHT

Derek lights a joint, takes a hit, swerves, straightens the car. He offers it to Marshall and Wes.

WES

Can't smoke it anymore.

MARSHALL

Me neither.

DEREK

Don't you guys read People Magazine?
(exhales)

I quit drugs six years ago.

He takes another hit. The car speeds off.

INT. DEREK'S MG -- NIGHT

Headlights appear in the rear view mirror as Cody's car taps Derek's bumper.

DEREK
Oh, fuck! Hold on guys.

The building scheduled for destruction appears in the distance. Marshall and Wes try to connect the seat belt but shots fire and they duck down.

MARSHALL
This part of your plan?

WES
Blow me.

Cody's car pulls up along side them. A tinted window lowers. Cody smiles, waves a hand.

DEREK
Cody?!! Wassup!!!

CODY
How'd you do tonight?

DEREK
Up and down, you know.

CODY
Pull over.

DEREK
Sure thing.

As Derek guns it, Cody raises a gun, shoots a tire. The MG stalls off the road onto the sand. Cody's car stops. The door opens and Cody gets out, followed by Fred and the Driver.

DEREK
What seems to be the problem, officer?

Derek laughs, takes a hit from the joint. Marshall and Wes rise up from the back. They see the approaching forms. Derek sticks his gun in his coat.

CODY
Out of the car.

Derek flicks the joint away. With their hands up, Marshall and Wes step away as Cody and his entourage approach.

FRED
Is that Cal and Chucky?

The Driver frisks them, stands menacingly close.

WES
Remind me to never get you a job.

MARSHALL

Blow me.

Derek removes the gun by the barrel, hands it to Fred. Its fake. He glances at Derek who shrugs.

DEREK

From the movie.

Excited, Fred checks it out.

FRED

Really!?! Can I have it?

DEREK

Sure.

FRED

Thanks!

(to Cody)

I love the *DEADLY IMPACT* movies.

Cody walks toward Derek.

DEREK

So what happens now?

Cody connects with a punch, kicks the shit out of him. Wes does the handgun move, Marshall rubs his goatee without enthusiasm. Derek's on the sand, spitting blood. Cody picks up the suitcase, steps over to Wes and Marshall.

CODY

Stand ins, huh?

Cody laughs. They retreat and board the car and peel out. Derek removes his jacket and shirt. Stacks of money hang from his waistband.

DEREK

I was afraid these'd fall out when he was kicking my ass. I gotta get the fuck out of here.

He starts to change the tire.

DEREK

Where're you guys headed?

MARSHALL

(to Wes)

Where're we headed?

Wes points to the building.

MARSHALL
Ho!

DEREK
C'mon, I'll give you a lift.

WES
Uh...

MARSHALL
We're gonna hoof it.

WES
Yeah.

EXT. DESERT - BETWEEN BUILDING AND HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Marshall and Wes approach the building. Behind them, the MG's tail lights shine on, wheels kick up sand and Derek disappears into the night.

MARSHALL
We're never gonna see him again.

EXT. BUILDING TO BE DEMOLISHED -- NIGHT

A line of empties surround a drunk SECURITY GUARD. Wes picks up a bottle of Vodka, looks at Marshall.

MARSHALL
Probably helping with the rewrites.

WES
Stan's family must spread their seed
like rock stars.

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Wires are everywhere. Marshall trips on the stairs.

WES
Rookie move.

INT. ROOM -- NIGHT

The guys turn into a room. There's an alcove to the side with an old radiator mounted to the floor. The metal gas pipe runs from it, attached to the wall.

MARSHALL
What now?

Wes handcuffs himself to a pipe, sits down, tosses a pair to Marshall. Marshall stares at it in awe.

WES

Tomorrow, they come to blow up the building, find us handcuffed, and gotta give us our jobs back before they can shoot.

MARSHALL

Derek's goal post story? We're gonna get arrested.

WES

Hey, I jumped off a bridge for you!

MARSHALL

Okay, okay....but this makes us even.

EXT. BUILDING TO BE DEMOLISHED -- NIGHT

Some time's passed.

WES (O.S.)

Marsh, you awake? You awake, Marsh?!?

MARSHALL (O.S.)

I am now.

INT. BUILDING TO BE DEMOLISHED -- NIGHT

Wes stares out the window. Marshall's cuffed to a radiator.

WES

What should I do about Laurie and Dewey?

MARSHALL

Anything you say's gonna push her to him. You gotta ride it out.

WES

I'm sorry for keeping you down.

MARSHALL

It's okay.

WES

Can I be in your play?

MARSHALL

What was the last show you finished?

WES

Man, one line on *BRAVE SEASON* and Boyd's got a career.

WES & MARSHALL

The wagon's on fire!

MARSHALL

It would've happened for him sooner
or later.

WES

He stole the audition.

MARSHALL

Did he? 'Cause I heard the message.
It was for all of us. You were too
scared to go, Wes, then *pretended*
Boyd sabotaged you.

Wes stares at him. He's not angry. He's exposed.

MARSHALL

When you started talking shit, I
should've said something. Because
he thought I felt the same way.

Marshall sets his head against the radiator, closes his eyes.

MARSHALL

I tell you this, though. I'd really
like to look him in the eye someday.

EXT. BUILDING TO BE DEMOLISHED -- NIGHT

WESB (O.S.)

I wish we could order a pizza.

MARSHALL (O.S.)

Call the Guard.

WES (O.S.)

I'd hate to wake him.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUILDING -- MORNING

The cameras are set up. A CROWD stands behind caution tape.
Numerous different angles. Schwartz stands with the bullhorn,

SCHWARTZ

How're they doing?

Scotty raises his radio.

INT. BUILDING -- MORNING

Hudson's descending the stairwell. He's at the entrance to Marshall and Wes's room.

SCOTTY (O.S.)
Hudson how you doing in there?

Hudson raises his walkie.

HUDSON
Dude, there's no one in here.

He steps into a corner, starts to take a pee.

EXT. BUILDING -- MORNING

Scotty, turns to Schwartz.

SCOTTY
You get that?

INT. BUILDING -- MORNING

Hudson zippers up, descends the stairs. Once he's passed, we TRACK into the room. Marshall and Wes sleep.

INT. FRONT OF BUILDING -- MORNING

Don stands with Chucky and Cal. Scotty and Schwartz flank Don as Hudson exits past them.

DON
Derek's trapped you inside. He levels the building but you untie yourselves, and barely get out alive. Sparky?

SPARKY
Okay. This is real simple. Initial fuses go off, we cue you, the building blows.

DON
Everything set?

Sparky nods. Scotty sets down a walkie for Cal and Chucky, leaves with Don and Schwartz. In the background, Schwartz raises the megaphone, the foghorn goes off, Schwartz swears.

Chucky pulls out some coke.

CAL
Go to rehab.

INT. CAL AND CHUCKY'S VESTIBULE -- MORNING

Fuses echo. Plaster falls, sends dust up in a cloud. Chucky turns, looks inside. When he turns back, he sees Cal's gone. Chucky bursts into a sprint after him.

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- MORNING

The Crew watches Cal and Chucky emerge from the building. The crowd cheers. Stan rises, rushes into frame.

STAN
Get back inside!!

He's yanked out of frame. Cal and Chucky keep running scared.

INT. WES AND MARSHALL'S ROOM -- MORNING

Wes slides the handcuff free, rushes toward Marshall who's shaking the radiator, bending the floor mounts.

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- MORNING

SCHWARTZ
What do we do?

DON
Blow it!

Sparky throws another switch. All eyes turn to the building.

INT. WES AND MARSHALL'S ROOM -- MORNING

They pause as the building rumbles like an earthquake.

MARSHALL
Get out of here.

WES
You sure?

MARSHALL
GO!

Wes and Marshall lock eyes.

EXT. MONITORS -- MORNING

On the screens, Cal and Chucky are nearly clear.

DON
They're out of frame!!

He stands, kicks a monitor over.

EXT. BUILDING -- MORNING

Through various windows, we see Marshall and Wes rush down a stairwell. Dust clouds begin to mushroom.

INT. STAIRWELL -- MORNING

Marshall and Wes move as fast as they can, given the radiator each has a side of. The noise is deafening.

WES

What were the sounds?!?

MARSHALL

Fuck you, I was a pirate!!

EXT. MONITORS -- MORNING

Speechless, everyone watches the building about to collapse

INT. BUILDING VESTIBULE -- MORNING

Marshall and Wes rush past the walkie talkie.

EXT. MONITORS -- MORNING

Chelsea stares at the building, takes a step forward.

HUDSON

(pointing at the building)
Hey, hey, hey!

JERRY

What is it?

Chandler squints, smiles.

CHANDLER

Gaylord and Beefeater.

SPARKY

Who?

CHANDLER

Marshall and Wes.

Sparky still doesn't get it.

CHANDLER

The stand ins.

We TRACK into Schwartz as he turns around.

EXT. ENTIRE SCENE -- MORNING

The building dwarfs Marshall and Wes as they emerge from the front. The crowd goes wild. In slow motion, they tear ass toward camera as the building collapses behind them. The sun's revealed, silhouetting the running forms.

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- MORNING

In regular speed, the guys reach the crew area. Wes drops his end of the radiator, it pulls Marshall down. Wes plops down on it, catches his breath. Marshall sits up.

MARSHALL

Dick.

Wes pats Marshall's shoulder. The audience applauds, which throws off Cal and Chucky. Chelsea smiles, steps away from the group. Schwartz watches as Marshall squints at Chelsea.

MARSHALL

I owe somebody around here dinner.

CHELSEA

And drinks.

Marshall laughs.

MARSHALL

And drinks.

She kneels down, glances at both of them.

CHELSEA

That was pretty stupid. Even for guys.

EXT. MONITORS -- MORNING

Don watches the video playback, calling out for the different angles. Each is a keeper. Schwartz bristles as he watches Chelsea and Marshall. Scotty observes Schwartz's growing ill ease. Schwartz makes a bee line to the monitors.

SCHWARTZ

DON! DON! THEY-THEY-

Don turns.

DON

What were they doing inside?

SCOTTY

Photo doubling.

Don and Schwartz turn. Scotty steps up.

SCOTTY
That's why you hired them. Right,
Wyman?

DON
Well, good work.

Don turns around. Another angle flicks on, shows Cal and Chucky running too soon, Stan rushing into frame, an arm pulling him out, and then Marshall and Wes.

DON
Excellent.

Schwartz burns.

EXT. PHOTO OPPORTUNITY -- MORNING

With the demolished building in the background, Don, Stan, Chelsea, Cal and Chucky stand with Jack Stevens. A PHOTOGRAPHER raises a camera but Jack steps out.

JACK
Shannon!
(to Stan)
I want my daughter in this. She's
been down since losing the local
Beauty Pageant.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE SET -- MORNING

Shannon walks past Wes without a glance, stands between Jack and Cal. Cal leans in.

CAL
This guy's your father?

SHANNON
Mm-hmm. He foreclosed the building.
(whisper)
It's cool. I told him you're gay.

She winks, slips her arm through Cal's, sticks out her chest, raises her knee. Everyone's smiling. Everyone but Cal.

FLASH! The group shakes hands, disbands. Cal's in shock as Jack leads Shannon away. She mouths "call me". Wes watches Shannon get in her father's car, drive off.

WES
I never should've broken up with
Laurie.

He walks away.

CHELSEA
Everything okay?

MARSHALL
He's gonna do something stupid.

CHELSEA
Like what? Jump from a bridge?
Handcuff himself in a wired building?

MARSHALL
Worse.

CHELSEA
What could be worse?

EXT. COCK PIT CLUB -- NIGHT

An airplane soars over the roof.

INT. COCK PIT CLUB -- NIGHT

Wes and Hudson stand at the bar. Hudson wears a cowboy hat like Cal's.

BARTENDER
What can I get you guys?

HUDSON
You know how to make a Two Headed
Altar Boy?

BARTENDER
You bet.

HUDSON
Fire 'em up.

EXT. SWANK RESTAURANT -- DUSK

The jeep is parked out front. Marshall and Chelsea enter.

INT. SWANK RESTAURANT -- DUSK

A short flight of stairs descends to the restaurant. Marshall and Chelsea check out the place. Upscale, snobbish. They watch a WAITRESS present a wine cork to a CUSTOMER.

They glance at each other, smile. But as they bolt for the door, Stan enters with Don and a slew of GUESTS, including Jack Stevens, Schwartz and Dewey.

STAN
Here's our starlet.

Stan throws an arm around Chelsea and the group sweeps her away. Chelsea glances back at Marshall. Schwartz and Dewey stare at him. Schwartz snickers, walks away. Dewey follows.

INT. SWANK RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

The group sits at a long table. Chelsea's wedged between Don and Stan. Marshall's relegated to the far end of the table, next to Dewey and ignored by everyone. A WAITER passes.

MARSHALL
Excuse me. Where's the rest room?

Chelsea watches him leave, sees Dewey flag down ANOTHER WAITER. He slides Marshall's place over.

DEWEY
Can you clear this? The chair, too.

EXT. SWANK RESTAURANT -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Marshall exits, heads for the dining room.

CHELSEA
Hey. Gotta second?

Marshall turns. She opens an emergency exit and an alarm sounds. Chelsea smiles, motions with her head outside.

INT. SWANK RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Don, Stan and the OTHER PATRONS respond to the sirens.

EXT. SWANK RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Chelsea and Marshall drive away from the restaurant.

CHELSEA
You know another place?

MARSHALL
It's out of the way.

CHELSEA
Whoo-Hoo!

INT. DEADLY IV SUITE -- NIGHT

The door opens. Male and Female MODELS walk in. A party's in progress. Eurotrash music, champagne, coke across a mirrored table. Cal's in the corner putting the moves on THREE MODELS with more cleavage than common sense.

Chucky sits on the couch, staring at a pile of blow. He's looking really, really ragged, strung out. A Model holds up a gold straw. Chucky forces a smile, does a line.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

Scratchy, nostalgic music plays as they drive through the painted landscape. We can feel the warm breeze upon us.

INT. DEADLY IV SUITE -- NIGHT

A WOMAN stands by the bathroom door. Her back's against it, she's been there awhile, knocks impatiently.

INT. SUITE BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Chucky splashes water on his face, has trouble breathing.

INT. DEADLY IV SUITE -- NIGHT

The door opens and the woman's face registers shock. He's suddenly very pale.

EXT. NANA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The jeep pulls into a driveway. Huge house, giant lawn. A porch couch swings in the dim light.

CHELSEA

Do you know these people or are we going in freestyle?

NANA, 60's, opens the screen door.

MARSHALL

That's my Grandmother.

CHELSEA

You brought me to your Grandmother's?

Marshall realizes the significance of this, realizes he likes her. Uncomfortable, he opens his door. They meet Nana at the stairs. She beams, hugs him. Chelsea extends her hand.

CHELSEA

I'm Chelsea.

NANA

Call me Nana. Are you guys hungry?

Marshall turns to her. She starts laughing.

CHELSEA

I'm starving.

NANA

Me, too.

Nana takes her arm, escorts her in. She whispers.

NANA

You're very pretty.

Behind her back, Nana gives Marshall a thumbs up. He knocks it away.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The house is filled with functioning antiques. There's a large grandfather clock by the front door. Marshall winds up an old victrola, lowers the needle on the 78 record.

It's slightly warped and, along with the music, a repetitive scratching flows through the speakers.

INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Marshall watches Chelsea laugh and talk with Nana, almost in a daydream. Nana smiles at him. He blushes.

CHELSEA

Do you have other family around here?

NANA

We're the only family left.

CHELSEA

I'm sorry.

NANA

Me, too! Raising this tiger. When he was seven, he had a crush on a little girl up the street, so one day on the school bus -

Marshall stands, picks up his plate.

MARSHALL

Oh-kayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Nana places a kettle on the stove, does the dishes with Chelsea. Through the window, they see Marshall taking the garbage out. On the sill are numerous mason jars, filled with various types of seeds.

NANA

He sits next to the girl, and this older boy bullies him. Marshall's seven. The Bully's ten, says he'll beat him up if he sits with the girl.

CHELSEA

What happened?

NANA

Marshall tells the Bully, yes, if they fight, the Bully'll win. But Marshall promises he'll give him a bloody nose. The Bully sat down.

CHELSEA

And the girl?

NANA

Broke his heart. It was Alison.

Nana pulls out a tray setting.

NANA

Marshall used to pick the seeds out of everything. He hated them.

Chelsea smiles at the seeds.

NANA

Then I explained they were caveman coupons. Buy one get one tree.

Nana winks at her.

CHELSEA

You go talk to him. I'll finish up.

NANA

Are you sure?

Chelsea nods.

NANA

Alrighty.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE -- NIGHT

Marshall steps up. Nana sits in the swinging chair.

NANA

Come sit next to Nana.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The kettle whistles. Chelsea turns off the stove, pours water into a pot. She searches for a box of tea bags.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE -- NIGHT

Nana has her arm around Marshall. They gently swing.

NANA (O.S.)
Sweetie, you can tell me anything.

INT. HALL BY FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Chelsea's very, very careful as she carries the tray. She walks slowly, deliberately, as she balances the objects.

MARSHALL (O.S.)
The sounds, Nana. It was the sounds.

Chelsea stops dead in her tracks. She can see their shadows. Directly next to her is the clock.

MARSHALL (O.S.)
I was getting whatever work I could,
mostly as an extra -

Suddenly, the clock chimes the hour. Chelsea jumps and screams - the kettle and cups crash to the ground. Nana rushes in. Chelsea half laughs, half cries.

NANA
Oh, honey, its just an old clock.

Nana hugs her.

NANA
Come upstairs, we'll get you changed.

They move upstairs as Marshall picks up the broken pieces.

EXT. COCK PIT CLUB -- NIGHT

Once again, Hudson and Wes sit at a table with a couple JAILBAITS. Trashed, Hudson's arm's around one, his hand dangling a glass. Wes sits disinterested with his. She's young but aware, eyes on her friend, giggling with Hudson. He spills on her. She laughs, wipes it off, stands.

GIRL #1
I'll be right back.

GIRL #2
I'll go with you.

Hudson puts a stern hand on her shoulder.

HUDSON

I got it.

Girl #2 watches them leave. She turns to Wes, scared.

WES

I'm gonna get you girls a cab.

He slides from the booth.

EXT. COCK PIT CLUB -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Hudson holds the door for the girl. After she enters, he takes a quick look around before going in.

EXT. NANA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Chelsea stands to the side in a summer dress. Her other clothes are in a paper bag. Marshall and Nana say goodbye.

NANA

Do what's in your heart.

Nana turns to Chelsea, winks. Chelsea smiles.

INT. NANA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Through the window, we see the jeep roll into the night. Nana's sitting on the swing. The record continues to play.

INT. CHELSEA'S JEEP -- NIGHT

Chelsea's driving.

CHELSEA

She said I was pretty.

MARSHALL

What?!? That's crazy talk!

CHELSEA

Huh!?!

Chelsea gets it, dabs at her nose.

CHELSEA

Am I bleeding?

INT. ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

Cal's face registers intense pleasure. A moment later, a HANDSOME WOMAN rises. Husky voice. Adam's apple.

HANDSOME WOMAN

My turn.

She smiles, lifts up her skirt - hairy legs, jockey shorts. Cal's shocked for a second. Then his shit eating grin returns.

CAL

Ah, what the hell.

He drops out of frame.

INT. DEADLY IV SUITE -- NIGHT

Chucky's not doing so well. He knows something's wrong. Those around him have a great time, laugh, drink. Cody pats Chucky on the back and Chucky grins. But something's wrong.

INT. COCK PIT CLUB -- BAR -- NIGHT

The music's pounding. Wes waits for the pay phone. He sees a woman exit the bathroom in disgust and stop at a table. She speaks demonstrably as she points toward the ladies room.

EXT. DEADLY IV SUITE -- NIGHT

Chucky's starting to cough, struggles to breathe. He stands and loses his footing.

INT. COCK PIT CLUB -- BAR -- NIGHT

Wes notices Girl #2 isn't at the table. He turns and sees her enter the bathroom.

EXT. DEADLY IV SUITE -- NIGHT

Chucky's eyes roll up. He loses consciousness and his head smashes through the mirrored table.

EXT. DEADLY IV HOTEL -- NIGHT

Ambulances and cop cars pour into the parking lot.

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

EMERGENCY PERSONNEL rush through the lobby. The HOTEL MANAGER whips out a key, overrides the manual stop and the elevator doors open, revealing the Handsome Woman moaning. Jaws drop as Cal rises into frame.

CAL

Any'a you boys got a cigarette?

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Wes reaches the door as Girl #2 exits with her friend. She's crying, holds her torn shirt to her chest. Girl #2 eyes Wes hard as they pass. BOUNCERS come by as Hudson exits with a shit eating grin.

HUDSON

You know who my brother is?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEADLY IV HOTEL - LOBBY -- NIGHT

The Entire Crew's assembled, waiting to leave. Bags packed and ready to go. Desk Clerks work overtime with bills, etc. Fleischer and Sparky sit on the stairs.

SPARKY

(shaking head)

Sixteen year olds in a titty bar.

FLEISCHER

Yeah....and on a school night.

Stan, Don and Nelson walk past them.

NELSON

Re-write's my middle name. In fact, once, in the Congo with The Duke, I ran outta "inspiration", but the natives, they make hooch outta spit.

DON

I'm gonna drop off my bag. Meet ya' in the library.

NELSON

(saluting)

Aye-Aye.

Nelson veers off.

STAN

Donny!

Seeing Stan approach with Schwartz and Dewey in tow, Don rushes outside, hops in a cab, taps the seat. The DRIVER peels out. Stan screams at him by the Valet stand.

STAN

If it weren't for me you'd still be directing *FINNEGAN'S REEF*!!

Stan, Schwartz and Dewey re-enter the hotel.

STAN

One of you Schnooks phone Shauna.
Tell her she's gotta do that thing
we discussed. Not the Geisha thing.
The other thing.

SCHWARTZ

I still get my money, right?

STAN

Ask again, I'll put you in a box and
mail it to my sister. Book rate.

They pass Sparky and Fleischer. Sparky imitates Stan.

SPARKY

Book rate.

FLEISCHER

Man, he is so *cheap*!

Jerry walks by. Distraught.

SPARKY

You okay there, big guy?

JERRY

I'm never gonna see my kids.

INT. CHELSEA'S JEEP -- NIGHT

Chelsea drives, Marshall rides. She pulls over to the
shoulder, slaps it into park. She turns his face to her,
kisses him. Marshall pulls back, reveals Alison in the back.
A second later, Don's cab whizzes past.

MARSHALL

We should get going.

Chelsea drives away. Alison's gone.

EXT. CHELSEA'S JEEP -- NIGHT

The jeep pulls up as emergency vehicles start to vacate.

INT. DEADLY IV HOTEL - LOBBY -- NIGHT

Chandler sees Marshall and Chelsea enter. He approaches them.

CHANDLER

There's been an accident.

Instinctively, Marshall's hand reaches for Chelsea's. At the
touch, she looks down and then at him.

MARSHALL

Wes?

CHANDLER

He's fine.

Wes enters the lobby with his and Marshall's bags. Marshall releases Chelsea's hand. She rubs her fingers, smiles.

CHANDLER

Chucky's blow monkey gave him a coronary but they say he'll be okay. Hudson got arrested for attacking an underage girl and no one's seen Derek.

Marshall glances at Wes. Wes shakes his head "no".

CHANDLER

The studio shut us down until Stan covers the insurance hike. And I lost five bucks on Keno.

CHELSEA

I'm gonna get my things.

There's an uncomfortable moment between Chelsea and Marshall where he should kiss her. But he's scared and looks away. She smiles, walks off. Wes steps up, eyes Chelsea, smirks.

WES

See, women, they don't make the move.

Chandler puts his arm around Marshall, walks from Wes.

CHANDLER

Marshall, love isn't about opening old wounds. It's about healing them.

MARSHALL

I don't know if I'm ready for that.

Sparky and Fleischer step up.

SPARKY

Chandler?

Chandler turns.

FLEISCHER

Got a minute?

CHANDLER

(to Marshall)
Things'll be fine.

EXT. DEADLY IV HOTEL -- NIGHT

From far away, we see Chandler, Sparky and Fleischer step outside to have their conversation. Inside, Marshall sits on a suitcase. Wes places a protective hand on his neck.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEADLY IV HOTEL -- MORNING

All the vehicles have left.

EXT. CAL'S HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Shannon knocks on his door but to no avail.

INT. FRONT DESK -- MORNING

Shannon watches the Desk Clerk search a message file.

CLERK

No, there's nothing here.

Shannon realizes she's been used.

EXT. DESERT -- AFTERNOON

The MG rests atop a dune, it's blinkers clicking. Footsteps lead into the desert. A strong breeze fills them with sand.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CHANDLER'S TRUCK -- DAY

Chandler drives his old Chevy. A photo of his Wife and Kids hangs on the rear view mirror. He pulls up in front of Jerry's house, gets out, walks to the door.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE -- DAY

The screen door's closed, the inside's open. Chandler knocks, waits, enters.

CHANDLER

Jerry?

Chandler walks down the hall.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Jerry lays on the floor. Bottle of Jack. Ashtray. Chandler enters, looms over him.

CHANDLER

C'mon, buddy.

INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

A WAITRESS sets a menu in front of Jerry.

JERRY

If this is a pep talk, I'd prefer it
at a bar.

The Waitress hands Chandler a menu.

CHANDLER

Two more, please.

Chandler takes the menus. The Waitress walks away.

CHANDLER

When I lost my family, I went off
the deep end, too. It took a long
time to get it together, so if you
wanna go to a meeting, my number's
on the crew list. All you have to do
is call. I'm not worried about the
money. So don't make it an issue.
Pay me back when you can.

JERRY

What are you talking about? Money?

Chandler stands. JERRY'S EX-WIFE, 30's, steps up with JERRY'S
SON, 10, and JERRY'S DAUGHTER, 8. Jerry's in disbelief as
they slip into the booth.

EXT. CHANDLER'S TRUCK -- DAY

Chandler gets in his truck. He sees Jerry with the kids,
the Ex. Chandler puts the truck in reverse, the photo on his
rear view mirror fills the frame.

INT. VIDEO STORE -- DAY

A SALES CLERK rings up numerous DVD's and videos. Sparky
hands him some cash. The Sales Clerk pauses a moment, hands
back some change and bags the merchandise. It overflows.
Sparky takes the bag, moves for the door. A CUSTOMER enters,
does a double take as Sparky exits. The Customer turns to
the Sales Clerk, points at the door.

SALES CLERK

I've seen him somewhere, too.

A moments passes and they both realize where, start laughing.

EXT. VIDEO STORE -- DAY

Sparky stands still, his face contorts in horror. Suddenly, he turns around, walks away. We TILT UP to a HUGE BILLBOARD: Sparky's in the middle of TWO EXTREMELY LARGE WOMEN sitting on big wheels and hold ice cream cones. The caption reads: **SUGAR FIX & SWEET TOOTH - The #1 Selling X-Rated Feature.**

INT. FLEISCHER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

FLEISCHER'S WIFE, 30's, sits in front of the television with FLEISCHER'S SON, 11. Wearing an apron and oven glove, Fleischer hands the plates over.

FLEISCHER'S WIFE

I wish Canada'd shoot all the movies.

Fleischer returns to the kitchen. The sound of slamming pots and pans echoes from the kitchen.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

We're back on the black top. The ball goes through the hoop. Marshall smacks it.

MARSHALL

Where we at?

WES

20-14. Game point.

Marshall passes the ball. Chelsea catches it, starts dribbling. She's playing Marshall, Wes watches from the sidelines. She throws a fake, shoots, wins.

CHELSEA

One more. C'mon, I'll spot you five.

Marshall pulls on his sweatshirt.

CHELSEA

Wes? I'll spot you ten.

Wes's pager goes off. He checks it, looks up.

WES

It's the Production Office.

EXT. PRESTIGE PRODUCTIONS -- DAY

Wes parks his bike, dismounts and enters.

HUDSON (V.O.)

How was I to know she was fifteen?

(MORE)

HUDSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 What am I supposed to do? Ask for
 I.D. before she blows me?

INT. SCOTTY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Scotty sits opposite Hudson. Behind Scotty, a P.A. unscrews a poster for the film "SKY DEATH" starring Derek Hudson.

SCOTTY
 There's nothing I can do. I'm sorry.

Hudson stands, heads for the door and stops.

HUDSON
 If Derek hadn't skipped out, would
 Stan still have fired me?

SCOTTY
 Get a lawyer, Hudson. A good one.

INT. PRESTIGE PRODUCTIONS LOBBY -- DAY

A devastated Hudson passes Wes.

HUDSON
 I'm so fucked.

WES
 Yeah, you got that kinda face.

Hudson flips him off. Scotty appears in the hall, waves Wes to follow.

INT. SCOTTY'S OFFICE -- DAY

The P.A. replaces the SKY DEATH poster with a teaser for DEADLY IV. Airbrushed, Cal and Chucky look a decade younger. Chelsea's enhanced cleavage sports the Beretta. The tag reads - **"DEADLY IMPACT IV - A SEQUEL WITH TITS!"**

From across the desk, Scotty stares at Wes.

WES
 Are they gonna re-shoot Derek's stuff?

SCOTTY
 Stan wouldn't re-shoot an orgasm. He opened an account at the Polo Lounge for Nelson to booze out a re-write. Derek's character disappears into the desert then makes a plastic surgeon turn him into a piece of Man Candy. It's out to cast who'll work for scale.

Wes rises.

WES

There never was a part for me, huh?

SCOTTY

You lay down with dogs you get bite marks on your ass. Welcome to Hollywood.

EXT. LOCATION -- DUSK

The sky's dark gray. Its cold, the wind blows and a storm threatens to strike at any moment. The Crew wear overcoats.

INT. CRAFT SERVICE SHELTER-DUSK

Nelson Roth sits in his chair. He holds a copy of Daily Variety and it blocks his face. The heading reads: **DEADLY IMPACT RESUMES AFTER SHUTDOWN - Gold Makes Good As Budget Skyrockets.**

Crew Members read over his shoulder. Nelson turns a page. There's a collective sigh. The reverse angle reveals they're checking out Shauna's recent nude spread. Fleischer and Jerry walk by.

JERRY

You seen Sparky's billboard?

FLEISCHER

Yeah. I guess its true about the camera adding ten pounds, huh?

EXT. SET -- NIGHT

Don walks by the trailers with Scotty. Schwartz's dealer fresh, green car drives by. Dewey chases it waving a cellphone. In the distance, Wes and Marshall are on one side of the Special Effects field. Don stops.

DON

Kid, this shoot's been a nut cruncher from day one. And its you that's held things together.

He shakes Scotty's hand.

SCOTTY

Thanks.

DON

Better get the doubles ready.
(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)

I'd bet the farm Cal & Chucky'll pussy out on this. Those guys confuse the size of their talent with the size of their pay checks.

SCOTTY

Don, those ARE the doubles. Cal's at the recording studio. He said not to call him 'til Chucky leaves his Narcanon meeting. Which he never made.

DON

Send a P.A. downtown.

SCOTTY

Already did.

Don pretends to shoot him.

DON

Alright, kid.

Schwartz pulls up to the end of the blacktop. He and Dewey get out walk past Sparky, Chandler, Jerry and Fleischer. They're working on the special effects rigging. A scaffolding shakes in the wind.

SPARKY

This is so unsafe. Someone's gonna get hurt tonight. I can feel it.

CHANDLER

Let's make sure its none of us.

JERRY

If it is, I'm suing.

FLEISCHER

Yeah, make them Canadians pay.

CHANDLER

I've about had it with this Canada bashing. You can't blame them for ruanaway production.

SPARKY

If they didn't take those jobs, the film'd have to shoot here.

CHANDLER

Turn down any work lately? No.

(MORE)

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

And if a Suit finds out a Producer shot a film in a more expensive place without a legitimate reason, he'd fire the guy. You wanna be angry at someone, be angry at the government. 'Cause to me, they're the ones who ain't protecting their own.

Silence. Wes, his voice disguised, comes over the walkie.

WES (O.S.)

Chandler go to five.

Chandler grabs his radio.

EXT. SPECIAL EFFECTS RUN -- NIGHT

Marshall and Wes stand at the first mark. They're cold and rub their hands, jump around to stay warm. Wes holds a walkie.

CHANDLER (O.S.)

Going to five. I'm at five. Hello? Gaylord, I'm going to kill you.

Wes laughs. Schwartz and Dewey reach them.

SCHWARTZ

(to Marshall)

Link Shapiro. You know that name?

(turns to Wes)

You know that name.

Marshall glances at Wes. He drops his eyes.

SCHWARTZ

I am the First Assistant Director,
AND I'M ASKING YOU-

MARSHALL

He was the 1st A.D. on *BRAVE SEASON*.

Schwartz turns to Marshall.

SCHWARTZ

Dewey just got off the phone with him. Seems someone got their hand caught in the voucher candy jar.

WES

It was me.

SCHWARTZ

Shut up.

WES
 (to Marshall)
 I'm sorry about this.

DEWEY
 Laurie's a big salsa fan, huh?

Wes nods, then presses the broadcast button on his walkie.

MARSHALL
 (to Schwartz)
 Why're you doing this?

INT. CRAFT SERVICE -- NIGHT

A radio sits by the coffeemaker.

SCHWARTZ (O.S.)
 Because you don't belong.

INT. MAKEUP TRAILER -- NIGHT

Chelsea's in the chair getting prepped for the shoot. A radio sits on the counter behind the MAKE UP ARTIST.

SCHWARTZ (O.S.)
 You don't belong on this show and
 you don't belong in this business.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF SPECIAL EFFECTS RUN -- NIGHT

Chandler, et al, have stopped working and listen to the feud.

MARSHALL (O.S.)
 You want me to do this stunt? Is
 that what this is about?

SCHWARTZ (O.S.)
 This is about power. I have it.
 And what I want is you off my set.

EXT. SPECIAL EFFECTS RUN -- NIGHT

WES
 You can't fire him, Wyman.

SCHWARTZ
 You guys are extras. I am the First
 A.D. And my Uncle's one of the
 biggest Producers in town.

INT. PRODUCTION TRAILER -- NIGHT

Don and Stan are at the table checking out the radio play.

SCHWARTZ (O.S.)

Which means I can do whatever I want.

EXT. SPECIAL EFFECTS RUN -- NIGHT

MARSHALL

No. You can't. From day one you've chiseled overtime, skimped on safety, taken good will for granted. And no one will say anything, not because they respect you, but because times are so bad, they're afraid of losing their jobs. But they hate you, Schwartz. You're a pitiful, little man. And karma's gonna hit you like a brick.

Marshall turns and walks away.

SCHWARTZ

That's insubordination. I am the First A.D., and I am firing you. Now get off my set before I find some way to ruin that bitch actress you're shtupping.

Marshall stops dead, slowly turns around, then, with increasing velocity, heads for Schwartz. Wes cuts him off.

WES

Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa!

MARSHALL

Say what you want about me. But if I hear one lie about Chelsea, I'll break your nose.

Schwartz speaks through the megaphone.

SCHWARTZ

See ya' in a hundred years.

Marshall turns around, heads off with Wes.

WES

We can fight this. We can go to Don.

Dewey turns to Schwartz.

DEWEY

What if they go to Don? He likes them.

SCHWARTZ

Shit. I gotta beat him to it. I'll make up something on the way.

DEWEY

Say he called Don and Stan liars.

SCHWARTZ

Dewey, you're a fuckin' genius. You should be a writer.

DEWEY

Well, its funny you should bring it up. Cause...

Schwartz starts running across the tundra.

DEWEY

(yelling after Schwartz)
...I've got this script

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF SPECIAL EFFECTS RUN -- NIGHT

Chandler, et al, watch as Schwartz sprints along the run.

JERRY

Can't get any respect so he has to pick on a lowly stand in.

FLEISCHER

Marshall shoulda popped him.

CHANDLER

He did what no else one had the courage to do: he stood up to the little bastard.

Sparky takes a step from the others.

SPARKY

Kharmas going hot.

The others turn around as Sparky triggers the effects.

EXT. THE FIELD -- NIGHT

Schwartz jogs across the field, carrying his megaphone. Suddenly, explosives start to go off.

EXT. SET -- NIGHT

Crew members rush to see the commotion.

INT. PRODUCTION TRAILER -- NIGHT

Through the window, they see the explosions and Schwartz running. Don turns to Stan.

DON
Tell me he's adopted. Please.

EXT. THE FIELD -- NIGHT

Schwartz cowers at each blast.

SCHWARTZ
Uncle Stan! Uncle Stan!

INT. PRODUCTION TRAILER -- NIGHT

STAN
He's adopted.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF SPECIAL EFFECTS RUN -- NIGHT

Chandler and the guys watch Schwartz.

FLEISCHER
Too bad they're not shooting this.

EXT. END OF SPECIAL EFFECTS RUN -- NIGHT

The Camera Operator's looking through the view finder. The film magazine spins away.

EXT. TUNDRA -- NIGHT

A blast vaults Schwartz through the air. He lands on his car, shattering the windshield.

EXT. AMBULANCE -- NIGHT

A delirious Schwartz is set on a stretcher by TWO MEDICS. The entire Crew surrounds the ambulance. Schwartz mumbles.

SCHWARTZ
First A.D., First A.D, I am the First
A.D. I am the First A.D....

A THIRD MEDIC, tries to remove the bullhorn from Schwartz.

MEDIC
Sir, Let Go Of The Megaphone. Sir-

She rips it away as Schwartz's shoved inside.

SCHWARTZ
D-D-D-DEWEY!!

The doors slam shut. The Third Medic holds the megaphone out to a pair of hands. We TILT UP to Scotty. As the ambulance pulls out, he turns around, sees Marshall and Wes on the other side of the group. He smiles, winks, and walks away.

Fleischer steps up to Marshall, offers him a cigarette.

MARSHALL

Fleischer, I don't smoke. But I'll take one so you can bum from me.

Chelsea stands next to Chandler and Sparky.

SPARKY

Thank God they didn't hire some jackoff from extras casting.

EXT. SPECIAL EFFECTS RUN -- NIGHT

Scotty walks past Dewey.

DEWEY

Schwartz fired him. He's gone.

SCOTTY

Dewey. Shut up.

EXT. PRODUCTION TRAILER -- NIGHT

Don and Stan turn around, head back for the trailers.

DON

I think we owe these folks some money.

Stan swallows hard. Stops. Don keeps walking.

EXT. AMBULANCE -- NIGHT

Chelsea walks through the crowd, reaches Marshall.

CHELSEA

I know I'm breaking an unwritten rule, but Friday, this Above the Liner would like to take a Below the Liner to dinner and drinks at his favorite place.

Marshall laughs.

INT. SANTA MONICA PIER ARCADE -- NIGHT

KIDS, TEENAGERS, COUPLES and FAMILIES are blur through the frame. Marshall and Chelsea, play air hockey, remain in focus. It's their world.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. SANTA MONICA PIER ARCADE -- NIGHT

Marshall and Chelsea walk past the pinball and video games.

CHELSEA

Either you let me win or you suck.

MARSHALL

I suck.

CHELSEA

Explains why you're still single.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOARDWALK -- NIGHT

Marshall and Chelsea exit, just like the happy couple who came out when Marshall phoned Wes. They pass some other BOARDWALK PEOPLE.

CHELSEA

That guy looks just like my ex.
Caught him screwing around.

MARSHALL

Me, too.

CHELSEA

Yeah? How'd you catch her?

MARSHALL

You first.

CHELSEA

He said he wanted something special for Christmas. Next thing I know, the doorbell rings and he's making out with this chick.

MARSHALL

What'd you do?

CHELSEA

I looked at the girl and said 'sweety I hope you're an actress'. She shot back, "honey, we all are". You can't let guys pick out their own presents.

MARSHALL

I can top that.

CHELSEA

Tee it up, Tiger.

MARSHALL

I was working on a film and Alison surprised me. I'm walking past this Day Player's trailer, and that's when I heard it. The sounds. I thought they were my sounds, sounds she made for me. But she was with someone else.

CHELSEA

What'd you do?

MARSHALL

Walked home. It was her car. You can't let your friends get famous.

They reach the railing.

CHELSEA

I have this difficult scene tomorrow. I could use some coaching.

MARSHALL

Yeah?

CHELSEA

Yeah.

MARSHALL

Have you talked to the other actor?

CHELSEA

I don't know who it is.

She kisses him, he finally responds. And just before we get a cavity, we TRACK AWAY from them, find the Boyd advertisement in the phone booth's broken glass.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE -- MORNING

Marshall's staring in disbelief. Stan, Don, Chelsea, Chucky, Cal and Boyd form a semi-circle. We can't hear the dialogue, but it's pretty much introductions, meet and greet.

Wes approaches from behind Marshall. Stands next to him.

WES
You believe this shit?

MARSHALL
No. I don't.

Marshall walks away. Boyd notices, holds a glance with Wes before Wes leaves.

INT. BEDROOM SET IN SOUNDSTAGE -- DAY

Wes lays on his side facing Marshall, hand under his face.

WES
You gonna tell her?

MARSHALL
She's got to act with him, Wes.

Chelsea enters wearing a robe, heads to the bed.

WES
I wish there were a way to work it
to our advantage.

MARSHALL
Dude...

WES
Okay, okay...

Chelsea reaches them, taps Wes on the shoulder.

CHELSEA
I got it, big guy.

Wes rises and Chelsea lays down. She smirks at Marshall, glances around, flashes him. Nelson gets off his chair, sits next to Marshall.

NELSON
(to Marshall)
Boyd, let me talk to you about the
rhythm of the scene. Its not a sex
scene as much-

CHELSEA
Nelson. Nelson! That's not Boyd.
It's Marshall.

Nelson stares blankly.

CHELSEA
2nd Team? *His stand in.*

Nelson's eyes focus, realize she's right. Without a word, He stands, rounds the bed and sits next to Chelsea.

NELSON

Let me talk to you about the rhythm
of the scene. Its not a sex scene as
much...

Chelsea looks at Marshall, rolls her eyes, turns to Nelson and with a serious expression, nods her head as if she's taking in every word.

SCOTTY

Okay, folks, I need everyone who
doesn't have to be here to leave.

Marshall sees Boyd enter. He rises and leaves.

SCOTTY

Everyone settle for rehearsal.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE -- DAY

Marshall passes the monitor as Boyd lays down on the bed. Stan sits with Don and Nelson.

STAN

I wanna see lots of tongue!

Marshall throws the door, open, exits.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- NIGHT

Marshall shoots hoops by himself, working out his frustrations. Sweating, running, playing hard.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

Marshall sits on the lifeguard stand with a *SOUTHERN CROSS* advertisement on the back. He closes his eyes, lays down, reveals Alison sitting next to him.

ALISON

We need the wood.

MARSHALL

What?

ALISON

Get off the cross. You gotta put
what I did behind you.

MARSHALL

It's a lot of weight.

ALISON

Chelsea's got weight. Wes. Even Boyd.
You don't think it's a coincidence
you all've come together? It's
providence, my hoop playing martyr.
Only you can bring everyone back.
Wes, Boyd, Chelsea. They're waiting
on one thing: Marshall.

Marshall opens his eyes. Alison's gone.

INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY - TABLE -- NIGHT

Four full glasses and an empty pitcher. Boyd and Wes sit on
one side of a table, Marshall and Chelsea another.

ALL

The wagon's on fire!

They race to finish their beers. Chelsea's first to slam
her glass on the table, followed by Wes, Boyd and Marshall.

CHELSEA

Rookie.

MARSHALL

Model.

WES

Extra.

MARSHALL

Stand In.

BOYD

Light weight.

MARSHALL

TV star.

He takes the pitcher, rises and walks away. Everyone dabs at
their noses, mouth "Ouch".

INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY - BAR -- NIGHT

The BARTENDER takes the pitcher, sticks it under a tap.
Boyd approaches, leans on the bar next to Marshall.

INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY - TABLE -- NIGHT

Wes watches as Marshall and Boyd step outside.

WES

I'm undefeated.

CHELSEA

You are?

WES

Yep. Never lost to a girl.

Chelsea rolls up her sleeve. Sets an elbow on the table.

EXT. BARNEY'S BEANERY -- NIGHT

Boyd lights up a cigarette. Marshall stands opposite him. In the background, Chelsea beats Wes at arm wrestling.

BOYD

Is Laurie sick? The only way to separate 'em's with a garden hose.

MARSHALL

He dumped her.

BOYD

What?

MARSHALL

He got scared. We all got scared.

BOYD

Wish there was something we could do about it.

There's an uncomfortable lapse.

BOYD

Have you heard from her?

MARSHALL

Alison? No. You?

BOYD

She left me for a writer on the show. Last I heard she was Candy Striping at Cedars. Look, I'm not expecting us to be best buds again. But if there's anything I can do, I really want to set things right.

They head for the door.

MARSHALL

You ever think about doing theater?

They enter, grab the pitcher, walk to the table. We TRACK with them, continue towards the corner of the building as Dewey and Laurie walk around from the parking lot.

We TRACK back as they pass the table. Wes sees them pass. They don't see him. There's an uncomfortable moment before the group rises, walks out the opposite door.

CHELSEA

I swear you guys have more girl
trouble than the Kennedy's.

EXT. ROOF TOP OF WES'S BUILDING -- NIGHT

Wes straddles the ledge, stares off at the HOLLYWOOD sign. He holds a beer. Five more rest in a six pack. Marshall sits next to him. The Boyd billboard looms behind them.

WES

Remember the first time you saw it?

MARSHALL

RTD headed up Gower. October '95.

Wes opens a beer, hands it to him.

WES

10 Freeway. August, '94.

MARSHALL

(re: bottle)
You didn't take a sip first.

WES

We have to write a new rule book.

Marshall's quiet. Wes exhales, stares at him a moment.

WES

I hold the props, hit the marks and
just when the camera's gonna roll....

MARSHALL

"Step out".

WES

My whole life I've been afraid of
failing so I never tried to succeed.
And the money, it's not making me
happy. I'm alone, Marshall. I miss
Laurie. I miss my dreams. I'm so
tired of being second team.

MARSHALL

Be Patient. You'll get there.

WES

We'll get there.

They clink bottles, glance at the Boyd billboard.

MARSHALL

Will you remember me when you're
rich and famous?

WES

It's Marshall, right?

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

The road heads out to a sunset. The camera's on a crane. In front of the camera are the Harleys. Video Village is to the side. Further back are the production trailers, etc.

"DAY 62 of 62"

INT. PROP TRUCK -- DAY

Marshall's in wardrobe, sitting on the prop truck.

CHANDLER

There's two types of people in this
world. Those who think there's two
types, and the rest of us.

Chandler sets a hand on Marshall's shoulder.

CHANDLER

I'm gonna miss you.

MARSHALL

Wish I could say the same.

CHANDLER

You've been hanging 'round Gaylord
too long.

EXT. PROP TRUCK -- DAY

Marshall hops down and walks through the set for the last time. He passes Chucky's trailer as Chucky makes his way down the steps. A P.A. helps his descent. Marshall and Chucky make eye contact. Chucky looks away ashamed. Scotty exits behind him. He stops next to Marshall.

SCOTTY

He's wired. Fuckin' guy's got
everything and he can't keep it
together. You're batting clean up.
Again.

Scotty heads off behind them.

MARSHALL

Scotty?

Scotty turns.

MARSHALL

Nothing.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DUSK

It's almost Magic Hour. The Harley's point west. Cal's on one, turns as Marshall mounts the other. Sparky tapes a radio to the tank.

CAL

Don't stall it, kid.

Marshall ignores him.

CAL

(to Sparky)

Guy's getting an attitude.

(to Marshall)

I got a film lined up. Interested?

MARSHALL

No.

CAL

No? Why not?

MARSHALL

'Cause you're a jerk, Cal.

Sparky pats Marshall's back as he walks away laughing.

CAL

Son, in the making of a film, a star gets certain liberties. Your pal's girl was just one of them. This is Hollywood, kid. And no stand in's ever gonna change that.

Suddenly, a chopper rushes over head. It lands and Stan gets out, waving a paper, shouting the same thing over and over. We don't understand until he gets close.

STAN

THEY'RE FUCKING US!! DON, THEY'RE
FUCKING US!! THEY'RE *FUCKING* US!!

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- DUSK

Don hangs his head, shakes it. Wes is nearby.

DON
I shoulda never left *Finnegan's Reef*.

Stan reaches him.

STAN
THEY'RE FUCKING US!!

DON
Yeah, I got that. Why?

STAN
(points at Cal)
Because he shtupped the daughter.
You shtupped the daughter.

DON
(to Cal)
You wanna come over here for a second?

CAL
Not particularly.

Cal dismounts as Don turns back to Stan.

STAN
The building footage. That beautiful
explosion, is history. The owner
found out Cal shtupped his daughter.
There's a loop hole in the contract
and he's tied up the footage in court.
(points at Cal)
Because of you!! After all I've
been through, I lost my house, Don.
Shauna's gonna have to do a porno!!

CAL
Really?

Stan lunges for Cal but Don stays between them.

EXT. HARLEY'S -- DUSK

Scotty checks the sky, glances at the D.P. The D.P. motions
at the sun which is dropping like a rock.

SCOTTY
Wes. On the bike.

EXT. VIDEO VILLAGE -- DUSK

Don struggles to keep Stan from Cal, sees Wes mount the bike.

DON
GET THE SHOT!!!

CAL
I'm not doing the scene until he
apologizes.

DON
We got you covered, kid.

Cal laughs, walks off, flames up a cigarette.

DON
(walking away)
30 seconds and this nightmare's over.

Stan clutches his chest, falls out of frame.

EXT. HARLEY'S -- DUSK

SCOTTY
It's magic hour. One take, that's
all we get.

Marshall and Wes nod, fire up the bikes. Scotty walks away.

WES
We're riding the bikes!!

MARSHALL
Pretty awesome, huh?!?

SCOTTY
Roll cameras!!! ACTION!!!!

They lay rubber. The camera rises up out of the smoke as the bikes head off into the sunset. Its picture perfect. The sun drops and the bikes disappear.

EXT. CRAFT SERVICE -- NIGHT

Crew Members wipe frame as we TRACK toward the table, find the Beefeater Bottle with the pool, get closer, see the names, closer still, see the box marked "*makes it to the end - HA HA!*". Chelsea's name fills the box. She's won.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY -- NIGHT

We PULL BACK from the Beefeater Bottle behind the bar, the BARTENDER takes some money out of it, throws the change back in, PULL BACK FURTHER as Jerry grabs some drinks from the counter, leads us from the bar, sets two in front of Fleischer and Sparky, two in front of Chandler, sits down.

CHANDLER
Which's mine?

JERRY
They're the same.

FLEISCHER
To gettin' our Government back to
one.

They clink glasses. A LONG HAIR ROCKER type approaches.

LONG HAIR
Dude, would you sign this for me?

He sets a pen and DVD of SUGAR FIX in front of Sparky. Reluctantly, Sparky signs it. The Long Hair exits, passes Nelson.

NELSON
This is my kinda library!

We FOLLOW Nelson as he leads us to Don's table.

NELSON
Donny, boy. Lemme borrow your library
card, I need to do some reading but
they say I've got some overdue books.

Don sits opposite Shauna.

SHAUNA
I still don't understand. If it was
only supposed to be three hours,
why'd they have so much stuff?

Don addresses someone next to her.

DON
Take this, would you?

Don rises, reveals RON JEREMY sitting next to Shauna. We go with Don as he leads us back to the bar, find Wes and Chelsea watching Marshall and Boyd amongst the rest of the Crew

CHELSEA
He's pretty special. What else has
he done?

WES
BUCCANEER.

CHELSEA
What did he do on *BUCCANEER*?

WES
He was a pirate.

Marshall walks over. Gives Chelsea a kiss. Turns to Wes.

MARSHALL

Boyd wants to talk to you.

Wes pushes off the bar.

CHELSEA

So Boyd was the sounds guy?

MARSHALL

Yeah. He was.

CHELSEA

And you forgive him?

MARSHALL

I'm trying. It's hard.

CHELSEA

Ah, it gets easier.

Marshall notices Laurie approach the door.

MARSHALL

Wanna see something cool?

Chelsea turns.

MARSHALL

And....action.

Laurie enters, walks down the bar, winks at Marshall. Dewey's at a stool, sees her, stands up. She pushes him down, he spills his drink. She continues as Wes turns, sees her. Boyd pats Wes on the shoulder, slips away.

LAURIE

Hey.

WES

Hey.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

We crane off a billboard for *BRAVE SEASON - Now Playing*, find the basketball court below. Four sets of sneakers criss cross, the ball flies back and forth, swishes the net. Chelsea hi-fives Laurie. Wes and Marshall lean on their knees.

WES

Your chick keeps elbowing my ribs.

MARSHALL

Yeah? Well, every time Laurie boxes me out, her boney ass racks my nuts.

Wes laughs.

MARSHALL

I wanna have kids someday.

Chelsea and Laurie stare at them from the top of the key.

CHELSEA

Look at these guys.

LAURIE

Nonconformist bastards. Make it take it?

CHELSEA

Guard me.

Marshall and Wes stroll away from them.

WES

So what's up with Boyd?

MARSHALL

He's on hiatus. They've offered him a couple things but he's waiting for me to give him dates.

Wes nods.

MARSHALL

Well, he's gonna be disappointed. He's not right for lead. He's not right for the supporting role either, but we need his juice.

WES

Are you gonna do it?

MARSHALL

No. I want you to. But, you know, you haven't acted in awhile.

WES

I acted in *BRAVE SEASON*.

MARSHALL

You were an extra in *BRAVE SEASON*.

WES

I was a Cowboy.

They exit frame. A moment later, Wyman appears, sitting in a wheel chair and being pushed by Alison.

FADE OUT:

EXT. BAHAMAS -- DAY

We're soaring along the coastal sands of a tropical paradise.

EXT. SMALL CABANA BAR IN BAHAMAS -- DAY

A suntanned Derek dances to Calypso music as he tends bar.

CODY (O.S.)
You look familiar.

DEREK
Yeah, I got that kinda-

Derek turns to A CUSTOMER with a hat on and his head down. The Customer looks up. Its Cody.

DEREK
Cody. Hey, uh...

Behind Cody, Fred and the Driver stand menacingly.

DEREK
So, what happens now?

Cody's punch shatters the screen.