

MR. EVERYTHING

Written by

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Based on

"Mr. Everything" treatment by:

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INT. PHILADELPHIA THEATER - DAY

The film "49th Parallel" screens inside a Philadelphia movie theater. It's 1942. The crowd of adults look much more formal than a modern-day movie audience, primarily wearing suits and dresses.

On the screen a bomb drops on a German warship from an American fighter plane. The theater crowd cheers patriotic fervor.

Two teen boys, GEORGE EIFERMAN (16) thin and small in stature and CHRISTOPHER LEWIS (17) with a heavy build, sit side by side eating popcorn, mesmerized by the combat action.

The scene changes to a man in a military uniform speaking over a loudspeaker. A group of over fifty civilians and military men listen below the podium. All surveying each other.

SPEAKER

...these men are standing in this courtyard, they may be standing right next to you. Each one of you look closely at your neighbor. They've already been responsible for the death of eleven defenseless people. Sooner or later, their nerves will crack. Look closely at your neighbor...

Chris leans into George and whispers.

CHRIS

Damn George, we should be there, when I turn eighteen, I'm enlisting.

George keeps his gaze on the film, as a man on screen runs away, hoping to escape. He's shot on site.

George has seen enough and turns to Chris. He looks him in the eye with intensity.

GEORGE

Why wait?

George impulsively stands up and leaves, as Chris ponders his knee jerk reaction.

CHRIS

(to himself)

Because we're underage?

EXT. MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

George and Chris walk down a small suburban street lined with glass store fronts. George looks quite frail and closer to fourteen, while Chris towers over him.

They stop in front of some stairs leading into a two-story brick building. George pulls out a torn sheet of paper, 423 Oak Street, #27. He looks at Chris with his distinct, intense blue eyes and then nods towards stairs.

GEORGE

This is the place. Just how Ralph described it.

Chris smirks at little George.

CHRIS

Georgie, Ralph got a fake I.D. for buying booze.

GEORGE

So what. A fake I.D. is a fake--

CHRIS

Ralph's nineteen and shaving!
That's the first point. Secondly,
his I.D. may be good enough to fool
a liquor store clerk but it's sure
as hell not going to fool a U.S.
government agency.

George is not having none of that.

Defiantly, he wads up the address paper and smashes it into Chris' hand.

GEORGE

Fine. Wait here. Navy men only.

He heads up the stairs with intent.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

George passes a series of wooden doors with smoked glass. A number is etched in the center of the glass. He passes by Office 21, 23, 25.

He stops in-front of 27 and pulls out a small comb and runs it through his hair. He straightens his jacket, clears his throat and gets into character.

GEORGE
(to himself)
Private Eiferman reporting for
duty, sir.

He then knocks with authority.

INT. WOOD PANELED OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Sitting at a metal desk next to an open window overlooking the street is BALDWIN PETROV, a rough looking, thirty something foreigner.

BALDWIN
It's open.

George steps in and surveys the small office. He looks to one corner and spots a still camera with a blue piece of photo paper as a backdrop. Next to that is an oversized printer.

He looks over to Baldwin who pulls a sheet out of his Remington typewriter.

Baldwin glances at George, then holds the paper up to the light to check his work.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)
Orphanage is downstairs.

George closes the door and approaches the desk.

GEORGE
Ralph and I are friends. I want
what he got.

Baldwin puts the paper down and stands up. He's six foot, four with a gun in his belt.

BALDWIN
You kidding me? I don't know a fuckin' guy named Ralph.

GEORGE
Sure you do.

George and Baldwin stand off, no one moves.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
My name's George Eiferman.

BALDWIN
You'll never pass for twenty-one.

GEORGE
I'm not looking to buy booze, sir.

Baldwin relaxes and sits down.

BALDWIN
What do you want then,,, George Eiferton?

GEORGE
Eiferman. I want to fight.

Baldwin breaks out in laughter.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
For our country. I need an I.D. to enlist in the U.S. Navy.

Baldwin looks him up and down now. Gestures for George to sit.

BALDWIN
Not exactly a prototypical soldier to fight Germans.

GEORGE
They need able bodies. I want to see combat. All I need you to do is make me an I.D. that says I'm eighteen. I didn't catch your name, sir.

BALDWIN
Baldwin. Eighteen?

GEORGE
Yep.

BALDWIN
I'm impressed Eiferman. Small man, big nuts. You got six smackers?

George stands and empties his pocket on the desk. He counts out dollar bills and coins. Slides it across the desk.

Baldwin takes the money and nods approvingly.

BALDWIN (CONT'D)
I make no guarantees of my work. If anyone snoops around, asking questions, we never met. Are we clear?

BALDWIN (CONT'D)
Yes, Baldwin. Now time's a
waisting. I need to fight those
Nazi bastards.

Baldwin nods. Points him toward the camera.

George pulls out his comb one more time as he stands on the marker and prepares. Baldwin lines up the lens.

George gives his most serious face.

Flash!

EXT. NAVY MINESWEEPER - DAY

A 200 foot vessel cuts through the open waters of the South Pacific Ocean. The sailors are busy on deck performing various operations. It's midday and the sun shines over calm waters.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

ENGINEER SIMPSON (21) looks over his sonar screen with a green band that circles like a clock. He hears beeps each time the line hits twelve o'clock.

SIMPSON
Sonar detects no mines in the area
captain.

CAPTAIN O'TOOL (35) nods on as he looks out over the bow of his ship with binoculars.

O'TOOL
Let's drag some cables to be sure.

Simpson clicks on his radio and leans into the mic.

SIMPSON
Prepare to sweep the area and drop cables.

EXT. STERN - DAY

Six SEAMEN arrive at the rear of the vessel. They prepare the wrenches and drop cables into the ocean. The water moves past them quickly as the cables spindle from spools into the deep Pacific.

SEAMEN #1
Sweep initiated!

Additional crew members focus on their jobs on deck.

TYSON MURDOCH (25) a stocky man and BYRON BARR (23) African American, tall, make sure the anti-aircraft guns are prepared with ammunition. Behind them are empty crates that collect the shells from combat.

TYSON
(southern accent)
No Japs in sight today.

BYRON
No mines, almost too quiet Tyson.

TYSON
Maybe they surrendered.

Laughing he walks away as he pats one of the guns like a pet.

EXT. BOW - DAY

An AMMO TEAM of three make sure the depth charges are in place by lining up the cylinders of silver balls into a funnel that shoots out over the side.

EXT. KAMIKAZE SQUADRON - DAY

Three Japanese Zeros buzz through the blue sky high over the ocean. They fly in formation. The ocean looks clear on the horizon.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

The JAPANESE PILOT (20s) looks to his left and right to see the planes he leads. He speaks into his radio in Japanese.

PILOT
(Subtitles)
This is a mission of honor. We're five minutes out and will not come back alive. When I give you the signal we'll separate and strike from three angles.

The two other PILOTS (20s) salute in honor as they race across the sky.

EXT. NAVY MINESWEEPER - DAY

The ship cuts through the water.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

Three COOKS are preparing the next crew meal in relatively tight quarters. The Polynesian chef KOA (28) chops up onions as he looks over galley.

KOA

Eiferman, you missed a spot.

Private Eiferman, now with a buzz cut, mops the floor beneath the secured metallic tables.

GEORGE

Not sure what smells worse, your food or the PineSol.

KOA

You've only been here a week private. Lucky you're not on latrine duty--

A LOUD SIREN sounds out of nowhere. It echos through the Galley. Over the speaker an ominous voice reverberates.

SPEAKER

Man your battle stations.

Everyone musters. George looks confused but runs out with purpose.

EXT. MINESWEEPER DECK - DAY

The deck of the Navy minesweeper is bustling with activity as sailors move swiftly, executing their duties with precision.

The young, 17-year-old George circles lost nervously among them. His youthful face appears etched with a mixture of fear and determination.

The sound of approaching aircraft sends a shiver down his spine. He looks up, his eyes widening as he spots the menacing silhouettes of Japanese Kamikaze planes descending from the sky.

PRIVATE DIAZ (18), grabs George and points him in the right direction.

DIAZ
Port anti-aircraft, shell box. Now!

George's heart pounds in his chest as chaos erupts around him. Orders are shouted all around him, and Gunners scramble into action, preparing for the imminent attack.

"Rat-a-tat-tat" the guns blaze into the sky with shells flying everywhere.

Tyson and Byron fire away toward the planes. They hit one of the Zeros still a distance away. Tyson sees George tripping, running towards them.

TYSON
Kid get your shit right. Over here,
coral the shells before someone
gets hurt!

George ducks behind the gunners and grabs all the ammo shells and puts them in a metal case. Hot shells keep flying at him as he learns his job in combat.

A slew of bullets hit the deck from a Zero. Tyson pivots his gun to keep firing, putting George out of alignment.

BYRON
Move it Private!

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

The captain looks through his binoculars at an incoming Kamikaze pilot.

CAPTAIN
Hard to port!

The ship pivots slowly as the plane approaches. Two anti-aircraft guns on the bow fire hundreds of rounds at the plane and shoot off a portion of the wing, just in time for it to spin off course into the ocean.

EXT. MINESWEEPER DECK - DAY

Tyson pivots one last time, tracking the sole plane circling hoping to find a blind spot of artillery fire and crash into the ship. He fires away as Byron keeps the rounds coming.

A stray shell bounces off the deck and almost blinds George who gets a large gash above his left eye. He ties his shirt around his head to slow the blood flowing and keeps tossing the hot shells into the case.

BYRON

Private, are you fit to continue?

GEORGE

Yes sir, I have a job to do!

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

The last pilot sees a spot where the bullets are not coming from. He pops a pill into his mouth and heads straight for the Minesweeper.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

The captain yells again.

CAPTAIN

Full throttle port! We need those guns to clear.

EXT. MINESWEEPER DECK - DAY

The ship pivots giving Tyson and the stern gunners a view of the rapidly approaching Zero who fires at the ship tearing bullet holes across the bow.

In a split-second decision, Eiferman dives for cover behind a nearby crate, his heart pounding in his ears as more bullets land and strike a fellow seaman.

The ship's anti-aircraft guns erupt in a deafening cacophony of gunfire, but the Kamikaze pilot presses on, determined to strike his target as he fires the guns.

BYRON

There he is Tyson!

TYSON

Die you Jap maggot!

He relentlessly shoots at the plane. His rounds break through the canopy killing the pilot as blood fills the windshield but the plane is still on course to hit the vessel.

George's eyes are bulging in terror as he emerges from behind the crate, his ears ringing and adrenaline coursing through his veins. Through the smoke and flames, he sees his fellow sailors fighting bravely to contain the damage and save their ship.

SPEAKER
Brace yourselves.

The twin guns on the stern are finally in line and hit the Zero's prop with multiple rounds. This time the plane falls from the sky straight down, just in time, crashing short of the ship with flames flying onto the deck.

The imminent danger is over.

Damage control teams appear out of nowhere. They quickly put out the fires and stabilize the structural damage caused by the attack Kamikaze bullets.

George, still in shock watches Medics leap into action. One comes over right next to him ready to provide medical assistance to his head. He looks at Georges bloody eye and pulls the shirt away.

MEDIC
Private Eiferman, access your
injury.

George steps away.

GEORGE
I'm okay. Attend to him.

Behind the medic is a sailor bleeding from a bullet. The medic pivots and moves quickly to his aid.

George sees Tyson watching the scene with Byron.

TYSON
Eiferman? That's a Jewish name.

GEORGE
Yes sir.

TYSON
What are you, ten, twelve years old? You're going to get us all killed. Pip squeak Kike.

BYRON
The Navy represents strength. Next port call your moma to come and get ya.

Tyson and Byron walk away.

George touches his eye, looks at the blood.

GEORGE
Damn it.

EXT. NAVY MINESWEEPER - NIGHT

The minesweeper is in port at the Palau Islands military harbor. Supplies are being loaded on board.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Koa is serving the sailors dinner. A few other CHEF ASSISTANTS make sure the platters and serving dishes are full. The Medic is filling up his plate.

KOA
Our medics should always be first in line.

MEDIC
Koa, we all get hungry. I don't mind waiting.

KOA
You like teriyaki chicken, brudda?

MEDIC
Yes sir.

Koa looks at the rice container which is only half full. Then waves to the assistant.

KOA
Keep the rice filled to the top.
These men need food.

George stands behind a few sailors in the line. Koa looks him up and down, noticeably smaller, reading his uniform.

KOA (CONT'D)
Especially Private,,, Eiferman.

He nods knowingly to George.

KOA (CONT'D)
Eat up brudda.

Byron, Tyson and the Captain chow at one of the stainless steel tables.

TYSON
How long are we in port for Captain?

CAPTAIN

We sustained some damage to the hull. Going to be at least a week.

TYSON

Damn Kamikazes.

CAPTAIN

That was some fine gunning Lieutenant.

TYSON

Three less Zeros, captain.

George passes by the men carrying his tray to an empty table. Tyson can't help but notice him.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Eiferman, is the grub kosher?

GEORGE

Looks good to me, sir.

Tyson ribs Byron. The Captain stands to leave.

CAPTAIN

Let's build up the newbies men. They're not the enemy.

George sits alone and makes eye contact with Tyson then looks away and takes a bite. The Captain shows up as George chews. Surprised, George stands up and salutes him.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

At ease sailor. No need for that in here. I was looking at your dossier earlier... How old are you?

George looks down and stutters a little.

GEORGE

Ah, eighteen, eighteen Captain.

The Captain looks him up and down. Nods knowingly.

CAPTAIN

Okay. The reason I ask is that I read you played the bugle in high school. You any good?

GEORGE

I can stay in key, sir.

CAPTAIN

Our bugler goes on leave tomorrow.
How would you like to play the Navy
song every morning when the flag
goes up the pole.

GEORGE

I'd be honored.

CAPTAIN

Lieutenant Douglas will be waiting
for you on the bridge at sunrise,
zero six hundred. Be there.

George still salutes him, avoiding the bandage above his eye.

GEORGE

Yes Sir. Thank you Sir.

CAPTAIN

Take care of that wound.

The Captain turns and walks away.

EXT. STERN - MORNING

Sunrise, LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS, (28) heavy set, holds a bugle in his hand. George stands next to him as two sailors attach the American Flag to a small pole on the stern of the ship.

As they raise the flag Douglas begins the Navy Song.

MUSIC: He hits all the notes to perfection for 30 seconds.

The sailors turn in formation and leave the area.

DOUGLAS

Been doing this for two years,
every sunrise.

GEORGE

Impressive. You're good.

DOUGLAS

My time has come. Tour is over,
this is my last port Private.

GEORGE

My first.

DOUGLAS

Ready to give it a shot?

Douglas offers the bugle to George.

GEORGE

Now?

DOUGLAS

No time like the present. Take it.

George takes the bugle. He's half the body weight of Douglas and appears very apprehensive holding the instrument.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

It's okay. It won't bite.

GEORGE

I'm kind of nervous. I'm not
exactly--

DOUGLAS

Let me hear.

George lifts the trumpet and tries the song.

MUSIC: Lots of off key notes but he gets through the 30 seconds. Douglas slightly chuckles but also pats him on the back.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

You'll get there. Good luck
Private. Best time to practice is
right now... No one's listening.

Douglas slaps him on the shoulder and walks away. George rehearses a few times. He's got some work to do. He looks at his bugle, content. He's needed.

EXT. MINESWEEPER DECK - LATER

In a quiet moment, George moves the discarded shells away from the gun turret.

The Supply and Logistics team reload ammunition into each canister of the Anti-Aircraft guns. Tyson cleans his gun and sees George walking away with a burlap bag of empty shells.

Tyson follows him until they're alone on the side of the vessel.

TYSON

Eiferman...

George turns. Puts down the half filled bag.

GEORGE

Yes sir.

TYSON

It's Lieutenant Murdoch, pip
squeak.

He grabs the bad and tests it's weight.

TYSON (CONT'D)

It's only half full. May be you
should just be a bugle boy. Oh but
you can't hold a note. Come here.

George reluctantly steps closer. Tyson grabs him from behind
and lifts him off the ground. Byron approaches from a
distance.

GEORGE

Hey!

TYSON

Curious, can you swim?

In one heave-ho he tosses George overboard. Yelling he
splashes into the water.

Byron arrives takes his shirt off.

BYRON

What the hell are you doing?

TYSON

Just wanted to see if the little
Jew boy can swim.

Byron gets ready to dive in but Tyson holds him back. A few
others lean up against the rail to watch George struggle.

EXT. BAY - DAY

The cold Pacific water sends a shock wave through George's
system. He takes slow, deep breaths and acclimates.

Treading water, he looks for a way to get back onto the ship
which is fortunately anchored in the calm port. Shivering, he
swims towards the bow, the anchor chain.

EXT. MINESWEEPER DECK - DAY

A small crowd has arrived to watch the commotion. They all yell out as George, fully clothed, swims awkwardly below them.

GROUP CHEERS

Little man, don't quit! Bravo!
Someone throw him a life ring! Come
on minnow, swim!

Douglas walks over.

DOUGLAS

That Eiferman? Damn, who's going to
play the bugle now?

EXT. BAY - CONTINUOUS

George swims out of sight from the railing close to the ship's massive hull. He finally arrives at the anchor chain.

Holding on the the huge, cold steely metal links he lifts one leg over it and gets his balance. Completely out of breath and slightly in shock, he rests.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Captain looks to his FIRST MATE (20s), who enters the bridge after observing half the crew cheering along the railing.

CAPTAIN

What on God's green earth is
happening?

FIRST MATE

Tyson threw Private Eiferman
overboard sir.

CAPTAIN

I told him,,, agh. Go make sure
Eiferman gets on board safely.

The Captain grabs the radio and clicks it on.

SPEAKER

This is your Captain speaking. Man
your stations now. Anyone
sightseeing will lose their weekend
leave. Over and out.

He looks out his window and the crew immediately breaks up.

EXT. BAY - CONTINUOUS

George is now four or five links up, heading to the opening where where the chain is pulled through onto the bow.

GEORGE

(to himself)

Come on George, don't let 'em win.
Keep going.

Link by link he arrives at the opening.

Out of nowhere, a strong hand reaches through the space.

FIRST MATE

Private Eiferman, grab my hand.

GEORGE

No thank you sir, with all respect,
I've made it this far.

The First Mate nods and walks away as the soaking, frail George barely pulls himself through the opening and flops on the deck.

Slowly, he stands and looks over the harbor, away from any military eyes. He's holding back the shock, maybe tears as a certain resolve coves across his face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(quietly to himself)

Never again Eiferman. Never again.
With strength in my faith comes
strength in my body, and it starts
now.

MONTAGE:

George combines unique work out techniques after his morning bugle duties. An ORIGINAL SONG drives the sequence.

1 George plays the bugle as the flag is raised at sunrise.

2 George in Navy shorts hops over the ship's railing and dives into the water to begin his morning swim.

3 He climbs up the chain and back down to build strength.

4 He asks Koa for extra servings at each meal.

5 He gets some jeers from the sailors but most ignore him.

6 When the ship is out to sea he fills buckets with water to do arm curls then and hooks the buckets onto a pole to squat with his legs.

7 He moves quickly on his daily chores making sure the artillery containers are clean and prepared.

8 Before lights out he does 100 push ups and sit ups.

9 He finds a pipe across the engine room entrance that he uses for pull ups.

8 A few shipmates begin to do pushups and sit ups with him before lights out.

10 Putting on his uniform for leave, he definitely has grown and his muscles are starting to show.

11 Soon as he jumped overboard when the ship was in port or anchored at sea, the crew starts cheering the tenacious Private Eiferman as he launches into the cold waters.

12 His bugling becomes in more and more in tune and echos loudly as the sun rises.

13 Tyson listens in as he maintains his anti aircraft gun next to Byron.

TYSON
Little bugle boy ain't so little
any more.

BYRON
Can hold a note too.

George passes by them both with his bugle and gives a confident nod.

TYSON
Just because you can finally play
that bugle, don't forget the Japs
don't care, so keep you head on
straight Private. We're at war.

INT. COOKS CABIN - NIGHT

Koa sits up in his bunk. Next to him is a Tarzan comic book and a few colored pencils on top of a some jungle sketches of the South Pacific Island wildlife in their native tropical forests. He sketches big cats, snakes and even gorillas with amazing accuracy.

He looks at the Tarzan comic book and sketches a man like Tarzan swinging on a vine between banana trees. He takes out an eraser and loses Tarzan's long hair and gives him a Marine buzz cut. Writes in "George of the Jungle" on the bottom of the sketch page.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

George is eating a big serving of potatoes and beef for lunch. Two MINE CLEARANCE DIVERS approach him with their grub. FRANK O'BRIEN (30), and MITCHEL CLARK (25), both lean men in their twenties sit next to him with their trays.

O'BRIEN

Mind if we join you Private?

George nods with a mouth full.

CLARK

I'm Petty Officer First Class
Mitchel Clark, this is Leading
Seaman Frank O'Brien.

GEORGE

What do I owe the honor?

O'BRIEN

We've been noticing your training
regimen over the past six months.
Especially your strengths in the
sea.

GEORGE

I've noticed your expertise at mine
clearing. Risky business.

CLARK

It's our duty to train men who have
the stamina and the balls quite
frankly to do what where here to
do. It's a two man job.

O'BRIEN

We think you're a good candidate.

GEORGE

I'm here to serve.

O'BRIEN

It's not an overnight course.
You'll be learning very specialized
skills to safely locate and disarm
underwater mines.

GEORGE

Not many second chances I'm
guessing?

CLARK

Funny. Very few. We work closely
with the mine detection
specialists, they need to read the
sonar with great accuracy to ensure
our safety.

O'BRIEN

The mines vary, disarming them
underwater with minimal light and
time only adds to the fun.

GEORGE

When do we start?

O'BRIEN

Tonight. You start tonight Private
Eiferman. We have diffused mines in
the engine room. Meet us at
eighteen hundred.

GEORGE

Yes sir.

CLARK

Good. Scuba instruction tomorrow.

O'BRIEN

Now it's time to chow.

George takes a big bite. His demeanor appears intense.

EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Engineer Simpson observes two small blips on his radar.

SIMPSON

Captain, I've spotted two incoming
about five miles out.

Captain O'Tool looks on. He surveys the skies and clicks on
the mic.

CAPTAIN

All hands on deck. Incoming.

EXT. MINESWEEPER DECK - CONTINUOUS

The crew again musters to battle positions. George backs up the anti aircraft guns with Tyson running to his station. The barrels soon point to the sky.

TYSON

Let's wipe out a few Zeros today
boys!

George looks much more in charge of his station as he prepared to gather the shells coming out of the gun.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Simpson hears a new SOUND coming from the sonar monitor. He's getting a reading of an underwater mine off the port bow.

SIMPSON

Damn it. Mine at 11 o'clock.
Reading 300 meters away.

A second alarm sounds.

INT. SCUBA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

O'Brien and Clark pull on wetsuits and hoods. They grab their scuba gear and mine detonation bag.

EXT. MINESWEEPER DECK - CONTINUOUS

Two Japanese Zeros approach in the distance. The ship's guns are blazing.

Gunfire from the planes rips across the bow as they circle the ship.

O'Brien and Clark ignore the incoming aircraft as they prepare to launch off the port side of the moving ship. Out of nowhere comes one of the airplanes appear firing across the water. Within seconds O'Brien is hit.

CLARK

Medic!

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

O'Tool calls out.

CAPTAIN

Steady, we don't know how many mines are out there.

EXT. BOW - CONTINUOUS

Medics attend to O'Brien. Clark heads over the Tyson's gun looking for George.

He sees him adeptly wrangling the shells as Tyson sends one Zero into the ocean.

TYSON

Got ya!

CLARK

Eiferman, suit up. Time to learn on the job.

George looks at Tyson for clearance.

TYSON

You heard the man. We need this ship to stay afloat. I'll get those birds out. Go Eiferman! If they shoot that mine close to us we're all done.

George springs up and races into the scuba room.

A sea of bullets continue as the other Zero has circled out of range.

George reappears in his scuba gear.

CLARK

Let's dive.

Together with Clark they jump into the sea.

The gunners are scanning the sky for the next incoming attack. The Zero approaches again with guns blazing.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Clark and George, now underwater, spot the mine just ahead. Bullets pierce the water above them.

They turn on their lights. George carefully approaches the mine. His hands working quickly and methodically as Clark does the same from the other side.

Only their breath is heard through the regulators.

The other Zero is shot out of the sky but crashes down close to the mine. Waves ripple them into the metal object, throwing them off balance. Clark falls away but George uses his strength to cling to the mine, refusing to let go.

One final twist of his tool and the mine's triggering mechanism disengages. The device falls harmlessly to the ocean floor.

Clark sees it drop through his mask and the two meet at the surface. They pull their masks off.

CLARK

That was close Private.

GEORGE

Let's check on O'Brien.

Along the railings are a few of the crew members saluting as they arrive at the ladder.

EXT. MINESWEEPER DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Clark precedes into the ship. George arrives back to his position and cleans up the shells.

Tyson is just restocking his gun with ammo. He sees George approaching. He steps in his path as they cross.

GEORGE

Lieutenant Murdoch, I'm here to clean up my station.

TYSON

Let me tell you something Jew boy,,, you're as tough as any man on this ship.

George looks him straight in the eye. Chest out and salutes him.

GEORGE

Thank you sir. I came to fight for our country. Let's win this war.

Tyson gives him a salute back.

George begins cleaning up the shells with a slight cat that ate the canary grin to himself.

EXT. PORT IN SOUTH PACIFIC - DAY

GRAPHIC: THREE YEARS LATER - 1946

George fills out his full uniform with muscles as he walks down the ramp to the dock. He holds a duffel bag and takes one last look to the ship, forty pounds heavier than when he began his tour.

Koa appears from the bow jogging towards him. He carries a rolled up paper like a track baton.

KOA

Sergeant Eiferman! Hold up.

George has a big smile.

GEORGE

My last leave.

Koa arrives.

KOA

Going home on your 21st. Happy Birthday brudda.

GEORGE

I'll miss your grub.

He nods up and down at George's muscular body.

KOA

We were a good team. If you even need a nutritionist on the mainland, I'm your guy.

George slaps him on the shoulder and turns toward the dock.

GEORGE

Will do. Be well Koa.

Koa holds up the paper scroll.

KOA

Wait. You have to take this! Sketched it for you. This is my best one! I call this character "George of the Jungle".

He unrolls a very detailed drawing of George in a Tarzan outfit swinging on a vine in the jungle.

It's come a long way from the first sketch years earlier. On the bottom is written: "George of the Jungle".

George looks at it with a huge smile. Accepts the gift.

GEORGE

This is good... George of the Jungle? That's about the nicest thing I've been called on this vessel.

KOA

Never seen a man transform himself like you have. Good luck George, of the Jungle.

They salute each other and George leaves. Chuckling as he looks at the colorful sketch arriving on shore. He does not look back.

INT. PHILADELPHIA COFFEE SHOP - DAY

George dines with his high school friend Chris. Sitting down his height no longer feels much different but George, wearing a tight tee shirt, makes him look much stronger than his buddy from years past.

A waitress drops off hamburgers and fries.

WAITRESS

Here you go men, two cheeseburger specials.

CHRIS

Thank you.

She leaves.

GEORGE

Guess we're "men" now Chris.

CHRIS

We've earned that. You certainly have, no one wants to mess with you. How did you get so big?

GEORGE

Wasn't easy buddy. The combat you've seen sure made you grow up fast too.

CHRIS

Just glad we made it home alive.

GEORGE

Amen, and won the war.

CHRIS

So now what? We're out of work.
Save our country and come back to
low paying blue collar jobs.

GEORGE

Enjoy the burger, great protein.
Create the opportunity, you're
healthy and able aren't you?

CHRIS

Yeah, but there's nothing out
there.

Chris picks up his hamburger, takes a bite.

GEORGE

How is it?

CHRIS

It's a good burger.

George look as his fries before he eats a couple.

GEORGE

Bet you didn't seen any French
Fries in Paris.

Chris shakes his head, amused.

CHRIS

Just Krauts. I bet being on leave
in the South Pacific wasn't bad.
Polynesian women sure look
beautiful in the magazines.

GEORGE

Beats Philly gals. Better than the
magazines if you want to know the
truth. That's all I can say...

George gives him a wink with his blue eyes.

CHRIS

What are you going to do now
Georgie? Body build?

Chris laughs but George doesn't find it funny.

GEORGE

Yeah, I'm going to keep working out
and see what opportunities come up.
The sky is the limit.

CHRIS

Never a doubt with you Georgie.

George flashes his infectious smile.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A very used 1940 Willy Jeep pulls up in front of Fritche's Gym. The painted wooden sign above the door of a one story building has a big barbell underlining the name.

George gets out of the car. He wears gray oversized sweat pants and a loose tank top.

INT. FRITCHE'S GYM - NIGHT

There are five or six twenty something MEN sweating in workout attire, tank tops, tee shirts with shorts or one piece tight fitting lifting suits.

One man hangs on gymnastic rings while another does pull ups. Another man BRUNO (squats with four or five weight plates on each side. The gym is weathered but the men are intense and strong.

Multiple black and white photos of bodybuilders are on the wood paneled walls. There are three horizontal mirrors in front of a long rack of dumb bells with lots of weight. The floor has chalk on it by the worn out black vinyl padded work out benches and squat area.

A well built guy in his mid thirties, FRITCHE, encourages the Bruno doing squats.

FRITCHE

Personal best Bruno. Ass to the
grass pal.

Bruno dips a few inches lower and exhales a deep GRUNT as he rises back up. Then drops the bar with a loud THUMP.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)

I like the effort.

George enters the front door. There's no one at a desk like a modern day gym.

The door does close loudly by accident which gets a few members to look over. He observes Fritche adjusting Bruno's shoulders.

George looks like a fish out of water as he stands alone, waiting for someone to approach.

No one does. Fritche stays with Bruno.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)

Let's work on a clean and jerk next.

He looks over at George who picked up a "Muscle & Fitness" magazine from the counter. Begins flipping through it.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)

Hold on a second Bruno.

He walks toward the entrance.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

George flashes his big smile and puts down the magazine.

GEORGE

I just got out of the service--

FRITCHE

The buzz cut tipped that off.

GEORGE

I'm George Eiferman. I'm back in Philly and plan to learn about body building.

FRITCHE

You're in the right spot. Let's to learn. Come back tomorrow?

George looks around the place and nods.

GEORGE

How much to lift here?

FRITCHE

Ten dollars a month.

GEORGE

I'll get my money's worth. I need to bulk up, sir.

He gives George the up and down.

FRITCHE

You look like you've been doing
okay. Call me Fritche. Flex.

GEORGE

What.

FRITCHE

Your arm.

George awkwardly rolls him hand to his shoulder.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)

Now triceps.

He just turns around, keeping his arm flexed. Fritche smiles and walks away.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)

We'll discuss my time availability
tomorrow. It's not cheap and you
better be ready to work hard.

GEORGE

That's my real strength... Hey
Fritche!

He turns back, as he approaches Bruno. George picks up the magazine.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Mind if I read this? Bring it back
tomorrow.

Fritche waves him off as in "no problem" and gets back to work. George tucks it under his arm and leaves.

INT. ROOM RENTAL APARTMENTS - NIGHT

George sits up on the twin bed of a single studio like apartment intently reading the magazine. A night light sits on the bedside table. There's a sink in the room and a chest with drawers. No television, no bathroom. A towel hangs on the entrance door with sandals on the floor.

George appears lost in thought as he flips page after page. The images of body builders posing swirl around his head. Occasionally he strikes a simple pose from bed, one like he sees in the magazine.

Shortly he's asleep with the light on and magazine on his already built up chest.

INT. FRITCHE'S GYM - MORNING

It's 6:00 AM. Fritche unlocks the glass door and sees George waiting outside wearing shorts and a tee shirt. He has a small gym bag with the magazine he borrowed on top.

Fritche gives him a wave in.

FRITCHE
Returning the magazine or just
ambitious?

GEORGE
A little of both.

Two men walk in dressed in workout attire, LEW (30s) and BOB (40s).

FRITCHE
Good morning Lew, Bob.

LEW BOB
Hey Fritz, it's legs day. Morning.

Fritche walks behind the front desk. George tosses the magazine back on the counter top where he found it.

FRITCHE
Getting a jump on the day is what
lots of our clients like to do.
Although you were here late last
night.

GEORGE
On the ship I got my workouts in
just after doing the sunrise bugle.

FRITCHE
Bugle. Where were you stationed?

GEORGE
Honolulu. But most of the service
was in ports all over the South
Pacific.

Fritche takes that in.

FRITCHE
I appreciate your service Eiferman.
A few other vets have joined.

George stands patiently. Fritche gestures to the gym floor.

FRITCHÉ (CONT'D)

Go to it. I don't need to be paid right now. Your word is good with me.

George forgot about the fees and pulls a ten dollar bill from his pocket.

GEORGE

Here you go. Almost forgot. My weight training experience is limited Fritché. Going to need your expertise... I can afford it.

Fritché pulls out a calendar a 1950's General Electric refrigerator on the cover with a dressed up woman posing in front. He looks it over as there are pencil X's blocking out time slots by the hour.

FRITCHÉ

Going have to break up your mornings with some evening sessions. My Monday, Wednesdays and Fridays mornings are booked. Start two days a week, say Tuesday mornings and Friday evenings?

George flashes his big smile then shakes his head, "no".

He turns the calendar around and picks up the pencil and fills in his initials "GF" every day at any open time.

GEORGE

Five days a week works better for me. Looks like you're free at eight am this morning, oh, it says George Eiferman is scheduled in. My lucky day.

He spins the calendar around.

FRITCHÉ

Got guts, I like that... Your credit is good being a Navy man. But it adds up fast, two dollars per session.

George pulls out another ten dollars.

GEORGE

Week one.

FRITCHE

Lockers in the back. You may think
your strong, but don't be fooled,
pull ups and push ups in the
service won't cut it here.

GEORGE

Don't you be fooled, my workouts
were a bit more than that. I'll be
ready.

George heads toward the locker room. Fritche looks again at
the calendar and sees George's initials for every day.

Lew and Bob are working with dumbbells.

LEW

Who's the new guy?

FRITCHE

Navy vet.

BOB

Hooyah.

FRITCHE

Seems like a good man. No idea
what's in front of him though.

LEW

Sorry Fritz, if he's seen combat--

FRITCHE

Fair. But, he ain't seen my weight
program yet.

He slaps Lew on the shoulder and heads off to rack a some
loose weights.

A few additional members walk in.

EXT. FRITCHE'S GYM - DAY

Fritche and George walk out of the gym on to the street.

FRITCHE

We have a stationary bicycle inside
but today let's start with some
road work.

GEORGE

I'm paying to go for a jog?

FRITCHE

No, your on your own time now. Meet me back here in thirty minutes and break a sweat.

George takes off running down the main street and across the central park in the distance.

INT. FRITCHE'S GYM - LATER

George walks back in. His tank top is covered in sweat and he's breathing hard.

FRITCHE

You passed the first test.

GEORGE

First test?

FRITCHE

Self discipline. Some come back with a smile on their face, barely tired. I know their not so serious.

GEORGE

Now it's your turn. Teach me. I'm already strong. What's missing?

Fritche walks around him, checking out his muscle structure. He looks bulky from his military transformation.

FRITCHE

This is a good place to start, but if you want to look like the guys in that magazine, you're going to need definition. Build up muscle mass where you don't have it. Your traps, calves and quads for starters.

GEORGE

Quads, look at these babies. Biggest on the boat.

Fritche laughs and walks to the squat rack. One of the members, RICHARD (22), just finished squatting four plates on each side of the bar.

FRITCHE

Mind if we work in for a set?

Richie nods and watches. George steps in with swag.

GEORGE
Right now? That's nothing.

FRITCHE
Okay, knock it out. Ten reps of
"nothing"?

George pushes him back and gets under the squat rack. He places the bar on his shoulder and steps forward. He dips partially down and raises back up.

GEORGE
One.

He does it another time. His butt goes partially down.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Two.

FRITCHE
Zero.

George looks at him as he does a third rep.

GEORGE
Three. FRITCHE (CONT'D)
Zero.

George stops his next rep. Looks oddly at Fritche with the bar on his shoulder.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)
That's not a full squat. Ass to the
grass.

George still looks confused.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)
Further down until I say so!

George does a much deeper squat. He strains slightly coming back up.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)
One!

He does two, three, four more until his quads start to tremble.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)
Three, four. Let's go! Ass to the
grass.

George has one more rep in him before he has to drop the bar to the floor with a loud THUMP. A little embarrassed. He punches his own hand in frustration.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)

Bigest on the boat? Today you're a newbie, a private again. Thanks Richie. George, give him a hand putting the bar back up.

RICHARD

I'm Richard. Richie around here.

GEORGE

George. Sorry about that.

RICHARD

You're training with the best George. It's a learning curve.

They lift the bar up from each side and put it back in the elevated position on the squat rack.

Fritche walks off to a small desk by the lockers and waves George to follow.

FRITCHE

Okay, so let's get your head on right. And this you pay for. Have a seat, then we'll go back out there.

GEORGE

Sir, yes sir.

FRITCHE

Why are you here?

GEORGE

It's a gym. Why are any of us here?

Fritche looks at him in the eyes, then stands up to go.

FRITCHE

Good bye George. I choose who I share my knowledge with and wise ass pricks are not on the list. Too much work... good luck.

GEORGE

What? Wait! Just havin' some fun. I understand. I want to get bigger. I want to get like, like the guys in the magazines. I'll follow your commands.

Fritche leans over the table and looks down on him.

FRITCHE

Why?

GEORGE

I'm kind of, obsessed with this
body building thing.

FRITCHE

Do you want to compete? Or just
look good in a tee shirt on Main
Street... No wrong answer.

GEORGE

This feels like a test?

Fritche is not amused. One more strike against him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Honestly? I feel like I'm not tall
enough to compete. But yes, that
would be my dream. To compete.

His eyes light up with the dream.

FRITCHE

The judges look for definition.
Proportion. Charisma. I can help
you get the first two, and lucky
for you, God has given you a real
plus on charisma, if all things are
equal to the judges, you can win.

GEORGE

Oh, okay. That's good news then.

FRITCHE

Only if you are all in. I can only
imagine what you went through in
the South Pacific, and although
we're not here to defend the free
world, I want you to treat it with
the same intensity, or at least
close.

GEORGE

I'm all in!

The two head to the gym floor.

FRITCHÉ

Okay, so think of this regiment in five stages that we'll be working on throughout each week.

GEORGE

Five, not just upper body and lower body?

FRITCHÉ

Five private. First is what I call compound lifts. These exercises target multiple muscle groups simultaneously and are foundational for building overall strength and muscle mass.

GEORGE

Like squats and bench press.

FRITCHÉ

Yep, deadlifts, overhead press too.

GEORGE

Got it. Compound.

They walk around different areas of the gym with specific weights and equipment.

FRITCHÉ

The next is isolation exercises that target specific muscle groups and help to shape and define individual muscles. Bicep and leg curls, tricep and leg extensions, lateral raises.

GEORGE

Isolation. Got it. What's left?

FRITCHÉ

Core. It's essential for stability and balance, as well as overall physique aesthetics.

GEORGE

Planks, sit ups.

A man is pulling himself up from the core on hanging rings.

FRITCHÉ

Russian twists, hanging leg crunches, plenty more, we change things up around here.

GEORGE

Oh, let me guess, cardio is another stage?

FRITCHE

Running, jump rope, cycle. Critical for fat loss.

George points to his flat abs. Fritche moves on without a response.

GEORGE

Not much fat here. Never mind, what's the last one?

FRITCHE

Finally, we'll be working on flexibility and mobility.

GEORGE

Mobility?

FRITCHE

Stretching exercises and mobility drills help prevent injuries and improve overall flexibility, which is crucial for bodybuilding poses.

GEORGE

More than what meets the eye for sure. Can we lift now, finally?

Fritche nods, cracks his knuckles. He grabs some weights.

FRITCHE

Thought you'd never ask.

George sits on the bench press after putting on three plates per side. He struggles to get in three reps with loud YELLS.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)

If, let's start from the beginning. Technique first, then weight.

Weights are pulled off that bar and hit the ground. Fritche guides George from above as he easily works on slow repetitions but he's on his tip toes and back arched.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)

Yes, now keep your feet planted firmly on the ground and your back flat against the bench.

(MORE)

FRITCHÉ (CONT'D)

Lower the barbell down to your lower pecs with control, then press it back up explosively.

George pounds the bar with a massive exhale. Another pair of 45 pound weights go on. He looks in control this time. Then explodes each rep up.

Later he does squats, same process. Light weights first.

FRITCHÉ (CONT'D)

I want you to focus on going as low as you can while maintaining good form. This will fully engage your muscles and maximize growth.

George drops low but his chest collapses.

FRITCHÉ (CONT'D)

Remember to keep your chest up and your core tight. Drive through your heels as you stand back up... There you go! Keep pushing Eif.

More weight, full strain, perfect form. George drops the weight on the ground after a perfect set. SLAM.

GEORGE

Wow. That's tough.

FRITCHÉ

Just beginning. Dead lifts.

BEGIN MONTAGE

A series of stylized weight lifting sports action shots combine with a medley of training tips from Fritché, lifting partners razzing, and his downtime eating, working on poses and sleeping all driven by MUSIC.

-Core: George does crunches on the floor with another LIFTING PARTNER counting out reps.

LIFTING PARTNER

Come on George! Twenty-two, twenty-three, come on, twenty-four.

-Isolation: Curl after curl, leg extensions, over and over. He puts the dumbbells down and flexes in the mirror with huge biceps.

-Meals: A series of hamburgers, eggs and potatoes is consumed by George. He shakes up Shaklee protein powder with milk on the gym floor.

-Sleep: Night after night George turns the lights off at 9pm only after finishing the last few pages of a weight lifting magazine.

-Cardio: He runs through the streets of Philadelphia and on the gym treadmill turn from day to night and back to day.

-Compound: He lifts heavy weights on the bench press motivated by different workout partners spotting him.

LIFTING PARTNER #2
One more rep!!!

He also dead lifts and squats huge amounts of weight, again turning into the mirror and isolating muscles.

-Flexibility: A flexible woman rolls out a mat for George and Fritche. She leads them into a number of stretches.

GEORGE
I hate this part.

FRITCHE
It will pay off, I promise.

-Lots of laughs with fellow gym members on the gym floor.

-Poses: George and Fritche look into the mirror where George has learned to isolate every muscle group.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)
Calves?

George turns his legs in to show bulging calf muscles.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)
Now the final full body flex.

George grows to a huge figure, completely covered in muscle. The gym members yell.

GROUP CHEERS
Strong man. Flex it George!
Impressive. You're ready for
Philly! Smile buddy.

FRITCHE
Don't forget, charisma counts.

The SEQUENCE ends with George again transformed, this time into a physical human specimen filling out an application to compete in the Mr. Philadelphia contest.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA THEATER - NIGHT

A spotlight shines into the sky in front of a theater marquis. The sign reads Mr. Philadelphia contest tonight.

INT. PHILADELPHIA STAGE - NIGHT

FIFTEEN MEN (20'S) line up on a stage with a wooden floor. The venue looks like a small theater or playhouse. Lights spot on them from above. They're wearing different tight shorts or small mens speedo like swim suits.

In the first row of seats in front are three JUDGES. Fritch, Lew and Bob are two rows back. One JUDGE (30s) strong, walks up to the microphone.

JUDGE

Thank you all for competing tonight. We have selected the final three contestants to run off for Mr. Philadelphia. If you're name is called, please step forward. If not please leave the stage on the right after the three are named.

The bodybuilders all stare at the judge on the microphone and at each other in anticipation.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Moving into the final three are,
Bill Duncan.

BILL DUNCAN (27) a six foot three beast of a man clenches his fist in approval and steps forward.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Roberto Alvarez.

ROBERTO ALVEREZ (22) does a huge whistle in approval and works the crowd as he steps forward. A few applause from his excitement.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

And,,, George Eiferman.

George breaks out a huge smile and steps a few extra feet downstage for the crowd. He holds his arms up and signals to the crowd his gratitude. A few hoot and clap.

He then makes eye contact with the judges and smiles before lining up in all seriousness with Roberto and Bill.

The other contestants depart.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Finalists now we will have you come out individually for this final round, so please wait backstage until your names are called in the same order we just announced you.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

A water cooler sits on a single table. Large ropes hang down from the rafters behind the huge black curtains. George is alone with Roberto.

GEORGE

You completed in one of theses before?

ROBERTO

I came up from Florida. Won Mr. Miami last year.

GEORGE

My first one.

ROBERTO

Nervous?

GEORGE

Kamikazes in the South Pacific made me nervous, yes, this, a walk in the park.

Fritche enters from the side.

FRITCHE

Hey Eif, let's talk.

George gives Roberto a nod and walks over.

GEORGE

Not bad, the finals.

FRITCHE

That's not why you're here. All that time building up to this. Where's the oil?

George looks for his bag.

GEORGE

Oh yeah. In the lockers over there. In my bag.

FRITCHE

The last thing you do is shine up just before you go on. Look at me. Breath, George. We need you calm and full of charisma when you step on the stage.

George takes a deep breath. Looks ready.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)

We've been over the poses a thousand times. Clench your fists and flex every muscle in your body, from your chest and arms to your legs and abs on the final pose. This is your chance to show the judges who you are.

George does a mock flex. Looks strong.

FRITCHE (CONT'D)

Now when that guy goes out, I want you to start your final bulk up. Push ups, mock curls, a few stretches. You need to be a specimen. Can you do that?

GEORGE

Hell ya. We're going to win this.

JUDGE

(off camera)

Let's here it for Bill Duncan!

The crowd claps in the distance.

FRITCHE

You are. Spark the crowd with that smile right away. No fear. All muscle and confidence, charisma. Good luck.

Fritche shakes his hand and departs.

George watches Roberto walk to the wings.

JUDGE

(off camera)

Now Roberto Alvarez.

Roberto disappears and Bill passes by George.

BILL

Aren't you a little short to be in
the open division?

GEORGE

Don't they take away points if you
don't have any bulge in those
shorts?

Bill looks down briefly to his crotch and waves him off.

George laughing goes to his locker and gets the baby oil out
of his bag. He then drops to do a few push ups, stretches and
crow hops to get pumped up.

Lastly he puts on some oil all over his muscles.

INT. PHILADELPHIA STAGE - NIGHT

The judges write down on their score card as Roberto holds
his last pose. They all look up and nod.

JUDGE

Lets hear it for Roberto Alvarez.

The crowd gives a couple claps and a whistle or two as he
leaves the stage. George passes him in excitement and jogs to
the front of the stage. Holds his hands up clapping to get
the audience excited.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Guess he needs no introduction,
George Eiferman.

Fritche, Lew and Bob clap loudly.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

First pose, front double biceps.

George plants his feet shoulder-width apart, raises his arms,
and flexes his biceps. He leans slightly forward to
accentuate his chest and shoulder muscles, his abs tight and
defined. Judges take note.

George waits for the next pose. Catches Fritche's eye and
winks subtly.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Now, side chest.

He shifts his stance, extending one leg slightly forward. He
twists his torso to the side, flexing his chest muscles and
keeping his shoulders square to the front.

He brings his fist to his chest, showcasing his pectoral and arm muscles that are shining from the oil and contour in the lights.

Fritch leans into Lew.

FRITCHE
Perfect symmetry.

LEW
Good muscle control.

JUDGE
Okay George, let's see the rear lat spread.

Turning his back to the judges, he spreads his lats wide by pushing his elbows back. He arches his back slightly, emphasizing the width and definition of his back muscles.

A few in the crowd HOOT! Judges look impressed as they continue to score. George breaks the pose and gives the hooting crowd a thumbs up and a smile which ignites them more.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Let's play to the judges Mr.
Eiferman. Ab and thighs.

A few boos come out to the judge's comment.

George turns to face the judges directly, flexing his abs and extending one leg forward. He tightens his abdominal muscles, highlighting their definition, while also flexing his thigh to show off his quadriceps. He smiles at them too. They find him hard to look away from.

BOB
Outstanding ab definition and thigh separation.

JUDGE
Side Triceps.

George turns to the side, extending one arm down and flexing his triceps. He uses his other hand to pull down on the flexed arm, showcasing the striations and definition in his triceps muscle.

The judges mark it down and take a sip of water.

FRITCHE
Here we go. The final pose,

JUDGE FRITCHE (CONT'D)
Most Muscular. Most Muscular.

The crowd gets on their feet as George, all business, with intensity clenches his fists and flexes every muscle in his body. He brings his arms forward and down, squeezing his chest, shoulders, arms, and legs to their maximum potential. His veins bulge, and every muscle is clearly defined.

The crowd lights up with approval. Hoots and Cheers.

LEW
Eiferman!

Fritche just smiles. Looks to Bob.

FRITCHE
He's going to win.

JUDGE

George breaks the pose and holds his hands high like a boxer at the final bell.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Bill and Roberto walk back on both waving to the crowd.

ROBERTO
(quietly to George)
You really worked the crowd amigo.

The judges compare their score cards and hand a piece of paper to the main Judge, who returns to the microphone.

JUDGE
After careful consideration, we
have our unanimous winner. The 1946
Philadelphia Bodybuilding Champion
is... George Eiferman!

The audience erupts one more time in applause as George steps forward, a look of triumph on his face. He shakes hands with the judges and receives his trophy, holding it high above his head. Accomplishment is all over his face. Fritche beams with pride from the audience.

INT. PHILADELPHIA COFFEE SHOP - DAY

George drinks a milk shake with Chris.

CHRIS

Never doubting you again.

GEORGE

Okay. Now what?

CHRIS

Didn't you hear me? Where's the next competition? Keep going brother.

GEORGE

Travel? One guy did come from Miami.

CHRIS

Forget Miami, I read Santa Monica Beach is the place to be for that... I know, did some research.

George flashes that smile.

GEORGE

Doing your homework. California?
And how do I get there?

CHRIS

Ask you parents.

GEORGE

Oh no Chris. I hate asking them for anything.

CHRIS

Follow your dream. You never know, sure they tell their neighbors you're Mr. Philadelphia, so why not Mr. California?

George gets up and puts a dollar on the table.

GEORGE

Good point. Let's go.

CHRIS

Just like getting a fake idea.
Let's go.

INT. EIFERMAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

George stands by the fire place of a modest 1930's home. On the couch is his father, mother and sister.

SISTER

Why shouldn't he go west, father?

FATHER

Body building. George, you've clearly done well, but muscles don't pay the bills. Isn't it time to get a paying job here?

MOTHER

Meet your wife, start a family.

GEORGE

I need just enough for bus fair and one week of a motel. I'll do all that family stuff in California.

SISTER

Lucky.

GEORGE

Father, mother, I'll wire you the money back in no time. I promise. I have to do this. It's my, my passion.

Mr. Eiferman looks at his wife, then George... Gives a small nod "okay".

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION PHILADELPHIA - MORNING

George carries one duffel bag and small paper bag and boards an empty Greyhound Bus with three sleepy passengers. He decides to sit up close to SAM (50s) the bus driver, heavyset and jovial.

GEORGE

Here's my ticket.

SAM

Okay buddy, settle in. Los Angeles? A lot of terrain ahead.

GEORGE

Get me there safely, ahhh...

SAM

Sam. That's my job city boy.

GEORGE

Thanks Sam, I'm George. No city boy, you need a flat tire changed, I'm your guy.

SAM

New rubber all around George. Just sit back and enjoy the scenery. Bathroom's in the back.

Sam closes the door with a manual crank.

SAM (CONT'D)

Next stop Pittsburg!

BEGIN MONTAGE.

George settles in, grabs an apple out of the bag as the bus pulls out.

Sam drives through the bustling streets of Philadelphia, passing by iconic landmarks like Independence Hall and the Liberty Bell as they head out of town.

The bus winds through the rolling hills and lush farmland of Pennsylvania. He passes through small towns with quaint main streets and historic buildings. The scenery is picturesque, with fields of crops and occasional barns dotting the landscape.

GEORGE

Love this country.

SAM

Beautiful. Never gets old. Lot's more to see.

As the sun sets, they pull into Pittsburgh. The skyline, dominated by steel mills and bridges, glows with the lights of the city. They cross the Allegheny River, George marvels at the city's industrial might.

GEORGE

Never been to the steel city.

The bus pulls into the Greyhound station. The few passengers get off. George stands.

SAM

Try the dumplings at Pieorgies two blocks up. Know you've had cheese-steak before, but can't lose with either one. It's famous.

GEORGE

Thanks brother. I will.

SAM

Be back in two hours. Now get along, I need a nap.

George hops off the bus and Sam follows. The bus door closes.

MONTAGE CONTINUED. The next morning, George is settled in the bus driving through Ohio. The landscape is flat and expansive, with endless fields of corn and wheat. He passes through Columbus, catching a glimpse of the Ohio State Capitol building.

He pulls out a tourism magazine for Southern California and dreams of his future. He flips past page after page of palm trees, white sand, the Hollywood sign and swimsuit models.

The bus continues through Indiana, where the land is similarly flat but dotted with more industrial towns and cities like Indianapolis. George sees the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument as he drives through the city with a new driver, MITCHEL, (30s) tall with thinning hair.

GEORGE

We lost a lot of good men. A few sailors I'll never forget.

MITCHEL

Where did you serve?

GEORGE

South Pacific. Navy Minesweeper.

MITCHEL

I was stationed in England. Drove Liberty Trucks.

GEORGE

God bless us all.

MITCHEL

Indeed.

The bus carries on crossing into Illinois, towards Chicago. The towering skyline of the Windy City comes into view, with landmarks like the Willis Tower and the Chicago River. He takes a moment to enjoy the bustling city on a quick stop before continuing west.

Driving into Missouri, George passes through St. Louis. The Gateway Arch stands tall, a symbol of westward expansion.

He crosses the Mississippi River, feeling the journey truly taking him further west.

Mitchel cruises through Kansas. The landscape is vast and flat, with seemingly endless prairies. They pass through small towns, each with its own unique charm.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)
Big sky country. Never get's old.

GEORGE
That's what the last driver said!

The bus eventually arrives in Colorado passing by the state line sign "Welcome to Colorado" as the Rocky Mountains rise in the distance. George is awed by the dramatic change in scenery. He drives through Denver, catching glimpses of the state capitol and the bustling downtown area. They stop there and a new driver arrives, JIMMY (40's) after a break. George get's back on with another paper bag. It's night and the bus drives as he sleeps.

Driving through Utah at sunrise, the bus passes through the stunning red rock formations and deserts. George sees the Great Salt Lake shimmering in the distance as he passes through Salt Lake City.

Entering Nevada and the vast desert landscapes and mountainous terrain George gazes out the window. The arrive in Las Vegas at night, its neon lights and casinos standing out starkly against the desert backdrop.

Jimmy pulls into the Greyhound station. Speaks into the microphone by his chair.

JIMMY
We're here for three hours
everyone. Don't lose all your wages
like most.

The bus, now with over fifteen passengers laugh in unison. George stands in amazement.

GEORGE
Never seen a place like this.

JIMMY
We leave at eight. With or without
ya mac.

GEORGE
Oh I'll be here. Don't you worry
about that.

George walks down the famous strip, mesmerized. The lights flash everywhere.

Inside a casino the bells sound and everyone is gambling. George drinks a beer and somehow feels at home.

He arrives back on the bus at 7:45.

JIMMY

You back?

GEORGE

I'll return to this place. It's magical.

JIMMY

City that never sleeps.

Passengers load back on and the bus pulls out.

Drives into the night through the Mojave Desert, seeing Joshua Tree and rugged terrain at sunrise.

George looks out the window with intrigue as he approaches Los Angeles, the landscape transforms from rolling hills into urban sprawl. He pulls out a weight lifting magazine with a slight grin. The cover has STEVE REEVES (late 20s) with the title "Mr. America" under his name.

The Greyhound arrives at the station in downtown Los Angeles. George flips through the tourist guide of Southern California again with palm trees and swimsuit ads. He glances outside at the concrete jungle and homeless outside, then at the magazine ads. Shakes his head as this image does not exactly match up from the pictures. The large parking lot is in the shadows of the city.

George walks between multiple busses and exhaust fumes.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION LOS ANGELES - DAY

A few older men smoke cigarettes in the chairs. George walks up to the ticket booth with an weathered man in uniform, MR. WATSON (60s) waiting for the next customer. A mother and two kids walk away as puts three tickets in her purse.

WATSON

Next.

GEORGE

How far away are the beaches?

WATSON

Forty miles of beaches. Huntington Beach, Long Beach, Santa Monica and Malibu are our destinations via railway.

GEORGE

Ah, Santa Monica.

WATSON

Twenty five cents please.

He fishes out some change and puts it on the counter.

GEORGE

Here ya go. Is Hollywood on the way?

Mr Watson looks down his glasses at George.

WATSON

Another ten cents and a change on Fairfax and Sunset.

George laughs.

GEORGE

Santa Monica is where I'm going. Just get me there.

He hands him a ticket. Dead Pan.

WATSON

Car forty-two, line three. Departs at 10am.

The clock behind him reads 8:45. George looks at the few empty chairs. There's a table with some coffee brewing. A short line of customers now stand behind him.

WATSON (CONT'D)

Coffee's free. Next.

EXT. BRUNO'S GYM - DAY

Just south of the scenic pier at the end of Route 66 in Santa Monica, is an outdoor gym like no other place in the world.

A large concrete area about 100' x 100' surrounded by sand is not far from the water's edge. It's attached to the boardwalk. All the same weights as seen in Fritche's gym are on the concrete, just now outside under the California sun.

Working out everywhere are very strong, tanned men, and a few toned women.

BRUNO, (late 30s), six foot five, Italian muscle bound, strides past everyone. He enters a small building on the other side of the boardwalk.

INT. BRUNO'S GYM - DAY

Inside are a few stationary bicycles and locker rooms. He speaks with a worker who mops the floor.

BRUNO

Smells like Clorox in here. Please keep the doors and windows open when you mop. Don't forget.

WORKER

Yes sir.

A woman LISA (20s) gets off the bike fully sweating as Bruno opens a window behind her.

LISA

Bruno. Ready for the workout.

He waves for her to follow him.

EXT. BRUNO'S GYM - DAY

They walk to the empty area on the gym floor without equipment. He hands her a jump rope.

BRUNO

Five minutes, keep burning.

On the boardwalk, observing from a distance is George. He drops his gym bag and takes his shirt off. His white body with tan arms below a tee shirt line from the midwest is noticeable, but his body still in competition form.

Slowly he takes a few steps towards the work out area. A big smile comes across his face.

Stops.

He's arrived.

INT. BRUNO'S GYM - DAY

George waits on a bench by the locker room.

WORKER
He usually comes inside every hour.

Bruno enters. The worker gives George a slight nod.

Bruno notices George immediately who still has his shirt off.

BRUNO
I call that a farmer's tan.

George looks at his arms, let's the joke pass. Puts out his hand.

GEORGE
I'm George, George Eiferman.

They exchange a firm shake.

BRUNO
But you're not built like a farmer.
Ciao Giorgio. Can I call you that?

George nods with that big smile.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Lots of charm. Where you from, no
let me guess. Ohio.

GEORGE
Philly. Won Mr. Philadelphia just
last week.

Bruno pauses, gives him the up and down.

BRUNO
Va bene' Giorgio. But you can do
more. No?

GEORGE
A lot, my goal is Mr. California.

BRUNO
Join the club my friend, we all
have dreams around here. Going to
take hard work, some charm too.

GEORGE
I'll fit right in. Here at...?

Bruno pauses, looks out the door at his kingdom. Does not turn back but speaks under his breath loud enough.

BRUNO
Muscle Beach.

GEORGE
(to himself, approving)
Muscle Beach.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

George splashes in the waves by the pier.

He runs hard down the beach along the tide.

EXT. BRUNO'S GYM - MORNING

The gym's already filled with body builders. George works on the pull up bar. He's got a work out partner LEW (early 20s), six foot with a massive build.

LEW
Twenty eight, twenty nine. One more
George!

GEORGE
Thirty.

He lets go.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Your turn.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

George eats next to his little burner stove inside a modest hotel room. The window is open and a siren can be heard passing outside.

His meal looks like three hamburger patties and ketchup, some toast and an apple.

On the television is "The Ed Sullivan Show".

George's attention is on an application for the Mr. California contest. He reads over it as he takes a last bite.

He opens the bedside table in a towel and grabs a pen and a magazine to write on. He proceeds to fill out the application. He looks strong.

EXT. BRUNO'S GYM

A TIME-LAPSE SEQUENCE of intense works outs with Lew and Bruno's coaching. The workouts grow in intensity. George's gym clothes change as the weights increase.

- Bench Press
- Squats
- Dead lift
- Curls
- Tricep press
- Incline bench
- Abs
- Cardio

They press with full force, spotting each other to failure throughout the sequences.

Lew holds George's feet down as he finishes sit ups.

LEW
Ninety seven, come on!

GEORGE
Shit!

LEW
Three more you puke!

LEW (CONT'D)
Get up! Race you to the ocean.
Loser does 100 more!

George jumps and pushes him off as a head start. They both sprint across the sand laughing.

EXT. EMBASSY AUDITORIUM LOS ANGELES - DAY

There's a line outside the iconic Embassy Auditorium on Grand Avenue in downtown Los Angeles.

INT. EMBASSY AUDITORIUM - DAY

The stage is large with a red velvet curtain that drops to the floor from forty feet above. A tech crew make some final adjustments to the front lights.

Seven judges are lined up in the front row. They each have a small table in front of them with a light.

The auditorium has have over 200 spectators, all nicely dressed for the 1948 Mr. California body building event.

INT. BACKSTAGE EMBASSY AUDITORIUM - DAY

Twenty-eight participants warm up back stage. Some rub oil on, others flex alone.

George sits on a bench in the wings. He takes a minute to absorb the environment. The men competing are all built and much more polished than the body builders in Philadelphia.

George stands and attaches number 11 to his shorts. He's shorter than most of the competitors but more defined. He too rubs oil on his muscles and starts to flex alone.

INT. EMBASSY AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The judges all take their seats. Most wear coats and ties.

The master of ceremony, PHIL (30s) bulky in a white button down shirt with sleeves rolled up is on stage standing next to the microphone. He gets a note from one of the judges.

The crowd has a mummer of anticipation.

PHIL

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the 1948 Mr. California Bodybuilding Contest! Please welcome our first round of contestants to the stage. Numbers one through fourteen.

The CINEMATIC style for this event changes to George's hyper intense POV. As he arrives in the front, the lights go dark around him.

His BREATH and HEARTBEAT heighten.

The POV of the judges see only George in a KEY LIGHT.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(reverb)

For the first round, round, round,
our contestants will perform the
compulsory poses, poses, poses.
Gentlemen, Front Double Biceps.

George's body is shinning and ripped. He poses to perfection.
Very serious. Lots of CLOSE UPS on his body with one key
light highlighting the contours.

JUDGE

Nice symmetry on number 11.

PHIL

Side Chest.

George still in the key light, SLOW MOTION as his body parts
look like a living photograph.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Rear Lat Spread.

The muscles on George morph from one body part to the next.
Looks like a combination of a Gatorade/Calvin Klein
commercial and a Milan fashion show. Strobe lights flash in
the press area.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Abs and Thighs.

George flows in his light. Not noticing the competition.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Side Triceps.

The judges all take notes.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Finally, the Most Muscular!

The POV comes from the judges as the key lights shifts from
one to twelve. George seems more impressive in comparison
even with his shorter height.

INT. BACKSTAGE EMBASSY AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Bruno waits, paces as George walks off.

BRUNO

Giorgio! Come here!

George does a double take. Walks over to him.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

L'uomo, you're a winner physically.
You out class a great pool of
bodybuilders. The best Girogio.

GEORGE

Really? Thank--

BRUNO

--BUT, you look like a loser...
Charisma counts and no way you can
win without it, so flash that smile
and blue eyes to the judges. Hype
the crowd! Go win it! Va Bene?

GEORGE

Capito.

He lightly slaps his cheek and leaves.

PHIL

(off camera)

Thank you contestants, please wait
back stage and we'll announce our
finalists.

George works on his smiles and claps while others around are
doing push ups.

INT. EMBASSY AUDITORIUM - DAY

The judges sit down and nod to Phil who holds a piece of
paper a judge just handed to him.

PHIL

Okay, will the following three
finalists please come to the stage?
Number three, twenty four and
eleven.

Bruno claps his hands from his chair. The crowd begins to
cheer as the three walk out. George holds his hands over his
head and claps with the crowd.

BRUNO

Let's go Eiferman!

The sequences begin. This time George eyes the judges after
each pose. Brings a timely, big smile to motivate the crowd.

In no time the sequence of poses is over and they all wait on
the judges.

JUDGE

This is close.

A final piece of paper is tabulated and brought the stage.
Phil dramatically opens it.

PHIL

Let's hear it for our finalists.

The crowd cheers.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And the winner is,,, a Navy man
from Philadelphia! Number 11.
George Eiferman.

Bruno approves as George walks waves to the crowd.

He holds the trophy high!

EXT. BRUNO'S GYM - DAY

George walks in from an ocean swim. Bruno is speaking with
STEVE REEVES, (early 30s) handsome and a perfect body
building specimen. He was on the cover of one of the
magazines that George looked through on the trip from Philly.

George recognizes him as he approaches.

GEORGE

I'm coming for your title Mr.
Reeves.

STEVE

Bruno, who is this little man?

GEORGE

Eiferman, George Eiferman.

BRUNO

Just won Mr. California.

STEVE

Oh, the minesweeper from Philly?

GEORGE

That's me. Great to meet you. An
honor.

STEVE

Well thanks, George.

BRUNO

George has his sights on the Mr.
America title next.

GEORGE

Your crown.

Steve laughs and starts to walk away.

STEVE

I'll let you hold the trophy.

GEORGE

Let's get a work out in. Show you
what I'm made of.

STEVE

I can't kid, have to be on set. But
respect your confidence. See you
tonight Bruno. I like this guy.

Steve walks away. George holds his hands out as if to say:
"Where're you going?". Turns to Bruno.

GEORGE

Tonight?

BRUNO

Got to stop reading only body
building mags and read the trades.
Daily Variety. You're in Los
Angeles now. Steve's becoming a
star in Hollywood. Well sword and
sandal films anyway. Trains at
night.

GEORGE

"Hold the trophy", he doesn't know
who he's up against. Let's get to
work.

MONTAGE: George goes through his routines with a vengeance
day in and day out.

Sunrises and sunsets over the Pacific Ocean.

He sleeps early, wakes, as MUSIC drives the SEQUENCE.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY CENTER - NIGHT

TIMELAPSE SEQUENCE: The Mr. America contest begins in the on the City Center stage. The flash bulbs pop off constantly. Packed house, sponsors banners all over. It feels more like a prize fight.

The rounds of bodybuilders blur one into another. George is on stage then off with many other larger, more well defined competitors who are really good at playing to the crowd.

George looks overwhelmed and his charisma is not enough.

Finally, only one man is left to receive the trophy.

It's Steve.

INT. BACKSTAGE NY CITY CENTER - NIGHT

Steve walks back from center stage carrying the trophy. The music still echos as the crowd disperses.

The contestants pack up their bags. Steve in all his glory and muscles is congratulated by a few competitors.

George approaches.

GEORGE

Well deserved. That Hollywood training didn't hurt. I've never seen a crowd react like that Steve.

STEVE

Thanks George. I told you you could hold the trophy but don't want to gloat. It's just one event. Mr. World and Mr. Universe are still ahead.

GEORGE

I'll hold my own trophies, but thanks.

STEVE

Not coming in fifth place you wont.

GEORGE

If you ever want a work out partner, I'm here for you.

STEVE

Thanks George. Sure. See you back in California.

GEORGE

Hold up. I'm curious about the acting thing too. I need to be,,, more, entertaining, less soft spoken. What you've done transitioning from body building to Hollywood.

Steve smiles and looks him up and down.

STEVE

Happy to show you the ropes. It's not as easy as you might think Georgie.

A couple of women approach Steve for an autograph.

GROUPIE

We saw you in Jungle Goddess. Now your Mister America. Will you sign my diary?

Steve gives George a wink.

STEVE

Not sure how many saw that film so yes. Happy to... Your name?

GROUPIE

Lisa and this is my friend Fanny.

They both giggle as Steve signs.

STEVE

Don't give up the dream Georgie! They do come true. Girls, you don't know who this man is yet but I think you should get his autograph too.

Steve nods to George and walks away as the women approach.

INT. TWA AIRPLANE - NIGHT

George is too large for his seat in the back of the plane. Many sleep on the red eye. He reads.

He pulls out "Screenland" magazine from the seat cubby. Laurence Olivier was on the cover for the film version of "Hamlet".

George flips through the pages and stops at a story on Steve Reeves, "Can a body builder make it in Hollywood?".

EXT. BRUNO'S GYM - NIGHT

A few overhead lights shine down on the equipment. The ocean in the distance is pitch black. Just the sound of the crashing waves.

Only four or five men are working out.

On the bench press is George. Steve spots him. Both are in full sweat wearing tank tops. There are three plates on each side of the bar as George struggles to max out.

STEVE

I'm not helping you. One more rep after this.

George sighs loudly as he presses the bar up.

GEORGE

I can't-

STEVE

Let's go partner. One more I've got the bar if you max out.

George brings it down and struggles mightily to get it up. Steve does not touch it until it's all the way back up and he pulls the bar onto the supports.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Five. Not so hard now was it?

GEORGE

I've never benched that much.

George sits up, empowered.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I read about you in Screenland.

STEVE

The studio have publicists for their films. Didn't see that one.

GEORGE

The story says bodybuilders can't act. You're going to prove them wrong, aren't you?

STEVE

I'm studying the craft George. You ever hear of Stella Adler, Lee Strasberg, Uta Hagen?

George nods no to all.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Go to the library, read "Respect for Acting". That's a good place to start.

GEORGE
"Respect for Acting". How about I just remember my lines and flex when I speak?

STEVE
It's no joke. Strasberg has you drawing on your past emotions and experiences. Adler focuses on the importance of imagination and truth in the moment. Takes work.

GEORGE
So who've you met? Which stars.

STEVE
Studio has Bogart and Gable under contract. I've seen them. Oh yeah, Bette Davis too.

GEORGE
Really? You ever meet Hepburn or Crawford?

STEVE
Saw Joan with Ingrid Bergman at Musso & Frank one night. We'll go there sometime... Now get back to work kid.

GEORGE
Can I visit you on set?

STEVE
Give me five more reps and we'll see.

George settles back under the bar.

GEORGE
Deal.

He pulls it off and begins to pump iron with renewed energy.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
One... Two... Three... Four...

STEVE

You've been holding out on me. Make it ten and I'll drive you there.

EXT. STUDIO LOT ENTRANCE - MORNING

Steve and George drive down Melrose Boulevard in Hollywood in a white convertible Buick Roadmaster. Steve's dressed in a button down shirt with tan pants. George wears a black tee shirt and shorts with a look of amazement as they pull up to the studio gates.

STEVE

You think the Hollywood magazines are glamorous? Well driving on to a studio lot, that's just something you have to experience.

George says nothing. Just looks ahead as they pull up to the guard gate with the wooden arm down. A GATEMAN (40s), wearing a red blazer looks at them from the gatehouse.

GATEMAN

Good morning Mr. Reeves, as you know you're on Stage Nine today. Who's your guest? Don't have anyone on the list.

STEVE

He's a VIP. Didn't want the press to know. Mr. California, George Eiferman.

GATEMAN

Welcome Mr. Eiferman.

George waves. He writes his name down then opens the gate and the two enter the lot with the sun shining on them.

GEORGE

The press to know? You are good.

STEVE

That's the charisma and confidence the audience will feed on Georgie. Stick with me.

They drive past some massive sound stages with equipment rolling everywhere. An entourage walks from the commissary lead by Clark Gable.

GEORGE

Stop. It's Clark Gable. Maybe I can get an autograph.

STEVE

No. Act like you've been here before if you ever want to drive through those gates again.

They drive between the bustling stages.

In the hills above the lot is the famous HOLLYWOODLAND sign.

GEORGE

Incredible.

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

A large Italian courtyard movie set is well lit. It looks like it's part of the Roman Empire. The camera team and sound people are all in place.

PIETRO FRANCISI (40's) is directing the film, dressed in tan cotton suit with a viewfinder around his neck. He sits in his tall director's chair and nods to an assistant, THOMAS (20's), wearing a tee shirt.

THOMAS

All quiet please! Camera.

The crew settles. A loud bell RINGS outside the stage.

ASSISTANT CAMERA

(off camera)

Rolling.

THOMAS

Sound.

ASSISTANT AUDIO

(off camera)

Sound speeds.

WILLIAM (20s) heavy set, steps in front of the camera with a slate.

WILLIAM

Hercules, scene fifteen, take two.
Marker.

The slate claps in-front of the camera lens.

PIETRO

Action!

Steve walks with authority on stage as HERCULES. His massive muscles are in plain sight. He wears a short, tunic made of heavy cloth and belted at the waist to accentuate his athletic build. Leather wrist guards enhance his warrior image along with leather sandals that lace half way up his calf.

QUEEN OMPHALE (20's), played by the alluring Italian actress SYLVA KOSCINA, exotic, follows him into the courtyard. She wears a flowing gown made of silk in rich red and golden colors. On her head is a crown decorated with jewels displaying her her royal authority. She has an urgency to her entrance.

QUEEN OMPHALE

Wait Hercules.

Hercules turns. She turns on her alluring charm and touches his tunic.

QUEEN OMPHALE (CONT'D)

You must stay with me, Hercules. I need your strength to protect my kingdom.

He feels her passion. Then steps away, not giving in.

HERCULES

My strength belongs to those who are in need of justice, not to satisfy the whims of a queen.

She turns away. He stands tall.

PIETRO

(off camera)

Cut!

Pietro stands and walks on set.

PIETRO (CONT'D)

George that was powerful. Sylva, I felt your sex appeal, let's try one more and really let me see your disappointment. Can you heighten that?

QUEEN OMPHALE

Of course. I'm a method actress, I have plenty of disappointment to draw on.

Pietro laughs. Then walks back.

PIETRO
We all do. Let's go again. Back to
one.

George is just off set standing by the lights, observing.

EXT. SOUND STAGE - LATER

Steve, George and Pietro walk out of the stage.

STEVE
So Pietro, my guest George here
just won Mr. California. Look at
him, he appears like a sword and
sandal warrior to me.

Pietro looks up and down at George.

GEORGE
Oh no, not yet. My method acting is
non existent.

PIETRO
Oh my friend, there's no dialogue
for you, but, but one of our stunt
men is sick today. I think you can
wield a sword just fine in a battle
scene. Any interest in getting paid
today Mr. California?

George looks at Steve and breaks out his big smile.

STEVE
Welcome to Hollywood.

GEORGE
Yes sir.

PIETRO
Take him to wardrobe Steve. They'll
know what to do.

Pietro walks away. George hugs Steve.

STEVE
Like I said, stick with me.

He puts his arm on George's shoulder and the two huge men
walk off toward the trailers.

INT. MUSSO & FRANK - NIGHT

George sits next to Sylva, and Steve by TINA (20's) a beautiful starlet. They dine in a large red booth at a beautiful restaurant filled with well tailored people and formal waiters.

George and Steve both wear dark suits with open collar button down shirts. Sylva is dressed up in a strapless tan dress and Tina's wears a black, off the shoulder ensemble with red lipstick.

SYLVA

I loved your fight scene today with
Antaus, Steve. What was his line,
"No man can defeat me as long as my
feet touch the ground!"?

Steven stands and delivers his line in character.

STEVE

Then I shall lift you off the
ground!

They all laugh. He sits and they toast their martinis.

GEORGE

After real combat in the South
Pacific, no disrespect, these
Hollywood movies seem more like
smoke and mirrors than gladiator
battles.

The table get's quiet for a second.

TINA

Then wait until you try acting.

The tension breaks with more laughter and sipping drinks.

GEORGE

Touché! If I can survive Kamikaze
gunfire, think I'll be okay on set
playing make believe.

Sylva holds up a finger to George and pinches his cheek.

SYLVA

Takes more than a pretty face and
big muscles, honey.

STEVE

Hey, let's take this party to my ranch in Santa Barbara this weekend! Do some horseback riding and great food (to the women) and alluring company.

GEORGE

To the alluring company!

Another toast. George pulls in Sylva with his arm around her. She likes the attention and kisses him on the cheek.

STEVE

To Hollywood.

ALL

To Hollywood.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA RANCH - DAY

George and Steve ride horses on a trail overlooking the Pacific Ocean. They both wear blue jeans with no shirts on.

STEVE

So Steve, Pietro approached me when we wrapped yesterday. Liked your gladiator scene.

GEORGE

That's great.

STEVE

Said he recommend you to a director friend of his on the lot, Merle Connell. He's got a picture starting next week and one of the actors just got poached by Metro.

GEORGE

Metro?

STEVE

Come on kid, get with it, MGM. He asked me if I would vouch for you.

GEORGE

As an actor?

STEVE

Yep. Looks like you're playing a drug dealer in a film called The Devil's Sleep. Starts filming Monday.

GEORGE

Really. But--

STEVE

Better lucky than good Georgie. Now don't let me down. For starters memorize your lines every day. Script is back at the casita.

Steve kicks his horse and gallops off.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Welcome to Hollywood!

George gazes out over the ocean, then breaks out his big smile, kicks his horse and gallops off.

INT. MAKE UP ROOM - DAY

George stands in front of a full length mirror in a wrinkled shirt missing a top button and a trench coat. DONNA (20's) with various brushes in her smock, puts the last touches of make-up on him.

DONNA

Okay George, or are you in character as a drug dealer? Gene.

GEORGE

I've never done drugs before, much less been a dealer so I have no idea how to get in character or "pull from my past".

DONNA

Well, you look the part, intimidating. Sure you'll do great. Work from the outside in.

George looks confused. An ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (30's) well dressed sticks his head in the door.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Mr. Eiferman, you're wanted on set.

He looks at himself in the mirror and stands to go.

DONNA
Break a leg.

George walks away, does a double take, not knowing what she's talking about.

Donna sees his script on the makeup table.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Hey! George. You're going to need
this.

She hands the screenplay to a now nervous George.

GEORGE
Thank you.

INT. SOUND STAGE #11 - DAY

A large day-spa set is filled with four heavier set WOMEN (20s) standing by in swim suits and towels. There's a manicure area, and small beds for massages.

The CREW adjusts the lights to provide a darker mood.

MERLE CONNELL (50's) is the director dressed in black. He has a black beret on with thin reading glasses. He's talking to LETA GREY, (30s) who is very homely looking as her character in a white, professional gym outfit. Her hair is in a bun.

MERLE
Leta, it's day one. You've made a nice transition from silent films, now I need you to use some of your physical comedy in this picture. Your character, Angela, is stuck in the middle with this drug dealer. And her body language should tell the story. It's a crime drama but let's spice it up.

LETA
Got it. Any suggestions for working with a non actor?

MERLE
George. Pietro Francisi tells me he has what it takes. Steve Reeves worked with--

George arrives on set with the Assistant Director. Looking a little out of place and silly in his wardrobe.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Mr. Connell, Mr. Eiferman is on
set.

MERLE
George! Meet your co-star Leta.
Leta meet George.

GEORGE
Hi Lita, I've read about you. You
were married to Charlie Chaplin.

LETA
I'm an actress George. Gossip
columns are not of interest to me.
Especially on set.

MERLE
You've memorized your lines I'm
sure. Leta plays the spa owner,
Angela. All I want to see now is
you being a drug dealer... And make
it believable.

George nods. Looks around at the crew, all waiting and
staring at him.

MERLE (CONT'D)
Okay then. How about we get the
first shot off?

GEORGE
(to Leta)
I'm sorry, didn't mean anything
negative, nice to meet--

She walks past him on to the set.

MERLE
Places!

George stands still.

MERLE (CONT'D)
George, don't let her walk all over
you. You're the heavy in this
picture. Act like it! Now go do the
scene, Gene.

George walks on to the set with all the extras. Leta gets a
clipboard from the PROPMASTER.

MERLE (CONT'D)

How about we run a rehearsal? Gene,
you walk in from stage left.

George turns around and faces the back of the set to figure it out and goes to his left.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Other side George. Stage left is when the actor is facing the audience in a theater. On action, you enter the spa and look for Angela, then wait for her first line.

Angela walks over to a couple women who are the CUSTOMERS and another SPA WORKER in a white gym outfit with her own clipboard.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Yes Angela, you start with a little improv with the staff and customers. When you see Gene enter the building, cut him off and the scene starts.

She gives her director a wink and begins light dialogue with the three women.

The ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN (35), measures her distance from lens. Then disappears back to the camera.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Clear the set please. (beat) And rehearsal, action.

George enters the room like he's in a body building contest. Bold steps and with swagger, looking for applause. Angela sees him and urgently heads in his direction, tripping over a massage table with some physical comedy.

LETA

Gene, over here!

GEORGE

Angela, introduce me to your customers.

LETA

You need to let me know when you're coming. Only women are allowed in here before five.

A female spa customer in a swimsuit, ANA, (18) passes by. George grabs her arm and pulls her close. He doesn't realize his own strength.

ANA

Ouch! Try, "Excuse me...", like the script says.

Merle cringes and let's it play out. George re-groups.

GEORGE

Excuse me. What's your name?

ANA

Ana. I'm on my way for some coffee and a sauna. Need to boost my energy.

GEORGE

(stilted)

Don't worry, sweetheart. This little pill will give you all the energy you need. You'll feel and look like a new woman.

Ana looks to Angela for assistance as he holds her arm firmly.

LETA

(nods in character)

Gene?

He doesn't respond and still holds her firmly. Then smiles awkwardly and pulls a bottle of pills from his pocket.

LETA (CONT'D)

Gene? (beat) George!

Leta points at her arm. He lets go.

LETA (CONT'D)

Please let Ana get her coffee and sauna. We can speak with her later about your wonder pills.

Ana leaves. Angela pulls George over to a corner and slaps him across the face. He reacts with distain.

Merle looks surprised but let's the scene keep going.

GEORGE

What? We've got, ah got, um, a, a good thing here, uhm--

LETA
Line!

The SCRIPT SUPERVISOR reads a line off camera.

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR
We've got a good thing going here.
These ladies think they're just
getting a little help to lose
weight, but we've got them hooked.

LETA
Now say your line,,, Gene.

GEORGE
Yeah, sure. We've got a good thing
going here. We'll get these ladies
hooked on my pills.

Merle looks at his script supervisor who shrugs, then at his producer who cringes.

LETA
I'm sorry Gene, you can keep your
pills. You have to leave now.

She hits his hand and the pills fly everywhere.

Merle laughs approvingly. George is flustered.

GEORGE
Why did you do that?

LETA
Say your line.

GEORGE
Oh yeah, okay... You think you can
just walk away? You owe, me, us, is
it me or us?

LETA
Line!

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR
(off camera)
You think you can just walk away?
You owe us, and you're gonna pay,
one way or another.

GEORGE
Thank you. (stilted) You, you think
you can just walk away?
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You owe us, and you're gonna pay,
one way or another.

He starts to pick up the pills. Merle stands up.

MERLE
Tell Angela to "pick 'em up!" Stay
in the moment. (to script
supervisor) Add that to the script.

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR
Are you sure?

MERLE
Good point. Never mind... And cut!

Merle walks towards the actors who are both rounding up the
pills on the floor. George whispers to Leta.

GEORGE
How was I?

LETA
Ask your director. That's his job.

She stands and passes Merle rolling her eyes. Merle puts his
arms over George's shoulder and walks him off set.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Take five everyone.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA RANCH - DAY

George and Steve ride horses at sunset. They both wear blue
jeans with no shirts on and cowboy hats.

STEVE
So your premiere is next week...
Congratulations.

GEORGE
Thank you. Acting's not for me
Steve.

STEVE
But you got through it?

GEORGE
I suppose. No matter how hard the
director tried to get me to feel
emotions on cue, I just played
myself.

STEVE

That's okay.

GEORGE

Think I'll stick to body building.
That's my passion.

STEVE

Well, I look forward to seeing you
on the red carpet. It will help you
be even more comfortable in the
competitions.

GEORGE

Amen to that.

EXT. UNITED ARTISTS THEATER - NIGHT

Flash bulbs go off in-front of the marquis in Westwood that
reads "The Devil's Sleep". A huge spot light shines into the
night sky.

George gets 5th billing on the poster that reads:

*Daring expose of the Devil Drug; Traffic in Bennies, Goofies
and Phenos as it really exists.*

Steve has lots of cameras flashing with a two starlets next
to him on the red carpet. Camera's pop and fans yell.

Leta and George get out of a limousine and walk the carpet.

George hams it up for the cameras, who mostly focus on Leta.

INT. UNITED ARTISTS THEATER - NIGHT

The film's trailer opens the screening. George wears his
trench coat on screen with the spa women eating the energy
pills. He looks very cliche'.

The promo is edited to campy MUSIC.

TRAILER

(VO)

A sleazy drug dealer pushes pills
out of his health spa for
overweight women. He wants to
expand his business so he can hook
the town's teenage population on
bennies.

The trailer ends with George's character, Gene, as he defiantly confronts law enforcement.

GEORGE
(over the top read)
You ain't got nothin' on me. This spa's clean. You're just fishing for trouble.

The theater audience starts laughing out loud.

George sits next to Steve in the back.

STEVE
Is this supposed to be a comedy?

George just looks at the screen and shakes his head "no".

EXT. BRUNO'S GYM - DAY

George is back to heavy lifting. He's very sweaty, strong.

Bruno walks up to him with a Daily Variety magazine open.

BRUNO
The press was not so nice to you,
"The movie is filled with bad acting, felony bad dialogue and a ridiculous plot."

GEORGE
Did you really need to read that?

BRUNO
Yes. Nice to have you back.

GEORGE
I'll leave the acting to Steve.

BRUNO
Good idea. Focus on Mr. Universe.

A few women in swimsuits from the beach pass by and flirt with George.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Apparently some don't read the trades.

GEORGE
That's a blessing Bruno. I'm meeting Steve on the lot later.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Give my studio pass back. That's a wrap as they say.

BRUNO

Until then, let's get to work.

George puts multiple plates on the bar and begins to dead lift with a vengeance.

EXT. STUDIO LOT ENTRANCE - DAY

George pulls through the gate. This time he's the one recognized by the gateman.

GATEMAN

Welcome Mr. Eiferman.

EXT. STAGES - DAY

George parks between the row of stages. A few actresses pass by and wave to him as he gets out of his car. He's definitely recognizable.

One of the stage doors is open for a rehearsal for a musical number. Curious, he walks towards the performance and stops.

George confidently walks into the sound stage. He hears the voice of an angel.

An opera singer from Texas, TOBY FAYE (20's) beautiful, is rehearsing a scene as a background singer with Italian actor/tenor MARIO LANZA (30), singing with his beautiful voice.

George pauses, listens. Toby rehearses a solo background number. Even the crew stops to listen.

George catches her eye briefly. She smiles at him while singing into the mic. The director, RICHARD THORPE (40's), notices the exchange as the scene ends.

RICHARD

Cut. Let's take five. Toby you sound amazing. Mario let's pick up on the next number, "O sole mio", when we're back.

MARIO

Love that piece. Give me ten please Richard.

George casually waves to Toby as she walks off set.

GEORGE

Excuse me,,, Toby?

TOBY

Have we met?

GEORGE

We have now. I'm George Eiferman, and I could not help but to be mesmerized by your voice of an angel.

TOBY

Well Mr. Eiferman, aren't you the charmer?

GEORGE

I know you're busy now. I'm here to visit my friend Steve Reeves--

TOBY

He does those sword and sandal pictures. You look very strong yourself, are you an actor?

GEORGE

Let's just say I'm very accomplished at bodybuilding. And yes, I've made an appearance or two in front of the camera.

TOBY

I'm sure the camera loves you. You are very handsome.

GEORGE

Speaking of love, would you join me at Musso and Frank tonight?

TOBY

There you go again, I think your romantic words may be your true strengths.

GEORGE

Is that a yes?

TOBY

Yes George Eiferman. Yes.

He smiles from ear to ear.

Their eyes lock. It's love at first sight.

GEORGE
Eight o'clock. I'll see you there.

MONTAGE:

They meet at Musso and Frank to dine and laugh.

They ride horses at Steve's ranch.

He visits her on set.

They go to a marquis stage show in Las Vegas.

They have drinks poolside where George flexes to her delight.

Soon they marry in Las Vegas.

They move to the Hollywood hills.

They attend red carpet events together. The paparazzi loves Toby. He soon becomes her arm candy.

George's renewed Hollywood fame, as her husband, attracts attention from female admirers.

"George of the Jungle" is released and becomes a hit animated cartoon series. George watches it on tv with Toby and shakes his head in disbelief.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Where are my residuals Koa?

He's a star in his own mind as he kisses Toby and takes her into the bedroom.

He winks two actresses at the commissary visiting Steve.

A beautiful dancer massages his shoulders at the gym.

He's in the commissary on the studio lot holding another starlet's hand. Toby enters and sees this from a distance.

A tabloid prints a photo of George signing his muscle pictures and flexing to a group of adoring female fans on the beach.

Toby reads the gossip magazine and can't look away any longer. She makes a phone call.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - DAY

RALPH (50s), wearing glasses and a weathered tweed jacket drops a vanilla envelope on her dining room table.

Toby opens it. She pulls out 8x10 black and white photos of George with other women around Los Angeles. Kissing some.

It takes her back.

TOBY
That was fast.

RALPH
He wasn't hard to track.

TOBY
Please keep these confidential.

RALPH
You bought them Toby. Negatives are
in there too.

She reaches into the envelope and pulls out the roll of developed film. Puts it in a small drawer under the table.

TOBY
Thank you, I suppose. Is there
anything else?

RALPH
No ma'am, you're paid in full.

TOBY
Would you like a tea?

He's all business and gestures, "no thank you" and heads out the front door.

She's alone.

Toby looks closer at the images of George with different women.

All very sexy and revealing.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Damn you George Eiferman!

She sits down and cries.

EXT. BRUNO'S GYM - DUSK

The sun sets over the Pacific Ocean. The weight stations are all busy with men and women lifting. The evening sky is lit up in an orange glow. The water shimmers.

Toby stands on the boardwalk holding the envelope. Looking over the scene.

George is alone on the bench press closest to the ocean. He's soaked in sweat and begins another set with three plates on each side.

Toby approaches quietly, watching him. She stands just behind him. Her presence unspoken yet palpable. The envelope rolled up in her hand.

George doesn't notice her at first, his focus inward as he struggles to get the bar back up on the last rep. Done.

TOBY

(off camera)

I might not be a movie star, but I
can spot ya if you need help
getting that up.

George is lying on his back and does not see her at first, but smiles hearing Toby's voice.

GEORGE

Voice of an angel.

He sits up and turns wiping the sweat from his brow.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Might be a little more than you can
handle.

She takes a step closer.

TOBY

I can handle a lot. At least I
thought I could.

He notices the envelope.

GEORGE

What's that?

Toby's body stiffens slightly, the tension between them palpable. She waves it off and sits next to him on the bench. Takes a deep breath, then looks around the gym area.

TOBY

You've been Mr. America to all these guys. Mr. Universe to all these gals. Really made something for yourself.

She turns to him and looks into his eyes. George looks away, out over the ocean. Her gaze goes there too, both looking toward the setting sun on the horizon.

TOBY (CONT'D)

So,,, when are you gonna be Mr. Everything for me?

He slowly turns to look at her. The tension heightens as she gazes back. His expression at first reveals surprise, then sadness, then shakes his head in defiance.

GEORGE

Maybe, probably never. I don't have another set in me for "us". I'm maxed out.

The sun sets. She turns away watches it disappear. The light changes ever so subtly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Toby.

Accepting the loss, she stands.

TOBY

Good bye George. I really loved you.

He remains quiet. She turns and does not look back.

Toby passes a couple of young women jumping rope. Shakes her head.

George watches her go. Then starts another set.

When she arrives at the board walk, she drops the envelope into a trash can and disappears.

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

A banner above the stage reads: Nationwide School Assemblies of America.

George is speaking at a podium on the stage. Approximately 200 high school students are in the audience.

GEORGE

I would reach out to sailors in combat who didn't have enough strength to pull themselves up into a rescue boat. We didn't just talk about good health; but that bodybuilding is for strength as well as for show. It took me five years of serious training before I saw a big difference in my build, so start now boys and girls, yes women need to be strong, healthy, and confident too.

He picks up a 100 pound barbell and holds it over his head. The kids cheer. George waves as EMMITT MCLIN, (40's) well dressed African American comes to the podium.

EMMITT

Let's hear it for Mr. California,
George Eiferman.

The crowd claps as the two wave and slowly walk away.

EMMITT (CONT'D)

Great message George. There are plenty more town halls like Twin Falls that will fill up to hear you speak. If you're interested?

GEORGE

Been on a few stages Emmitt. I enjoy this.

EMMITT

Less stress than the Mr. California stage. So, Nationwide would like to make you an honorary ambassador.

GEORGE

I'm grateful, Emmitt. I've been blessed, and made some mistakes. I plan to give back now. So yes, I'm on the Nationwide team.

EMMITT

Hollywood behind you?

GEORGE

I like Southern California but no more acting. Living in Las Vegas now, lifting again and out of the spotlight.

EMMITT

You're an inspiration to these
young men and women. Good luck in
Las Vegas, beware, a lot of lights
there too. Showgirls.

George gives him a knowing wink as they leave the stage.

EXT. SAHARA HOTEL - NIGHT

The lights of the Las Vegas strip are seen on each side of
the Sahara Hotel. The hotel's marquis lights up in front of
the grand entrance. The billboard reads: Mae West tonight!

INT. DRESSING ROOM SAHARA HOTEL BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Smoking a cigarette she checks her dress for tonight's show.
She wears an elaborate, form-fitting gown made of luxurious
satin. The gown is heavily embellished with sequins, beads,
and rhinestones to catch the stage lights. She looks into the
mirror with a devious grin.

There's a knock on the door.

MAE

What do you want now Manfred? I
think I need a feather boa.

A HOTEL ASSISTANT (20s) replies without opening the door.

HOTEL ASSISTANT

(off camera)

Ms. West, the man you requested
from the front row has agreed to
meet you. He's here now.

She adds some lipstick in the mirror then goes to open the
dressing room door.

She sees handsome George standing there in a well tailored,
tan suit.

MAE

Oh my, that was fast.

He looks on with a smile.

GEORGE

George Eiferman, please to meet you
Ms. West.

She grabs his hand, pulls him into the room and shuts the door.

MAE

Call me Mae, George. She looks him up and down. A good man is hard to find, but a hard man is great to find.

George nods in amusement.

GEORGE

Your reputation precedes you, Mae. I'm looking forward to your show tonight.

She puts one leg up on the arm of an overstuffed chair, her inner thigh showing. A dramatic pause as she looks into his blue eyes.

George does not blink. She steps closer and rubs his leg.

MAE

Is that a gun in your pocket? Or are you just happy to see me?

George doesn't back away. Instead, he puts his arm around her lower back.

GEORGE

Both.

She smirks, turns and walks to get her cigarette.

MAE

You look like a body builder to me.

GEORGE

Currently Mr. California. But will be Mr. Universe soon.

MAE

Though so. How would like to be in my show? It's the hottest thing on the strip you know?

GEORGE

What's my role?

MAE

Look good, carry me onstage with a few other strong men. Adore me. And for God's sake, don't ever drop me. That's it.

GEORGE

A few other strong men. I've paid my dues as a body builder and been on Hollywood studios payroll. You need to do a little research first on me, Mae.

MAE

I've heard enough. You'll get double what the others get, don't tell them of course, and be the lead pony. I'll make sure the spotlight is on you when it's not on me.

GEORGE

And when is that?

MAE

Never, but you'll be front row center Mr. California. Deal?

George gives her a big smile. Takes off his jacket. Flexes his biceps.

GEORGE

Feel these.

Mae grabs his arm and does not let go. Then puts her lips close to his.

MAE

(whispering)

When I'm good, I'm very good. But when I'm bad, I'm better.

GEORGE

(whispers back)

Triple... You pay me triple.

Mae steps back and sizes him up.

MAE

You drive a hard bargain, and like I mentioned, I like things hard. Deal.

The two shake hands.

GEORGE

Deal. When do I start?

MAE

Now get that great ass of yours out
of here and into wardrobe. It's
opening night for you, right now.

George laughs but does not move.

MAE (CONT'D)

Go on, curtain is in ten minutes.

She holds the door open. He walks out and she swats him on
his ass then closes the door.

INT. MAIN STAGE SAHARA HOTEL - NIGHT

The nine men, dressed in skimpy white loin cloths and
sandals, carry out Mae West, dressed in a black dress and
wrapped, in white mink, on a large silk-covered bed.

George is the lead, adding allure and mystique. Mae speaks to
the audience as they put her down.

MAE

Ladies and gentleman, this gorgeous
eye candy on stage tonight is none
other than Mr. California, and
silver screen idol, George
Eiferman.

She grabs his chin like he's a show dog.

The audience claps.

BEGIN TOUR MONTAGE

A tour bus with Mae West's name on the side travels across
the country.

Inside the body builders play cards and laugh.

The show plays in small theaters across mid-west towns.

The last stop is Philadelphia.

INT. EIFERMAN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

George dines with his father, mother and sister.

GEORGE

So you saw the film?

SISTER
Sadly.

They laugh.

GEORGE
I was better as a Roman gladiator.

MOTHER
I quite liked you as George of the Jungle.

FATHER
Now Vegas and Mr. California. I have to admit son, you've surprised me.

GEORGE
You want a real surprise.

George reaches into his jacket pocket. He pulls out an envelope with cash inside.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I want to thank you mom, dad for believing in me. Here's all the money you loaned me with interest, better than any bank. I'm very grateful.

The room is quiet. A tear comes down his mom's face.

SISTER
I for one am proud of you brother.

GEORGE
Wait until I win Mr. Universe!

FATHER
Wouldn't that be something?

They celebrate and continue eating.

EXT. SAHARA HOTEL POOLSIDE CABANA - DAY

Mae and George recline in lounges under the colored cabana with a rope separating them from the hotel guests. Mae is dressed in a swimsuit with a silk robe. George supports a tight swimsuit.

He takes a drink off his fruit juice as she drinks from a champagne glass. He reaches over and they hold her hands.

MAE

Kiss me.

George reaches over and kisses her on the lips.

MAE (CONT'D)

You really are a kind soul.

GEORGE

I know you've been through a lot
baby. Something in you makes me
feel at ease. Your talent, then and
now.

MAE

I'm older now George.

GEORGE

And wiser.

MAE

I don't cut corners sweetheart.

GEORGE

You can say that again.

He grabs her but in jest. She enjoys the moment then stops
smiling.

MAE

I've been pushed aside by Hollywood
and mostly forgotten by my fans.

Holds her hand again, moves closer.

GEORGE

You're still adored. I see the
reactions.

MAE

The audiences out here live on the
memory, just before they go back
out and gamble their savings
away...

GEORGE

Now, that's not--

MAE

Truth is the censors began editing
my screenplays with heavy strokes,
obliterating my saucy dialogue, and
rendering the jokes senseless.

(MORE)

MAE (CONT'D)

For a while, I was able to work around it with double entendres and suggestive innuendoes, but the studios began rejecting finished films. Then ordering costly reshoots with their own stupid story changes. The films grew dull; audiences grew bored. Ticket sales fell. Moviegoers opted for a bubbly Shirley Temple over this version of me, a neutered Mae West. The Hollywood Reporter labeled me "box office poison," and just like that my film career was over.

George is speechless.

He holds Mae in his strong arms. The moment is timeless as a tear runs down her face. He wipes it away, pulls her hair back and kisses her on the forehead.

INT. LAS VEGAS GYM - DAY

George works out in a busy gym. He's speaking with BULLY, a strong, stocky man with a butch haircut. They stand by the squat rack.

GEORGE

Bully, it seems to me that there has to be more than just upper, lower body or push, pull days at the gym.

BULLY

Why?

GEORGE

Because. To the average person, it gets boring. Unsustainable. You see how many stop coming after a month or two?

BULLY

So. We don't.

GEORGE

I give speeches to kids across the country. They need to get excited about exercise. I can't sell just this.

BULLY

Not my problem. Now spot me big guy... Oh I heard about your role in Debbie Reynolds new show. She's a looker.

GEORGE

You already heard about that, eh?

FLASH IMAGES

George on stage in the background of DEBBIE REYNOLDS (30s) dancing and singing to a packed house. He again is dressed to show off his body.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(OC)

I enjoy the crowds. More importantly, Debbie's a wonderful person. Quiet off the stage.

Bully finishes a squat and puts the barbell back on the rack.

BULLY

Off the stage? Do tell.

FLASH IMAGES

George and Debbie in bath towels recline on her lavish king size bed in her suite at the Rivera Hotel. They sip champagne.

He leans over and kisses her. They embrace and pull the covers up as he pulls her in closely.

GEORGE

(OC)

Yeah Bully, we created a great rapport off the stage. She trusted me and confided in me. Made me feel strong, more than just a muscles. I listen to her fears, that we all have, stories in our past that come to the surface at times.

Bully looks at George like he's crazy as he gets under the bar on the squat rack.

BULLY

That's not the answer most Navy guys give.

GEORGE

I don't kiss and tell. You want
Navy speak? Give me ten private.

George and Bully laugh as George begins his reps.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA RANCH - DAY

George and Steve smoke cigars by outdoor fire pit.

STEVE

Can't stay away from Hollywood can
ya Georgie?

GEORGE

You need to come to Vegas, check
out some real action.

STEVE

I saw you on stage in an magazine
ad for Mae West's show. What do
they call that, a loin cloth?

Steve blows smoke out into the sky with a smirk.

GEORGE

Well the studio puts a full toga on
you to hide your small pecks.

STEVE

Touché. Hey I've got someone I want
you to meet. It's going to have to
be away from the hot spots with no
cameras. Maybe out of town.

GEORGE

Sounds interesting. Tell me...

Steve slowly turns to George. Holds his reply.

STEVE

Liz.. Elizabeth Taylor to you.

George blows his smoke out with a similar smirk.

GEORGE

For now...

EXT. PATIO RACQUET CLUB VERANDA, PALM SPRINGS - AFTERNOON

The Spanish tiled dining area is covered with a green awning.
In the distance is a huge swimming pool with a diving board.

Adjacent to that are tennis courts with players dressed in all white.

GREG BAUTZER (50s) handsome, loud voice plays cards with LANA TURNER on one of the tables.

BAUTZER

Gin! Now pay up Lana. Or we'll settle this later tonight.

LANA

Hmmm, tough choice Gregson... Tell me more about Howard Hughes.

Two tables away is George and a twenty one year old ELIZABETH TAYLOR enjoying an afternoon lunch. She wears a fashionable sundress, a wide-brimmed hat and oversized dark sunglasses. A woven straw bag sits on the table.

The waiter arrives with two shrimp cocktails.

GEORGE

You lit up the silver screen in "A Place in the Sun".

LIZ

Thank you honey. The studio brass were such a pill on that.

The waiter finishes putting the dishes down. Liz stops him from leaving.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Excuse me, will you be a peach and bring us some caviar and another vodka martini? Make that two.

George nods his head in approval. Game on.

A club MEMBER (male 20s) approaches Liz for an autograph with a wooden Jack Kramer tennis racquet in hand.

MEMBER

Excuse me, Miss--

George stands up and grabs the racquet and holds it over him like a club.

GEORGE

Unless you want to restrng this racquet, I suggest you go back to the courts. This is a private club for a reason.

LIZ

Or go bother Ms. Turner over there.
She needs all the fans she can get.

He hands the racquet back. Liz pulls out a cigarette and George lights it.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Aren't you the bees knees.

GEORGE

So tell me something about yourself
that no one knows.

LIZ

That's not a your normal
flirtatious question. Debbie
Reynolds was right about you. We're
friends you know?

GEORGE

Debby's terrific. But you have my
attention now Liz.

LIZ

And you mine.

She blows him a kiss and finishes off her martini.

GEORGE

Are you over the marriage to Conrad
Hilton?

LIZ

Nicky was a miserable bastard. I
prefer sweet men like you.

He reaches over and holds her hand.

GEORGE

Just making sure the wound has
healed. Seem like it has.

He puts his hand on her leg as the caviar and martinis
arrive.

LIZ

Don't stop there...

She grabs the next martini and holds up a toast, displaying
her alluring and extremely beautiful eyes with a perfect
smile. George toasts.

GEORGE
To magic.

MONTAGE

George visits Liz on set.

They dine at her home in the Hollywood Hills.

George is in bed with her.

He has coffee and listens to her closely while she cries.

EXT. BRUNO'S GYM - DAY

George sits in the office after a workout talking to Bruno. He's toweling off as Bruno stacks up the new magazines. Two women in swimsuits walk out from the locker room heading towards the beach. George gives them one a big smile.

BRUNO
So, you want to talk about Mr.
Universe?

GEORGE
Next one is nine months out. I
think I can win.

BRUNO
George Eiferman, Mr. Universe,
sounds good.

GEORGE
Give it my best shot. I did it on
the Navy ship, you should have seen
me climbing up the anchor chain as
a skinny kid to a muscular--

BRUNO
George of the Jungle.

George flexes his biceps.

Two men in suits walk enter the gym, MR. JENKINS and LEROY.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
May I help you?

LEROY
Looking for George Eiferman.

GEORGE
Who's asking.

MR. JENKINS
We represent a client interested in
his services.

LEROY
Recommended by Steve Reeves.

Bruno looks seriously to George.

GEORGE
I'm George.

The two men look at Bruno. Nod towards the door.

LEROY
Excuse us.

GEORGE
This is his gym, so--

BRUNO
It's okay George, let me know if
you need any assistance.

He walks out. George stands.

GEORGE
How can I help you?

MR. JENKINS
We represent Marilyn Monroe.

George's expression drops. Things get quiet.

MR. JENKINS (CONT'D)
With your size and experience in
Hollywood, we'd like you to become
part of her security team.

LEROY
Make her look good and keep her
safe. You may even be posing be on
her arm at events.

GEORGE
Been there, done that,,, but no,
not security duty. Not interested.

LEROY
You were in the war. Know how to
handle a gun, I'm sure.

GEORGE

Yes, I supported our country with
my life, but outside of a world
war, I'm a pacifist.

MR. JENKINS

A pacifist?

GEORGE

Don't like violence, tell Ms.
Monroe, I'm honored but have to
regretfully decline.

MR. JENKINS

(to Leroy)

Don't hear that very often.

LEROY

Thank you for your time.

MR. JENKINS

You'll be meeting her, soon.

They leave immediately. No emotion.

George shrugs it off and heads to the locker room.

EXT. PAYNE WHITNEY PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC - DAY

A black limousine pulls up to a large medical building. The brown trees and brickwork look like an east coast facility in the countryside.

The car arrives at the entrance and a doorman opens the car door. George, dressed in a dark suit gets out and surveys the area.

INT. PRIVATE PATIENT OBSERVATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

George enters a spacious room with tan walls, a comfortable couch and table with chairs.

The one and only MARILYN MONROE sits quietly, hands clasped in her lap, looking out the small window at the bleak winter landscape. There's a mix of sadness and resolve in her eyes as she contemplates her situation. Her skin is pale, and there are dark circles under her eyes, suggesting sleepless nights and stress.

Over her pajamas, Marilyn wears a plain white cotton robe, provided by the clinic.

The robe is clean but basic, underneath are soft, light blue institutional pajamas with buttons down the front and a modest cut. She does not turn around.

MARILYN

Have a seat, George.

He sits on the couch. She turns and they make eye contact.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

You're more handsome than Lizzy mentioned.

GEORGE

Lizzy? Liz Taylor? Thought it was Steve who referred me.

MARILYN

Silly, the bodyguard thing was a muse. I spoke with my good friend Lizzy and she said there was no one better to trust with your secrets. The doctors around here, well they go to the press at the first taste of money.

GEORGE

So you flew me to New York to share secrets? Okay, here I am.

MARILYN

It's hard to know where to begin. Everything feels so... tangled.

She stands, looking where to move to next.

She sits next to him on the couch.

GEORGE

Tangled? When did you start feeling, tangled.

MARILYN

I suppose it all started with the movie, "The Misfits." Arthur wrote it for me, you know. But it became this... nightmare. I wanted it to be perfect. For him. For me. For everyone.

George is supportive, touches her shoulder. She holds back the tears.

GEORGE

Arthur Miller, Your ex. The
pressure must have been, immense.

Marilyn nods, a tear slipping down her cheek.

MARILYN

It was. And Clark... the dear Clark
Gable, he was so kind. But when he
died... I couldn't help but feel...
responsible.

George stands and gets her a box of tissues. Hands it to her
with focus, dead pans.

GEORGE

You felt guilty for his death?

Marilyn nods again, wiping her tear with a tissue.

MARILYN

I know it's irrational, but yes.
And then Arthur... he couldn't
understand. Our marriage fell
apart. I felt like I was losing
everything. Everyone.

GEORGE

Sounds like you were carrying a lot
of pain and responsibility on your
shoulders.

She leans into him, puts her head on his shoulder. He
instinctively wraps his strong arm around her.

MARILYN

I was. I am. And now this hospital
stay. The doctors. They treat me
like a specimen, not a person.

She looks around the room. Then whispers.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

It's a nightmare here. They lock me
in a room like I'm insane.

GEORGE

You're an icon. You're not insane
Marilyn. Never were.

MARILYN

They all see the blonde bombshell,
the movie star. But inside, I feel
so... lost. I just want to feel...

(MORE)

MARILYN (CONT'D)
normal. To be happy. Is that too
much to ask?

GEORGE
We all do, and no. You're not alone
in this, I'll get you home.

Marilyn looks up, her eyes meeting George's with a glimmer of
hope. He brushes her hair.

MARILYN
Thank you George.

GEORGE
You have still greatness ahead.

Marilyn nods, a small smile forming on her lips.

She gently kisses him.

MONTAGE:

George opens the limousine door as Marilyn leaves the
facility.

A TWA plane arrives at LAX.

George sets up work out room in Marilyn's estate.

The two workout together.

They sit outside and enjoy lunch in the back yard.

He goes out with her to a Hollywood premiere.

They're in bed together. Pillow talk. Intimacy.

He learns of her passing from a drug overdose. Breaks down.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

He picks up dumbbells on the basketball court with students
in the bleachers and sitting on the floor.

He takes off his shirt and goes through the poses. Some of
the boys are embarrassed but most everyone is amazed by his
massive physique.

GEORGE
Boys and girls, I didn't start out
like this at your age. As a matter
of fact, when I joined the Marines,
I had a fake id and was 17.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I weighed in at a whopping 150 pounds with pretty much zero muscle mass. There were no gyms at sea so I used my own body weight with push ups and pull ups, climbing the anchor chain, swimming, whatever I could think of to build strength. So you can do it too! Now I'm going for the title of Mr. Universe. Whatever your dream is, don't let anyone tell you can not do it.

The image DISSOLVES from one crowded gym to the next with the faces and banners changing but George is giving the same inspiring presentation.

GRAPHICS: Dallas, Miami, Kansas City, Seattle, St. Louis, Los Angeles.

In the last venue George pulls off his shirt and does his favorite bodybuilding pose.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And everyone, you should know I'm still following my dream and in two months I'll be competing in the Mr. Universe competition in London, England!

EXT. BRUNO'S GYM - DAY

George arrives from a beach run. He towels off when RAUL SANCHEZ (20's) approaches him. He's a body builder too wearing a ripped tee shirt and shorts.

RAUL

Hi George, I'm Raul. You heard of me from the guys around here?

George draws a blank. Looks skeptical.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Bruno tells me you're training for the Mr. Universe.

George shakes his head then grabs a jump rope.

GEORGE

Nice to meet you. If you don't mind Raul, I need to keep my heart rate up. Can we talk later?

George begins to jump rope. Raul steps closer to the side of George.

RAUL

Just wanted to tell ya, if you want to give yourself the best chance to win, I've got steroids. So yeah, let's talk later champ.

George stops his work out.

GEORGE

Raul, I take care of my body. I'll win fair and square. No drugs. No need to talk again. Am I clear?

Raul holds his hands up and backs away.

MONTAGE

George does a series of intense work outs with heavy weights.

He flips through body building magazines in his apartment and rehearses poses in the mirror.

He sits in the sun and puts oil on to get a maximum tan.

He arrives at LAX with his suitcase.

EXT. BRITISH TAXI - DAY

A black cab drives past Buckingham Palace with George looking out the window. The sites continue as he drives past Hyde Park Corner and through Piccadilly Circus.

The cab pulls up to a small hotel. George gets out.

GEORGE

Thank you. Still can't get over driving on the opposite side of the street.

TAXI DRIVER

Look right mate. Cheers.

EXT. PATIO RESTAURANT HYDE PARK - DAY

George eats Steve on a cloudy afternoon. They enjoy steaks.

STEVE

So we're competing again tomorrow Georgie.

GEORGE

Best in the universe. Why are you here? You have this title and a Hollywood career?

STEVE

Acting wasn't enough for me. It's the gratification of keeping my body in top strength, that's a personal thing.

GEORGE

Personal? I felt empty after Marylin died. Her drugs and my best effort not being good enough. I was there for Mae, Debbie, Liz, but somehow I lost myself.

STEVE

Women.

GEORGE

I've been making others look good. The high school kids are great, the women too I suppose, but, I lost myself along the way. Win or lose here in London, This is who I am.

INT. VICTORIA PALACE THEATER - NIGHT

George steps onto the stage as a host.

There's a mild crowd watching the "weigh in" about to start.

GEORGE

Welcome London, were here for the 1962 Mr. Universe competition.

The crowd claps.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's great to be here. Now finally I'm the one who has an accent!

He gets some laughs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So we have the weigh in tonight. Competition tomorrow at 7pm. Good thing they don't go by height, otherwise I'd be put at the kids table...

More laughs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
So let's bring out the first
competitor for the scales, a good
friend of mine and Mr. Universe,
Steve Reeves.

Steve comes on stage wearing just shorts. Waves.

Gets on the scale. The TRAINER slides the bar.

TRAINER
Two hundred and thirty seven
pounds.

GEORGE
That's the weight of a real
gladiator who slayed more extras on
set than anyone in Hollywood
history.

Steve points to George on the comment as he leaves the stage.

STEVE
I'll slay you too tomorrow night
Eiferman!

George claps and turns to the crowd.

GEORGE
We'll see about that!

EXT. VICTORIA PALACE THEATER - NIGHT

A line of people wait to enter the theater. Spot lights shine
into the sky.

INT. BACKSTAGE VICTORIA PALACE - NIGHT

The area is packed with bodybuilders. Some rub on oil, others
do push ups, some chit chat.

George looks through the magazines at poses one last time.

MONTAGE - MAIN STAGE

The English judges sit down with scorecards in the front row
of the stage on a long table with lights in it.

GRAPHICS: Individual Posing

Each competitor performs a set posing routine to display their physique to the judges. This routine includes a series of mandatory poses. George and Steve are in different groups.

GRAPHICS: Comparison Rounds

Competitors are again brought out in groups and asked to perform mandatory poses side by side. Judges compare muscularity, symmetry, and overall conditioning.

GRAPHICS: Symmetry Round

Competitors perform quarter turns to showcase their symmetry and balance from all angles. George eyes down Steve as he comes off.

GRAPHICS: Muscularity Round

Competitors execute mandatory poses, such as the front double biceps, side chest, back double biceps, and abdominal and thigh poses.

GRAPHICS: The Finals

The top competitors in each class are announced and brought back on stage including George and Steve.

Each finalist performs a longer, more choreographed posing routine set to music, showcasing their strengths and personality.

The crowd is cheering as Steve and George entertain.

GRAPHICS: Pose down

Finalists engage in a pose-down, where they try to outshine each other with spontaneous poses, displaying their best attributes.

George is next to Steve. George really works the crowd before he performs. They love it. Steve looks over and shows little bit of respect for George's new performing skills.

The judges tabulate the scores. George stands next to Steve.

STEVE

(quietly)

I think all those high profile women you coached and comforted rubbed off on you. Nice performance.

GEORGE

Certainly wasn't from "The Devil's Sleep".

Steve grins. All eyes are on the MAIN JUDGE (30's) in a suit, who walks to the microphone.

MAIN JUDGE

Okay let's go straight to the winner. All the competitors were in top physical shape. The winner of the 1962 Mr. Universe title is, George Eiferman!

The crowd stands and cheers. He hugs Steve.

GEORGE

Thanks for all you've done. I don't think I would be here without you my friend.

George goes up and receives the a large trophy.

He holds it high and is all smiles.

INT. LAS VEGAS GYM - DAY

George sits in a conference room at the Las Vegas gym he worked out in prior to moving back to Los Angeles. Two men ERIC HENDRICKS (50's), wearing a pin-stripe suit, ISAAC OMAN (40s) in all black, along with CYNTHIA CLARK (40's), in a cream business suit all look at George who wears a short sleeve button down and white shorts.

CYNTHIA

So George, I worked with Dr. Shaklee since his inception in 1956. Learned all about the health and wellness business.

GEORGE

Shaklee Supplements.

CYNTHIA

Yes, but it's more than vitamins and supplements. Shaklee sold lifestyle. I think with your illustrious background as a world war two vet, Mr. Universe to say nothing of your "coaching" the most beautiful women on stage and film, we can create a national company around you.

GEORGE

I like it.

ERIC

Our vision for you is more than supplements and lifestyle George. Why not open up your own gyms? Start here in Nevada and expand into California. I have real estate investors who will back us. Maybe the Hawaiian Islands too.

GEORGE

I like all of it. We can represent a second chance to everyone who wants to extend their life, be healthy and look good. Not just body builders.

ISAAC

Exactly. And not only your every day man and women, I think I can get some of the up and coming body builders to train in your gyms. Even some that want to make the cross over into movies.

GEORGE

Like who?

ISSAC

One of our clients is Arnold Schwarzenegger who just won the amateur Mr. Universe title at twenty years old. He's expressed an interest in acting.

GEORGE

Schwartz-who? He's going to have to change that name for Hollywood.

They laugh.

ERIC

The point is George, your workout routines are top notch. Your advice to kids about avoiding steroids and developing natural health and workout habits will be well received.

CYNTHIA

And your photogenic George. Your smile is infectious.

(MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Billboards are being put on
freeways. Let's take advantage of
it. Imagine your smiling face on a
billboard.

GEORGE
(flirtatious)
You like my smile Cynthia?

CYNTHIA
Sorry, I'm married George.

She flashes her wedding ring.

Issac breaks the awkward silence.

ISSAC
Oh, we also have Holiday Inn as a
client. If you agree to our gym and
lifestyle proposal, I think we can
also get them to turn all their
hotel workout rooms to "The George
Eiferman Mr. Universe Work Out
Centers".

George stands.

GEORGE
Absolutely not.

The air just left the room.

Silence.

ISSAC
George they'll pay six figures.
What do you care?

He walks over and sits in an empty chair next to Issac.

GEORGE
What do I care? You see this body?

He rolls up the short sleeve and flexes a massive bicep.
Issac nods, impressed and a little intimidated.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Well it can't be made on a rowing
machine in the Holiday Inn! No!
Never!

ERIC
We understand. Holiday Inn is out.
Let's stay on focus.
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

The George Eiferman gym chain will be only for serious weight lifting.

GEORGE

Free weights and cardio. Chalk on the floor, the read deal or this meeting is over.

ERIC

Works for me... Cynthia?

CYNTHIA

I'll make some sample protein shakes for you George. And present logo ideas, set up a photo shoot.

ISSAC

Okay, hotels are out. I'll put the list together of up and coming coming men and women to workout under your coaching.

GEORGE

What about the celebrities who come through Las Vegas?

ISSAC

Great idea.

George stands. Nods in approval.

CYNTHIA

You're a pioneer George. Time you get paid for all of your hard work.

GEORGE

Yeah, "George of the Jungle" is still on television. We'll need lawyers on this deal, so I get paid this time around.

ISSAC

I'll get you an agreement that covers all we've discussed today for your lawyer to review.

ERIC

Congratulations George.

GEORGE

Now time to workout!

CYNTHIA

You'll need to go on the road to promote this endeavor, so keep up the body building.

ERIC

Fully paid trips of course.

GEORGE

I'm ready.

MONTAGE:

George cuts the ribbon on the Las Vegas gym with his name above the door. The grand opening is opulent and lots of people attend and sign up for a membership. The gym is stacked with heavy weights, squat racks, benches and chalk areas.

He promotes his own line of vitamins, natural health foods and protein drinks in the lobby area.

He gets off a plan in Kona, Hawaii. He cuts the ribbon in front of that store with lots of locals.

The workers sell a new line of workout clothes with George's name and likeness on prominent display.

He trains celebrities as they work the Vegas circuit. A young Sylvester Stallone and Arnold Schwarzenegger work out with him in intense fashion.

George arrives in Southern California to open a new gym in Vista.

EXT. EIFERMAN GYM - AFTERNOON

George is a celebrity. There's press covering the grand opening of his San Diego, gym.

He cuts the red ribbon and the new location is open. Immediately people line up for a word with him or an autograph.

In the distance he catches the attention of a woman. It's Toby! Their eyes lock. He drops everything and walks over to her.

They embrace.

GEORGE

Toby, how are you?

TOBY

Okay. I live in San Diego now, sing for the San Diego Opera. Looks like you've been busy too.

GEORGE

Yeah, you could say that.

TOBY

Let me tell you why I'm here. I had to come and find out. Are you seeing someone?

GEORGE

All this is happening Toby, but it's not as fun doing this alone. I'm single, sadly, not seeing anyone.

TOBY

I missed you.

GEORGE

I've always loved you Toby. Our timing was, off I guess.

TOBY

But here we are...

GEORGE

Here we are. This makes me happy.

He pulls her in and they kiss.

They look into each others eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Can I give you a personal tour of the gym?

TOBY

I'm not here to buy a membership.

GEORGE

Good, because I want you to have much more than that.

He flashes that contagious smile.

TOBY

You've got to have a better line than that George Eiferman.

GEORGE

Give me time, never was much of a writer.

He grabs her hand and leads her into the gym.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Come on, Mrs. Eiferman.

She is all smiles as they head towards the building.

She suddenly stops, pulls him out of earshot from the crowds.

TOBY

How do I know things won't just go back to the way they were? The womanizing...

GEORGE

I've learned some life lessons Toby, the hard way. I'm sorry for the way I treated you.

Time stands still.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Truth is, I want a family now. Less time on the road. Provide for you. Care for you and only you. I missed you sweetheart.

She takes it all in. Then gives him a huge hug.

TOBY

(whispers)

I missed you too.

MONTAGE

They get married in San Diego.

They buy a home in Las Vegas.

He works out clients at his gym.

Toby and George have dinner at home, she's clearly pregnant.

They have their first child, LEAH DANIELA.

George takes trips to visit his gyms in Vista and Kona.

Leah goes to preschool and Toby is pregnant again.

They have their second child, ERIC SHAWN.

The family of four play in the backyard.

TIME LAPSE - George takes multiple trips to visit his gyms in Kona and Vista.

MONTAGE - The kids grow older as Toby tucks them in at night, makes breakfast, and takes them to school year after year.

George gives Shawn a guitar for his 11th birthday.

Shawn takes guitar lessons and learns tap dance from his mom.

George gives Leah a car for her 16th birthday.

Shawn works out in the Eiferman gym. His dad trains with him.

INT. EIFERMAN BEDROOM - NIGHT

George paces. Toby sits up in bed. The tension is palpable.

GEORGE

Are you blaming me?

TOBY

George, no one is to blame here.

GEORGE

So where did she go? It's been two days. Call her psychiatrist again.

TOBY

George I know Dr. McDonald has not heard anything. I've taken Leah for over a year now, and the doctor calls me. She's not able to track Leah outside of the office.

GEORGE

We sure Leah's few friends don't know where she is?

George walks to the window.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No amount of weight lifting or gatling guns can solve it. I'm at a loss, helpless --

Leah's car pulls up and parks on the street. She gets out.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

She's home!

EXT. EIFERMAN LAS VEGAS HOUSE - NIGHT

George and Toby run out of the front door to meet their daughter, LEAH (17), walking up the path. Leah carries a black purse and a small yellow bag tied to it. Her eyes appear red and she moves slowly.

Her parents hug her.

GEORGE

Where were you?

TOBY

You okay, sweetie?

She pushed her dad away.

LEAH

Stop it.

She passes by and goes inside.

INT. LAS VEGAS HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They all walk into the living room. Leah trips slightly and falls on the couch. Tosses her purse on the table. The tied on bag opens up and a couple pills fall out.

George reaches down and rips it off the purse. Looks in and sees multiple pills inside.

GEORGE

Leah, what have you taken? What are you on right now?

LEAH

I'm fine!

Toby sits next to her. Holds her hand.

TOBY

Sweetie. Where were you?

She pulls her hand away. Stands.

LEAH

I'm fine. I'm home, okay.

George walks up to her holding the pills.

Shawn peers in the room from around the corner.

GEORGE

We're glad you're home safely. We
were worried about you honey. Now
what exactly are these?

She stares at him blankly.

LEAH

You're only here part time dad.
What do you know about my life?
Just leave me alone.

She goes to her room.

George looks to Toby who gestures to stay here. He catches
SHAWN (11), in the doorway.

GEORGE

Go to bed Shawn. Everything's over.
Your sister is home and okay.

TOBY

You've got rehearsal and guitar
after school tomorrow. I'll come up
and tuck you in.

Shawn nods and walks away. Toby puts her head in her hands.

INT. LOCAL THEATER STAGE - DAY

Shawn is in a dance troupe. WILL, (60s) thin and in shape,
walks across the dancers. He's in control as he moves one
dancer back a foot. Points to the PIANIST (30s) who gives him
a nod.

WILL

Okay, let's take it from the top.
Five, six, seven, eight.

The piano starts and the group moves like a flock of
seagulls. Shawn is very agile on his feet and dances with
passion.

Toby watches from the front row. She gently claps her hands
with delight.

The number ends with the troupe goes down stage center and
does a synchronized gesture to the empty seats.

WILL (CONT'D)

Beautiful. Let's take five and move
on to the closing number.

Shawn walks off the stage and sits next to his mom.

TOBY
That was terrific sweetheart.

SHAWN
Thanks mom. Cause you taught me.

Toby pats him on the cheek in appreciation.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Kind of hard to focus though. I'm
worried about Leah.

TOBY
Your father's taking her to Dr.
MacDonald right now.

SHAWN
Dad? Dad's not very good at that
stuff.

TOBY
But the doctor is.

SHAWN
Then how come she tried to kill
herself, mom? If the doctor is so
great, what's her problem?

TOBY
Sometimes kids her age go through
tough times. I know I did. As a
family we'll get her through this.

SHAWN
I hope so.

She puts her arm around him.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

GRAPHIC: Three years later.

A gurney is being rushed down a hospital corridor. It's Leah, unconscious. She looks clearly older now. They roll her into the ER.

George comes running down the hallway seconds behind. Looks for a nurse or hospital administrator. He sees NURSE GAIL (30's) at her station.

GEORGE

Leah Eiferman, she just arrived.
Overdose.

NURSE GAIL

Sir, calm down. Who are you?

GEORGE

I'm sorry, I'm her father, George
Eiferman.

NURSE GAIL

Okay. Leah, 18 correct? She's being
treated right now Mr. Eiferman.
Wait right over there and I'll let
you know as soon as I hear
something.

George sits impatiently. Toby arrives.

TOBY

How is she?

GEORGE

In the ER now.

TOBY

Oh my God.

GEORGE

This is all my fault. Those late
night calls from strange men asking
for money to get her out of legal
trouble. We should have moved.

TOBY

Her problems wouldn't just go away.

GEORGE

In Hawaii? The ocean is healing,
calming.

An ER nurse comes out.

ER NURSE

Mr. and Mrs. Eiferman?

GEORGE

Yes

TOBY

Yes.

ER NURSE

We pumped her stomach. She's in
stable condition but we would like
to watch her overnight.

TOBY
Will she be okay?

ER NURSE
We believe she's out of danger but
very dehydrated.

TOBY
Thank God.

The ER Nurse walks away. They hug each other.

GEORGE
Shawn is on the bus tomorrow for
his baseball game in Orange County.
I refuse to miss that.

TOBY
I'll get Leah, George.

GEORGE
Thank you, it's a five hour drive.
I love watching him play. It's a
double header too.

Toby nods and they walk out of the hospital.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

George sits in the stands just behind the on deck circle for the visiting team. Shawn (16) and well defined as an athlete, picks up a bat and circles it above his head. His dad nods with approval that embarrasses him slightly.

The hitter at the plate hits a double into the gap.

Shawn walks to the plate.

GEORGE
Bring him home Shawn. Get a hit
son!

A few other parents cheer as the Shawn steps into the batter's box. The pitcher gets his signal from the catcher.

The first pitch comes and Shawn takes. The UMPIRE (40s) puts out his right arm.

UMPIRE
Strike.

GEORGE
Are you blind ump?

The team MANAGER steps a little closer to the on deck circle.

MANAGER
Come on kid, a hit's a run.

Shawn looks down the pitcher as the second pitch comes.

Crack.

He hits a line drive down the left field line. The runner is waved home.

The left fielder picks up the ball in the corner and rifles it to second as Shawn slides into the base. Safe.

GEORGE
Great hit Shawn! Another RBI!

Parents who smile at the proud dad.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Dr. KATE MACDONALD, 30's attractive in a business suit, sits in a overstuffed chair as George and Toby set beside each other on a couch.

DR MACDONALD
She's doing better. We've uncovered some demons and I'm curious how you two are holding up.

TOBY
Honestly? Not so well.

GEORGE
But we're not paying you for marriage counseling.

TOBY
George.

DR MACDONALD
In a way, it's part of your daughter's healing process. She has mentioned tension in the household at times. The yelling. That effects her too.

GEORGE
How do you know--

TOBY

George please calm down. I'm sure Leah feels my resentment. She knows the struggles--

GEORGE

Struggles? Am I not providing? Look I'm a public figure, a father, a business owner, a faithful husband. What more--

DR MACDONALD

It's often more than that Mr. Eiferman, please Toby, continue.

TOBY

George knows how I was in the spotlight. Our first marriage and even in San Diego. I, I miss that. I miss my career as a singer. I gave up the theatrical and operatic life, my identity, for this relationship to you George. To be your wife and a mother to our children.

GEORGE

Is that so bad?

TOBY

No, but I hear people calling me "Wiberman" at the gym. It's not only who I am.

DR MACDONALD

George can you hear this? Do you understand?

George nods, she looks at him with a tear in her eye.

TOBY

You were and are everything to me. I only wish I was everything to you. Remember this conversation?

The room goes quiet. George's face drops.

EXT. EIFERMAN GYM LAS VEGAS - - NIGHT

A black sedan pulls up in front of the gym.

George walks out in sweats. A man opens the car door for him.

EXT. REAR ENTRANCE HILTON HOTEL - MORNING

The sedan pulls up to a private entrance at an iconic hotel on the strip. A security guard opens the door and escorts George inside.

INT. PENTHOUSE HILTON HOTEL - MORNING

George sits on the couch in a lavish living room in the penthouse. A white piano is in the corner. The views are 360 of the Las Vegas strip.

He pulls out a folded piece of paper and reviews it's full of handwritten contents: *Diet. Workout routine. Weight goals.*

The bedroom door opens and out walks the king of rock and roll, ELVIS PRESLEY (40's). His looks heavy and tired but still has his charisma. He's down a prescription medication and bites his sandwich before he meets George.

George stands, amazed in his presence.

ELVIS

I hear you were in the Navy.

GEORGE

Yes sir.

ELVIS

I'm an Army man myself. Elvis Presley, nice to meet you. Can I call you George, or Mr. Universe?

Elvis gets a big laugh out of himself as they shake hands.

GEORGE

If I can call you King?

Elvis turns to one of his security guards.

ELVIS

Hear that, George's got a sense of humor. King it is. Think we'll get along just fine. Have a seat George.

George sits and Elvis lands in an ornate high backed chair that's clearly for him only.

GEORGE

So I was thinking, let's start with diet, then exercise.

ELVIS

Hey cowboy, slowdown your thoughts.
I want to get to know you, before
we get into all that fitness talk.
Let's chat about our kids first.

GEORGE

Okay sir, King--

ELVIS

Elvis is okay by me.

GEORGE

So my son Shawn is becoming a great
musician here in town.

ELVIS

Look at that, he'll need to stop
and by sometime and see the show.
Maybe play back up.

GEORGE

Well okay. Thank you. I'm so proud
of him, and we'll my daughter, I'm
a little ashamed to say I was gone
a lot when she was young and she
needed her dad around more than I
knew. We're estranged now.

ELVIS

Thank you for being straight with
me. I was on the road a lot and
missed my little girl growin' up
too.

GEORGE

I'm sorry.

ELVIS

You had two kids. Lisa Marie wanted
another but I just didn't want to
let another one down as a dad.

GEORGE

Thanks for being straight with me.
On a lighter side, you certainly
have influenced a generation of
kids.

ELVIS

Seems that way. I read about your
work with high schoolers, partner.
Guess we both can hold our head up
high there.

Elvis takes a Pepsi on ice next to his chair and pours it into a clean glass. Then adds some scotch.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
Care for one?

George waves no.

GEORGE
How about we keep you around for
the next generation to enjoy, King?
Nice time to discuss your health?

ELVIS
I'm all ears.

Elvis takes a huge couple of gulps. Burps.

George pulls out his sheet and the health meeting begins.

MONTAGE.

George works with Elvis in his private gym.

The conflicts and arguing escalate with Toby at home.

George gets an offer to work in politics for President Regan but declines.

Toby and George get divorced.

He works with a chef in Elvis' kitchen on his diet.

Leah moves out.

He attends more of Shawn's games.

Elvis drinks from a liquor bottle in the gym. George takes it away.

George is at the Vista gym when he learns of Elvis's overdose. He's saddened again.

EXT. EIFERMAN GYM LAS VEGAS - DAY

GRAPHIC: 20 years later.

An aging but still strong George walks down the sidewalk and to the front of his gym. He admires his name on the sign and walks in.

INT. EIFERMAN GYM - CONTINUOUS

George walks in and calmly looks around. He then strolls onto the gym floor. He first sees DIANA, (20s) doing squats.

GEORGE

Keep your back a little straighter Diana. Isolates your quads and less chance for injury.

She puts the bar back on the rack.

DIANA

Thanks George. Are you really retiring? You're too young.

GEORGE

Thank you dear, yes, the Hawaiian Islands are calling.

DIANA

We'll miss you Mr. Universe.

Another couple of men, BRAD (20s) and DAN (30's) all sweaty in tank tops walk over.

BRAD

The man, the legend off to the tropics?

GEORGE

It's my time.

DAN

Back to George of the Jungle in the South Pacific.

GEORGE

Something like that Dan. Hey I noticed last time on the bench, keep the bar below your nipples, lower pecs is where it should land.

DAN

Thanks. We'll miss your expertise around here George, you truly are the ambassador of fitness.

BRAD

You've earned it. Go live the good life, have a Mai Tai on me.

GEORGE
There's still an Eiferman's on
Kona.

They shake hands as he wanders through the gym.
Waving good bye to a few others.

INT. HAWAIIAN AIRLINES PLANE - DAY

George sleeps in his seat. A tropical magazine is open on his chest. The STEWARDESS (20's) in a Hawaiian dress turns off the light over him to sleep.

Suddenly he convulses. His arms grab his chest as he sits up alarmed.

STEWARDESS
Sir, let me open your collar for
more air.

Another airplane attendant arrives as they work on George.

INT. ER HONOLULU HOSPITAL - DAY

The DOCTORS (50s) in scrubs finish up open heart surgery. George is under medication and his heart is beating on the EKG above him.

DOCTOR #1
He's a lucky man.

DOCTOR #2
Nurse let's get him into recovery.

EXT. HAWAIIAN BEACH COTTAGE - DUSK

George, Shawn and Toby look over the ocean from the lanai. George looks frail and is covered by a light blanket on the bamboo patio chair.

The water looks calm and the trade winds blow.
Toby takes away a plate they all were having appetizers on.
Shawn looks fondly at his father. George closes his eyes.

SHAWN
Dad?

He opens them to look at the ocean. He grimaces.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Dad...

He makes eye contact with his son. Grabs his chest.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Call an ambulance.

George closes his eyes.

Shawn bolts to the kitchen

EXT. KING KAMEHAMEHA HOSPITAL - DAY

Palm trees and rolling green hills set the hospital entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The beeping of machines provides a slow, rhythmic tempo to the room. George lies frail and motionless in the hospital bed. The dim lighting casts long shadows, making his figure seem even smaller, more vulnerable.

Shawn enters quietly and sits in the chair next to the bed.

He waits. Then grabs his dad's lifeless hand.

SHAWN

Hi Dad, it's me.

No reply. Only the machines and his faint breathing. Shawn puts his other hand on top.

He fights back the emotion, eyes filled with love, respect. He leans in closer.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I never knew you as Mr. America or
Mr. Universe... You've always been
Mr. Everything to me.

Shawn wipes a tear off his face.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

And you always will be.

The two of them stay connected in peace. Shawn holds George's hand a moment longer, then gently releases it. Closes his eyes as another tear rolls down his cheek.