

**HOLLYWOOD**

"A HOLLYWOOD ENDING"

**CAST LIST**

Jack Castello

Raymond Ainsley

Camille Washington

Avis Amberg

Dick Samuels

Ernie

Henry Willson

Rock Hudson

Archie Coleman

Miss Kincaid

Claire Wood

Anna May Wong

Harry Golden

Jeanne Crandall

Vivien Leigh

Miss Stinson

Hattie McDaniel

John

Fredric March

Donald Crisp

George Murphy

Rosalind Russell

Robert Montgomery

Ernest Borgnine

Edmund Gwenn

Usher

Academy Official

**Hedda Hopper\***

**LOCATION LIST**

Ace Pictures

- Avis' Office
- Avis' Office – Anteroom
- **Commissary\***

Amberg Mansion

- Claire's Bedroom
- Office

Academy Theater

- EXT. Academy Theater
- **EXT. Red Carpet\***
- Auditorium
- Auditorium Lobby
- Green Room
- Backstage
- Backstage Photo Area

**Golden Tip Gasoline\***

- **EXT. Golden Tip Gasoline**
- **Garage**

EXT. Hollywood Forever Cemetery

**EXT. Hollywood Funeral Parlor\***

INT/EXT. Movie Theater

INT. Ellen's House -- Bedroom

INT. Camille and Raymond's Apartment -- Bedroom

INT. Jack's Studio Apartment

INT. Archie's Apartment -- Bedroom

**INT. Musso and Frank's (omit)\***

**INT. Hollywood Fine Dining Restaurant\***

INT. Coconut Grove Nightclub -- Ambassador Hotel (1940)

**INT. Los Angeles Chinatown Apartment\***

**INT. Chicago Apartment\***

**INT. Sharecroppers Shack\***

**INT. Hollywood Funeral Parlor\***

1

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY -- DAY

1

The frame appears black. Then, we see it is the black of a coffin, white roses atop it, being lowered into the ground revealing A FUNERAL. Seated, we see AVIS and CLAIRE holding hands, DICK, MISS KINCAID, THE CAST OF MEG, STUDIO EXECES, basically everyone. Tears stream down Avis' cheeks as Claire leans onto her mother's shoulder, sobbing.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY -- FIVE MINUTES LATER

2

The funeral now over, attendees mingle offering condolences as they disperse. Find Jack, Archie and Ray walking. Jack is shaken, on the verge of crying.

JACK

This feeling inside -- my heart's actually *aching*, you know? I'm *devastated*.

ARCHIE

Ace was a good man, Jack, so it's okay to be sad.

JACK

I'm not talking about *Ace*, I mean the *movie*.

(breaking)

Destroying the print??? To me, that's like a *sin*. That's like burning the Mona Lisa...

RAY

(terse)

Can we not talk about it?

JACK

It's over. It's all over...

ARCHIE

Well, hold on. Avis is running the studio now. She fired the lawyers that did it, and this was her passion project, you know? We should have a talk with her. Tell her we're gonna reshoot the whole thing...

RAY

(dark)

Not in a million years.

(off his look)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAY (CONT'D)

Almost half a million dollars just went up in smoke. That was money they weren't even sure they were going to recoup. Now we're gonna ask them to spend that same amount *again*? Never gonna happen.

As Raymond nears his car, he turns to them, emotional.

RAY (CONT'D)

It was an honor working with you. We did something important, and I'm proud of it. I'm proud of YOU.

Jack bursts into tears.

JACK

Sorry, I just can't stop crying!

Ray, crying now, too, pulls them both into a huddle. Archie starts to sob, too.

ARCHIE

Dammit, y'all got me crying now, too...

A moment. Then, pained, Jack pulls away and walks off. He waves, saying:

JACK

So long.

Archie turns to go as well. This is the end.

ARCHIE

See ya' around, Raymond.

Raymond watches them go, then heads to his car.

VOICE (O.S.)

(breathless)

*Raymond! Ray!*

Raymond turns to see editor HARRY GOLDEN running towards him, puffing a cigar, way out of breath. He stops and puts his hands on his knees, waving Raymond over.

HARRY GOLDEN

Jesus *CHRIST* clean out your fucking ears! I'm an old man! I can't be *running*! I'll drop dead! Good place to do it I guess...

(then)

Come on. Walk with me.

(CONTINUED)

Harry leads him the other direction.

HARRY GOLDEN (CONT'D)

I wanted to tell you something.  
Remember when I bragged about  
givin' it to Gloria Swanson? That  
was way outta line. She's still  
kickin', and I've never been one to  
kiss and tell. She was on the  
rebound, Joe Kennedy'd just dumped  
her, and we never shtupped anyway.  
It was straight up cunnilingus...

As they arrive at a car:

RAY

Is that what you wanted to tell me?

HARRY GOLDEN

Gotta ask you a question. Avis has  
full control of the studio now,  
right? She canned that sumbitch  
lawyer?

RAY

Yeah...

HARRY GOLDEN

Good.

He pops open the trunk. Inside, a set of film canisters.

RAY

What's that?

HARRY GOLDEN

That's your movie.

RAY

W-what do you mean? They burned it.

HARRY GOLDEN

I made a print and took it home.  
When that slimy piece of garbage  
Henry Willson started fucking with  
it, I knew I had to make a copy of  
your cut for safekeeping. Did the  
same thing with "Wizard of Oz."  
Idiot producer wanted to cut  
"Somewhere Over the Rainbow," if  
you can believe it. I made a print,  
took it home, it stayed in the  
picture...

(CONTINUED)

2

RAY  
(flabbergasted)  
You -- you know what this means,  
don't you?

HARRY GOLDEN  
Yes I do, kid.  
(with a twinkle)  
You're still in the game.

Off Raymond, his world turned right-side up, we SMASH TO  
TITLES.

3

I/E. ACE PICTURES -- AVIS' OFFICE -- DAY 3

CLOSE ON Avis' name as it's painted on the door. PRE-LAPPED  
popping of Champagne. Inside, Avis yelps as it spills  
everywhere as she tries to fill a tray of flutes as Miss  
Kincaid, Dick, Raymond and Archie sit around the room.

DICK  
You don't think this is a bit  
premature?

AVIS  
Oh, Dick, why can't I have a little  
fun? Our passion project is back  
from the dead, I fired every one of  
those lawyers who stood in my way,  
we're starting fresh! Give a girl a  
moment.

They all take a glass as she raises hers. Emotional:

AVIS (CONT'D)  
A toast to my late husband. Who, in  
the end? Loved what we did. To Ace.

EVERYONE  
To Ace.

Avis takes a sip, then gets down to business.

AVIS  
Right. Let's get to it. How do we  
release this movie? What's the  
plan?

DICK  
Well, there's been a fair amount of  
hand-wringing about how this film  
will be received in the south, but  
I no longer believe that bowing to  
the pressure is the way to go.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DICK (CONT'D)

I want to make a statement. We *guilt* the South with this picture. A lot of theatres there have said they won't run it, but some major cities will. Atlanta, Miami, Charlotte. I've promised to cover the cost of security to keep those theatres open, a cost that I'm confident we can recoup with a *larger* nationwide release than is typical.

AVIS

How many theatres?

Miss Kincaid smiles to Dick, excited.

DICK

Six hundred and seventy-five.

AVIS

*What???* That's never been done. 'Gone With the Wind' played in, what, 80 theatres..?

DICK

Just about. And no, it's never been done. I'm calling it a "*Wide Release.*" A print of this picture will be sent to every movie theatre in the country.

MISS KINCAID

We're also going to lower the ticket price 5 cents. It'll fill those seats with people who haven't seen a movie in a while, or maybe have *never* seen a movie. They can spend that nickel on the bus ride into town.

ARCHIE

You're gonna get a lotta poor colored folks movin' heaven and earth to come see this movie...

DICK

Exactly. This "wide release" is risky, it's *expensive* --

MISS KINCAID

(impassioned)  
-- but it's going to be a story in and of *itself*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MISS KINCAID (CONT'D)

There won't be a single man, woman or child in America who doesn't hear about it. It'll be a national conversation. And controversy or no, our bet will be that people will want to come see this picture for themselves. I, for one, think that's a good bet.

AVIS

Okay. What else? Christ, my *head* is spinning...

MISS KINCAID

Two things are next. We tell the truth and we tell a lie. I just told Hedda Hopper that last night we had two secret test screenings in Pasadena, and that 'Meg' recorded the highest test score in Ace Pictures history.

RAY

Is that the lie?

MISS KINCAID

Yes.

They all laugh, loving the scheme of it, the daring.

AVIS

Ok, and how about this: today I am going to announce that I'm green lighting *another* one of Raymond Ainslie's pictures, written by Archie Coleman, starring Camille Washington.

(to Archie)

You got any other ideas rattling around in there?

ARCHIE

Well, I -- I was thinking about writing a movie about Sojourner Truth.

AVIS

Sold. I'll announce it this afternoon. And I'm doubling your salary. You and Raymond both.

(with a little shiver)

Ooo! That was fun. This is all *VERY* exciting...

(CONTINUED)

3

Raymond and Archie share a stunned look. Avis refills her glass.

AVIS (CONT'D)

I think another toast is in order.  
In two weeks, either we'll all look  
like the smartest people in  
Hollywood or we'll never work  
again.

(raising her glass)

To never working again!

JAZZ MUSIC SURGES as they clink glasses and we CUT TO:

4

INT. ELLEN'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- MORNING 4

The jazz music plays from a gramophone as we're CLOSE ON MISS KINCAID, hair just a little tousled, sitting up in bed smoking a cigarette in a sexy champagne negligé under a peanoir set. She takes a drag and CAMERA FOLLOWS it as she hands it to Ernie, who's dreamy with post-coital bliss. He smiles at her, and a tingle runs through her. Suddenly, she's out of bed, girlish:

MISS KINCAID

Here's what we're going to do! I'm  
going to whip up a couple of pot  
pies, we'll go to the picture show,  
then we come back and go at it  
again. That's MY idea of a  
Sunday...

ERNIE

Sounds like a plan.

He takes a drag and eyes her, with a twinkle.

MISS KINCAID

What are you looking at?

ERNIE

I gotta tell ya', kid. I've been  
with a LO-O-O-O-TTA women in my  
time. I mean, a LOT. Easily  
hundreds, but I'd even say  
thousands --

MISS KINCAID

Is there a point you plan on  
arriving at?

(CONTINUED)

ERNIE

-- but I can't say, other than my  
late wife, God rest her soul, that  
I had feelings for any of 'em.  
'Cept for you.

MISS KINCAID

(flushed)

Well. I'm not sure I know what to  
say...

ERNIE

Let me do the sayin' then.  
(vulnerable)  
I'm sayin' I love you, kid.

Ellen melts. Overjoyed, she leaps onto the bed, kissing him,  
over the moon. Then, ecstatic, suddenly a teenager:

MISS KINCAID

I have a better idea! Not POT pie,  
*CHERRY*. We stop at House of Pies,  
pick one up, and that's all we eat,  
all day long!

He laughs. She races to her closet.

MISS KINCAID (CONT'D)

And I'm not putting on a stitch of  
clothing! I'll wear heels and a fur  
coat over this little number! At  
the movies, we'll sneak into the  
men's room for a quickie!  
(racing out)  
I've got a trench coat you can  
wear!

Ernie gets out of bed, in boxers and t-shirt, calling after:

ERNIE

Ellen, stop for a second.  
(as she turns)  
C'mere.

She walks back over, puzzled at his sudden solemnity.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

You're gonna be my date to the  
premiere, right?

MISS KINCAID

Of course...

(CONTINUED)

ERNIE

You're my gal now, wouldn't you say?

MISS KINCAID

Yes.

ERNIE

Well, then, there's something you need to know. Something I ain't told anybody yet.

(then)

This cough a' mine? The one that kept blowin' all those takes? I've had it for years. Well, I went to the doctor last week. It's cancer. I'm headed for the old dirt pile.

She slinks down onto the bed.

MISS KINCAID

How long?

ERNIE

(with a shrug)

Two months? Two years? He doesn't know. But it's the bad kind. So if you want me to pull on my trousers and walk out that door, I'll do it, because at some point, I'm gonna be a real mess.

SLOW PUSH in on Miss Kincaid. In pain. But then --

MISS KINCAID

No. We're not going to talk about that, do you hear? In fact, we don't need to talk about it at all. It doesn't change my feelings one iota. I've finally found a home. You're home to me, Ernie, and I'm not giving that up. Love happened late for me, so I'm going to enjoy every second of it, you understand?

ERNIE

And -- you're *sure*?

MISS KINCAID

I'm more than *sure*. I'm *happy*. I've never been happier in my life.

She touches his face, smiling, not an ounce of heaviness.

(CONTINUED)

4

MISS KINCAID (CONT'D)

Thank you for telling me. I love  
you, Ernie West. Now let's find you  
that coat! I'm in the mood for pie!

Ernie watches her go, a load off his shoulders. He starts to  
cry, quietly, a smile creeping to his face.

5

INT. AMBERG ESTATE -- CLAIRE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING 5

CLOSE ON Claire, asleep. PAN to find Jack, head propped up on  
his hand, staring at her, smiling. She opens her eyes, sees  
him staring and smiles.

CLAIRE

What are you doing?

JACK

Staring at you.

She turns over, playful.

CLAIRE

Well, stop.

JACK

I *can't*. I *can't* stop staring at  
you.

He kisses her. She rouses.

CLAIRE

Let's go downstairs and have  
breakfast.

JACK

(suddenly nervous)  
Uh. Yeah I don't think I should --  
I'd rather not run into your  
mother. She's the studio chief now,  
and I'd really like to keep things  
professional --

CLAIRE

(direct)  
I know you slept with her.

JACK

Oh dear God.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

She told me. We hated each other for most of my life, but since she took over the studio, we've been thick as thieves.

JACK

A-and she thinks it's okay? You and me?

CLAIRE

Well, she didn't at *first*. I thought she was having a stroke -- some kinda spasmodic *fit*, then a crying jag about how I was sucking the last bit of life out of her, but yeah, now she's fine. Thinks you and me as an item is great PR for the movie...

Jack SHUDDERS at a bloodcurdling scream from across the house. Claire runs out and Jack follows.

JACK

OH GOD. SHE KNOWS I'M HERE --

SMASH TO:

INT. AMBERG ESTATE -- OFFICE -- SECONDS LATER

Claire races into the office to find Avis standing there, ashen, vacantly hanging up the phone. Jack stands in the doorway, poised to run off.

CLAIRE

What happened? Are you alright?

AVIS

(vague)

I just got off the phone with Dick. The first receipts are in...

Their hearts sink. Claire and Jack both leap immediately into triage.

CLAIRE

Okay, well, LOOK. We always knew that the odds were gonna be against us...

JACK

Exactly. What the movie makes doesn't *matter*. It was always about the art.

(CONTINUED)

AVIS  
(still stunned)  
Shut the fuck up, Jack.  
(then)  
It broke all the records.

CLAIRE  
(exploding)  
WHAT???

AVIS  
That's what I said -- I told 'em  
that couldn't be right, but they  
double-checked the numbers...  
(finally, a smile)  
We're the biggest hit in seven  
years.

Claire squeals with delight as she and Jack RACE over to Avis  
and wrap her in an enormous bear hug. Laughter and shouts of  
pure joy as JAUNTY SWING MUSIC PLAYS and we DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. MOVIE THEATER -- DAY

A beaming Jack takes a ticket from a box office attendant and  
strolls into a bustling lobby. A clerk hands Archie a bag of  
popcorn and a soda pop and he bananas in next to Jack, a  
spring in his step. They pass the bathroom where Raymond  
comes out, and joins them as they walk into the balcony in a  
three-shot, sit down in the front row and prop their feet up  
to watch the NEWSREEL PLAYING ONSCREEN:

CHYRONS OF THE WORD 'MEG' FILL THE FRAME ONE BY ONE OVER  
FOOTAGE OF CROWDS OUTSIDE VARIOUS MOVIE THEATERS.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*Everyone's talking about Meg!*

RED CARPET FOOTAGE FROM THE PREMIERE. JACK, CAMILLE, ERNIE  
SMILE AND POSE AS FLASH BULBS POP.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*It's the first so-called wide  
release, and audiences are flocking  
to see the harrowing story of a  
girl who lands in Tinseltown and  
hits the skids!*

'MEG' FOOTAGE: A GAUZY CLOSE UP OF CAMILLE, TEARY-EYED.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*The biggest smash-hit of the decade  
stars, guess who -- Camille  
Washington.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 7

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*She's an overnight sensation -- but  
she's not playing a housekeeper,  
she's would-be movie maven Meg  
Ennis!*

FOOTAGE OF A CROWD OUTSIDE A THEATRE, INERT PICKETING TOTALLY  
IGNORED.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*Racial protests across the country  
simply melted away as audiences in  
their thousands rushed out to see a  
NEW kind of motion picture! And  
moviegoers of every color have  
fallen in love...*

AN OLDER WHITE WOMAN SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO CAMERA, A TWANG IN  
HER VOICE.

WOMAN  
Oh, it's a fantastic movie. I cried  
at the ending, every woman I know  
who saw it cried, we understood  
what she was feeling.

A TWELVE YEAR-OLD AFRICAN AMERICAN GIRL BEAMS.

GIRL  
I never thought I'd see a movie  
like that starring somebody who  
looked like me...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*Could one movie change the way a  
nation sees itself? Who knows! But  
one thing's for sure -- America's  
mad for --*

A CROWD OF MOVIEGOERS SHOUTS TO CAMERA:

CROWD  
*MEG!*

Fanfare as UNITED NEWSREEL SYNDICATE LOGO fades. DRUMROLL as  
the ACE PICTURES LOGO appears as MUSIC PLAYS and MEG begins.  
Jack, Raymond and Archie sit back grinning and enjoy their  
triumph.

8 INT. HOLLYWOOD FINE DINING RESTAURANT -- DAY 8 \*

Camille walks in the front door and removes her shawl to the  
sound of APPLAUSE. Reveal the whole restaurant on their feet,  
clapping.

(CONTINUED)

The MAITRE'D shows an abashed Camille to a table where HATTIE MCDANIEL sits, sipping a martini. Camille sits and the patrons return to their dining. Embarrassed:

CAMILLE

I don't think I'll ever get used to that.

HATTIE

I could get used to it, I'll tell you that.

Camille nods a thank you as a martini is placed in front of her.

CAMILLE

I'm so glad we've made this a regular thing. Without your advice, I don't think I could've gotten through the premiere, the press junkets, all of it. "Say the word "prune" before the camera snaps a photograph?" Why, I've never *taken* better photos...

HATTIE

I wanna hear about your love life, when that fella a' yours is gonna get down on one knee, but before we do -- Oscar nominations are out next week...

CAMILLE

They *are*? I didn't know...

HATTIE

Don't bullshit a bullshitter. I *know* you've been markin' the days off on your calendar...

CAMILLE

Well, I don't have *any* expectations, that's for sure.

HATTIE

Good, 'cause you never know. It's gonna be a tough year.

(MORE)

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Rosalind Russell thinks she's got it in the bag, and I don't blame her! Chewing the scenery with that Greek tragedy shit -- murder, incest -- they shoulda just handed her the Oscar and not even bothered makin' the movie! You got Loretta Young in that 'Farmer's Daughter' -- she was good, but you know she only got that role because Ingrid Bergman got fired for havin' an affair with Joseph Cotten -- so you ain't a shoo-in, but from what I'm hearing you got a real shot...

CAMILLE

In a million years I can't see how they would ever honor someone like me.  
(beat, vulnerable)  
We'll see.

HATTIE

Yes we will...

Hattie pauses. Emotional. Camille notices.

CAMILLE

What's wrong?

HATTIE

(leaning in)

So you listen here. If you get nominated, you campaign *HARD*, you hear me? I don't want none of this shrinkin' violet bullshit. You go to every opening. *Every* luncheon. Bring the rest of the cast with you. Press the flesh. Answer every question as if it's the most *PROFOUND* query you ever heard comin' outta somebody's mouth. Got it?

CAMILLE

Got it.

HATTIE

And don't let *ANYBODY* shame you for doing it. Least of all, black folks. I took *my* lumps. They called me *terrible* things. 'Uncle Tom.' 'Traitor to my race.' Because I was brazen enough to say out loud "I want this." I had to shut it all out.

(CONTINUED)

HATTIE (CONT'D)

I'd been fighting my whole life and  
I knew I'd have to fight for this,  
too, if I really wanted it. To be  
the first. So I did.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A beat as she sits back, at the bitter taste of the memory.

\*

HATTIE (CONT'D)

You know, when I arrived at the  
ceremony...

\*

CUT TO:

9 INT. COCONUT GROVE NIGHTCLUB -- AMBASSADOR HOTEL -- 1940 9

Hattie exits the red carpet and is walked towards the open doors by her escort F.P. YOBER and her agent WILLIAM MEIKLEJOHN and is STOPPED by two SECURITY GUARDS MOS.

HATTIE (V.O.)  
They wouldn't even let me *in the room.*

The men ERUPT, MOS. Almost fisticuffs.

HATTIE (V.O.)  
Hotel had a strict no-colored policy. Told me I could wait in the lobby, and if I won, they'd tell me and I could go in...

CLOSE ON HATTIE'S FACE, humiliated.

10 INT. HOLLYWOOD FINE DINING RESTAURANT -- RESUME 10 \*

Hattie's voice still breaks at the shame of it.

HATTIE  
And I backed down. I said, "okay, I'll wait out here." Somebody leaked that I was gonna win, so right before they said my name, they shuffled me in and sat me in the back.

Hattie leans in, vehement, eyes brimming: \*

HATTIE (CONT'D)  
You best mind me, sister, 'cuz I'm gonna tell you something right here and now -- *when you go to that ceremony, you sit in that front row. Scream, shout, scratch some eyes out, I don't care, but you DEMAND the respect that's owed you. They will try and control you, restrict you, trust that.*

(then)  
Whether you win or lose, that doesn't matter, because there's something *MUCH* more important at stake -- what's *important* is *being in the room...*

(CONTINUED)

10

Camille nods, speechless, heavy with the weight of history.

CAMILLE

I've never asked you this, but I  
want to know.

HATTIE

Ask away, at this point I ain't got  
any secrets.

CAMILLE

How did it feel...when you won?  
When you were seen?

Hattie takes a belt of her drink. A beat, then --

HATTIE

At first, I couldn't believe it. I  
got off that stage, and I cried.

A11 INT. COCONUT GROVE NIGHTCLUB -- 1940 A11

Hattie leaves the stages and loses it, tears flowing.

B11 INT. HOLLYWOOD FINE DINING RESTAURANT -- RESUME SCENE B11

HATTIE

I mean, I couldn't imagine it. I  
was the daughter of two slaves and  
there I was...with an Academy  
Award. The Golden Calf in my hands.  
And you know I did that role  
because my grandmother worked on a  
plantation, and I knew that woman,  
I knew who Mammy was, I did it in  
tribute.

She pauses.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

I thought winning would change  
things for me...no more goddamned  
maids. Maybe a romantic part, a  
comedy part, a funny rich New York  
lady with a feather in her hat.  
Fucking NO. And of course I'd  
rather play a maid than be a maid  
in real life...but the other roles  
didn't come. It was like...the town  
made me feel...like I'd done  
something wrong by winning, by  
crossing that all white room and  
taking my place at the podium.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

B11

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Selznick felt real bad about  
that, he sent me out on the road on  
a show where I played Mammy in  
theatres, did you know that?

CAMILLE

No. I didn't know that.

HATTIE

Probably didn't come to your town.  
They...laughed at me. Booed me. One  
even spat in my face. Mammy, she  
reminded so many of a time we  
didn't want to go back to. What  
other options did I have, I had to  
pay the rent. The tour ended. I did  
radio. A couple sidekick parts.  
More maids, always maids, an  
eternity of bows and scraping and  
yes ma'ams you know that.

(a beat)

Never got a great part again. Never  
got in the room again.

(passionate)

Get in the room and own it. For me.  
For all of us.

Camille is very emotional, just nods. Hattie takes a second,  
then covers with a smile.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Let's you and me have another round  
of drinks. And you're buying.  
You're the movie star now...

Off Camille's smile MUSIC PLAYS and we CUT TO:

11 INT. JACK'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- MORNING -- MONTAGE 11

Jack lies in bed, staring up at the ceiling. Clearly hasn't  
slept. The phone rings. Jack leaps out of bed and picks it up  
before the second ring.

JACK

Hello?

(then)

You're *shittin'* me.

12 INT. RAYMOND'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- MORNING -- MONTAGE 12

Camille is asleep. Her eyes open, weary, at the sound of the  
phone in the other room. Hears Raymond pick up but can't hear  
what he says.

(CONTINUED)

12

She sits up, suddenly anxious as she hears the phone replaced on the receiver. A beat, then Raymond appears in the doorway. He looks at her.

RAYMOND

You just got nominated for an Academy Award.

Camille gasps, speechless, her hands fly up to cover her mouth. Her eyes well. Breathless:

CAMILLE

Is that it? Just me?

RAYMOND

Also Best Picture, Best Screenplay.  
Best Supporting Actor, for Jack.  
Editing, Sound Recording, Anna May  
Wong for Best Supporting Actress...  
(wait for it)  
And Best Director.

Camille screams as Raymond runs over and LEAPS into the bed, hugging her. They squeal with delight as we CUT TO:

13

INT. ARCHIE'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- MORNING -- MONTAGE 13

Rock sits in bed next to Archie, who has the phone to his ear, crying.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHIE

Well, thank you very much. I'm honored.

The person on the other end hangs up. Dial tone, then Archie pulls the phone from his ear and hangs up.

ROCK

(leading)  
Yeah????

ARCHIE

(nodding)  
Yeah.

Rock wraps him in an enthusiastic BEAR HUG.

ROCK

*Archie, I'm so proud a' you!!!*  
(then, noticing)  
What's the matter? Why are you crying? You're the first black screenwriter to get nominated for an Oscar!!

ARCHIE

I know. It's just --

He turns to Rock, squarely, a flood of emotions roiling inside his chest.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

-- all my life, I thought I knew the country I lived in, what it was always gonna be. But now, I feel like it ain't the place I thought it was...

ROCK

Well, that's good, don't you think?

ARCHIE

Yeah, it's good. It's very good.

He kisses Rock, then leans into his embrace. Rock cradles him as they both bask in the warmth of a future suddenly shifting ahead of them. END MONTAGE.

Archie's foot taps nervously as he sits in a chair waiting. The SECRETARY gives him a kind smile. Her phone buzzes, she picks up.

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CONTINUED: 14

SECRETARY  
Mrs. Amberg will see you now.

Archie wipes his palms on his trousers as she opens the door for him.

15 INT. AVIS' OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS 15

Avis stands from behind her desk, a kind smile on her face.

AVIS  
Congratulations, Mr. Coleman.

ARCHIE  
Yeah, it doesn't feel real just yet.

AVIS  
(re: the office)  
I know the feeling.

She offers for him to sit. As he does:

AVIS (CONT'D)  
What will you wear to the ceremony?

ARCHIE  
I dunno -- tux and tails, I guess.  
You?

AVIS  
Funny you should ask -- at first, I thought, it's finally *ME* who's invited to this thing? I'm dressing up like Carmen Miranda! Tits out, pineapples in my hat and everything! But then it occurred to me that maybe I should wear a prim silk suit, studio head and all, but then I thought, *NO*. I'm still a woman after all, so I've decided to go in a gown. Classic and tasteful, but as *sexy* and as feminine as I can muster.

ARCHIE  
I think that's right.

A tiny beat, but Archie can't bring himself to get down to mention what he came to talk about, so she plows forward, probing.

(CONTINUED)

AVIS

So, how is the Sojourner Truth script coming along?

ARCHIE

Good. Look, the reason I'm here is because -- well, because I owe you a great deal of respect...

His eyes start to well, suddenly emotional.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

To say you went out on a limb for me doesn't quite do it justice -- but I'm not grateful just because you took a *risk* -- I'm grateful because I finally feel like there's somebody in a position of power who's trying to *understand* me. Being homosexual and being a black me on top of that...

\*

AVIS

(with a shrug)

It's not so hard for me to understand you. You and me, we're both outsiders. It's different, to be sure -- but I'll never know *exactly* what it feels like to walk in your shoes...

\*

\*

ARCHIE

Well, that's the thing -- I don't think you *could* know. After all that you've given me, still I --  
(with difficulty)  
-- I'm still only living half of my truth. People *in* this town may know I'm queer, *you* do, Mr. *Samuels* -- but I still can't walk down the street and hold hands with the man I love...

AVIS

(wry)

Ace and *I* never held hands either. He had this habit of walking at least ten feet ahead of me.

ARCHIE

But you *coulda* held hands. Me, every time I step out my door, I start *lying* to the world.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Start showing them a man who really isn't me and I keep lying til I walk into a Nelly bar or arrive back home. And it's wearing on me. I'm not gonna do it anymore.

Avis shifts in her seat, bracing.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

I'm here to tell you that I'm going to do something. And it's probably going to get me fired and I'm prepared for that. I know you're taking a lotta heat for this movie and you don't need more...

AVIS

What are we talking about here, Archie?

ARCHIE

Rock Hudson. He's the man I'm in love with. We live together.

(then)

And I'm showing up to the Oscars with him. On my arm. He and I holding hands, gettin' photographed. Tellin' the world we refuse to hide.

AVIS

I see...

ARCHIE

It may not seem important to you but -- opening a newspaper and seeing something like that when I was a boy? That I wasn't alone? That there were folks out there who had the same thing going on inside -- that woulda made all the difference.

AVIS

But Rock is an actor. He'd never work again. He'll be throwing it all away.

ARCHIE

He knows that.

AVIS

And you, Archie. The reaction will be swift and merciless.

(MORE)

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

AVIS (CONT'D)

At best, more protests, at worst  
violence. Against you.

\*  
\*

ARCHIE

I understand. Still, we're doing  
it. I just wanted to tell you.

(standing, unburdened)

I'm sorry about this, Mrs. Amberg.  
Putting you in this position.

\*  
\*

(MORE)

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CONTINUED: (4) 15

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

I know you'll be under some  
pressure to release me from my  
contract, but whatever you have to  
do, I understand. I just wanted you  
to hear it from me first.

\*  
\*

He nods and exits. Off a worried Avis -- PRE-LAPPED NEWSREEL  
FANFARE plays and we SMASH TO: \*

16 EXT. OSCARS RED CARPET -- 1948 -- NEWSREEL 16

B&W NEWSREEL FOOTAGE: KLEIG LIGHTS OUTSIDE THE ACADEMY  
THEATRE. PAN TO SEE A ROW OF CARS ROLLING UP TO THE RED  
CARPET.

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

*It's the 20th Academy Awards in  
Hollywood, California where the  
stars come down from the sky to  
walk amongst us!*

ROBERT MONTGOMERY IN NAVY UNIFORM AND MEDALS WAVES FROM THE  
CARPET.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

*Who's that handsome soldier on the  
red carpet -- why, none other than  
our evening's host, Robert  
Montgomery in Naval Uniform!*

JACK AND CLAIRE STEP OUT OF A LIMO, BLINDED BY THE POPS OF  
FLASH BULBS. THEY BEAM, LOOKING LIKE A MILLION BUCKS. TRUE  
MOVIE STARS. THEY WAVE AND POSE. \*

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

*And here's another veteran, Jack  
Castello! Plucked from obscurity  
and now a first-time nominee for  
Best Supporting actor! And who's  
that gal on his arm, looking like  
the cat who got the cream? That's  
Claire Wood daughter of the late  
studio head Ace Amberg! They're the  
Hollywood couple everybody's  
talking about!*

A PUBLICIST ARRANGES THE TRAIN ON ROSALIND RUSSELL'S  
GLITTERING DRESS AS SHE POSES. \*

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

*Here's Rosalind Russell, nominated  
for Best Actress!*

RAYMOND AND CAMILLE POSE ON THE RED CARPET, THEN STAND  
CHATTING TO REPORTERS CLAMORING TO GET NEAR THEM.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

*Well, watch out, Rosalind, because  
that's your competition! Camille  
Washington, star of hit motion  
picture Meg who could be the first  
colored woman to take home the  
Oscar for leading Actress! Here she  
is with her beau, Director Raymond  
Ainslie!*

CAMERA IS CLOSE ON CAMILLE AND RAYMOND.

(CONTINUED)

CAMILLE

(to another reporter)

Yes, thank you. Honestly, it's an honor to be nominated.

RAYMOND

(as they go, charming)

Sure, and it'd be even *more* of an honor to win...!

ANNA MAY WONG STEPS OUT OF A LIMO AND WAVES. ERNIE STANDS AT A MIC, MISS KINCAID IN TOW. OVER THE MOON:

ERNIE

I've been in this biz since the silents! It's magic, ain't it! Ya' can't beat the Oscars!

ARCHIE STEPS OUT OF A LIMO, THEN TAKES ROCK'S HAND AS HE GETS OUT. THEY KEEP HOLDING HANDS AS THEY WALK ONTO THE RED CARPET. CHAOS AS THEY POSE FOR PHOTOS AS A COUPLE -- CLEARLY THEY ARE BEING SHOUTED AT AND SOME PHOTOGRAPHERS REFUSE TO SHOOT THEM AND REPORTERS WALK AWAY. MOST STARE IN SHOCK.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

*And here's Meg's screenwriter, Archie Coleman -- and who's hand is he holding? Why, it's not a she but a he -- it's newcomer Rock Hudson. Some reporters are refusing to speak to them, but they're holding their heads high! What of whispers this will end BOTH of their careers? Who can say? But everyone agrees -- it's the first big scandal of 1948...*

Still in B&W, we hear sound now, as we're on the PRESS and PHOTOGRAPHERS spitting insults at them --

"YOU'RE SICK! YOU KNOW THAT?" "YEAH, GO HOME, FAIRY!"

-- as the image turns to COLOR and we're IN THE SCENE.

EXT. OSCARS RED CARPET 1948 -- NIGHT

Rock and Archie ignore them, their heads held high as they pose, stalwart for the few flashbulbs aimed at them.

ANGLE ON: Henry further back on the red carpet, posing for his own photos. HEDDA HOPPER barks at him.

\*

(CONTINUED)

HEDDA HOPPER

So you're a producer now, is that right?

\*

HENRY

That's right, Miss Hopper. No more cattle driving, that's what I call managing actors -- I'm making movies now and you know I got final cut of the movie, so be sure to mention that, you hear?

\*

His eye catches the kerfuffle several yards away. PUSH IN ON Henry as he sees the men holding hands and progressing into the theatre. CLOSE ON Archie and Rock as he BEELINES over.

ARCHIE

Are we doing the right thing?

ROCK

(squeezing his hand)  
Absolutely we are.

Henry YANKS Rock away by the arm. Sotto, PISSED:

HENRY

*What the fuck are you doing, you pair a' no-good SISSIES!?*

ARCHIE

Get your hands offa him.

HENRY

*KISS MY ASS.  
(to Rock)  
You think Henry Willson is gonna clean this up for you! That's it for you! You're done! It's over! It's over for the both a' yous!*

ROCK

I don't care?

HENRY

*OH YEAH, well you're GONNA care, when you're livin' in a boxcar suckin' dick for loose change! What a fucking waste of my time! What a waste of dentistry!*

ROCK

Go fuck yourself, Henry.

17

HENRY

What the fuck did you just say to me???

ROCK

I'm not gonna be like you. Hiding under a rock, preying on guys who are too afraid to tell folks who they are -- and what YOU are. You're fucking SLIME, Henry, and that ain't news. Everybody knows it and YOU know it. Living like you do, I'd blow my goddamn head off. You're fired.  
(pulling Archie off)  
Let's go.

\*

Stunned, Henry watches them go. He hears the photographers shout, "Henry, let's get a pose!" "Right over here, Mr. Willson!" Henry turns to the cameras and poses in SLO MOTION -- a lonely darkness behind the mask as the flash bulbs light up his face.

\*

CUT TO:

18

INT. AUDITORIUM LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

18

Tickets in hand, Raymond and Camille walk towards the door. The lights dim twice. Raymond kisses her on the cheek, excited.

RAYMOND

Here we go...

They walk to an USHER, who takes their tickets, then looks to Camille, then to Raymond.

\*

USHER

Thank you, you can proceed down to Row A...

An ACADEMY OFFICIAL sidles over, barring his arm in front of Camille and showing her away.

\*

\*

ACADEMY OFFICIAL

And if you'll follow me, Miss, I'll show you where you'll be sitting...

\*

RAYMOND

Hold on -- she's sitting with me --

CAMILLE

My ticket says Row A...

(CONTINUED)

ACADEMY OFFICIAL  
Yes, well, I was told you preferred  
not to be in the auditorium...

\*

RAYMOND

*WHAT???* No no no no no.

CAMILLE

(flabbergasted)

Sir, I *PREFER* to sit in Row A,  
which is what it says on my *ticket*--

\*

The Official now moves, blocking the door.

\*

ACADEMY OFFICIAL

It's not *my* decision, Miss, it's  
the Producers. I'm just doing what  
I was told...

\*

\*

ANGLE ON Jack and Camille seeing the kerfuffle and rush over.

JACK

*What the hell's going on here?*

CLAIRE

*She's up for Best Actress! You're  
letting her in that room!*

Camille turns to them, firm:

CAMILLE

Thank you, but I don't need you to  
fight my battles for me.

\*

She turns back to the Official, a fire in her eye, pushing  
down the rage welling in her eye as she tries to stay calm,  
her voice breaking.

\*

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Sir. I don't know what you've been  
told, but I am going to count to  
three, then I am going to walk into  
that ceremony and take my seat in  
the front row. Now, if you don't  
move out of the way, *I will knock  
your goddamn teeth out, I swear to  
GOD and then I will start yelling  
FIRE in this theatre and there  
won't BE a ceremony so you think  
for a minute about what those  
PRODUCERS of yours are going to  
prefer. You do NOT want to fuck  
with me, sir, I promise you that.*

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The Official stands stunned, his stomach in his shoes. Jack, Claire and Raymond are slack-jawed. The man clears his throat and steps aside. Contrite. \*

ACADEMY OFFICIAL \*

Good luck, tonight, Miss. I hope you win.

She flashes a gracious smile, genuine. Movie star:

CAMILLE \*

Why, thank you very much, sir.

She takes Raymond by the arm and walks him in. He's speechless. She doesn't say a word.

CAMILLE'S POV as she walks down the aisle. Lavish and glittering, every eye on her as they make their way to the front row. She feels like she's floating, enchanted. In what feels like slow motion, men stand as she passes, some attendees burst out into small rounds of applause as she passes.

They arrive at the front row, and she sits, the first seat on the aisle. A moment, then she turns to Raymond.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Now *this* is more like it.

Off her smile we CUT TO:

19 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- GREEN ROOM -- LATER 19

CLOSE ON a RADIO broadcasting the awards. Pull back to reveal Avis pacing a LARGE GREEN ROOM with a wet bar, as Ernie and Miss Kincaid listen in. There are around twenty others in attendance, smoking drinking and catching up with old friends.

WOMAN (V.O.)

*And the Academy Award for Best Editing goes to -- Francis Lyon and Robert Parrish for Body and Soul...*

Over applause and music from the radio.

ERNIE

*That piece a' shit?! You gotta be kidding me.*

AVIS

(exploding)

*FUUUUCK this NIGHT!!!*

(CONTINUED)

MISS KINCAID  
Avis, darling, have a drink.

AVIS  
We're gonna get swept. First sound recording, then *this?* They're *PUNISHING ME*. For being a *WOMAN...*

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*And now, from the upcoming motion picture FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE, please welcome -- Jeanne Crandall --*

CUT TO:

INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- THAT MOMENT

Applause as JEANNE CRANDALL walks up to the microphone. In the front row, we FIND Camille, smiling, next to Raymond, then Dick Samuels and his partner, JOHN.

JEANNE CRANDALL  
*THANK YOU.* What an incredible year for supporting talent. As the star of the upcoming Ace Pictures movie about Lee Miller, where I play *Lee Miller*, I know how important support can be. That said, I'd like to thank *MY* co-star Elizabeth Taylor, who *always* had a kind word. *"That was wonderful, Miss Crandall."* *"You're a real star, Miss Crandall."* So important.  
(then)  
And now, the nominees for Best Actress in a Supporting Role.

Dick shifts in his seat, nervous.

JEANNE CRANDALL (CONT'D)  
Celeste Holm, Gentleman's Agreement. Anna Revere, Gentlemen's Agreement. Gloria Grahame, Crossfire. Anna May Wong, Meg.

Find ANNA in the audience, STEELING HERSELF. PUSH IN on Anna. \*

JEANNE CRANDALL (CONT'D)  
Marjorie Main, The Egg and I. And the Oscar goes to...

She opens the envelope, then closes her eyes, relishing the moment. Grandiose:

(CONTINUED)

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20 CONTINUED: 20

JEANNE CRANDALL (CONT'D)  
ANNA MAY WONG. \*

Anna looses a stunned gasp. Dick explodes out of his seat with a cheer. Raymond leaps to his feet.

21 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- GREEN ROOM -- THAT MOMENT 21

Avis, Miss Kincaid and Ernie erupt with SCREAMS and HUGS.

22 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- MOMENTS LATER 22

Jeanne hands Anna the statuette. She moves to the mic, her voice breaking, trying to tamp down the emotion as she receives, at long last...a standing ovation. She's finally SEEN. At first she is so overcome with emotion she cannot speak. INTERCUT WITH: \*

A23 INT. LOS ANGELES CHINATOWN APARTMENT -- INTERCUT A23 \*

An IMMIGRANT CHINESE FAMILY of six explodes with joy and disbelief. They hug each other, crying and overwhelmed as they huddle around the radio. This is their victory as well. It's incredibly emotional. The 18-year-old DAUGHTER who works as a laundress hushes them, Anna May is about to speak. \*

B23 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- INTERCUT B23 \*

ANNA MAY WONG  
What an honor to be standing here tonight, as the first actress of Chinese descent to win this award. \*

C23 INT. LOS ANGELES CHINATOWN APARTMENT -- INTERCUT C23 \*

The family clutches each other, the daughter begins to silently cry. She sees a way out now, a path to something better. \*

D23 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- RESUME D23 \*

ANNA MAY WONG  
Not for putting on yellow face and playing a racial stereotype, but for playing a woman. A complex woman with a heart and a soul -- thank you, Avis Amberg, Ace Pictures and especially Dick Samuels and Raymond Ainslie -- you gave my life purpose again. I share this with you -- \*

(CONTINUED)

Applause and music as we find Dick in the audience, tears streaming down his cheeks. He looks over to Raymond, who's also crying. Dick and Ray lock eyes. A moment between them.

Camille pulls Raymond's handkerchief out of his suit pocket and hands it to him. John pulls out his and gives it to Dick. \*

DICK

Thank God this isn't televised.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

*And now, to present the award for  
Outstanding Performance by an Actor  
in a Supporting Role -- ERNEST  
BORGNINE...*

Applause as Ernest Borgnine takes the stage.

ANGLE ON: Jack as he looks nervously to Claire and takes her hand. \*

JACK

Here we go...

ERNEST BORGNINE

The nominees for Best Supporting Actor are: Jack Castello, Meg. Charles Bickford, The Farmer's Daughter. Richard Widmark, Kiss of Death. Thomas Gomez, Ride the Pink Horse. Edmund Gwenn, Miracle on 34th Street...

\*  
\*

CLAIRE

(leaning into Jack)  
You're gonna win, I know it.

\*  
\*  
\*

ERNEST BORGNINE

And the winner is Edmund Gwenn, Miracle on 34th Street.

\*  
\*  
\*

Edmund bounds to the stage as "Here Comes Santa Claus" plays. We find Raymond, then Dick, then Claire. Crushed. Claire is almost crying.

\*  
\*  
\*

But not Jack. He is...smiling. And cheering the loudest for old Edmund. Claire is stunned by this. Jack keeps clapping and leans over to her and in her ear, low and sexy --

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

Not my year.

\*  
\*

He smiles as Edmund begins his speech, a total leading man hero. Off Claire, looking at him with total love and admiration --

\*  
\*  
\*

23 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- GREEN ROOM -- FIVE MINUTES LATER 23

Jack is at the bar with his friends -- Avis, Ernie, Miss Kincaid, and Claire. He's still all smooth elegance.

\*  
\*

ERNIE

Fuck, I thought you had it in the bag!

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

Ernie, it's okay. I'm actually thrilled Santa Claus won.

\*  
\*  
\*

MISS KINCAID

Why?

\*  
\*

JACK

'Cause if he lost I woulda stopped believing in him.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

They all laugh. Jack pauses. Takes a moment as he looks at his smiling supportive group of friends. \*

JACK (CONT'D) \*  
Can you all just...let me do \*  
something here? \*

AVIS \*  
Anything. \*

JACK \*  
Can I read my speech to you? I \*  
prepared something if I won and I'd \*  
hate for it to go to waste. \*

They all egg him on with cries of "For sure!" And "of course!" He pulls out a piece of folded paper from his pocket. Pauses. He starts to read with conviction and strength. \*

JACK (CONT'D) \*  
I should like to thank the Academy \*  
of Motion Pictures for honoring our \*  
film Meg. But I cannot possibly \*  
accept this award myself. I can \*  
accept it only on behalf of my \*  
friends and betters. My fellow \*  
nominees: to hear my name mentioned \*  
in the same breath as yours is a \*  
singular honor of my life. My \*  
friends -- my family: Camille, \*  
Rock, Claire, Raymond, Dick, Miss \*  
Kincaid, Archie, Ernie, Mrs. \*  
Amberg: this award belongs to you. \*  
For your courage in making a film \*  
that matters. Thank you for \*  
allowing me to be a small part of \*  
something that matters. All my life \*  
I wanted to be somebody. But \*  
winning this award, I realize that \*  
being somebody doesn't mean a thing \*  
unless you're somebody to someone. \*  
Claire....will you make me \*  
somebody? Will you marry me? \*

He pauses, gets down on one knee, looks up to her, grins. \*

JACK (CONT'D) \*  
I really was gonna ask you in front \*  
of the world. \*  
(beat) \*  
Claire Wood, will you marry me? \*

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23 CONTINUED: (2) 23

CLAIRE \*  
(exploding) \*  
YES! YES OF COURSE I WILL! \*

She leaps into his arms as they're wrapped in embraces and cheering. Everyone in the room cheers and is crying. ANGLE \*  
ON: the radio.

GEORGE MURPHY (V.O.)  
*And now, the nominees for Best  
Original Screenplay...*

24 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- THAT MOMENT 24

GEORGE MURPHY stands at the podium, envelope in hand.

(CONTINUED)

24

GEORGE MURPHY  
Sidney Sheldon, The Bachelor and  
the Bobby-Soxer. Archie Coleman,  
Meg. Abraham Polonsky, Body and  
Soul.

FIND Rock squeezing Archie's hand. He looks him in the eye.

ROCK  
I love you.

ARCHIE  
I love you.

GEORGE MURPHY  
Charlie Chaplin, Monsieur Verdoux.  
Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, A  
Double Life...

Archie blows out a lungful of air, then looks up at the  
stage, ready. George Murphy opens the envelope.

GEORGE MURPHY (CONT'D)  
And the Oscar goes to Archie  
Coleman for Meg.

25 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- GREEN ROOM -- THAT MOMENT 25

Jack and Avis et al LOSE THEIR SHIT. PANDEMONIUM. \*

26 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- THAT MOMENT 26

UTTERLY STUNNED, Archie sits there a moment, NUMB, as Rock  
shakes him excitedly amidst the roaring applause. Archie  
woozes to his feet and embraces Rock, emotional. Then KISSES  
him on the lips to a shocked OOO from the crowd.

ANGLE ON the front row, embracing and cheering as Archie  
climbs onto the stage, taking the trophy. \*

A27 INT. CHICAGO APARTMENT -- NIGHT A27 \*

A thin natty GAY BLACK MAN (late 20s) sits alone, eating his  
dinner. He explodes out of his chair with emotion. Elation. \*  
He cannot believe someone like him is being recognized by the \*  
world. \*

B27 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- RESUME B27 \*

Archie pauses, then -- \*

ARCHIE  
I don't know that I can do this,  
I'm speechless.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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B27 CONTINUED: B27

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

This is an unbelievable honor --  
thank you to the first female  
studio head, Avis Amberg --

27 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- GREEN ROOM -- THAT MOMENT 27

Avis listens, moved.

ARCHIE (V.O.)

Without your bravery, I'm not  
standing up here right now.

28 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- THAT MOMENT 28

ARCHIE

Thank you, Dick Samuels for keeping me on this movie when everybody in the world was telling you it'd be the end of your career. To Raymond, I couldn't imagine doing this with anybody else, and to my boyfriend, Rock Hudson, you're the love of my life --

The audience MURMURS, uncomfortable.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

-- *yeah, you say whatever you want, I'm too happy* --

Half the audience laughs and CHEERS.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

-- also my buddies Jack, Ernie...

Angle on Henry Willson in the audience, no one is thanking him and he's bitter. \*

HENRY \*

(lowly, to himself) \*

And to Henry Willson, who produced the fucking thing... \*

ARCHIE \*

(then, emotional) \*

And to everybody listening -- your story's important, too. Don't go thinking otherwise. Don't let your story go untold. You are important, your life has value. You go out and you live your life with your head held high and you tell your story 'cuz I'm proof that there's folks out there who want to hear it. Thank you. \*

The audience ROARS with applause as we CUT TO:

29 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- GREEN ROOM -- THAT MOMENT 29

The Green Room is APESHIT.

A30 INT. CHICAGO APARTMENT -- NIGHT A30 \*

The GAY BLACK MAN slowly sinks to his knees, crying, overcome with joy and emotion as on the radio he hears: \*

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: A30

DONALD CRISP (V.O.) (PRE-LAPPED)  
*And now, the nominees for Best  
Director, Donald Crisp.*

\*

30 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- THAT MOMENT 30

Applause as Raymond and Camille share a nervous look:

DONALD CRISP (V.O.)  
Elia Kazan, Gentleman's Agreement.  
George Cukor, A Double Life.

Raymond turns and looks a few rows behind him to GEORGE CUKOR, who gives him a knowing thumbs-up.

DONALD CRISP  
Henry Koster, The Bishop's Wife.  
David Lean, Great Expectations.  
And Raymond Ainslie, Meg.

Raymond closes his eyes as DONALD opens the envelope.

DONALD CRISP (CONT'D)  
And the Academy Award goes to...

PUSH IN ON RAY, he's a wreck. MUSIC SURGES AS WE CUT TO:

31 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- BACKSTAGE -- 48 FPS 31

CLOSE ON the OSCAR clutched in a hand at someone's side. It begins to move in SLO MOTION. Widen to reveal it's RAYMOND, making his way off the stage, beaming. Congratulations from stage hands and PAs as he walks out of frame and into --

32 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- GREEN ROOM -- CONTINUOUS -- 48 FPS 32

Raymond walks in to a RAUCOUS CHEER still in SLO MOTION. Jumping up and down. Jump cuts as Jack embraces him, Ernie slaps him on the ass, Miss Kincaid gives him a big kiss on the mouth. Playful and fun. Raymond sees Avis, walks over, then kneels, fun, head down, holding the Oscar out like a scepter offered to the Queen. She slaps his shoulder, guffawing as she pulls him into a warm embrace. Pure joy.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (PRE-LAPPED)  
Ladies and Gentlemen, Vivien Leigh.

CUT TO:

33 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- CONTINUOUS 33 \*

Applause as camera follows VIVIEN LEIGH to the mic. His backstage duties over, Raymond quickly takes his seat next to Camille with a smile that says, "it's gonna be you," but she stiffens a little in her seat, her heart racing. This is it.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIEN LEIGH

Thank you. There were so many outstanding performances this year, and five of the most moving came from this year's nominees for Best Actress. We met a farm girl, a schoolteacher, a jilted lover, an aspiring actress, and a nightclub singer, and each one of them made us think, made us feel, made us better people than we were before. It is my honor to present this year's nominees. They are -- Loretta Young, The Farmer's Daughter. Joan Crawford, Possessed. Rosalind Russell, Mourning Becomes Electra. Camille Washington, Meg. Susan Hayward, Smash Up, the Story of a Woman. And the winner is...

ANGLE ON: The tympani rolls in the pit.

PUSH IN on Camille, the sound of her breathing.

34 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- GREEN ROOM -- THAT MOMENT 34

Everyone huddled around the radio. Silent.

A35 INT. SHARECROPPERS SHACK -- ALABAMA -- THAT MOMENT A35 \*

A BLACK POOR FAMILY with two YOUNG DAUGHTERS have stopped breathing. \*

35 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- THAT MOMENT 35

Vivien opens the envelope. Relishing:

VIVIEN LEIGH

*Ladies and Gentlemen the winner is...for Meg, Miss Camille Washington.* \*

The audience EXPLODES in applause. Raymond and Dick leap to their feet, kissing her and shouting, but the sound goes fuzzy, but for ringing in her ears. Camera stays on Camille's face, shocked, the sound muffled, as she walks up to the stage. INTERCUT: \*

A36 INT. SHARECROPPERS SHACK -- ALABAMA -- THAT MOMENT A36 \*

The black family and the two young girls explode with joy and triumph and tears. \*

B36	INT. CHINATOWN APARMENT -- THAT MOMENT	B36	*
	The Chinese family explodes with joy and triumph.		*
C36	INT. CHICAGO APARTMENT -- NIGHT	C36	*
	The black gay man is now literally dancing with joy and disbelief.		*
D36	INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- RESUME	D36	*
	Camille takes the Oscar from Vivien's hand, then turns to the crowd. Sees a packed house on their feet cheering. Overwhelmed by the moment, she looks down at the statue in her hands to make sure it's real. The applause dies down as the audience takes their seats, now an air of anticipation about the words she will choose to meet this moment. A beat of silence, then, the dizziness passes and she is there, completely in the moment, poised -- A <i>TRUE MOVIE STAR</i> .		*

CAMILLE

Thank you all. Thank you so much to the Academy, to Ace Pictures, Miss Ellen Kincaid -- thank you -- wow.

(wry)

This is very humbling for a kid from Altoona.

Then, emotion starts to well up in her voice.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

It makes me think about when I was a little girl, walking down the street, I got called a lot of things. 'Movie star' wasn't one of them. We were poor -- my daddy worked in the coal mines -- but every time he could spare a quarter, I'd escape to the movies. I'd stay and watch the same one two, three times. I loved looking up at that screen, getting spirited away to someplace else. But I'd be sitting there, and I kept *waiting* to see somebody show up on screen who looked like me. A girl with skin the color of mine who was smart and strong and *glamorous*. Thank you so much, Academy, for changing history tonight --

(fighting emotion)

-- for making sure that there's never a little girl looking up at that screen ever again being told there are *limits* on what she can achieve. On who she can be. Because she can be anything. I'm living proof. And to my brilliant, kind and visionary director --

\*  
\*

ANGLE on Ray, weeping.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I love you. Thank you.

The audience erupts again. MUSIC AS WE SMASH TO:

36 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- GREEN ROOM -- MONTAGE 36

Camille steps through the doors, sheepishly, tears streaming. PANDEMONIUM. Jack, Claire, Avis, Miss Kincaid, Ernie, all mob her with excitement. JUMP CUTS of the tears and cheering, CAMILLE SEES SOMETHING --

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

REVEAL Hattie McDaniel standing there in the corner alone in \*  
an amazing gown, looking at her, tears streaming down her \*  
face. She smiles, emotional. Camille pauses, then walks over \*  
to her. The room goes silent with emotion. \*

HATTIE MCDANIEL \*  
They let me in this time. \*

Camille throws herself into Hattie's arms. \*

Over tears and cheering, we SLOW PAN OUT as we hear cuts of \*  
the Announcer over the radio. \*

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36 CONTINUED: (2) 36

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*Ronald Coleman takes home the  
trophy for a Double Life. It's his  
first Academy Award --*

Raymond runs in. A romantic kiss with Camille. \*

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*Edward Seltzer's Tweetie Pie wins  
for Best Documentary Short Subject--*

37 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- LATER -- MONTAGE 37

The cast sits back down in the Auditorium.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*Jack Cardiff wins Best  
Cinematography for Black  
Narcissus...*

END MONTAGE AS  
WE CUT TO:

38 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE -- LATER 38

Avis sits down in the theatre now, frozen -- Ellen and Ernie next to her. She stares ahead, so nervous. FIND Henry in front of her, also paralyzed.

FREDRIC MARCH  
*...Avis Amberg and Henry Willson  
with Ace Pictures for Meg. And  
Ronald Neame and Universal Studios  
for Great Expectations. And the  
winner for Best Motion Picture  
is...*

Dick watches, heart in his throat. CLOSE ON FREDRIC MARCH'S FINGERS OPENING THE ENVELOPE in SLO MOTION. Avis reaches over and grabs Miss Kincaid's hand and we MATCH CUT TO:

39 INT. ACADEMY THEATRE--BACKSTAGE PHOTO AREA--10 MINUTES LATER

FLASH! CLOSE ON AVIS' HAND CLUTCHING THE OSCAR. Reveal Raymond and Camille and Archie, Oscars in hand flanking Avis and Anna May with their Oscars as they pose in a clump for ENDLESS photos. Their faces ache with the smiling as PHOTOGRAPHERS BARK at them. Anna May leans in, sotto:

ANNA MAY WONG  
*How long do we have to stand here?*

(CONTINUED)

AVIS  
*Sweetie, I could stand here all  
night...*

Henry elbows over behind Avis, impatient:

HENRY  
I'm a Producer, it's *my* turn to  
hold it.

AVIS  
(smiling, not looking at  
him)  
*I'm NEVER letting you hold it,  
Henry...*

From the cacophony, we hear Hedda Hopper bark a question: \*

HEDDA HOPPER \*  
*How does it feel, Avis?*

AVIS  
I'll tell you how I feel, Hedda. \*  
Nobody wanted to make this movie.  
Well, I say, you wanna get  
something done --  
(hoisting the Oscar)  
-- *let a woman do it.*

More pictures. Avis gestures to Archie.

AVIS (CONT'D)  
Archie? Come stand by me for a sec.

He does. More flashbulbs. She leans over to him. Quietly --

AVIS (CONT'D)  
I'm renewing your contract for five  
more years, double your salary,  
write whatever you want.  
(beat)  
Don't you worry about a thing.  
(with emotion as he looks  
at her stunned)  
Not a thing.

A tear in her eye, she flashes a million dollar smile again  
and we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

Find Rock Hudson, eating lunch at a two-top, alone.

(CONTINUED)

CHYRON: **ONE YEAR LATER**

Angle on Henry Willson walking in, looking around and seeing Rock. He takes a deep breath then walks over. Rock sees him coming, suddenly panicked.

HENRY  
Hello, Rock.

ROCK  
What do you want?  
(as Henry sits)  
I didn't invite you to sit down.

HENRY  
I know. Listen. I get it. You're mad at me. I was mad at me, too! FILLED with self-loathing. For years. That's why I behaved badly. Not just with you, but with others, and for a LONG time. And that's not an excuse, I know. But it IS part of it -- that I didn't really like who I was. And maybe I never WILL, but I know that's not your problem. Point is, I'm here to say I'm sorry. For what I did to you. I mean I also got you your start in this town, but still. I'm sorry. Really, I am. I don't know whether you can get over it or not.

Rock's eyes well, deeply traumatized.

ROCK  
Yeah, Henry, I'm not really sure I can, either...

HENRY  
Okay, look --

Henry sees Rock's anguish and changes tack, genuine, seeing a half-apology won't do. Sincere:

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Look. I -- I took advantage of you. I'm telling you, truly, I really regret that now. I wish I hadn't done it...

He sees Rock actively not buying it. He crumples a bit.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (CONT'D)

I've been sober for six months. And I've been going to these men's meetings. Not just about the booze, but about -- you know, about being like you and me -- about how it ain't some *perversion*, so I ain't gotta *ACT* like I'm some kinda degenerate, you know what I mean? And I met somebody. A man who I've been seeing for a while now, and it's serious. He's my age, in case you were wondering. And I've made a *vow*, like a solemn *VOW*, like a *get on my knees vow*, that I will never take advantage of another person ever again, okay? I mean it. And I know sayin' that is just sayin' it -- I get that -- it doesn't undo any of the hurt I caused, but still? I needed to say it. I'm asking you to forgive me. I'm *begging* you, as a matter of fact.

Rock sits back, still wounded, and still fearing this man and what he is capable of. After a beat:

ROCK

I'm not sure I can do that.

HENRY

Okay.

ROCK

I still have *nightmares* about you, Henry --

HENRY

Okay.

ROCK

So thank you for saying those things and all, but *forgive you*? I don't think I can do that.

A beat. Henry takes this in, contrite.

HENRY

I understand. Thank you for hearing me out.

(then, leaning in)

I want to try to make it up to you.

(CONTINUED)

ROCK  
(smelling a rat)  
Honestly, Henry, there's no need --

HENRY  
Come on. Just listen. Ever since you and Archie walked the red carpet at the Oscars together as man and wife, he's been okay -- he's probably gonna get another Oscar nomination for the Sojourner Truth movie -- but you've *struggled*. You haven't gotten any good parts, have you?

ROCK  
They don't know what to do with me. I think folks knowin' I'm queer, that means there's just some parts I can't play, you know? And what with the death threats...

(then, resolute)  
But I really don't care, if I'm honest. I'm finally free. To be who I am. If I can't act, fine. I've gotten into bansai lately, I'll just do that. You know them little Japanese trees? You really gotta take care of 'em, you know? And it's meditative --

HENRY  
Okay, *FUCK* that. Listen to me. I am developing a movie -- a love story -- a love story between two men. It'll be the first homo love story ever made. And not a *porno*, mind you, a genuine *love story*. Raymond Ainslie is interested in directing, Jack Castello has bravely agreed to play the confused male ingenue, and the lead role is...for you.

ROCK  
(after a beat, stunned)  
But -- they're never gonna make a movie like that.

HENRY  
Well, we'll see. Avis Amberg might. I was gonna take it to her last week, but then, with the untimely *death*, you know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (4) 40

HENRY (CONT'D)

She's real broken up about it and I  
wanted to give her some time...

Camera starts to PULL BACK.

ROCK

Yeah, that was real sad. He was a  
great guy. I didn't even know he  
was sick!

HENRY

(with quiet emotion)  
Nobody did...

CUT TO:

41 INT. HOLLYWOOD FUNERAL PARLOR -- DAY 41

Archie, Jack and Ray walk through the crowded parlor of an  
upscale funeral home, mournful. Close on Jack, not teary,  
just heavy with the magnitude of the loss.

JACK

He changed my life. More than  
*anybody*, I think. *ALL* our lives,  
really...

ARCHIE

The man was a legend.

RAYMOND

I know *I'll* never forget him...

They walk inside a packed room, just in time, as everyone  
takes their seats. Raymond sits next to Camille, Jack next to  
Claire, Archie next to Rock. A hush as Miss Kincaid walks up  
to a small podium next to a casket adorned with flowers. She  
clears her throat, barely able to speak.

MISS KINCAID

Thanks to all of you for coming. So  
many familiar faces -- that we're  
all here is a testament to the  
person we're remembering today --  
his humor, his *joi de vivre*, just  
one of the funniest, most *alive*  
people you could ever have the  
pleasure to know.

(with difficulty)

He'd been sick for *years*, and he  
didn't let anybody know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MISS KINCAID (CONT'D)

I think he thought he could lick it  
by sheer force of *will* -- and by  
god, if anybody could, it'd be *him*  
-- but finally, the cancer took  
over.

She looks over to the casket, where Dick Samuels lies, dead.  
Find Ernie in the front row, crying.

MISS KINCAID (CONT'D)

Dick Samuels was simply a *giant*. I  
worked alongside him almost every  
day for the last twenty-seven years  
-- so I think it's fair for me to  
say that he changed this town.  
Without Dick Samuels, you just  
don't have 'Meg'.

Find Avis, devastated.

MISS KINCAID (CONT'D)

And since 'Meg' -- an award winner  
and the biggest box office  
performer of 1948 -- we have seen  
the face of Hollywood change -- as  
of right now, fully half the films  
in development star women or  
colored people, and half of *those*  
films will be directed or produced  
by women. Without Dick Samuels,  
that simply doesn't happen. Just  
ask any of the handsome white men  
who were starring in pictures just  
a few years ago -- these days,  
they're all playing the comic  
relief! They're the sidekicks with  
the blacked out tooth!

The audience chuckles. Jack turns to Claire, wry.

JACK

Don't I know it...

MISS KINCAID

There has been a sea change, hasn't  
there? Finally.

(with emotion)

Thank you, Dick. For that...and all  
the rest.

(pauses, overcome --)

I'd like to introduce Dick's  
partner, John, who asked to say a  
few words. John?

41

As John walks up to the podium. A beat, then, emotional:

JOHN

Thank you. I found love late in  
life, but I'm grateful to God for  
every moment Dick and I were able  
to share together. On the night he  
died -- it was one of the last  
things he said to me -- Dick looked  
up to me and he wasn't sad or  
scared, he just said to me, real  
peaceful, "I died an honest man."

(then)

That's what we all hope for, to be  
able to say that about the lives  
we've lived when we arrive at our  
last day. I think it gives us all  
something to strive after.  
Something to hope for...

Camera pulls back, over this crowd all gathered to mourn this  
man, every person in the room moved to tears...

CUT TO:

42

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FUNERAL PARLOR -- DAY

42

The mourners spill out of the funeral parlor. Find Avis,  
still crying, trying to pull herself together, as Henry  
hurries over.

HENRY

*Avis -- wait up.*

As he sidles up next to her:

HENRY (CONT'D)

We gotta do something, don't you  
think?

AVIS

What do you mean?

HENRY

To memorialize Dick. To make sure  
people don't just forget about him.

AVIS

So what? A scholarship?

HENRY

Well, yeah, that too, but -- stop  
for a second.

(CONTINUED)

She turns to him, struck to see a Henry Willson looking back at her that is both utterly guileless and totally serious. \*

HENRY (CONT'D) \*

I wanna make a picture -- the first romantic movie about two men. Two men who fall in love. I want Archie Coleman to write it, I've talked to Ray Ainslie about directing, Jack Castello's on board and I want Rock Hudson to play the lead. What do you say? \*

A beat, as she considers this. \*

HENRY (CONT'D) \*

I'm aware, there will be protests. \*

AVIS \*

Yes. \*

HENRY \*

And death threats. \*

AVIS \*

Of course. \*

HENRY \*

And the threat of lost income, which sadly always seems to accompany social change. \*

(then) \*

But then I think...what would Dick say? What would he do? \*

AVIS \*

He'd say fuck 'em. And he'd change the world. \*

HENRY \*

(eyes welling) \*

Yes. \*

Avis pauses, overcome. Then -- \*

AVIS \*

For Dick? Sure. I think it's a great idea. Keep the budget down, but consider it greenlit. \*

She walks off. Off Henry, finally the man he was meant to be we CUT TO: \*

43 INT. GOLDEN TIP GASOLINE -- GARAGE -- DAY 43

MUSIC PLAYS as camera PANS off a wall of fan belts to Henry Willson as Ernie shows him around the garage.

HENRY

What are those things? Look like big rubber bands...

ERNIE

You kiddin' me? Those are fan belts. Connects the cooling fan to the crankshaft. Don't tell me you've never worked on an engine before...

HENRY

God, no. I don't even know how to pop the hood.

(then)

Since the movie, I see you're working all the time. Great parts, too. Well done.

(then, conspiratorial)

I heard the station's for sale.

ERNIE

Who told ya that?

HENRY

Friends in high places. I also heard from a mouthy little birdie that you're selling 'cause most days you're not feeling so great. I'm sorry for that Ernest, I truly am.

ERNIE

You're wrong about that.

HENRY

Really, do tell -- I'm all ears.

ERNIE

I'm selling cause actually since Meg -- and all the headlines and the success and the scandal over Archie and Rock lip locking on the red carpet? Business is down with the queer clientele, and that was 75 percent of my business.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Yes, I've felt that around town,  
and I've certainly felt it myself.

(beat)

A refusal to accept shame any  
longer. Some guys made out of my  
kind of shoe leather have been very  
vocal about how they're tired of  
skulking in the shadows, tired of  
feeling like criminals...of their  
lives being a series of sordid  
fantasies instead of honest open  
fulfillments. I suppose Archie and  
Rock showed them another path.

(another beat)

But of course, only in some of the  
bigger more liberal cities.

ERNIE

Still, it's a start.

HENRY

Sure. Hold a guys hand in public  
walking down the street, you wait  
for the brick in the back of the  
head. It doesn't come, then the  
next thing you know your fella's  
wanting to play house...wants to go  
to the grocery store, pour over the  
Sears catalog, agog at the eyelet  
curtain options. Have you ever  
spent a Saturday picking out some  
cheerful daffodil-colored linoleum  
for the kitchen? I have, Ernie.

(a beat)

Kinda makes you wistful for the  
days of secretive sodomy and late  
night crocheting.

Ernie laughs, he likes Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(a beat, draws him close,  
conspiratorial)

I have a suggestion.

ERNIE

Shoot.

HENRY \*  
Whatta ya say we go around back to \*  
the old shed...and you slap me \*  
around a little bit, shove your big \*  
pickle in my mouth and call me \*  
Helen. \*

ERNIE \*  
Henry baby...I'm in love with \*  
Kincaid...and I'm retired. \*

HENRY \*  
I was kidding. \*

He wasn't. \*

AD (O.S.)  
*Mr. West? You're in the shot!*

Reveal a camera on a crane and an ENTIRE MOVIE CREW set up at  
the gas station.

43

They walk past Rock, pacing as he mumbles his lines,  
desperate to remember them. Ernie slaps him on the back: \*

ERNIE \*  
Knock 'em dead, kid. \*  
(to Henry) \*  
Nothin' like the first shot of a \*  
movie, huh? The *electricity*... \*

They ease into chairs behind the camera, where Ray and Archie  
sit. Raymond leans over to Archie, sincere, script in hand. \*

RAYMOND \*  
Thanks for doing this, Arch. \*  
(re: the script) \*  
Script's *fantastic*... \*

ARCHIE \*  
(a grin) \*  
Well, you know what they say -- \*  
*write what you know*... \*

Raymond smiles, then down to business. \*

RAYMOND \*  
All right, roll camera... \*

A 2ND AC holds a slate up in front of the camera on the crane  
and slates. \*

2ND AC \*  
*Dreamland. Scene 4, take 1.* \*

He smacks the slate closed and runs off. \*

RAYMOND \*  
A-a-a-and. *Action!* \*

SMASH TO: \*

44 EXT. GOLDEN TIP GASOLINE -- BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE 44 \*

Camera cranes down to find a car pulling into the station. It  
stops at a pump with a DING. Inside is JACK, in costume,  
looking nervous. His hands grip the wheel. His character's  
never done this before. In fact, he doesn't even *know* exactly  
what he's doing. \*

Rock Hudson in his pump jockey outfit, saunters over and  
leans into the window. Suddenly, Rock's not nervous or  
tentative -- he's relaxed and self-assured. Confident. It's  
as clear as day -- *ROCK HUDSON IS A MOVIE STAR.* \*

(CONTINUED)

He holds a second, letting the camera take him in. Pitch- \*  
perfect nervous, Jack doesn't look over. \*

ROCK \*  
Howdy, sailor. What can I do for \*  
you? \*

JACK \*  
I'd -- I'd like to go to *Dreamland*. \*

A beat. Rock flashes a million dollar smile, then: \*

ROCK \*  
Sure thing. \*  
(climbing in) \*  
I'll take you there... \*

The camera cranes up as the car pulls away and MUSIC SURGES. \*

SMASH TO BLACK. \*

**END SEASON** \*