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PRODUCTION DRAFT
BLUE REVISIONS 12/19/16
PINK REVISIONS 1/24/17
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GREEN REVISIONS 3/1/17

FEUD

BETTE AND JOAN

STORY #P70294

"AND THE WINNER IS...
(THE OSCARS OF 1963)"

1WB05

WRITTEN BY

RYAN MURPHY

DIRECTED BY

RYAN MURPHY

CREATED BY

RYAN MURPHY

And

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REVISED PAGES: TITLE PAGE

RYAN MURPHY TELEVISION

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CAST LIST

Joan Crawford

Bette Davis

Olivia De Havilland

Hedda Hopper

Mamacita

Anne Bancroft

Geraldine Page

Frank Sinatra (omitted)*

George Cukor

Adam the Interviewer

Cathy Crawford*

Cindy Crawford*

Rip Torn

Maximilian Schell

Patty Duke

President Wendell Corey

David Lean

Bette's Agent

Oscar Producer

Stagehead

Studio Press Agent

Press Girl

Red Carpet Reporter

Reporter

Receptionist

Worker

Joan's Make-Up Artist

Bette's Make-Up Artist

Dresser

Bob Stack*

Eva Marie Stack*

Gregory Peck*

Jacky Lord*

Lee Remick*

Ed Begley*

LOCATION LIST

Crawford Residence (1963)

- EXT. Crawford Residence
- EXT. Patio -- Pool
- Foyer
- Living Room
- Joan's Bedroom

Bette's House (1963)

- Dining Room
- Living Room
- Kitchen

Santa Monica Civic Center (1963)

- EXT. Santa Monica Civic Center -- Red Carpet
- EXT./INT. Frank Sinatra's Backstage Dressing Room
- Press Room
- Oscar Auditorium
- Backstage
- Greenroom
- Hallway

EXT. Broadway Theatre (1963)

INT. Parisian Apartment (1963)

INT. Geraldine Page's New York Apartment (1963)

INT. Motion Picture Academy Offices (1963)

INT. Motion Picture Academy Offices -- President's Office (1963)

INT. Broadway Theater -- Backstage Dressing Room (1963)

INT. Interview Room (1978)

BLACK AND WHITE footage of early 1960s Hollywood.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Dateline: Hollywood, California!
Tinseltown readies itself for its
grandest of nights! The Academy
Awards!

FILE FOOTAGE of a draped life size Oscar unveiled.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This year's Oscars promises to be
an absolute nail biter between
favorites "Lawrence Of Arabia" and
"The Music Man." But the real
trouble in River City -- and the
race everyone is talking about --
is the contest to see who will be
crowned Best Actress of 1962!

Silent FOOTAGE of LEE REMICK in her garden.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Here's icy beauty Lee Remick,
nominated for her turn as Jack
Lemmon's boozy bride, passing the
time with a little gardening.
Skipping the wine and sticking to
roses, Lee?

ANNE BANCROFT signs autographs outside a Broadway theatre.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Kooky Anne Bancroft, who brought
her inimitable Annie Sullivan to
the screen in Arthur Penn's "The
Miracle Worker," will be working a
miracle herself to make the curtain
in her latest Broadway triumph!

GERALDINE PAGE walks her dogs on a New York street.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Golden Globe winner Geraldine Page
out walking her pooches. Will Oscar
follow the Globes' lead and give
Tennessee Williams' latest muse
Hollywood's highest honor?

FILE FOOTAGE of KATHARINE HEPBURN'S gated home. A painted
wood sign: "Please go away" and "Keep out."

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With her ninth nomination, screen legend Katharine Hepburn will not be making the Long Day's Journey to the west coast this year, as she plans once again to sit out the festivities in her Connecticut hideaway.

FLASH BULBS POP. A PRESS CONFERENCE with BETTE DAVIS, a STUDIO PRESS AGENT at her side.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But all the Vegas odds makers say the smart money is on Bette Davis. With her tenth nomination, it is widely expected that Miss Davis will be the first actress in Hollywood history to take home a third statuette for her flamboyant portrayal of the title character in director Robert Aldrich's grandest of Grand Guignol, "Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?"

Now WE HEAR the press conference. Bette is smoking.

BETTE

It's an honor just to be nominated.

REPORTER

Miss Davis, do you have any comment on the Academy snubbing your co-star, Joan Crawford?

BETTE

(irritated)
Define "snub?"

STUDIO PRESS AGENT

Next question!

As REPORTER VOICES OVER-LAP:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

One thing's for sure, no matter who wins, history will be made in three weeks when Frank Sinatra hosts the 35th Academy Awards!

Smash to TITLES:

FEUD

2 INT. STUDIO -- DAY -- 1978

2

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND reminisces. Painful memories.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

The '62 Oscars...yes. I'd have to say that's when things took such an ugly turn. Not that things had been sunshine and lollipops up until then. But it was the Academy Awards that year that became the point of no return for both Bette and Joan.

She pauses.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (CONT'D)

I truly believe the ladies could have put aside their natural personal enmity, but there were so many others who profited by keeping them at each others' throats; the studio, the publicity people -- and of course, the columnists. Can you imagine the press pitting two male stars against each other? Mr. Newman and Mr. Redford, for example? It simply wouldn't happen. Nor do I think the boys would play along. But with us gals...well. I know first hand; unscrupulous reporters did all they could to sow hatred between myself and my own sister.

ADAM THE INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

The actress Joan Fontaine is your younger sister --

*

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Not that much younger, but yes.

ADAM THE INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

So there is no feud between you two?

*

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

(treading carefully)

A feud implies continuing hostile conduct between two parties. I cannot think of a single instance wherein I initiated hostile behavior.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM THE INTERVIEWER (O.S.) *
You refused to speak to her
backstage after your 1947 Oscar
win --

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
(bristles)
You're referring to that famous
picture in Photoplay Magazine. I am
not turning my back on my sister in
that photograph. I didn't see her
there. You can't begin to
understand the kind of pressure the
Academy Awards puts on one. Which
brings us back to Bette and the
other Joan...

(then)
It all began with the nominations,
of course. Joan was understandably
hurt about being snubbed. And I'm
afraid dear Bette didn't offer her
any solace. But Joan's always been
a fighter, and she wasn't about to
let a little detail like not being
nominated push her out of the
spotlight...

3 INT. MOTION PICTURE ACADEMY OFFICES -- DAY 3

JOAN CRAWFORD, dark glasses, turban, handbag tucked
imperiously in the crook of her arm, marches down the halls.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (V.O.)
The very day of the nominations,
Joan marched herself down to the
Motion Picture Academy and demanded
to see Mr. Wendell Corey, the
president of the Academy.

A flustered RECEPTIONIST sees her coming, picks up her phone:

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Corey, Joan Crawford's headed
this way. And she's not slowing
down...

Joan nods a curt greeting, then blows right by and through
the door marked "Wendell Cory: President."

4 INT. MOTION PICTURE ACADEMY -- PRESIDENT'S OFFICE -- DAY 4

Joan with WENDELL COREY, 46, the B-movie actor who serves as
president of the Academy.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT COREY

Joan, I can promise you, the vote tally is beyond reproach. The people at Price/Waterhouse --

JOAN

Oh, Wendell. I'm confident that under your stewardship everything here at the Academy is above board. I wish all our worthy nominees good luck and godspeed. I'm here to offer my services. As it happens I'm available to present this year. Either Best Picture or Best Director. You decide which.

PRESIDENT COREY

Oh. Well that's very generous.

JOAN

I'll require a few things. I'd appreciate it if the Academy paid for my hair and make-up, and of course provide a car and chauffeur.

PRESIDENT COREY

Well, we don't really do that with presenters...

JOAN

You'll do it with me. Or you'll have to explain to Mr. Leonard Goldenson, president of the American Broadcasting Company, why Joan Crawford isn't appearing on his network that evening. And why Pepsi Cola has opted to sponsor "Mr. Ed" over at CBS next season rather than "My Three Sons."

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

I think if Bette had said to even one reporter that she regretted Joan not getting a nod, so much of the unpleasantness could have been avoided. She was seen as cold and unsympathetic by some. But really she was nervous. Terribly so.

Olivia, reading a script, picks up the RINGING PHONE.

(CONTINUED)

OVERSEAS OPERATOR (V.O.)
I have a person-to-person call for
Miss De Havilland from Miss Davis.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Of course, operator! Bette!

BETTE (V.O.)
Livie! I have no idea what time it
is there. Did I wake you?

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
No. I was just reading what passes
for a script for this movie I've
been offered.

SPLIT SCREEN REVEALS:

INT. BETTE'S HOUSE -- DAY

BETTE
Anything in it for me?

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Not unless you want to play a wino
or a hoodlum. It's appalling,
really, how there aren't any decent
roles for women today. The title
alone makes one shudder. "Lady In A
Cage." The cage being a private
elevator in the home of a wealthy
poetess. I'd be stuck in it for the
duration, being terrorized by
delinquents and hop heads. Doesn't
that sound awful?

BETTE
Yes. And if you don't snap it up, I
will.

They both laugh.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Well, I very much doubt it'll bring
you your fourth Oscar.

BETTE
Don't jinx me. I haven't won the
third one yet.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
You will. And in just a few weeks
time, too. You know I'll be pulling
for you.

(CONTINUED)

BETTE

Pulling for me? You'll be sitting next to me.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Bette. You can't really expect me to fly all the way out there for an awards show?

BETTE

You bet your ass I do. I need you here, Livie. You can't begin to know what the newspapers have been saying about me.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

About you and Joan, you mean.

BETTE

Christ, not the French press too?

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

In any language, all they want is a cat fight. You've got to stop giving it to them.

BETTE

I know it. I should have been kinder. I wanted to be, but damn it, Livie -- she sets me off!

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

I know the impulse well. Whenever a reporter taunts me with something nasty The Dragon Lady has said about me, I want to respond in kind. But two words: no comment!

BETTE

Easy for you to say. My Joan is *worlds* worse than your Joan!

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Not possible. You know that bitch sister of mine has now taken to telling the press that I broke her collar bone when we were children? Can you imagine? She was always clumsy and now she's blaming me! Blaming me for imaginary injuries, for becoming a star first, for marrying better...and the press gobbles it up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Monsters.

BETTE
We're both getting a reputation.
That's why I need you by my side.
The goddamn Hollywood press won't
be able to say shit if I have
another woman of comparable stature
here supporting me.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Comparable to Joan's stature, you
mean.

BETTE
(without a trace of irony)
What else would I mean?

Olivia, LAUGHING merrily at the memory. She's very warm.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Bette was never easy. I learned
that in 1939 when I played her lady-
in-waiting in "The Private Lives of
Elizabeth and Essex." I think she
felt that was very appropriate
casting. Not that I mind. There can
only be one queen! But I know she
respects me. We both had two
Oscars. And she knew that winning a
third one didn't matter much to me.
So I wasn't her competition in that
sense. Or maybe she just never
viewed me as a threat...I suppose
in her mind I was always Melanie
Wilkes to her Scarlett O'Hara.
(a sly, secure smile)
Of course, I really was Melanie
Wilkes...

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Of course I'll be there, Bette.

BETTE
Good. It wouldn't be winning
without you.

10 INT. JOAN'S BRENTWOOD HOME -- DAY 10

Joan at her bar, pouring two drinks. Her mind troubled...

JOAN
Her third Oscar...

Joan carries the drinks over to HEDDA HOPPER, who takes one.

HEDDA HOPPER
You always did stink at math,
Joanie. Not her third Oscar. Her
tenth nomination. Her eighth loss.
That's how you have to think of it.

JOAN
But she's the odds on favorite.

Hedda can't deny the fact of it.

HEDDA HOPPER
That's because this town loves
nothing more than to bestow titles.
And they're itching to give that
old nag the triple crown. But we're
going to see she doesn't get it.

JOAN
How?

HEDDA HOPPER
Easy. There are, as of now, 655
academy members in your peer group
who will be casting a vote for Best
Actress. We only need to get to,
say, a hundred of them, and we can
tip this thing.

JOAN
Lobby the members to actually vote
against her?

HEDDA HOPPER
Why not?

JOAN
It could be mistaken as sour grapes
on my part.

HEDDA HOPPER
That's why you've got to stay
squeaky clean. You let me poison
the well. You're going to serve up
nothing but rainbows and moonbeams.

(CONTINUED)

Hedda digs her well-worn black book from her bag.

HEDDA HOPPER (CONT'D)

Get out your phone book. We're going to play a little game I learned from Jack Webb -- good cop/bad cop. I'll put the word out on Davis. You plump up the other nominees.

JOAN

All of them? We don't want to split the vote too thinly. Who do you think her closest competition is?

HEDDA HOPPER

(paging through her book)
Well they're not going to give it to that buzzard Hepburn. She's never once turned up for the ceremony.

(a thought; makes a note)
I'll bad mouth her a little bit, too. Her and those slacks...

(then)
Remick's no threat. They all still think of her as a television actress. Push for Page or Bancroft. Lean on the Hollywood-reaches-out-to-Broadway angle. One of those two gets it, it'll sting her even more.

JOAN

You hate her more than I do...

HEDDA HOPPER

I find her vulgar. Besides, she thinks we're all hypocrites.

JOAN

Aren't we, though, Hedda?

HEDDA HOPPER

Of course we are. But I won't be judged for it. Not by her. Hypocrisy is the tribute vice must pay to virtue. You've always understood that. She never has. The only reason the rest of the country allows this Babylon to remain standing is because it believes it has a conscience. And for thirty years I have been that conscience. And I gave up everything to do it.

(MORE)

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(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

HEDDA HOPPER (CONT'D)

My career as an actress. My marriage. My dream of having many children. And what has she sacrificed? Nothing. *

11 INT. JOAN'S BRENTWOOD HOME -- DAY (LATER) 11 *

Joan and Hedda work the phone, back-and-forth in JUMP CUTS:

HEDDA HOPPER

Chuck! It's Hedda --

JOAN

Cary, it's Joan --

HEDDA HOPPER

-- I just had to call to say how much I loved you in "El Cid!" How I adore a man in a leather skirt!

JOAN

-- you can't guess who I ran into at Chasen's -- Miss Doris Day! I'm going to tell you exactly what I told her -- I think "That Touch Of Mink" is one of the best things to come out of this town in years.

HEDDA HOPPER

-- did you read what Bosley wrote in the *New York Times*? He said Davis's nomination must have been meant as a joke! Well, I'm not laughing. Not after the way she treated Crawford. Oh, you heard that too? Well, that wasn't the worst of it --

JOAN

-- that's so sweet of you to say, Doris. But I wasn't expecting it this year. Our picture's a lot of fun, but it's not important. Though I was thrilled to see that very talented Geraldine Page get in -- weren't you?

HEDDA HOPPER

-- yes a concussion! She kicked her right in the head! Twice! Joan would have been well within her rights to file assault charges.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEDDA HOPPER (CONT'D)

But you know our Joanie, her loyalty to the picture wouldn't allow it, so she suffers in silence...

JOAN

-- well I was lucky enough to see her do it on stage, and let me tell you, Loretta! Her Annie Sullivan seemed even more blind on screen --

HEDDA HOPPER

-- well, she's been insufferable since "Of Human Bondage." Though I don't know why. That horrible accent? And after so many wonderful, genuinely English girls were passed over. Well you're a Redgrave, Lynn. You tell me --

JOAN

-- I think that Anne Bancroft is just terrific, don't you? Exactly what this town needs...

HEDDA HOPPER

-- why should she have three? You know the one they gave her for "Dangerous" she uses as a doorstep? Her bathroom. Can you imagine? That poor Oscar has to watch that woman go to the toilet!

12 EXT. JOAN'S BRENTWOOD HOME -- DAY (LATER) 12

Joan and Hedda relax by the pool on chaise lounges. Hedda is going over her list. Joan looks troubled behind her dark glasses. A few of the FAN INTERNS clean around the yard. Mamacita brings Joan and Hedda over some drinks.

HEDDA HOPPER

That was a helluva morning's work.

MAMACITA

Two iced teas.

JOAN

Thank you, Mamacita.

MAMACITA

They're strong. You should have food with them. Can I make you some sandwich?

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

Not just now, Mamacita. Thank you.

Mamacita disapproves, withdraws. Hedda watches her go then leans over to Joan.

HEDDA HOPPER

Can I ask you something? Why do you do call her "Mamacita?" You do realize she's a kraut?

JOAN

Well, I'll tell you. It was that summer we spent in Westhampton a few years back. I had no help and I didn't want to spend two months making beds and scrubbing floors. I called a neighbor who put his maid on the phone. 'I know someone for you,' she said. 'My mother. But I don't know whether you can put up with her. She's never heard of a bucket and mop.' I perked up right away! 'Handsies, kneesies?' I asked. 'Yep' she replied. Well! That was just my cup of tea! I never did think you could get into corners with any mop. So when this delightful German lady appeared, I put her to work right away -- and can you believe it? I forgot to ask her name! I'd recently been to Rio de Janerio for Pepsi, where all I heard was mamacita, papacita, cousincita, everythingcita. So without thinking I called out "Mamacita!" And then I hear, "Ja! Ich comink!" It stuck.

They both laugh. But now Joan is crying, or trying not to.

JOAN (CONT'D)

She's been such a treasure. I suppose I'll have to let her go...

HEDDA HOPPER

What are you talking about?

JOAN

It's no use, Hedda. Put your list away. This is a fool's errand. She's already won.

(CONTINUED)

HEDDA HOPPER

Joan...

JOAN

And I don't just mean today. Or on Oscar night. My entire career I've been in competition with that woman. A constant battle. For roles, men, magazine covers. I don't know why. I was the bigger star. I had the more attractive leading men. My pictures made more money. And still I was made to feel inferior. After years of working so hard to be an ambassador for Hollywood, while she gives the industry the finger from her moldy home in Connecticut. And still, when presented the opportunity, they nominate her instead of me. It's just so fucking humiliating...

HEDDA HOPPER

I think you've had enough iced tea.

JOAN

I mean it, Hedda. Something inside me broke when those nominations were announced. It's not just that I was counting on it. That it was my one hope of ensuring I'd be able to get work, even for a few more precious years. It's beyond that. What little self confidence I had left is gone. She's leeches it all out of me.

(panic building)

I can't believe I said I'd present. What was I thinking? I can't go to those awards! How can I even show my face now?

HEDDA HOPPER

Joan. You're going to those awards. We'll get you your self confidence back.

JOAN

I don't see how...

A gleam appears in Hedda's eye. A master stroke forming...

(CONTINUED)

HEDDA HOPPER

I'll tell you how... She may have been the one who was nominated, but with God as my witness, that woman is not going to walk off that stage with the Oscar for Best Actress.

(then)

Because you are.

Off Joan, startled, unsure how that is even possible...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 INT. JOAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY 13

Joan pours herself a shot of courage. Tosses it back. She takes a seat at her secretary desk. Lights a cigarette. Picks up the phone. Starts to dial...

14 INT. GERALDINE PAGE'S NEW YORK APARTMENT -- DAY 14

Dexter Gordon PLAYS LOUDLY on a turn table. RIP TORN is stretched out on the sofa, a drink in his hand. He plays with two DOGS (the ones we saw Geraldine walking in the teaser.) The PHONE IS RINGING. Geraldine sweeps in, answers it.

GERALDINE PAGE
(loudly over the music)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

15 INT. JOAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY 15

Joan reacts to the noise on the other end.

JOAN
Gerri?

In New York, Geraldine has trouble hearing. Motions to Rip to turn down the music.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Is this Miss Geraldine Page?

GERALDINE PAGE
It is --
(half listening, motioning
to Rip)
Rip! Turn that down! I can't hear!

As Rip finally moves to turn down the music --

JOAN
It's Joan Crawford, dear, calling
from Hollywood, California.

Geraldine drops the phone. Joan reacts on the other end. Did she just hang up on her?

JOAN (CONT'D)
Gerri?

Geraldine has the phone again to her ear. Rip looks at her, sees her stunned reaction, wants to know who it is.

(CONTINUED)

GERALDINE PAGE
Miss Crawford...how may I help you?

Rip reacts. Mouths "*Joan Crawford?!*" Geraldine nods.

JOAN
I just want to say right up front,
I'm not upset.

GERALDINE PAGE
Upset? Why would you be upset?

JOAN
Oh, darling. The performance you've
been nominated for in "*Sweet Bird
Of Youth,*" the faded movie queen,
swanning around? I think we all
know who that was based on.

GERALDINE PAGE
Oh, no, Miss Crawford. Mr. Williams
created the role, I just...

JOAN
I was flattered, Gerri! Really I
was. You got it so close to
perfect! Though I'd never date a
man under forty. Not enough money
to keep this lady happy.

GERALDINE PAGE
Uh huh...

Rip mouths "what does she want?" Geraldine shrugs. Beats me.

GERALDINE PAGE (CONT'D)
Was there something you needed,
Miss Crawford?

JOAN
I only wanted to say -- with so
many wonderful performances this
year, and only five nominations, I
was glad to see you get recognized.

GERALDINE PAGE
Thank you...

JOAN
Can you believe it's only two weeks
away? I haven't even cut out
potatoes.

(CONTINUED)

GERALDINE PAGE
Potatoes?

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JOAN
Those television cameras are many more times punishing than motion picture cameras. My program? No solid food for at least four days before the event. Then the moment you climb in your limo, a handful of cashews and you're good for two hours. Who's doing your gown?

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GERALDINE PAGE
My gown? Well, I hadn't really thought about...

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JOAN
You've got fine options in New York. But you'll want to be fitted here the night of. May I suggest Edith Head? There's really nobody better. I can speak to her for you. And then if you like, I can personally help you select your jewels.

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GERALDINE PAGE
You're awfully generous, but I'm going to keep it simple.

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JOAN
You'll be representing Hollywood. This broadcast will be seen the world over. The people depend on us to brighten their ordinary lives with glamour.

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GERALDINE PAGE
If their lives depend on my glamour, I've got bad news for them...

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JOAN
It's too much pressure, isn't it, dear? What if you didn't win, and everyone stares at you to see if you crack?

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GERALDINE PAGE
I know those looks. From '54 and from last year. I think people sometimes enjoy seeing the losers more than the winners.

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JOAN

Lord knows, the year I was nominated for "Mildred Pierce" I was too nervous to attend. I took to my bed. Faked pneumonia. And you know? They brought the Oscar to me. In a way, it was more intimate. More of an honor.

Geraldine sees what Joan's after, pities her.

GERALDINE PAGE

Is that what you think I should do? Stay home?

JOAN

I wouldn't dare give you advice one way or the other. But in case you decide not to go -- and the Academy makes the right choice -- I could accept it for you. It's practically down the street from me. I'll say lovely things, and you can watch from the comfort of your New York one-bedroom.

GERALDINE PAGE

Sure, Miss Crawford. You're welcome to accept the award on my behalf.

Rip's eyes go wide.

JOAN

Really? That's terrific! You send me a list of people you'd like me to thank. Let's try to keep it to three names. Short and sweet is best in my opinion.

GERALDINE PAGE

I'll do that.

JOAN

Wonderful! Much love to you, Gerri.

CLICK. Joan exhales. That wasn't easy.

Geraldine, a little stunned, holds the phone to her ear for a beat. She hangs up the phone, looks at Rip.

GERALDINE PAGE

Good news. I'm not going to make you put on a tux this year.

RIP TORN *
You're actually going to let that *
high-strung show pony represent you *
at the Oscars? *

GERALDINE PAGE *
She needs it. And besides, *
Hollywood should be forced to look *
at what they've done to her. *

DISSOLVE TO: *

16 EXT. A BROADWAY THEATRE -- NIGHT 16 *

A TAXI pulls up in front of the theater and Joan Crawford emerges, dressed elegantly. She looks up at the marquee: *
"Anne Bancroft in Mother Courage and Her Children." Joan sweeps into the theater as the SOUNDS of THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE FADES UP...

17 INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT (LATER) 17 *

ANNE BANCROFT at her dressing mirror, taking off her make-up. Congratulatory FLOWERS are in evidence. A KNOCK at the door and Anne's DRESSER pokes her head in.

DRESSER
Annie, you have a visitor. Joan Crawford!

ANNE BANCROFT *
Joan Crawford caught the performance.
Sure. Pull the other one, Lydia.

DRESSER
I'm serious. She's right outside the door.

Anne reacts to that, her posture straightening.

ANNE BANCROFT
Well, hell! Show her in!

The door opens wider and Joan is ushered in. Anne rises.

ANNE BANCROFT (CONT'D)
Miss Crawford. What an honor.

JOAN
Annie, no! Please don't get up!
I just had to pop back and tell you what an astonishing performance you just gave. And to a half-empty house. That's dedication.

(CONTINUED)

ANNE BANCROFT

Well, thank you.

JOAN

I don't know how you theater gals do it. Night after night. Weekends. Matinees. It must be terribly taxing on the voice.

ANNE BANCROFT

(lights a cigarette)

I drink a lot of tea.

JOAN

Smart. I had so hoped to see you next week at The Academy Awards, but I read in Dorothy Kilgallen's column that you won't be attending.

ANNE BANCROFT

I'm afraid not. I can't. I'd have to miss three performances, and I couldn't do that to the people who paid to see the show. It's either the work or the reward, ya know?

JOAN

So it's not because you're mad at our little movie colony? I know they gave that Shirley Maclaine your role in "Two For The Seesaw."

ANNE BANCROFT

I heard it stank.

JOAN

To high heaven!

ANNE BANCROFT

Good.

They both LAUGH.

JOAN

I also read that you requested young Patty Duke accept your prize for you if you win.

ANNE BANCROFT

Yeah. But because she's nominated too, the academy put the kibosh on that idea.

JOAN

Seems silly.

ANNE BANCROFT

Maybe. Probably for the best, though. What if I were to win for Best Actress and Patty lost supporting? I hate to put the kid through that. Though between you and me, I think she's gonna win.

JOAN

I do, too. And my sixth sense tells me you will too.

ANNE BANCROFT

That'd be something, wouldn't it?

JOAN

It certainly would.

ANNE BANCROFT

The blind leading the blind...

They chuckle. Joan beams a practiced smile. A beat as Bancroft, sensitive and wise, looks at Crawford.

ANNE BANCROFT (CONT'D)

Miss Crawford...did you fly all the way here to ask if you could accept my award for me?

JOAN

Well, I'd certainly be happy to --

Bancroft leans forward, puts her hands over Joan's.

ANNE BANCROFT

But would it make you happy?

They hold a look. The artifice falls from Joan's face. There is only vulnerability and honesty there.

JOAN

Desperately.

ANNE BANCROFT

Then I really hope I do win. I'd be honored to have someone of your stature accept on my behalf.

Joan is deeply moved by this.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN
Thank you.

ANNE BANCROFT
Now how 'bout we go get a drink?

JOAN
I'd love nothing more. But my
flight back to Los Angeles leaves
in an hour.

ANNE BANCROFT
Next time, then.

Joan nods. A beat. They embrace. As Joan turns to go --

ANNE BANCROFT (CONT'D)
Joan? Davis had the flashier role.
But you made that movie work.
Maybe it takes another actress to
really appreciate how hard that
was. But I really admired what you
did.

Joan smiles gratefully with emotion, and exits.

BEGIN "NIGHT OF" MONTAGE:

18 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE -- DAY 18

HIGH VIEW DOWN in FOYER on the preparatory mad bustle that is
Oscar morning if you are a female star:

Mamacita storms by with a gown in tissue paper, it needs to
be steamed; the doorbell rings, jewels from Harry Winston are
being dropped off; a MAKEUP ARTIST, young and pretty, enters
with her tools.

MAMACITA
(pointing)
Upstairs. She just woke up.
(then)
Don't speak, just work.

The frightened MAKEUP ARTIST climbs the stairs...

19 INT. BETTE'S HOUSE -- DAY 19

Several makeup mirrors have been set up on the dining table,
a makeshift vanity for a suddenly vain star. A CHUBBY MALE
MAKEUP artist works on her as Bette smokes and reads
telegrams.

(CONTINUED)

BETTE
"Dearest Bette...good luck tonight.
You DESERVE to win. Jack Warner."

Bette reads another one.

BETTE (CONT'D)
"Bette...take home the gold. We are
so proud of you. Ronnie and Nancy
Reagan."

MAKEUP ARTIST
(shy)
You're a shoo-in to win, Miss
Davis, everybody thinks so.

BETTE
(happy)
So it seems.

20 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE -- DAY 20

Joan's makeup is applied; her hair is twisted up into an elaborate chignon accessorized with at least three falls; her talons are painted silver, the color of tonight's scheme.

21 OMITTED 21 *

22 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE -- DAY 22

Silver rains down in slow motion. It's like it's raining silver snow. WIDER: reveal the makeup artist is shaking silver particulate into Joan's hairdo.

JOAN

Now this is genuine silver flake,
yes? Not imitation.

MAKEUP ARTIST

Oh, it's real.

JOAN

Edith Head gave me this idea. For
the silver in my hair. Edith has
seven Oscars for costuming you
know.

MAKEUP ARTIST

And you have two?

JOAN

(tightly)
Not yet.

She's finished. Joan fakely grabs her hand.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Bless you, and thank you for your
service.

She leaves. Joan sits there for a while looking at herself.
She's nervous, unsure. She takes a drink, digs for a
cigarette in her purse. When she lights it, she sees someone
looking at her in the mirror, leaning in the doorway. Her
friend GEORGE CUKOR.

JOAN (CONT'D)

George! You're a sight for sore
eyes. What an exciting night!

GEORGE

You look beautiful. Like the first
frost of fall...or Sonja Henie in
one of those winter wonderland
skating pictures.

JOAN

Very funny, zip me will you?

Joan stands, turns. George zips her up, then gently turns her
and takes her by the shoulders.

GEORGE

You are one of my oldest friends.
We've known each other for forty
years and I have never bullshitted
you. There's something I want to
tell you, and you need to listen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(then)

Don't do this.

JOAN

Do what?

GEORGE

Try and take it from her. The night. It'll be seen in all quarters for exactly what it is: a petty act of revenge from a woman scorned.

Joan says nothing, grabs her purse and gloves.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

If she doesn't win, you'll get bad press.

JOAN

(dryly)

Better than no press at all.

GEORGE

These people will never work with you again. Davis, Aldrich...

JOAN

Good!

GEORGE

You're bigger than this.

Joan pauses, then looks him straight in the eye.

JOAN

No, I'm not.

She softly kisses him on the cheek, exits.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

23 INT. BETTE'S HOUSE -- THE DAY OF THE OSCARS -- AFTERNOON 23

TWO "Best Actress" OSCARS sit on the mantle -- one for "Dangerous" and one for "Jezebel." The "Dangerous" Oscar is oddly black and tarnished.

REVEAL: Olivia de Havilland, 47 and stunning, wearing a beautiful formal gown as she stares at the Oscars, waiting.

Suddenly Bette enters, looking tonight very similar to Margo Channing. Same black dress, hairstyle, etc.

BETTE

Christ, you always look better than me.

Olivia laughs, they hug. It's a real friendship.

BETTE (CONT'D)

Drink?

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Let's get one there.

Bette grabs her wrap and coat, turns to Olivia who is still transfixed on the Oscars.

BETTE

Our chariot awaits.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Bette, what happened to this one?

Bette walks toward her.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (CONT'D)

It's almost black, did the gold plating fall off?

BETTE

Rubbed off you mean.

Olivia doesn't understand. A beat, then Bette grabs it. Looks at it wistfully.

BETTE (CONT'D)

Every night when I watch television in bed, I hold it. It's the perfect companion. He never talks back. He's patient, he listens.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BETTE (CONT'D)

And sometimes, when I need it, he reminds me of that perfect night when I won him and the world stood and cheered...and for a fleeting moment, I felt loved.

A beat.

BETTE (CONT'D)

And the best thing is, when I'm done with him and all my womanly needs have been met...I can put him back on the shelf and continue on with my evening.

She's suddenly self-conscious.

BETTE (CONT'D)

God, how sad.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Actually, as a woman headed towards her second divorce...I get it.

(softly)

I get it completely.

She puts her arm around Bette, kisses her on the cheek.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (CONT'D)

Let me visit the powder room and then we'll hit the road.

She exits. Bette looks at the Oscars.

BETTE

Wait up for me, boys. Tonight I'm bringing you home a baby brother.

24 EXT. SANTA MONICA CIVIC CENTER -- NIGHT 24 *

A NEWSREEL: BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE of the arrivals:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presents! Its 35th Annual achievement awards!

CROWDS in BLEACHERS:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

These people, like most of us, are movie fans.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They've come from all over the
country here to the Pacific
Auditorium in Santa Monica
California to get a glimpse of
their favorite movie actors, as the
most famous faces in the world
arrive to attend Oscar's coming out
party!

As the various PERSONALITIES appear:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
There's Jack Lord of "Stoney
Burke." Eva Marie Saint. There's
little Patty Duke. There's Lee
Remick with husband Bill Colleran.
There's Bob Stack. And Mrs. Stack.
And Gregory Peck, a nominee for his
work this year as Atticus Finch in
"To Kill A Mockingbird."

Bette Davis with Olivia de Havilland waves on the red carpet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
There's Miss Bette Davis, nominated
tonight for her performance in
"Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?"

UPCUT to A RED CARPET INTERVIEW in progress:

RED CARPET REPORTER
Miss de Havilland, is it true you
flew all the way out from Paris to
present the award for Best Picture?

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
I will be presenting that award,
but I travelled here for my friend
Bette. I'm here to watch her become
the first actress to win three
Oscars. She's the greatest and the
Industry owes her this!

RED CARPET REPORTER
What do you say to that, Miss
Davis?

BETTE
I learned long ago never to
contradict my good friend Olivia.
And I'm not ashamed to say it -- I
want this.

(CONTINUED)

UPCUT to JOAN CRAWFORD shimmering in her silver Edith Head gown arriving from the limo area.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There's screen legend Joan Crawford. She'll be presenting the Oscar tonight for Best Director...

UPCUT to Joan and the Red Carpet Interviewer:

RED CARPET REPORTER

Miss Crawford, who did your gown?

JOAN

My dear friend, Edith Head. She said to me, 'Joanie, I'm going to make you a silver dress. You got the diamonds to go with it?' I said Edie, if I don't have 'em I'll borrow 'em!

RED CARPET REPORTER

Your "Baby Jane" co-star, Bette Davis is nominated for Best Actress tonight. Who did you vote for?

JOAN

(after a beat)

The winner!

She smiles widely, waves to her fans and sweeps off.

ANGLE: ten YOUNG WORKERS carrying COOLERS stream into the luxuriously decorated green room, the area put aside for Oscar presenters and winners to schmooze and mingle and drink to calm their nerves.

Shoulders back like General Patton, Joan brings up the rear.

JOAN

All right boys, put the Pepsi Cola and the vodka over there, and the cold cuts and all the fixins' over there.

A confused worker stops and looks at a decorated tabletop.

WORKER

What about the centerpiece?

JOAN

Move it.

As the unpacking commences, Joan digs in her silver lame bag for a cig. An OSCAR PRODUCER storms in, upset.

OSCAR PRODUCER
Miss Crawford!

JOAN
(smooth)
Stan, lovely to see you! How's Judy
and the kids?

OSCAR PRODUCER
Miss Crawford I'm sorry, but you
cannot turn the green room into
your own private party! It's
against Academy bylaws.

Joan pauses, a sexy twinkle in her eye.

JOAN
(direct eye contact)
Light me, Stan?

Stan pauses, befuddled, lights her cigarette. She sexily exhales.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Pour yourself a drink, Stan?

He pauses, intimidated. Joan pulls out her flask. She gestures to clink. They do.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Have a lovely evening.
(then)
Mamacita, touch up?

Mamacita pulls out the compact and they go off to a corner. Off Stan, sheepish and unable to stop this highjacking --

26 EXT. DRESSING ROOM -- ACADEMY AWARDS BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT 26

PUSH IN on the door and a STAR marked MR. FRANK SINATRA.

27 INT. FRANK SINATRA'S BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 27

Bette paces and chain smokes in the host's private room. Olivia pours herself a soda water.

BETTE
Jesus Christ, this night!

She laughs, self mockingly.

(CONTINUED)

BETTE (CONT'D)

What a fool, to care about anything
this much...or want anything this
much.

Olivia hands her a drink, sits. Takes her hand.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Bette, look at me.

(she does)

You are going to win. The crown is
yours, and the record too.

BETTE

What did I ever do to deserve you?

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

When we were young, you were one of
the few who made me feel I was more
than just a pretty face. You showed
me how to fight. And you fought for
me at the beginning of my career.

BETTE

And here you are fighting for me at
the end of mine.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Stop being so maudlin. Here we are
on the top of Mount Olympus, and
all you want to do is jump off.
This is supposed to be a
celebration!

They toast. Bette takes a drink, grimaces.

BETTE

Where's the booze?

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Frank musta drank it all...

BETTE

(heading for the door)

Then c'mon. Let's go to the
greenroom for some proper swamp
water.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

You don't want to go there.

BETTE

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2) 27

Off Olivia --

28 INT. BACKSTAGE GREENROOM -- ACADEMY AWARDS -- NIGHT 28

Joan's party is in full swing, the room is lubricated. Oscar winners, guests and presenters mix and mingle.

REVEAL Joan, in a corner talking with PATTY DUKE, 17, who only twenty minutes earlier has just won "Best Supporting Actress" for "The Miracle Worker."

JOAN

My goodness, an Oscar at 17! The only way to go is down.

Patty beams, not getting the joke.

JOAN (CONT'D)

So now, you're the youngest Academy Award winner in history, is that right?

PATTY DUKE

That's what they tell me!

Suddenly, a perky CHIHUAHUA peaks his head out of Patty's pocketbook.

JOAN

(irritated)

What's your pup's name?

PATTY DUKE

Bambi! She's my good luck charm.

JOAN

I'll say.

(then)

You know dear, it's not ladylike to bring pets to the Academy Awards.

Just then the room stops. Silence. Joan turns, what is going on?

There is Bette across the room, furious, nostrils flaring. Staring daggers at Joan.

Joan pauses, a little nervous. Then stabs out her cigarette, throws back her drink and confidently STRIDES ACROSS THE ROOM TOWARDS BETTE.

The room is riveted. This is the cat fight they've all been waiting MONTHS for.

(CONTINUED)

Joan reaches Bette. Stops. Stares at her. A face off. Then --
STICKS OUT HER HAND.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Bette doesn't shake back. A STAGEHAND approaches.

STAGEHAND

Miss Crawford, your category is
next?

*

Silence, the women just stare at each other.

STAGEHAND (CONT'D)

Best Director? You're presenting?

*

Joan pauses, then sweeps out. Bette stops the stagehand.

BETTE

When's Best Actress?

STAGEHAND

Three categories from now. Ten
minutes.

*

He leaves. Off Bette, the nerves and anticipation mounting --

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29 INT. OSCAR AUDITORIUM -- NIGHT

29

"Some Enchanted Evening" plays as Joan swans out to present the Best Director Oscar at the podium. As she hits her mark, the music instantly dies. A beat, then with her best fake fancy lady intercontinental delivery --

JOAN

The nominees for Best Achievement in Directing are...Frank Perry for "David and Lisa." Pietro Germi for "Divorce Italian Style." David Lean for "Lawrence of Arabia". Arthur Penn for "The Miracle Worker." And Robert Mulligan for "To Kill A Mockingbird."

Joan smiles girlishly, pretending to be invested as she opens the sealed envelope.

JOAN (CONT'D)

And the winner is David Lean for "Lawrence of Arabia."

Mr. Lean bounds to the stage, kisses Joan on the cheek. He looks at his prize with amazement.

DAVID LEAN

This Limey is greatly honored and deeply touched. Thank you.

The music swells again. Joan grabs onto Lean's arm and they waltz offstage.

STEADICAM BACKSTAGE CAMERA ONE-ER BEGINS...giving us a view we have never seen...what it's truly like to be backstage at the Academy Awards...the access and the journey.

We are always on Joan.

As soon as she hits the curtains, Joan drops the smile and Lean's arm. He's a bit confused as she confidently keeps walking, this backstage area is Crawford's stomping ground.

DAVID LEAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me Miss Crawford, where should I go?

She beckons with a finger, "follow me." Joan keeps on walking, Lean follows. A WAITER walks by with a tray of champagnes, she SNAGS one. And keeps on moving.

(CONTINUED)

Follow Joan as she passes GRIPS and ELECTRICIANS, she is acting as if she is the mayor of the place.

JOAN

Hi Bob, keep up the good work tonight!

(then)

Pedro, how wonderful to see you!

They nod, in awe of her starpower. We follow her some more as she winds through the backstage area.

Joan passes the PRESS ROOM, gestures for Lean to go in there. He does, a bit befuddled, but Joan has not slowed down. She is on a mission. The lightbulbs explode as Lean moves into the room, we hear questions bombard him.

Still on the prowl, Joan slams back the champagne, holds out the empty glass as if to say to no one in particular "I'm done." A confused passing GRIP grabs it, thinking it's his duty.

Joan keeps moving. Up ahead, getting closer, we see MAMACITA, waiting. Joan passes, does not stop. Mamacita follows dutifully.

Joan does her touch up on the move. Mamacita hands her a lipstick, she applies it, hands it back.

Mamacita hands her a compact, Joan dusts her face, hands it back.

They PUSH OPEN A door. Another hallway. Joan keeps moving, heads --

INTO THE GREENROOM. Club Crawford. The TV blasts the live ceremony. As Joan heads for her purse, held by the twins, we hear Bette Davis presenting her award.

BETTE(ON TV)

...and the winner of the year's Best Original Screenplay is...those difficult Italian names for "Divorce Italian Style."

Joan finds what she came here for: her silver flask. She takes a huge belt for courage, hands the flask to Mamacita, heads back out the door.

FOLLOW JOAN. Down the hall. Around the corner.

And then, there she is: BACKSTAGE.

A beat. Bette has just finished presenting and stands a few feet away. She turns and they both stare out at host Frank Sinatra. END STEADICAM MONTAGE as we hear:

FRANK SINATRA (O.C.)

And now to give one of the evening's biggest awards...last year's Best Actor winner for "Judgement at Nuremberg" Maximilian Schell!

Maximilian comes out as stiff as wood to a jaunty version of "Just in Time."

MAXIMILIAN SCHELL

The nominees for Best Performance by an Actress are...

In the wings, Olivia comes out to be with Bette. Joan clocks this, her nostrils flare with tension. Joan lights a cigarette.

MAXIMILIAN SCHELL (CONT'D)

...Anne Bancroft in "The Miracle Worker." Bette Davis in "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?"

Bette is shaking slightly. Olivia grabs her hand.

MAXIMILIAN SCHELL (CONT'D)

Katharine Hepburn in "Long Day's Journey Into Night." Geraldine Page for "Sweet Bird of Youth." And Lee Remick for "Days of Wine and Roses."

Tension. Silence. CLOSE on Bette. CLOSE on Joan.

MAXIMILIAN SCHELL (CONT'D)

And the winner is...

He opens the envelope, is slightly stunned. A beat.

MAXIMILIAN SCHELL (CONT'D)

Anne Bancroft for "The Miracle Worker"!

Huge applause from the audience. A stunned Olivia looks over at Bette, who has stopped breathing.

ANNOUNCER

Accepting for Anne Bancroft...Miss Joan Crawford!

(CONTINUED)

And then...the greatest performance of the year occurs.

Joan drops the cigarette, grinds it out with her spike heel. She grabs the hand of the stage manager who winces, her grip is so strong. And then she moves forward like a shark.

JOAN

(cold, passing Bette)

Excuse me.

Bette moves and Joan glides out onto the stage as the band strikes up "Hush Little Baby (Mockingbird)."

As the audience roars, Joan moves toward Maximilian with her hand outstretched. She wants him to kiss her hand. He's a bit thrown, but he does.

Joan takes the microphone. Her smile is huge and genuine.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Miss Bancroft said "here's my little speech, Dear Joan. Quote: there are three reasons why I deserve this award. Arthur Penn, Bill Gibson and Fred Coe. Unquote."

She nods, the audience roars and Joan hightails it stage left.

ANGLE BACKSTAGE: Bette is numb. A dream has died. With Olivia helpless to console her, she simply turns and disappears into the backstage shadows.

Madness. A triumphant beaming Joan holds Anne Bancroft's Oscar as if she won it. The photographers go berserk, everyone is screaming her name and asking for her attention as a hundred lightbulbs explode.

It's her night now. After what seems like hours of posing, a PRESS ASSISTANT hesitantly approaches.

PRESS GIRL

Miss Crawford...would you mind a picture with the other winners?

JOAN

(purring)

Of course, dear.

The three other performance Oscar winners of the night walk up to her on the raised platform, not knowing what to do.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen of the press corps, may I present to you tonight's champions -- Mr. Gregory Peck, Miss Patty Duke and Mr. Ed Begley!

She arranges them, with herself smack dab in the middle. Smiles and raises the Oscar slightly. This is the picture of the night if not the year and she knows it. As the flashbulbs explode, we CUT TO:

31 INT. BETTE'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT (LATER) 31

A few friends have assembled for the wake. Bette is at the bar. Andy Williams is playing on the soundsystem ("Moon River"), but no one is talking. The guests include Olivia, Bette's agent and few stragglers.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

I just cannot believe it...I cannot believe it. I am in utter shock.

Bette turns, a drink in both hands.

BETTE'S AGENT

Doublefisting it, Bette?

BETTE

Oh, these aren't both for me, John. This one is for me.

(sips it)

And this one is to throw in Crawford's face the next time I see her.

Silence. No one knows what to say.

BETTE (CONT'D)

I could have made history. Coulda woulda shoulda.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

You'll get it, yet.

BETTE

(exploding)

Really Livy? With what part? In what movie?!

Bette suddenly, movingly, begins to cry. She turns her back so her guests won't see. Olivia's eyes flood with tears as well. A pause, then --

(CONTINUED)

BETTE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I just...I just felt for
a brief moment...that I was in the
game again.

Silence. She dries her eyes. Completely tense.

BETTE (CONT'D)
What time is it?

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
Four in the morning.

BETTE
Breakfast. I'll scramble the eggs.

She heads off to the kitchen, everyone else takes a beat,
then follows.

32 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT 32

Bette is at the stove, making her eggs. The crew is assembled
around the table. Tense silence again.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
I have to say I am very pleased
that Gregory Peck won tonight. Such
a pro, such a performance.

BETTE'S AGENT
And Joan certainly looked great,
didn't she? Not bad for an old
bird.

Silence. Olivia freezes. Bette stops.

Then with quicksilver speed Bette grabs a KNIFE, turns and
races over to stab her agent.

OLIVIA/OTHER GUESTS
Bette no, Bette stop!

She is subdued just in time. DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE -- DAWN 33

Joan's limo slowly glides up to her house. She's just now
getting home after the night of her life.

She exits the car holding the Oscar. Walks up to the front
door. There on the stoop she finds a copy of --

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

THE LOS ANGELES TIMES. A picture of her is on the front page holding the Oscar. She's worldwide news again. She smiles, tucks the paper under her arm, enters the house.

34 INT. JOAN'S BEDROOM -- MORNING 34

Joan's Oscar for "Mildred Pierce" watches vigil on her nightstand.

PLOP. Another one is thrust down next to it.

Joan looks at her prizes. Now she has two "Best Actress" Oscars. Exactly how it should be.

Off Joan, her revenge complete...for now...

END EPISODE