FORTUNATE DREAMS

ΒY

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INT. DREAM INN HOTEL-JUNE 27-1975

Oscar-winning actor JACK LEMMON and his wife, actress FELICIA FARR, have arrived at their hotel, the best this small town has to offer. Famed actor RAY BOLGER'S impromptu song and dance routine has just ended, and the echo of APPLAUSE is still ruminating through the entire establishment. Lemmon is tired and cranky. He rings the bell in the deserted lobby while his wife rubs his shoulders.

> JACK LEMMON (moaning) Oh, right <u>there</u>.

FELICIA Please let me drive home after the shoot, alright? Let's stop at that cute Scandinavian town, what's its name? Soulbang?

She stops rubbing his shoulders and rings the bell again. Jack throws up his hands and gives her a classic JACK LEMMON rant. A screenplay of the 1960 English classic, THE ENTERTAINER, adjusted for NBC, is sitting on the ledge of the desk. Jack is running his lines, but stops in mid-sentence.

> JACK LEMMON A seven day shooting schedule? I must have been crazy. And the money? I might as well donate it.

Felicia looks into her tiny mirror and adjusts her make-up.

FELICIA You did. Remember, your wife's Rodeo Drive shopping fund?

Felicia nibbles at his ear.

JACK LEMMON Money isn't everything. Laurence Olivier may be a master thespian in England, but there's another mule kicking in his stall here in America.

FELICIA What does that mean?

She adds a little lipstick here, a little powder there.

JACK LEMMON (whispering) I plan on winning an Emmy.

That copyrighted Jack Lemmon laugh with head held high, tilted to the right, encourages Felicia to applaud softly as though she was in an awards theatre.

FELICIA

Good thing you brought me along to keep you calm. Walter would think you're crazy coming up here for this role.

JACK LEMMON

Matthau? It was Walter who said he was doing this project, then feigned a bad back, just to get me into this role. He <u>knew</u> it would be great for me.

FELICIA He's a mensch, what can you say?

The deserted lobby is as quiet as a mouse.

JACK LEMMON (yelling) Hello? Anyone home? We'd like to check in.

The Boardwalk's fragrance drifts toward the hotel.

FELICIA Good God, where are we?

Jack kisses her on the top of her head. Jack relaxes as each minute passes.

JACK LEMMON Didn't you ever play Skeeball as a kid? I'm beginning to like Santa Cruz.

FELICIA

Skeeball?

JACK LEMMON That salty sea air and the rollercoasters remind me of my youth.

FELICIA

Lest you forget, my youth was spent inside Bergdorf Goodman's and Bloomingdale's.

Jack is humming his old school Fight Song.

JACK LEMMON This kind of place is just perfect to talk about on Carson. Johnny would enjoy the small town feel.

She begins taking notes.

FELICIA

Or with dinner friends at Chasen's if we ever get back to Los Angeles. I wouldn't know where Los Angeles is right now. Where is everybody?

JACK LEMMON

Out fishing?

Felicia discovers the art on the lobby walls.

FELICIA (screaming) Outlandish!

A young CLERK comes out of a small room. His face lights up.

CLERK Holy cow! Now, Jack Lemmon, too? This is crazy.

Felicia lowers her sunglasses.

JACK LEMMON You were expecting?

Felicia presents her husband as though she were a MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

FELICIA It's the one and only Jack Lemmon.

The clerk puts down his fish sandwich and fumbles for a pencil. Jack hands him one from his tidy little group of number twos he has positioned on the side of the desk.

CLERK Oh, I knew you were coming, but Ray Bolger? Now that's a movie star! Jack looks over at his wife.

JACK LEMMON Did you hear that, dear? Now that's a movie star.

FELICIA And me? Just a run-of-the-mill, slutty girlfriend you dragged up here.

The clerk gives Felicia Farr the once over.

CLERK Should I know you?

FELICIA Should I know you?

CLERK I'm sorry. I don't recognize you.

FELICIA Neither does my husband before nine in the morning.

JACK LEMMON (laughing) More like ten.

The clerk does not care for Felicia and addresses all comments to Jack.

CLERK Mister Bolger just got done checking in. What an actor. He must have done fifteen minutes of stick.

JACK LEMMON It's schtick. <u>Schtick</u>.

The clerk shrugs. He begins to sing.

CLERK If I only had a brain....

Jack joins him, changing the words.

JACK LEMMON (begging) If I only had a room.

Felicia rolls her eyes at both their VOICES.

CLERK

(to Jack) I though you could sing.

JACK LEMMON We have reservations.

Felicia adjusts her bra. She wiggles to conform her breasts. Jack looks over and feigns alarm.

FELICIA My boobs are beginning to explode out of this bra. I need to let the girls breathe.

JACK LEMMON (mockingly) Help! My wife needs help! Her girls are struggling for air.

CUT TO:

LEGEND ON THE SCREEN: TWO DAYS EARLIER

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 17- MORNING

San Jose vacationers BOB BROOKS and his brood are on their way to the land of surf and sun. His wife, JANICE, reads while their two daughters, MELISSA, 11, and DENISE, 14, sit in the back, fidgeting. For such a short, winding drive on a tree-lined highway, tempers have flared once too often. It is only when a young FAWN darts out into a sunny glen that a cease-fire may be at hand. Bob's maneuvering of his precious new Buick around the young deer is faultless.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-CONTINUOUS

Bob points to a huge TRACTOR-TRAILER with "NBC PRODUCTIONS" on both sides. Bright sunshine finally breaks free from the gray, low-lying fog across the tree tops.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL-TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The DREAM INN stands on a hill overlooking MUNICIPAL WHARF, the entrance to the BOARDWALK. Youthful VALETS service a line of cars. SURFERS walk past the hotel, carrying their boards. The "M" in "DREAM" now resembles another "D", causing some GUESTS not to register at all once they see the sign. A hotel tower added only five years ago seems to be shifting toward the bay. A hairline crack has appeared at the bottom of the pool. LOCALS watch the NBC trailer passing by. CHRIS LARSON, 21, the new WAITER, enters the wrong hotel door and is laughed at by bikini-clad teenage GIRLS when he scoots back outside. He is wearing an oversized gold waiter's coat with gold buttons.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY-CONTINUOUS

The owner, SAM BASS, 59, is dressed in polyester pants, white shoes, a blue shirt, and a white belt with cracks in the plastic. His navy blue sports coat is already drenched in sweat. A snarky smile greets his GUESTS. His salt-andpepper mustache seems to flop around like his namesake when temperatures reach 80 degrees or more.

CHRIS

How do I find the kitchen?

Chris stumbles over his words, a case of nerves.

SAM (smugly) Entirely in disarray.

CHRIS

Excuse me?

Chris leans closer to Bass. Bass can see Chris is sweating.

SAM Wasn't I clear enough?

CHRIS

I'm excited... it's my first day.

Chris stands at attention.

SAM Make sure Don goes over the company policies with you.

CHRIS Who's Don? SAM (angrily) The chef, you idiot. Who hired you? CHRTS Uh, the chef. SAM Well? What's the problem? CHRIS You mean Don? Uh, I mean, the chef? SAM Are you an idiot? CHRIS Oh, only when I'm on my first day of work. The chef is Don. I get it now. SAM Who's on second, what's on third? Chris is too young to understand the reference. CHRIS This place is fantastic. SAM You just started. How would you know? Chris feels the sweat running down his face. CHRIS Excuse me, I'm usually not this ignorant. Sam inspects the hair. Sam Bass hates long hair. SAM I assume you're on your way to a barber? That hair is way too long. CHRIS I'm getting it cut later today for my job. I'm going to be a room

service waiter.

Sam has seemingly dismissed Chris and is now enjoying the view of the pool.

SAM Tell Don I need to talk with him today.

CHRIS Where would Don be?

Chris can almost feel Sam's anger.

SAM Christ, you don't know where the chef would be? Maybe the kitchen?

CHRIS Oh, yeah, right. Geez, I'm so nervous.

SAM

(somewhat friendly) Kid, relax. Go find the chef whose name is Don. Introduce yourself to him. Tell him I nee to speak with him this afternoon, alright?

CHRIS (under his breath) Can you believe it? I'm working for the great Sam Bass!

As Chris pounds his feet down the green felt hallway, Sam lights another in a series of half-smoked Pall Malls.

SAM He'll learn the ropes soon enough. Good kid. Reminds me of myself back when I worked the Atlantic City Boardwalk in '54.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEESHOP-CONTINUOUS

Families stake out window tables and counter space for a meal. An experienced coffeeshop veteran from Arkansas, ANITA, mid thirties, commands her station.

ANITA I swear, if my mama in Little Rock could see me now, she'd never believe it. (MORE) ANITA (CONT'D) Lord, if they don't hire me some help soon, I'm gonna fall flat on my back in the middle of this here coffeeshop.

Dream Inn veteran VERA, working at the adjoining Skylark Dining Room, whose resemblance to an older JOAN CRAWFORD still nabs her an occasional date, speaks up.

> VERA Relax. We hired a new girl for the coffeeshop yesterday. Her name is Lindsay. She starts tomorrow. Or is it today? Graduated from Berkeley, I think. Sam assigned me schedules last week, so if you want any time off, see me later. Where are the crackers out here?

Anita hands her a bowl of Ritz, jumping up and down with joy.

ANITA These enough?

VERA Enough, but the wrong kind.

ANITA Well, don't just stand there lookin' stupid, whadaya need?

Vera has joined in the hunt.

VERA

I need Saltines.

Anita gets busy making a chocolate milkshake for her customer. She puts a lot of muscle into her digging for three perfect scoops of vanilla ice cream.

ANITA

Hear who's coming?

VERA

(excitedly) Who?

ANITA

Jack Lemmon! Ray Bolger! Bunch of other Hollywood actors on Monday. They're coming in town to make a movie! I can't wait! And guess where they're stayin'? VERA Here? Right here? Jack Lemmon in my hotel? Is he bringing his wife? What's her name?

ANITA

Who knows? I do know that I'm gonna serve that Scarecrow our excellent scrambled eggs! Man, I loved that movie. (Singing) "Somewhere, over the rainbow, blue birds fly....."

Anita throws the ice cream into the stainless steel container, squirts her chocolate syrup three times and walks over to the milk dispenser, filling her shake up with ice cold milk. She slams it upward onto the green machine and waits thirty seconds. Then, she gently pulls it downward.

> VERA They're really coming? Oh, my God!

ANITA One extra thick chocolate shake comin' up!

She walks it over to her customer along with a grilled cheese. Vera has given up on the crackers.

VERA This is a great day for Santa Cruz. Truly, a great day.

Vera stares out to the shimmering ocean a few hundred yards away.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

DON DUELLA, Chef and Kitchen Manager, barks out several orders to his CREW. His loud, demanding voice makes up for his small stature. He currently has two COCKTAIL WAITRESSES on his lap, swirling what's left of his hair. They're kissing his cheeks and laughing the day away.

> DON You girls may not know it, but I used to be a hairdresser. That's right. And a used car dealer, a door-to-door vacuum salesman and a professional dancer. (MORE)

DON (CONT'D) Then, my cooking won the food industry over...

COCKTAIL WAITRESS ONE Oh, Donny... your love recipes have won over my....

She whispers in his left ear.

DON Oh, that's so X-Rated!

COCKTAIL WAITRESS TWO Cook me until I'm pink in the middle.

The chef's latest thorn in his side, Chris, tries running away from his boss.

DON You! You with the long hair, yeah you. What's your name?

Don gets up, and both waitresses hit the floor with a thud.

CHRIS (meekly) Me?

DON No, Hernando, my dishwasher. Yeah, you. Didn't I tell you to get all your hair cut?

Chris pleads his case. He runs his hand through the long hair down his back. It's still way too long.

CHRIS The barber shop was closed. I couldn't get it cut. Besides, I cut it already.

Don comes real close to Chris and pull his long locks.

DON That hair is longer than the pubes on my ass! And that's long.

The kitchen line COOKS all laugh. One of them, COULDER, a step above the usual drugged-out-line-cook hired for the summer, inserts his feelings about the subject.

COULDER

Hey, Chris, take it easy on Don. His contract's up next week and the old man is gonna replace him with me!

Don throws a boning knife at Coulder, missing his neck by inches. Coulder removes it from the wall and pockets it. The chef yells his instructions at Coulder.

DON Have you prepped the prime rib in rock salt?

COULDER Yeah, yeah. This morning.

DON Stripped the calamaries?

Coulder leaves his post and moves directly in line with the small office space Don is occupying. There, with the door wide open, Don and Coulder go on with their weekly fight.

COULDER

Yeah, yeah. Ten minutes ago. And handled the breakfast rush, prepped tomorrow's brunch items, and did the rest of the sous chef's duties. Why the hell do you keep him on?

Don does a weird thing with his left eye, kind of closing it, but keeping it open just a crack, then shuddering it with the eyelid.... a crook-eye.

> CHRIS I'm starting today. I'm going to be a screenwriter. I write movies. I've written over ten already.

They both look at Chris and continue their conversation.

DON Do the cook's schedule for next week?

COULDER Fuck, that's <u>your</u> job, isn't it?

DON Nope, I just made it yours.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS BAR-CONTINUOUS

Vera has come upstairs for her drink order. CLAY, the experienced older BARTENDER that time forgot, sees her and marches over to the cocktail waitress stand. The view from the second story BAR is utterly breathtaking. The REGULARS at the bar are already finishing their second Bloody Mary and it's not even noon.

> VERA When is that old man going to spring for a service bartender during the early Saturday check in? I'll die running up and down these stairs.

Clay smiles at his co-worker.

CLAY What'cha need, honey?

VERA Two Gordon's martinis, straight up, twist. Three drafts.

Clay goes to work. As Vera prepares the garni, Chris gets behind her to order.

CHRIS Lemmon? Didn't he just win an Oscar?

Vera places the finished drinks on her cocktail tray.

VERA

Oh, that's right. Don told me you're the one who likes the movies, right?

Vera's tray is balanced correctly and she handles it like a pro.

CHRIS Maybe. Probably not. I don't know yet. VERA That's a negative attitude. I don't like it around me, in any shape or form, got it?

CHRIS Well, then, yes. I'm a writer. And a good one.

VERA See Clay? The kid's got balls.

CHRIS Yes, ma'am. Can I get in here? Someone stopped me in the hall and ordered a drink.

Both Clay and Vera interrogate the young server.

VERA

You get the room number? See his key?

CLAY Get the money up front?

Chris looks at both of them like they were the police and there was a warrant out for his arrest.

CHRIS

No. Should I? What's wrong?

VERA

Oh, God, we've got a deer in the headlights here. Of course, it's a Saturday morning in June. Every idiot with plaid shorts is out looking for freebies.

Chris steps up to order.

CHRIS

Three margaritas.

CLAY

I though you said one person stopped you.

CHRIS He said he was ordering for him, his wife and a friend.

Chris is a little bit weary about his customer.

VERA

I'll give you ten bucks if the people are staying at the hotel and over twenty one.

CLAY This isn't high school, kid.

VERA More like kindergarten.

Both Clay and Vera laugh.

CLAY You hear who's coming?

Chris is preparing his drink order, but drops his order pad.

CHRIS

Yeah. Lemmon, Bolger, and a guy who writes music from New York, Marvin Hamlisch.

CLAY And you know him from?

CHRIS He did the score for Woody Allen's first two movies.

VERA Clay, it's Woody... I don't even know who that is. Woody Allen? Sounds like a space alien.

Chris is perplexed by Vera's lack of show business knowledge.

CHRIS He's a great comedian who-

VERA -Let's go with the drinks, Clay. I've got prep for tonight to finish.

Clay is excited. He spills part of a draft beer on his shoes.

CLAY I'm going to show Lemmon my script. It's all about a bartender at a resort hotel. It's about 400 pages, single spaced, on onion paper. Think that's good, kid? VERA Not another one. Since when did Santa Cruz become the mecca of show business? CHRIS 400 pages, huh? Oh, yeah.... CLAY And it has a prologue. 50 more. CHRIS (mumbling) Does everybody in California write scripts? DRINKERS line up at the bar from a TOUR just arriving.

> VERA Shit! They'll be downstairs in a few minutes. Better tell Don.

Both Chris and Clay laugh at all the TOURIST'S outfits.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Don has reduced his sous chef, ANDY BEAN, a Navy veteran who's boiled away many a tasty soup, to a shell of a man. Andy cries quietly in the corner as Don blasts away. His salty tears drip into the soup is currently stirring.

> DON Andy, I tell you how to make the sauces, I show, I map out the recipes and you fuck them up every time. You're not in the Navy anymore, capeesh?

Andy salutes him.

ANDY Uh, right commander.

DON Cut it out! Don't do that shit around here!

ANDY

Sorry.

DON

Just because you knocked up my niece doesn't mean I'm gonna keep you on. You've got to learn that your Navy recipes won't work here.

ANDY

Yes, chef. I hear you. (Looking at Chris) Hey you, kid, don't put those fucking dishes there.

Chris has come down from the rooms with a tray load of dirty dishes which he has dumped on the pick up area near the hot food line.

DON Don't yell at the fucking kid, Andy. He's new.

Chris sneers at Andy. The DISHWASHER, a lovable Hispanic older man named HERNANDO, graciously removes the dirty trays and smiles at Chris. Hernando is the friendliest man on the planet. Don grabs hold of Chris' jacket and shoves him in the walk in.

CUT TO:

INT. WALK IN COOLER-CONTINUOUS

Don makes his feelings known with Chris. Chris is shivering.

DON

Listen, my little hippie friend, I don't cotton to anyone, new or not, dumping dishes where they don't belong. My left gonad knows where dirty dishes belong in a kitchen. I thought you wrote down on your application that you worked in a top restaurant back in Wisconsin.

Chris tries to stand steady.

CHRIS

I did, Don, I did. But I'm nervous around you. And Andy doesn't like me, he's already made my life miserable by telling people I'm a fruit cake. I thought Hernando was gonna pick them up. He motioned to me like he was going to. DON Are you a fruit cake? I already got three of those.

CHRIS (earnestly) No, I like women. But I don't like Andy.

Coulder comes into the walk in.

COULDER You two wanna be alone? You know those two cocktail waitresses? They're talking to your third wife right now.

Don realizes Coulder is lying.

DON Coulder, go fuck yourself. Schedules done?

Coulder lifts his shoes up and they're all wet.

COULDER Yeah. Why is there water all over the floor, chef? Is this your kitchen? Your walk-in?

Don looks around, not realizing that both he and Chris had been standing in two inches of water and the cooling fan was dripping.

> DON God damn it, Coulder. Can't you or Andy see what's going on in my kitchen? I've got real cooking to do. Next week, we've got-

COULDER -Yeah, all the movie stars coming.

He looks for his produce, bending over to the water-soaked boxes on the floor.

DON I thought I'd make my famous timbola. Whadaya think? COULDER

Great. But I think I read somewhere that Jack Lemmon and Ray Bolger are both bringing their own chefs.

Don's face turns a bright purple.

DON What? Those fucking Hollywood motherfuckers! I can't get a fucking break anywhere!

Chris is shivering now. Coulder's laughing.

CHRIS Can I go, Don? Chef? I'm freezing my nuts off.

DON

(to Coulder) Kids. No restaurant experience and they bullshit their way into my kitchen. Sure, sure, kid go. But you better cut the rest of your fucking hair by tomorrow, or you're out! Out on you ass!

COULDER

Tomorrow's Sunday, chef. I think the barbershops-

CHRIS

-I think he's right....

DON

God damn you little shit, you. Find someone who is good with scissors and get it cut! Do you hear me? Hell, I'll cut it.

CHRIS

That's okay. If I can't cut it, I'll tear it out by the roots.

Chis backs away, as if Don is going to whip out a pair of scissors and begin.

COULDER

Oh, God, I remember those days. You used to make all the line cooks suffer through your latest creations. Don waves him off.

DON I'm a maestro with a pair of scissors!

COULDER Fire Andy. Or I'll have a frank discussion with Bass about why he hired you in the first place.

Don grabs his crotch and tugs.

DON Frank discussion <u>this</u>!

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEESHOP- LATER

New WAITRESS, LINDSAY GARVER, is trying to keep up with Anita. Lindsay is a knock out.

ANITA

Lindsay, the salt and peppers get filled up every night.

Lindsay writes this and other rules down on a notebook.

LINDSAY When are schedules posted?

ANITA

Honey, at this point, we're so far behind, we go from day to day. Come back tomorrow morning with me at five thirty.

LINDSAY

I've got the uniform, but I can't find any shoes. Do you know where I can pick a pair up?

ANITA

Sure, hon. Just go down to Pacific Avenue, look for the J.C.Penney, and ask for Joanne in Woman's Shoes. Tell her Don sent you.

Anita sets a cup of coffee in front of Lindsay. Her mood brightens.

ANITA

You know Don?

Lindsay reaches into her purse to pay, but Anita nixes the transaction.

LINDSAY

He's my cousin. Once removed. Something like that. I only met him once. I interviewed with Vera. She's nice. I hope I do alright.

ANITA

Why didn't you ask for the dining room? That's where the big money is.

Lindsay waves her right hand in the air.

LINDSAY

I'm more of a coffeeshop gal. I like to have a pot of coffee in one hand and three plates of eggs in the other.

Anita laughs.

ANITA

Well, heck, hon, I think we'll do just fine. That' how I started. I came to work one morning, expecting the dining room, and got shooed in here. Been here ever since. Love it here, I really do!

LINDSAY I think it's going to work for me, too.

Anita walks to the pick up station, grabs three plates of scrambled eggs and bacon, and hurries to her table. She continues while buttering the toast. Lindsay stays right behind her.

ANITA

Just don't get caught up in the dreamy bullshit. This place is a gossiper's delight, and I'm the worst one, by far! I'll tell ya who's sleeping with who, who just got fired and who just got hired. Lindsay watches as Anita greets a new family of tourists for a late breakfast. Anita beckons her to take the order.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Chris has wandered into the kitchen and rested his head on the passout bar from the hot line to the coffeeshop. No orders sitting up at this time, but the view is good.

> CHRIS (to the line cook) Who's the fresh ground chuck?

LINE COOK You have any weed?

Chris looks at the spaced out cook and shakes his head

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEESHOP-CONTINUOUS

Chris walks behind Anita and Lindsay, where the large milk dispenser, the Coke machine and the Whipped Orange Juice machine rest on a long, stainless row of breakfast food gadgets, next to the ice cream freezer. He can see Anita but Lindsay cannot see him.

ANITA

As I was saying Lindsay, I think you'll do just swell here. There are lots of great looking guys.

LINDSAY I just got divorced. I'm kinda out of commission.

Chris rolls his eyes at Anita. She giggles.

ANITA And do you live around here?

LINDSAY Yeah, just up the street. I was lucky enough to find a cheap onebedroom, so I'm by myself.

ANITA No new boyfriend yet? Chris knocks over a glass, and Lindsay turns around. Chris sort of waves. LINDSAY Well, there's this cute guy at the reservations desk. The glass breaks. Lindsay looks up again, annoyed at the young man who is interrupting her conversation with Anita. ANITA That guy is not right for you. Ι can feel it. Lindsay scowls but then smiles brightly. LINDSAY Great and thanks for the tip. (Looking at Chris) You need to be more careful, young man. CHRIS Oh, really? Well, I-I... well, I... maybe you're right. ANITA She's a nice girl. CHRIS (as SEAN CONNERY) I'll be the judge of that, Moneypenny. ANITA Money who? Are you supposed to be from England?

> CHRIS Double... oh, shit!

Anita laughs at his impersonation and goes to attend her customers. Cola comes up through Chris' nose. Lindsay laughs and shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 347- DUSK

JANICE and BOB BROOKS check out their digs. The room is old, but it has a round bed. Janice has kept up her figure, but her face is overly made up. Bob is fit, tan and graying at the temples.

JANICE (excitedly) Bobby! We got the round bed. Oh, I asked for this and he couldn't promise me but here it is. You know, there's only one other room here with a round bed. Isn't it great? BOB (sarcastically) Yeah, just like being in Matt Helm's bedroom. Janice is undressing. JANICE Who's Matt Helm? One of the men from the club? BOB Women. I'm surrounded by crazy women. She sways to the sound of the ocean. She's half undressed. JANTCE Oh, this is going to be a wonderful week. Janice takes his arm and leads him to the balcony. She's now topless, exposing her breasts to the ocean. BOB Janice, I need to get my trousers out so they don't wrinkle. What are you doing? There are people out there! Surfers, swimmers. They'll see you. JANICE I'm showing you the view. Isn't it spectacular? You can see the

surfers over to your right.... and the wharf... and the Boardwalk...

BOB Put your top back on.

Bob throws her bra over her shoulders, but it falls to the floor. He cups each breast with his hands.

JANICE Are you stating something, sailor? BOB Shouldn't you check on our girls?

Janice's smile turns sour for the moment.

JANICE

I guess. What room did we get them?

BOB Room 986, in the tower. Hope they don't fall out. What made you agree with the clerk to give them that room?

JANICE

Oh, I don't know. They wanted it, it's our vacation, and I want to be alone with my man for the week. Smoochy-koo, Bobby.

Bob picks up the bra and throws it back onto her shoulders.

BOB Don't embarrass me.

She kisses Bob hard on the lips and throws her bra back to the floor. Bob begrudgingly goes along with the undressing, carefully removing her skirt as not to tear the zipper.

JANICE

(whispering)

Take me, Bob. Take me right now, right here. Rip my clothes off. Take me from the rear.

BOB The rear? Are you crazy? We're not a couple that does that.

Bob is clearly uncomfortable, but Janice is hot to trot.

JANICE Then just let me touch you. Let me rub you until you explode.

She rubs Bob's crotch.

BOB Can I get some lunch first? I drove for over two hours you know. Traffic wasJanice flings herself up in Bob's face, trapping him next to the dresser.

JANICE -Have me for lunch. With curly parsley and lemon wedges!

She moves him toward the bed, wiggling their way to the round mattress she so very much wants to try.

BOB Sweetheart, you're getting too wound up....

Both of them are now on the bed. Janice is holding him and moving in rhythm to the sound of the waves. Bob is now wiggling to get out of the hold. He sees her grip as one of a professional wrestler might have. Janice stops moving and freezes for a moment.

> JANICE Uh, uh.... oh, my.... my God!

BOB What's the matter? Are you going to faint?

JANICE Oh, oh, I think I'm going to have one of those orgasms right now. Here and now. Is that possible? Oh, glory to God, an orgasm! (screaming) I'm alive!

Bob, fully clothed, lets go of her and she shivers and shivers as though she needs a coat. This goes on for several minutes. While it does, Bob looks around the room and makes a mental note that the clock radio is wrong, the picture frame next to the bathroom is crooked, and the carpeting is stained and in need of a shampoo. When Janice is still at last, Bob hesitates to bring up a sore subject.

> BOB You know, Janice, ever since you read Doctor Reuben's book, I cannot seem to understand your crazy moods anymore.

JANICE (shaking) I'm not really done yet. Hold me. (another scream) Oh, my <u>God</u>!

A KNOCK at the door stops her in mid scream.

BOB Yes? Who is it.

VOICE (0.C.) Just an anxious hotel guest, passing by. Is everything alright in there? Do you need assistance?

The OFF CAMERA VOICE is enticing, panting and wanting to hear more.

BOB Everybody's fine. Thanks.

Janice clings to her undergarments. Bob rolls his eyes.

VOICE (0.C.) Okay. But if you need any future help, I'm in room 378. Just down the hall.

BOB We can take it from here. Thanks once again.

VOICE (0.C.) You know, I'm single. Just thought I'd mention it. Maybe you need a third... for Bridge?

Bob looks to Janice and shakes his head.

JANICE (dialing) I'll call the girls.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM- EVENING

The family has been seated in the SKYLARK dining room, last remodeled in 1962. Daughter DENISE, 14, attractive yet distant, is placed next to her little sister, MELISSA, 11. Melissa shows a growing fondness for playing a bitch, but Denise shows a truly funny and talented side. TOMMY, a young, attractive, openly gay WAITER, stands and strokes his large black mustache, waiting for the family to order. He taps his foot and draws little cartoons on his blank check while all four make up their minds. Tommy's short, but muscular and very good looking. Patience is not one of his virtues. TOMMY We'll be serving breakfast soon in the coffeeshop. I can wait.

He looks at his hands. He bites off a hangnail.

JANICE (seeking guidance from Bob) I know Bob and I will have the Chateaubriand for two. Ask him to flame it at the table, Bob. Kids?

Tommy rolls his eyes at her selection and practices his isometrics, kicking his legs up and down, as if he were in a Broadway chorus line.

TOMMY Mind if I go get my knitting?

Tommy begins to whistle.

JANICE Oh, do you knit?

TOMMY Only when I'm waiting for Godot.

Janice looks troubled.

JANICE Bob, do you have one of your clients joining us?

Denise has tired of Tommy.

DENISE

Oh, I get it. You're upset. Might I say that gratuities from this family consist of home-knit sweaters? Please bring us the relish tray.

Bob nudges Tommy.

BOB You'd better do what she says. She just relishes giving it to surly waiters. Ha!

Denise is embarrassed. CARL, the teen-aged BUSBOY, thinks she's cute.

Can we just order? I'm hungry. I'll have the hamburger steak, baked potato and a side of corn. Melissa?

BOB

Melissa will have the same. Medium rare. Sour cream and butter on the potato. Okay, Tommy?

MELISSA

Thanks for allowing me to order, father. It shows such a respect for women. Mater and Pater will have the baked Alaska for dessert.

BOB Actually, it's the Chateaubriand for Janice and I. Please flambe it at the table, and I'd like the meat medium rare. Tommy? Have you got all this?

Tommy scribbles down what he needs for the kitchen and smiles for the father.

TOMMY I think so. Four Big Macs, four Cokes and a muzzle for this abruti.

Melissa kicks Tommy under the table.

DENISE That's moron in French.

JANICE I know it is. I wasn't always married, you know.

MELISSA You coulda fooled me.

JANICE Don't get cute. It's the first day of our vacation.

Tommy makes faces at the two daughters. Bob catches him.

BOB That'll be enough. Do I have to ask the host for another waiter? You don't have to, but you might think about it.

Carl, who has begun flirting with Denise, steps in with a gift... bread and butter for the table.

BOB

Thank you, young man.

Denise smiles with her eyes closed, something she saw done in a movie. Carl comes closer to ask a question.

CARL Would you also like to have a relish tray? I can bring two for the table. Okay? Don't get mad at

Tommy. He's an orphan.

DENISE

If it's not too much trouble.

Tommy has had his fill of both the table and Carl. He leaves the dining room, and heads for the linen closet for a quick cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. LINEN CLOSET-MINUTES LATER

Tommy is smoking and reviewing his checks.

Carl bursts in, hitting Tommy in the face with his pepper mill, an item he carries with him always. Cigarettes smolder in the colored glass ashtrays.

> TOMMY Ouch, you dumb asshole. Why the fuck do you carry that insanely large pepper mill around with you everywhere you go? Sonny boy wanna play?

Carl apologizes and tries to light a cigarette.

CARL Sorry. I can't help it. Everytime I leave it somewhere, some old lady asks for pepper on her salad and then I have to run off and find one. Hey, I fixed it for you with that family out there. (MORE) CARL (CONT'D) (lighting the cigarette and coughing) Jesus, I'm up to almost a pack a day now.

Tommy laughs.

TOMMY Kid, the only thing you're up to every day is mischief. Plain and simple. God, I wish I was your age again.

CARL Really? I want to be older.

Linen catches fire, but only for a moment.

TOMMY You will be tomorrow. But for now, savor your age. You'll be old and gray like me before you know it.

Carl coughs again and puts out the cigarette. Tommy shows him the correct way a SMOKER would extinguish a cigarette. After Tommy leaves, Carl practices. The linen smolders.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-TWENTY ONE MINUTES LATER

The Chateaubriand for two is ready and waiting for Tommy to pick up. A huge, tough hunk of top sirloin has been charbroiled, then thrown inside the oven for fifteen minutes. It sits on a faux silver platter with little white canned potatoes, carrots and curly parsley surrounding it. A small ramekin of brandy sits on the side, ready to douse the meat. Tommy sets up the rest of his large tray. The entire Brooks order is resting on Tommy's right shoulder.

COULDER

Hey, honey, can a girl get a light?

Coulder walks over to his friend and tickles his ass.

TOMMY Fuck you, Coulder.

The tray teeters.

COULDER Come on, sweetie, I got no matches, give me a light. TOMMY

Not now.

Coulder gooses Tommy.

COULDER (whispering) If not now... when?

He disappears into the dish area, leaving Tommy shaking with the large tray up on his shoulder. Carl is there immediately to take it off his shoulder.

> TOMMY Sweetie, I knew you were good for something.

Carl lifts the tray onto his right shoulder with ease, and thanks Tommy for allowing him to help.

CARL Just go. Your meat is getting cold.

The KITCHEN laughs.

TOMMY Good line. You should be a writer. Seems we've got a plethora of them around here.

CARL Plethora? What's that?

TOMMY College, kid, college. Go someday, learn what life's all about. A plethora is a plant found in India.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Tommy and Carl set up two tray jacks at the Brooks table. Janice looks at the big hunk of meat and gives her husband a knowing glance. Both girls see this and giggle. Carl removes the salad plates and makes room for the large platter of charred meat. Tommy lowers the lights in the dining room and tosses the brandy onto the meat, lights it and allows the brandy to flame for a minute or two. Then, like a surgeon, he begins slicing the meat. Carl scoops up the crumbled match stick on the end of the platter.

BOB Have you ever seen such a good looking piece of meat?

JANICE

(murmuring) A few hours ago.

Carl pays particular attention to Denise. Tommy is annoyed with everyone and finishes his service, laying three slices of meat on each plate, then the sides. The girls' meals are served and everyone seems to be happy.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-LATER

Don has retired for the evening by settling into his chair with his fifth DEWARS, causing concern for his EMPLOYEES. Right now, he's slurring his words at LINDSAY.

DON Lindsay, even though you're my relative, in some third cousin twice removed by marriage sense, you still don't know squat about waitressing. Come here....

Lindsay is moving as fast as she can, bussing dishes in the dining room, helping out for a missing BUSBOY.

LINDSAY Don, can I get a break? I've been here since noon.

Don leans back in his old, rickety chair.

DON

Noon? That's not so long.

He leans back so far, the chair almost tips over.

LINDSAY I need to go home so I can be back at five thirty tomorrow. Okay?

Don acts as though he is a Roman emperor, giving thumbs up or down.

DON Alright. But let me tell you, this is the restaurant business.

LINDSAY And I gave up a promising career in journalism for this?

DON You and that new kid, what's his name? Chris? He's some kind of writer, too.

LINDSAY I wrote the sex advice column at college.

Don laughs so hard, he leans back too far and the chair collapses beneath his weight. Hernando, his faithful dishwasher, rushes over to help him get up.

HERNANDO Mi guapo chef! El Gordo patron necesito no mas papas.

CUT TO:

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE-LATER SAME EVENING

After work, EMPLOYEES gather in the cocktail lounge, listening to an out of tune live version of "Kansas City". New hire Chris Larson and Lindsay Garver bump into each other. Lindsay's on her way home, Chris has stopped in for a drink. Chris offers her a seat overlooking the ocean and the big June moon shines down upon the glistening water.

> CHRIS Sit. Just for one drink. I don't bite.

Chris stops the COCKTAIL WAITRESS and orders two margaritas. The waitress winks at Chris, revving his engine.

> LINDSAY I can't. I'm due back at fivethirty tomorrow morning.

Chris makes sure Lindsay is comfortable.

CHRIS I'm training for Sunday brunch, and I have to be here at eight. (MORE) CHRIS (CONT'D) I've gotta drive all the way to Crapitola, then all the way back tomorrow morning.

LINDSAY Oh, that's awful. I'm so sorry for you. Crapitola? You a comedian?

CHRIS

Only in bed.

Lindsay takes off her coat. Chris puts it back over her shoulders.

LINDSAY

What?

CHRIS We're not supposed to show our uniforms if we drink up here. I'm sitting on my jacket.

LINDSAY Thanks, I didn't know that. Where are you from?

She settles back and really gives Chris a once over.

CHRIS

Wisconsin, a small town outside Milwaukee. What about you?

LINDSAY

Oregon. Bend, Oregon. Then, Berkeley, now here. I'm divorced. You should know that.

CHRIS I'm single, you should know that.

LINDSAY

I gathered you were single. No ring, no experience.

Chris takes that as something as an insult.

CHRIS I'm nervous around pretty women. (beat) So when one walks in, look out.

The drinks come. Lindsay raises her glass to Chris.

LINDSAY Good one. I think. I'm so tired, I don't what is going on.

CHRIS Can I take advantage of you?

LINDSAY You know, I just met you, but I already like you. Isn't that strange?

Chris moves closer to her. The band is now chewing up a JIM CROCE song.

CHRIS

Nothing is strange in Santa Cruz. This whole area is like the mid 60's. I just moved down here from San Francisco and I love it. Actually, I'm living in Capitola, which is even better. And right downtown. I couldn't believe my luck. I can walk to the beach. (another beat) I don't swim, but I can walk there nonetheless.

Chris downs his glass and waves for a second. Lindsay begs off. As she rises to go, her fingers slide over Chris' hand. She whispers into his ear.

> LINDSAY We have to do this again. My place. Next week. Are you a go?

CHRIS NASA, we have liftoff.

LINDSAY Geez, just wind you up and you run around like a little monkey, don't you?

CHRIS

Banana?

Lindsay leaves. Chris asks a GRANDMA to dance to the band's skewered version of "Tell Me Something Good".

CUT TO:

Chris staggers into his bathroom. He prays to the God of Toilet Bowls. His heaving can be heard down the street, all the way to the Fire Department.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPITOLA FIRE DEPARTMENT KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Three FIREMEN listen to the unholy sounds coming from up the street. Their CAPTAIN is reading PLAYBOY.

FIREMAN ONE Betcha that's a raccoon, and something's messing with her babies.

The next guy shakes his head.

FIREMAN TWO No, it's a woman having sex with a dog. I know that sound.

The next guy after him shakes his head.

FIREMAN THREE No, it's my wife, telling me to stop off and get two... no, three bags of charcoal for tomorrow. Yep, that's her.

The CAPTAIN chimes in.

FIREMAN TWO What about you, Cappy? What does that sound like to you?

FIREMAN CAPTAIN

It's a raccoon, having sex with a dog, and your wife wants four bags of charcoal.

CUT TO:

INT. DREAM INN- FOLLOWING MONDAY MORNING

Producer ROBERT STIGWOOD has arrived to greet his ACTORS. He wants the arrangements to go as planned.

ROBERT

(to the clerk)
.... and the fresh flowers?
They're there? In the room now?
Not carnations, but roses, correct?

FRONT DESK CLERK Oh, yes, mister Stigwood, we've ordered the best rooms in the tower for both stars. Suites, of course. But I don't see a room here for you.

ROBERT

Well, I, uh, I'm staying down the road in Carmel You understand, don't you? Clint's a friend...

Sam Bass overhears the conversation and wants in.

SAM I'm Sam Bass, and I own this valuable piece of real estate. Now, what's the problem?

Robert beams with the attention and calms down a little.

ROBERT Nothing at all, as long as all of your employees know that both mister Lemmon and mister Bolger, and mister Hamlisch, for that matter, are stars.

SAM We know what you mean. No mistakes, great food and service and a a daily massage at three.

ROBERT Clint's place doesn't offer massages. Anymore suites?

CUT TO:

I/E. LOBBY OF DREAM IN-CONTINUOUS

Robert is surprised by the arrival of RAY BOLGER and his wife, GWEN, a handsome woman in her late sixties. Bolger dances into the lobby, shaking hands and singing a few bars of "If I Only Had A Brain." A more likeable and down to earth STAR was never born. He wanders in and out of the hotel lobby, signing autographs and spreading cheer. ROBERT Boy, Ray, you guys made it up here faster than I expected.

Ray closes his eyes for a moment, then goes right into the SCARECROW.

RAY Once I saw that open road before me, and that endless highway beside me, I felt like Woody Guthrie and Johnny Appleseed rolled into one. Of course, that would make me part wood and part apple.

He looks down at a young, local GIRL smiling. His face is like rubber and he uses that to pull and press his flesh to make the little girl laugh.

> LITTLE GIRL You're funny. I lost a tooth last night. See?

She opens wide and shows Ray and Gwen her missing tooth.

RAY Say little girl, can you drive a car?

LITTLE GIRL Of course not, silly!

RAY Then I'll just have to roll into the hotel.

Ray runs and slides through the entrance and lands right before the check-in desk. The little girl laughs.

GWEN Remove the bags, Ray.

Ray nods and tries removing the sagging skin under his eyes. There's a little bit of a crowd gathering to watch.

RAY Well, I would, but it seems glued on.

GWEN Oh, Ray? Grow up. RAY I can't! (falling down, getting up, falling down....) Every time I try, I just collapse into straw.

Robert Stigwood greets his star. They hug.

ROBERT

Ray Bolger, what an honor!

RAY Robby! You Australian Kuala bear.

ROBERT How are you? How was the trip up? Did you see the rocky shores of Carmel? Big Sur?

RAY

Big who?

GWEN Ray, now come on.... we've got to get checked in.

Gwen continues being the key STRAIGHT MAN to his schtick.

RAY (singing) "I would wile away the hours...." Is that it, honey? How do you wile? What do you wear when you wile? And just <u>who</u> is wiling with my wife?

The gathering AUDIENCE is enthralled with a real Hollywood legend. They laugh at his every move. The pratfalls continue, taking a toll on his back.

GWEN Stop, Ray, just stop it. There won't be anything left of you, just straw.

Ray is slightly annoyed with his wife.

RAY (whispering) Just let me work, sweetie.

GWEN Mister Scarecrow, what are you thinking now? Ray places his forefinger to his forehead.

RAY The square root of Pi is 1.77245 ad infinitum. The Pi is like no other in the world of mathematics.

GWEN

Should I cut you a piece?

Ray is moving his hands and legs so rapidly, with so much flair, people watching cannot take their eyes off him.

RAY Yes, dear, but leave off the ad infinitum. It gives me gas.

A big laugh. People watching him cheer.

GWEN Have you found the city of Oz?

RAY Not yet, but I will if you just stuff me and find Dorothy, together we'll defeat the Wicked Witch.

GWEN (moving her head all around) I can't find Dorothy.

RAY

Look in the trunk.

Everyone laughs. Gwen tries to usher him over to the sign-in desk. Sam Bass very graciously offers Gwen his hand.

SAM I'm Sam Bass, I own this hunk of very valuable real estate.

Gwen places her arm around Ray's shoulder.

GWEN And I own this valuable piece of real estate. I'm afraid we brought half of our Beverley Hills home.

Sam snaps his fingers and nothing happens. Gwen giggles as employees just revel in Ray's ongoing dancing and cavorting around. They are mesmerized. Ray has moved to a table in the center of the lobby, crouched, playing the room. RAY (singing) "I would wile away the hours, just looking at the flowers, la-la-la-lala-la...."

Most of the words to the song are long forgotten, but his singing voice is just fine.

GWEN Tell me, mister Scarecrow, who's your biggest enemy?

RAY (yelling) Horse ca-ca!

The little children scream and laugh. Ray showers the children with hugs.

LITTLE GIRL You said ca-ca.

RAY I did? Poop! Hope I don't have step in any.

The audience laughs. Gwen is trying to edge Ray toward the elevators. Sam Bass is disgusted that no one has come to help them.

SAM Hey... front desk anyone?

Sam is angered at not being able to connect with his employees. Gwen approaches Sam and coos in his ear.

GWEN That's okay, this happens everywhere we go.

A YOUNG MAN appears with all the bags, struggling to stand up. Quickly, Gwen takes Ray by the ear, as if he were a dog, and leads him to the elevator.

RAY

(to the audience) Thanks, kids. Just remember, do whatever your mommy and daddy tells you to do. Take a nightly bath. And don't forget to wash around your ears. If you don't, you'll never guess what can come flying out of there.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY-LEMMON'S ARRIVAL-CONTINUOUS

The conversation continues.

FELICIA I really need to let the girls breathe. Come on, kid.

JACK LEMMON Help my wife. Please?

FELICIA They're gonna bust out soon, kid.

She hides her face when she notices EMPLOYEES have heard her.

JACK LEMMON Now you've done it.

FELICIA Oops... always one step beyond.

JACK LEMMON And two steps behind.

The clerk hands Jack his key.

CLERK Tenth floor, suite 1001.

JACK LEMMON I was wondering if you wouldn't mind changing the name of my reservation to Felix Unger? In case I get calls from Los Angeles, just have them ring for Felix Unger. Okay? I just don't want a lot of attention while we're here. If local press starts asking for my room, just tell them there's no Lemmon here. Okay?

Lemmon gets a ten out and slips it to the clerk.

CLERK Very good, mister Lemmon, but may I make a suggestion? (MORE)

CLERK (CONT'D)

Everyone that <u>I</u> know just loved you in "The Odd Couple". Unger, well, it's a well known character's name. How about something a little bit before that one. How about Harry Hinkle?

JACK LEMMON From "Fortune Cookie"? Not bad, I always liked that poor guy.

CLERK

So did I. He had heart.

Jack Lemmon stretches and yawns, really not listening.

JACK LEMMON Huh? Oh, okay. Let's go with it.

FELICIA

Honey, let's get upstairs and out of these clothes and have a drink. Johnny wants us to call when we get in, before he starts taping the show. They're out here on the coast this week. Did I tell you? He called last night.

Lemmon gives his wife a stare, meant for a private moment.

CLERK (excitedly) Carson? You guys know Johnny Carson?

The couple smile ever so slightly. Getting up to the room quickly will depend on their next move.

JACK LEMMON Yes? I guess we know him.

FELICIA Wait until I tell him that.

CLERK Wow! Johnny Carson? I watch him every night.

FELICIA What about my husband? Do you like him? CLERK

Oh, sure, I love his work. But you sit next to Johnny, right? When you're on the show?

JACK LEMMON (to Felicia) This is worse than what happened to Matthau the time in New York, at the Plaza.

She looks around the lobby. TOURISTS walk in and out with yellow shorts, paisley tops and knee high socks on, bulky cameras hanging around their necks.

FELICIA This ain't New York.

The clerk is still dazed about them knowing Johnny Carson.

CLERK Well, the Boardwalk is fun and there's a real nice restaurant downstairs and there's always our abalone feast at the end of June. Looks like you can make that one.

FELICIA

Aba-what?

JACK LEMMON (hurriedly) We'll do that then. Thanks.

CLERK The elevators are right over there. I'll have your bags brought up right away. Would you care for room service?

JACK LEMMON Give us twenty minutes to unwind, then send up a waiter. Okay?

The clerk expects another ten spot, but gets nothing but a tired driver wanting to relax.

CLERK Have a good stay, mister Lem... uh, mister Hinkle.

JACK LEMMON

Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM BEHIND FRONT DESK-CONTINUOUS

The clerk gets on the kitchen phone.

CLERK

Hello? Who's this? Chris? Don't know you, put Coulder on. No, it's the front desk. What? Oh, Christ, okay, but don't mess this up! Jack Lemmon wants to see you up in his suite in ten minutes. Tenth floor, room. Yeah, that's it. Who are you again? I swear, if you fuck this up, I'll ring your neck. It's a secret. Yeah. Well, don't use his last name. Yeah, I'm not lying! Use Harry Hinkle. You're right, Fortune Cookie. How'd you know? Okay, never mind, just get up there. And Chris? I saw Lindsay first.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Chris Larson hangs up the kitchen phone and sits on the stool for a moment. He's in shock. Coulder walks by.

CHRIS Hey, Coulder, guess who's here?

Coulder's carrying a leaking colander with red, red beets, dripping on the floor.

COULDER Liberace? If it's not, don't bother me.

CHRIS Jack Lemmon. Fucking eh, Jack Lemmon. Just the best actor who ever lived.

The beets have become a side dish for tonight.

47.

COULDER

Laurence Olivier is the best actor that ever lived. That's why they're all up here, falling over themselves, trying to remake Olivier's movie. It was his best. But this, this is television, so who knows, eh?

Coulder sets the colander down, cooling his creation with careful consideration.

CHRIS Well, I'm going up to Jack Lemmon's suite and get his order. Just three months ago, I was a busboy at a fish fry club in Waukesha. Jesus. Now I'm hobnobbin' with Hollywood.

COULDER Amazing, ain't it? And me, so close to you. Why, I feel just like I touched Jack Lemmon's hand.

Coulder throws a beet at Chris, nearly missing his head, but staining his golden waiter's coat.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR-FOURTEEN MINUTES LATER

Chris gets a new coat and hops on the empty elevator. It stops at eight, where the current MISS CALIFORNIA gets on, not realizing the elevator is going up. As the car rises, her startled body jumps a bit. She's at the hotel for the annual gala.

> MISS CALIFORNIA Oops. Silly me. I knew it was going someplace. I thought I'd give it a fifty-fifty chance on going down.

Chris stares at her. She's in full beauty pageant regalia. A fake eyelash falls to the floor. Chris picks it up.

CHRIS Here. I don't know it this is left or right.

MISS CALIFORNIA Thank you. It's left. CHRIS You're gorgeous. But why are you here? Didn't you already win last year?

She lifts the eyelash to her eye and maintains a conversation through a difficult re-plaster.

MISS CALIFORNIA It's so exciting! I'm the one who passes the crown to the new Miss California. I'm getting paid a lot of money for this. And I get to keep the gown. And I might get a chance to audition for CBS.

CHRIS And the eyelashes?

MISS CALIFORNIA

What?

The elevator stops at 10. He pushes L for lobby right before he leaves.

CHRIS And the eyelashes? Do you keep them?

MISS CALIFORNIA Of course, silly. They're just eyelashes.

Chris pushes the button again and the elevator starts moving. He hops out just in time.

CHRIS This should get you downstairs. Good luck. You're very beautiful.

MISS CALIFORNIA Thanks. It's ninety-eight percent makeup. Two percent me.

Chris yells through the closing door.

CHRIS Think of yourself as two per cent milk. It tastes just as good as whole, and the cow doesn't care either way.

MISS CALIFORNIA You're so sweet. CHRIS

Moo.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY-CONTINUOUS

Chris creeps down the hallway. He hears conversation inside the Lemmon room and stops to breathe. He knocks on the door.

> MALE VOICE Who is it? Who's outside?

CHRIS (nervously) My name is Chris. Chris Larson. From Wisconsin. Waukesha, Wisconsin? Is Jack Lemmon inside?

Chris is dismayed he gave away his last home address.

WOMAN'S VOICE Unless you have a bottle of scotch in your hand, go away.

Chris starts to sweat immensely. He fumbles for a line.

CHRIS

I can get it. The scotch that is. I'm your room service waiter.

The door opens. Felicia Farr is dressed in a slip, with a pair of nylons draped over her right shoulder. She waves him in.

FELICIA

Why didn't you say that hours ago?

The moment Chris Larson makes eye contact with Jack Lemmon, he is pulled into the room by celebrity gravity. He cannot help but straddle up to Lemmon, a bit too close.

> JACK LEMMON May I help you?

Felicia laughs.

CHRIS I'm Chris Larson. I'm a room service waiter. May I order?

JACK LEMMON Are you dining with us? Chris back steps a bit, enough to stay close but give Lemmon some breathing room.

CHRIS Uh, sorry, but, uh, I've never, I've never been this close to a real live actor, an actor who's won an Oscar, and a bunch of other awards. I-I'm sorry. What may I get you?

Chris fumbles again, this time dropping his order pad and losing his pen.

JACK LEMMON I'm not here. Didn't they tell you? That goddamn kid, I gave him a ten spot. I'm here under the name-

CHRIS -Harry Hinkle. I know. I'm sorry. I haven't told a soul. I mean, she knows, doesn't she?

Chris points to Felicia.

FELICIA (laughing) Even our parents know now.

CHRIS We have a great selection. Our menu's here someplace....

CHRIS (CONT'D) I'm nervous. I've only been working here for a few days, and I've only been in California a few weeks.

JACK LEMMON Who on earth could tell?

CHRIS And I meet you.

FELICIA And me. Don't you forget about me, kiddo.

CHRIS Are you kidding? "Charley Varrick"? (MORE) CHRIS (CONT'D) One of the best movies ever made! And all those Hitchcock television dramas? You were great.

JACK LEMMON Honey! What do you want?

Chris picks up his pad and grabs a pen off the nearby desk.

FELICIA (to Chris) He's grumpy when he's sober.

JACK LEMMON I'm hungry. What about a club? Can you do a club? A decent club?

FELICIA Sure, anything honey. Just get us something to drink. Scotch.

JACK LEMMON Yeah. Make them doubles.

CHRIS The restaurant is known for its Chateaubriand for two.

Felicia has a good laugh.

FELICIA Where are we? Chasen's?

JACK LEMMON It's eleven thirty in the morning. It's a little early, kid.

CHRIS I could ask them to flambe the club.

JACK LEMMON What? Flambe what?

Felicia puts her nylons on, in a very sexy manner.

FELICIA Jack, this kid is funny.

CHRIS "3:10 to Yuma". I loved that movie.

JACK LEMMON You know, Chris, <u>I</u> handle the money in our house. FELICIA He handles it right over to me. CHRIS When I go downstairs, I'll get that. But now? I'm just so nervous.... There's a lull in the conversation. Jack smacks his lips. JACK LEMMON Man, I'm thirsty. And hungry. CHRIS Oh, God, I'm sorry. Two doubles, Walker Red, and two club sandwiches. Any fries with that? Felicia's face lights up. She walks closer to Chris. FELICIA I have to watch my waistline. CHRIS Well, you can watch it, but it ain't going anywhere. She smiles from ear to ear. FELICIA Jack, the kid has potential. Why don't we adopt him for the week? JACK LEMMON Yeah, sure, why not? I'll settle up with you at the end of our run here. Are you an actor? CHRIS Writer. I think. JACK LEMMON Oh, well, then, you can help run my lines. Felicia hates doing it. FELICIA I hate it. Don't forget the fries. Nothin's goin' nowhere, right?

Chris nods. He is staring so intently at Felicia Farr that his eyes almost bug out of his head.

CHRIS "The Fortune Cookie"? You were... mesmerizing.

Jack nods to his wife to quit showing so much skin.

JACK LEMMON I'm not paying for your eyes being replaced, kid. Quit staring, it's impolite.

FELICIA It's refreshing.

Chis spins around and heads for the door.

JACK LEMMON And Chris? Nobody knows Jack Lemmon is here, correct?

CHRIS Not a soul. You're sweet in your safe. I mean, safe in your suite.

Chris is now just dripping with sweat.

JACK LEMMON What'd you say you were gonna do with your life?

CHRIS I'm going to write the best screenplays in town.

JACK LEMMON Which town?

CHRIS

Barstow?

Jack laughs. Felicia shakes her head.

JACK LEMMON Go on now, beat it.

CHRIS Harry? May I tell our owner, Sam Bass, that the suite is up to your expectations? JACK LEMMON Sure, you may tell him that.

Jack has snuck up on his wife and is hugging her.

FELICIA My husband's expectations are remarkably low.

JACK LEMMON Next to the ground.

Lemmon's right hand is lowered to an inch from the ground.

FELICIA Now go. Fetch drinks and clubs for Jack and I.

JACK LEMMON (a tad angrily) Harry Hinkle and I! If the wife can't get the lines right, well.....

FELICIA Sorry, Olivier! You're so grumpy when your hungry. Horny? The list continues.....

CUT TO:

INT. DREAM INN COFFEESHOP-TEN MINUTES LATER

Chris is waiting for his order. He's retelling the story for anyone and everyone within earshot.

CHRIS He's so nice. I mean, she's a whip, a real whip, and he's the nicest man alive! I shouldn't be sayin' this, but...

An angry Lindsay comes around the corner with a burger Supreme.

LINDSAY So don't, then. Keep your mouth shut.

Anita, Coulder, and Tommy shoo away Lindsay from the proceedings.

CHRIS Anyway, he's known here only as Harry Hinkle. From one of his movies.

ANITA

Why is that?

CHRIS

He wants to stay anonymous. But since I-

Here she comes again.

LINDSAY

-Already mucked up the effort put forth by mister Lemmon, excuse me, mister Hinkle...

Chris grows annoyed.

CHRIS Hey, new girl, leave me alone. I'm telling my story. Let it be.

LINDSAY Sorry, I'm just pouring the coffee, right?

Chris nods in agreement.

ANITA Is his wife good lookin'?

LINDSAY Does she have another name?

Chris poo-poos that idea.

ANITA Yeah, like Anita Lemmon? What about Ray Bolger? Does he go by Ray Scarecrow?

Lindsay realizes Anita is out of her league, but humors Chris just to annoy him.

LINDSAY Yeah, does he?

Chris waves her off. He doesn't bother with Anita's question.

TOMMY What about Lemmon's ass? Does she have a big one?

LINDSAY Tommy, why do you call all the boys "she"? And all the women "things"?

TOMMY

Everyone is a girl, girl. Don't you know that? Hey, do you dance? Boys are girls, girls are useless things unless they dance well. Do you dance well?

She shows off some moves.

LINDSAY I love to dance.

TOMMY Let's go tonight. My wife is sick, and Coulder isn't talking to me right now.

CHRIS

Why not?

TOMMY

I pinched her the other night and almost made her drop a big tray of meat. I like how that sounds. Big tray of meat.

Coulder slaps Tommy in the head.

CHRIS

I better get back to the kitchen phone. I don't want Hernando answering it and taking an order. God, could you see that?

TOMMY Hernando's all there, south of the border, that is.

CHRIS

Ugh!

Tommy gets himself a cup of coffee.

ANITA Tommy? <u>Hernando</u>? COULDER (to no one in particular) I get so mad at Tommy. He's got the looks and personality, but brains? I don't think so.

Chris gets up from the counter. He walks over to Lindsay who is changing coffee pots.

CHRIS

I'd take you dancing if I knew how.

LINDSAY You don't know how to dance?

CHRIS

Nope. Never learned, outside of the eighth grade slow dances you did with the big girls who sweat too much and had feminine hygiene odor. They were the worst. I got stuck with big Bertha. Oh, man, I had to wear a nose clip.

LINDSAY

You're rude. We larger gals had problems.

Chris tries his best not to laugh.

CHRIS You were a large girl?

LINDSAY All one hundred and sixty pounds of me.

CHRIS Holy Christ, what happened?

LINDSAY Weight Watchers. For ten years.

CHRIS What do you eat now? Grass?

LINDSAY

Moo.

Chris perks up when he hears the same line he used earlier.

CHRIS You and I are a lot alike.

Lindsay looks him straight in the eyes.

LINDSAY My house, tomorrow night, turkey meatloaf.

CHRIS I'll bring the wine. And the dishes.

LINDSAY Just bring yourself.

CHRIS Okay. Are you going to be there.

Lindsay laughs.

LINDSAY Duh? But now that you mentioned it, maybe not.

CHRIS That happened to me once. I showed up and her parents were there. Just them. No girl. We had a lovely time.

LINDSAY Just be there, seven p.m. Wear something so I should remember what you look like.

CHRIS My room service coat. Okay?

Lindsay squeezes by to get some milk at the dispenser.

LINDSAY

I'll have a pot of coffee in my hand.

CHRIS Great. Should I stop by the drugstore first? Do I need protection?

Her breasts graze Chris' arm as she moves.

LINDSAY Only if you have a prescription to fill.

Chris pretends to have to return the same way. Lindsay turns right to avoid another "brush-in".

CHRIS

Okay. Dinner. Oh, where?

Lindsay writes the address down.

LINDSAY

Okay?

CHRIS Gotta get back to work.

LINDSAY

I got customers.

She gets close. She's almost next to his lips.

CHRIS

I got... enthusiasm.

She looks downward.

LINDSAY I can see your enthusiasm. It's crawling out of its holster.

CHRIS

I never drew it out.

LINDSAY Then what's that little bump?

CHRIS Don't frighten it... it comes and goes.... mostly coming.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-NEXT EVENING

At one table is the Brooks family, squabbling over what to order, on another, the Bolger couple, quietly trying to enjoy their dinner. Unless noticed, Ray Bolger and his wife Gwen would prefer to relax. But when someone notices them, like Janice Brooks....

JANICE Excuse me, are you Ray Bolger?

Ray turns to the woman, smiles, and turns on his inner stage lights.

RAY W-w-hy yessss, I ammmmmm.

He turns his head every which way but dead on. Janice has to follow his eyes as best she can. He's forcing each eye ball to rotate in opposite directions.

JANICE I thought you were. Oh, mister Bolger, I'm such a fan! Bob, Bob come over here, it's Ray Bolger.

Bob Brooks quietly gets up and walks over, addressing the full dining room guests with an apology for his wife's behavior.

BOB I'm sorry folks, but when my Janice sees someone she likes and respects, well, it's hard for her to stay away.

Both daughters keep their heads down. Denise squirms and tries to bury herself into the chair, while Melissa finds this performance from her parents fascinating. She wanders over to the Bolger table, too.

> MELISSA (in a decent BERT LAHR voice) Put 'em up, put 'em up.

Ray looks her over and gets up from his seat.

RAY Not bad, kid. But watch and learn.

He goes into an easy-going dance step, right there, and begins to sing his song from the film.

MELISSA May I join in?

He nods. Gwen shakes her head.

GWEN We haven't had our salads yet. Ray waves her off and puts his arm around Melissa. As they dance, he guides her through each step, and her voice is very pretty.

RAY & MELISSA (singing) "I could wile away the hours, (beat) conferrin' with the flowers,(beat) consultin' with the rain."

Melissa is uneasy, but so far, so good.

RAY & MELISSA (CONT'D) "And my head I'd be scratchin', while my thoughts were busy hatchin'...."

And they end the first verse with a turn and arms outstretched, as though they rehearsed it.

RAY & MELISSA (CONT'D) "If I only had a brain."

The DINERS applaud. Melissa is near tears with true happiness.

RAY Another verse?

MELISSA Oh, mister Bolger, you are the best. Mom? Can I eat with them?

JANICE (swiftly) Of course!

Bob looks at Gwen and smiles. The show is on and will not be over until Ray and Melissa sing three or four choruses of the song everyone loves.

> BOB Melissa, these nice folks are trying to have a quiet dinner. They want to relax.

RAY Nonsense. Please, let her join us.

GWEN Well, he did lots of dancing today. He's tired. Ray? Melissa sits down at their table. She's now officially in love with Ray Bolger. The two of them talk for hours. Gwen orders a pot of coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY'S APARTMENT-LATER SAME EVENING

Chris is lying in Lindsay's bed and counting the tiny birds on the wallpaper. Her LANDLADY has access to the house, as hers is built next to Lindsay's rental and an old oak door is the only separation between the two.

> LINDSAY (O.C.) I think Jeannie hides in here sometimes, to get away from her husband. I hear creaking downstairs every so often.

CHRIS (yelling) Hey! How are ya?

Lindsay comes back into the bedroom, naked, and flops down on the bed.

LINDSAY Well, how was it?

Lindsay looks beautiful.

CHRIS The meatloaf?

LINDSAY Yeah, the meatloaf. How was it?

Chris gets up, naked and addresses her from the bed, wobbling a little on the mattress.

CHRIS It had a certain... je ne sais quoi. Capeesh?

LINDSAY Okay, how about the mashed potatoes? CHRIS They were good, but I usually make them with Yukon golds. Not Russets.

She pounds a pillow into his face.

LINDSAY You do, do ya? I like you. Don't insult me. These were terrific, right? Right?

Chris caresses her backside. He nods.

CHRIS Are you really related to Don?

LINDSAY

He says that to most of the new hire women. He's a sleaze bag, isn't he? My cousin is a hairdresser who worked with him. That's how related we are.

Chris kisses her.

CHRIS

Want some more?

She pushes him off the bed. He falls down hard, and they both hear laughter from downstairs. A door SLAMS.

LINDSAY

Oh, sorry. (whispering) Did you hear that?

CHRIS Oh, my God. Is she downstairs? Get the hell outta this house! You have no right-

LINDSAY My God. I'm gonna have to move. Shit! She has a thing about male visitors.

CHRIS In this day and age? I know a bed open in Crapitola.

LINDSAY

Where?

Chris gets back on bed and dances.

CHRIS A little place I like to call... home. She turns and jumps up on the bed with him. LINDSAY Oh, no. Not so soon, buddy. I need my privacy. He kisses her hard. CHRIS I make good mashed potatoes. She kisses him. LINDSAY No, oh no.... Chris begins dancing on top of the bed again. CHRIS Hey, Jeannie? Take a picture! INT. LEMMON SUITE-FOLLOWING NIGHT Jack is relaxing alone in his suite. Chris is at the door with drinks. JACK LEMMON Okay, Chris, I know that knock anywhere.

> CHRIS (entering) Alas poor Yorick, I knew him well.

JACK LEMMON Shakespeare?

Chris puts down his tray and Jack signs the bill.

CHRIS Woody Allen, I think. I dunno. I'm so confused. I think I'm in love.

JACK LEMMON Oh, no. You're way too young. CUT TO:

Chris sits, uninvited, as Jack watches.

CHRIS Where's your wife?

JACK LEMMON

She's over in Bolger's room, gossiping about you folks, the Santa Cruz people.

Chris looks out the tenth story window and marvels at the view.

CHRIS

Mister Lemmon, Harry, with all due respect, I think I'm in love. I just met her. We had dinner the other night at her place. But I invited her to move in with me... and she's mulling it over.

JACK LEMMON Nice going. Now you're stuck.

CHRIS

What'll I do?

Felicia Farr enters the suite with dramatic flair.

JACK LEMMON

Honey, you remember our guest, Chris, the writer, room service waiter, and all-around-gatecrasher?

Farr throws her coat on a chair. She kisses Chris on the cheek. Chris is surprised at the intimacy.

CHRIS Why, Misses Lemmon, I mean, Misses Hinkle, I-I mean....

Chris gets up and tries to return the kiss, but is rebuffed.

JACK LEMMON Relax, she's not Anne Bancroft and you're not Dustin Hoffman.

Felicia's torso envelops the couch.

CHRIS Misses Lemmon, I'm in love and I don't know what to do about it. She turns over and faces the men.

FELICIA Have you made love yet?

CHRIS

Yes. At her place. Now I think I screwed the pooch. I invited her to move in with me.

Felicia throws her hands up.

FELICIA Holy Hinkle! You people in this town are crazy. One night of screwing and you're ready to get married?

CHRIS

No, just move in together. Everyone does it nowadays. Didn't I read that you two lived together before you got married?

Both Lemmons look at poor Chris with sympathy.

JACK LEMMON Okay, tell you what you can do. Come to the set tomorrow. It's a big scene between Ray and I. You'll learn something about scene set-ups, even writing. And you can bring that girl with you, she can be an extra. In fact, we need five more extras for tomorrow. Find four plus yourself.

Chris cannot believe his ears.

CHRIS Oh, my God. May I kiss you?

FELICIA

Sure, kid.

She grabs him and gives him a great big smacker.

JACK LEMMON

He meant me.

FELICIA Sorry. You kiss well for a waiter. INT. COFFEESHOP-ONE HOUR LATER

Chris is excited and giddy with joy about the news Lemmon gave him. He sits with his CO-WORKERS spreading the news.

COULDER

You know, Chris, in all honesty, I acted in high school. "To be or not to be, that be that question".

TOMMY Shakespeare for Dummies?

COULDER

Bite me!

Tommy leans over.

TOMMY Ready, waiting, and able.

ANITA

Hey, boys... I mean, girls, don't fight in here. Hernando just mopped.

Chris offers his opinion.

CHRIS What about Hernando?

Lindsay looks over at him, but says nothing.

VERA

I know you need my guidance, Chris.

ANITA

I've been acting ever since I got this job. I'm really a movie star, but I play a coffeeshop waitress six days a week.

Lindsay stays clear of the conversation. Don wants in.

DON Kid, if you really want to keep this job through the summer, and be one of the very few that makes it during the winter, you'll be smart and give old Don here a shot.

Chris is being bombarded by proposals. Lindsay is quiet and takes care of her customers.

ANITA (as BETTE DAVIS) I'm really very good, really I am.

Vera chimes in.

VERA

You want five nights in the dining room? I can make it happen, you know. Like Don says, winter is bleak around here and the one who has a full-time job in the dining room is the one who makes it.

They surround Chris like birds around a feeder. All the time, Lindsay just walks the coffeeshop, delivering scrambled eggs and burgers. Carl enters.

CARL Hey, there's a boatload of people in the dining room waiting for their food.

Vera, Don, Tommy and Coulder get up and pat Chris on the back as they leave the coffeeshop. Not one of them is anxious to return to work.

> COULDER Don't forget kid, just because he likes you today, it doesn't mean he'll be our friend tomorrow.

> > CARL

Who? What?

Chris is alone with the busboy Carl. He speaks quietly.

COULDER Carl? You coming?

Carl signals with his hand. He waits until they are all gone.

CARL I just wanted to be alone with you for a minute. I really act, you

know? I'm a cinch for a role tomorrow. Please, Chris? I need to be discovered. I'm really quite good. I want to move to Hollywood.

Chris shakes his head.

Lindsay finally gets her nerve up.

LINDSAY Kiss me and I'll prove I'm acting.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT-LATER

Lindsay has arrived with her belongings and stands in the middle of the small apartment. She drops her bags. Chris walks over to the hall closet.

CHRIS I have all this for you. Plus half the bedroom closet. Plus anything you see with room below my waist.

He looks downward. She sighs.

LINDSAY Have you picked your extras yet for tomorrow?

CHRIS Not yet. I mean, you, yes. That's a no-brainer.

LINDSAY I was just kidding. I don't wanna act. I can hardly keep a straight face when I'm in bed with you.

He kisses her. They hug. She sits down in his sofa and almost loses herself in it.

CHRIS I was just kidding. I mean, if you want to go, I'll fit you in. But I'm taking both Vera and Don. Insurance for the bleak winter months. And Anita 'cause she's so excited. But Tommy? I don't want Jack Lemmon getting scared out of his mind. And I think Coulder <u>is</u> out of his mind.

She looks at his decor.

LINDSAY We need some home improvement in this place.

CHRIS The bedroom is right through the hall.

He guides her to his bed.

LINDSAY And I though I was imposing....

CHRIS Not at all. I had no one else coming over tonight.

They fall on the bed and begin to have sex.

CUT TO:

INT. DENISE BROOKS' HOTEL ROOM- SAME NIGHT

Denise and Carl have met up in her room. They're both weary of what the other one thinks may happen.

DENISE At last. I've wanted to kiss you from the moment I saw you. Oh, Carl...

Carl is strutting his stuff. His busboy coat is hanging off his shoulders, as any cooler-than-cool busboy would wear it.

> CARL You were mine the minute I laid eyes on you.

Denise sits on the couch. Carl moves in close and kisses her.

DENISE You like it here?

CARL (surveying the ocean view) It's a living.

DENISE I noticed you our first night. You're strong. You lifted that heavy tray with ease. CARL

And I'm agile. I play fullback in high school. I have the knack for it, but it's a mindless game.

He gets out a pack of Marlboro. He removes one cigarette, but it falls.

DENISE Precisely what my dad says.

Carl looks around and wipes the sweat from his brow.

CARL Let's get started. You have protection?

A light bulb goes off in her head.

DENISE My dad has a gun, but it's at home.

Carl gets scared for a moment.

CARL A gun? Why do we need a gun? Is your father here? In the room?

DENISE His gun is at home, in San Jose.

CARL That's not what I meant.

Carl clumsily goes for a grab and kiss, but Denise has moved off the couch. He falls on the rug.

DENISE No, I don't have any protection. I thought that was the boy's responsibility. That and the hotel room.

CARL We're in a hotel room.

DENISE (dawning on Carl's intentions) Oh, you don't think I was going to let you... I'm not that type of girl. I'm not from Los Gatos! Carl tries to light a cigarette. Both of them are far too young to be in this situation. It literally catches on fire, and a small flame is at the end of the cigarette.

> CARL I'm up to three packs a day.

Denise is waving her hand, trying to put out the flame.

DENISE Why don't you quit?

CARL They got me by the neck. I can't get loose. Help me, Denise, help me shake the evil monster.

She grabs the cigarette and puts it out.

DENISE There. Want to get a pizza?

CARL

Sure.

Carl leans in and kisses her.

DENISE I can play it loose and easy, but I'm not easy and loose.

CARL I knew it. I respect that. My mom would like you.

DENISE I'd like to meet her someday.

CARL There's no time like the present. Let's go meet her.

Denise throws the pack of cigarettes away.

DENISE But first... we have a few hours.

She kisses him.

CARL We can go halfway.

DENISE On the pizza? They cuddle on the couch. Carl puts the package of cigarettes back in his shirt pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. DREAM INN PARKING LOT-NEXT MORNING

Ray Bolger has stopped outside the hotel to perform a song for the gathering crowd. Gwen is there to help play straight man.

RAY (singing) "I shall do a little dance now, take a little straw-filled chance now, and bid you all adieu..."

Gwen rolls her eyes. She tosses him a cane. He begins to dance. He's a bit wobbly after filming for three days.

RAY (CONT'D) "I would kiss all the females, tell my wife some looooonnngggg fish tales..."

Big laughter from the crowd.

RAY (CONT'D) "If I only had a brain...."

CUT TO:

INT. DREAM INN COFFEESHOP-CONTINUOUS

Chris is waiting for his EXTRAS. They will leave from here. The first to arrive is Vera. She's heavily made up, looking slightly like an older JOAN CRAWFORD.

> VERA (rushed) Am I late? Oh, Bolger's outside, and all I hear is laughter. This is going to be fun.

CHRIS Why do you look like Joan Crawford's ghost?

VERA Too much? I can change it if you think... Don comes into the coffeeshop, made up like MARLON BRANDO as Vito Corleone.

DON Jesus, what a mess out in the parking lot! Bolger had them rolling in the aisles. Man, how can an actor concentrate in this confusion?

He is talking with a loaded mouth of cotton. He might as well be talking in Swedish.

CHRIS Jesus, who are you?

DON Marlon Brando, kid. Know him?

Chris cannot believe what he sees.

CHRIS Okay, we better get going. I'll navigate if you drive, Don.

DON Marlon. Or Vito. Either one.

CHRIS Marlon. Let's go.

DON I'm gonna make him an offer he can't refuse.

Anita comes running in, dressed in a homemade JUDY GARLAND costume as DOROTHY.

CHRIS All hail Dorothy.

ANITA Couldn't help the outfit. I just had to dress this way for the shoot today. Is that what you say? The shoot?

CHRIS

Oh, God....

He reluctantly gathers his troops and heads for the door. Lindsay walks in at the last minute.

LINDSAY May I come with?

Chris stops in his tracks.

CHRIS

I thought you were moving in today?

Both Don and Vera look at each other. Anita isn't paying attention.

LINDSAY I was. But I got to thinking. I don't know if this is a good fit.

CHRIS You don't wanna live with me?

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEESHOP-CONTINUOUS

The twosome sit under a tree.

LINDSAY It's not that. It's just that.... I don't think we know enough about ourselves yet. And I don't want to live with you.

Chris is overcome with relief.

CHRIS Oh, Jesus, Mary and Joseph Larson.

LINDSAY Who's Joseph Larson?

CHRIS My uncle. He's a wood carver in Rockford, Illinois.

Both of them are relieved.

LINDSAY I thought you wanted me to live with you.

CHRIS Ah, shit, no. I'm just faking it so you'll stay with me longer. Wrong? Both get over their disappointment fast.

LINDSAY Right. Well, can I come to the movie site?

CHRIS Sure. You and Joan and Marlon and Dorothy-

Lindsay raises her fist.

LINDSAY -All hail Dorothy!

CHRIS Yeah, well, I hope you're not going to become Doris Day or something. We have all the fake stars we need.

LINDSAY More like an Elizabeth Taylor lateforties look. Classic beauty, right?

CHRIS Jayne Mansfield before her head was chopped off. Marilyn Monroe before she had a dose shoved up her-

LINDSAY -I get it.

CUT TO:

INT. DON'S CAR-MINUTES LATER

The EXTRAS are on the way to the film location. Don begins with stories about his past careers.

DON So tell me, kid, where you from again?

CHRIS Waukesha, Wisconsin. It's a town that's known for-

There's much confusion in the back seat. The three ladies cannot hear very well.

VERA -What will we do when we're called to perform today?

CHRIS We're not performing, we're extras!

VERA

But....

DON Waukesha? I was a cook in Waukesha... about twenty two years ago....

Chris stares at him for a moment.

VERA

What?

DON I never thought-

CHRIS -My mother never saw a guy she didn't like.... even then.

DON Oh, Christ!

The car swerves.

CHRIS

Don't kill us, okay? I mean, she used to date truck drivers... while the trucks were still moving.

DON I starred in a movie once. Semi-

porno. No screwing, just a lot of tits and ass. I was the sailor who came in for a blow job.

The ladies react by hitting Don over the head with plastic baseball bats found in the back seat.

CHRIS Boss? Please, no sexist stories. They insult women all over the world.

VERA I'm impressed. Lindsay looks at Chris and proudly smiles, as if she were his mother.

CHRIS

I'm serious, Don. You and I don't have what my dad would call open lines of communication, but all in all, I think we can get along.

JOAN CRAWFORD speaks.

VERA

Oh, a boy with a man's balls.

CHRIS Better than a man with a boy's balls, aina hey?

ANITA What's aina hey?

Her DOROTHY skirt is riding up on her.

CHRIS A saying we have in Wisconsin. It means "don't ya get it?"

VERA You're a real cowboy, sport.

DON Kid, you're getting on my nerves.

Don narrowly misses a car, swerves and lands on the sidewalk. He backs up his vehicle and gets back on the road.

CHRIS Watch out, I wanna make it to the movie set.

LINDSAY

Aina hey?

Chris laughs.

CHRIS

Exactly.

Don stops steering and starts to talk with his hands.

DON I giveth and I can taketh away. It's bleak here in December. Chris grabs the wheel and steers.

CHRIS

Yes, yes, yes, so I've been told by a hundred and fifty people. Just don't embarrass us at the location with these stories. This is Jack Lemmon. Drive the damn car.

ANITA

All hail me!

Lindsay talks to Vera and Anita about coffeeshop details.

LINDSAY Ladies, I wanna know how you handle fifteen new tables at once.

CHRIS

This is what you want to talk about? We're about to take a giant leap into show business, and you want to talk about waiting tables?

Lindsay keeps after Anita and Vera.

LINDSAY I want to be good at something. I think I'm good at this. It's important to me.

CHRIS Okay. So, ladies? How do you handle fifteen tables at once?

LINDSAY Let's go ten. Ten tables.

DON

I'll tell you how. You group them all together, work each one as an extension of the other, make as few trips to each one as possible. For example, when approaching the ten tables, greet all as one, get the drink orders from all of them, and work from there. One trip for the salads, one trip for the entrees, and so on and so on.

LINDSAY

Kind of like Kurt Vonnegut as a waiter.

Chris winks at her.

DON

Kurt who?

LINDSAY So it doesn't go.....

CHRIS A college joke. Good.

LINDSAY You agree Anita?

ANITA There's no Anita here. Just Dorothy-

CHRIS -All hail Dorothy!

VERA And there's no Vera here. Just an older, more mature Joan Crawford.

CHRIS And a younger, debonair Warren Beatty.

CUT TO:

INT. LEMMON'S TENT-TEN MINUTES LATER

The DREAM INN PLAYERS, which Chris has named them, talk with one of the PRODUCERS while Chris tries his best to interest Lemmon in a script he wrote.

> CHRIS I brought this over and thought you might like to read it while you have a moment.

JACK LEMMON A script? You wrote a script for me? You know, I really can't-

Chris hands Lemmon a very neatly typed, 120 page screenplay.

CHRIS -It's called "Milwaukee". It's about the city of Milwaukee in 1946, the trials of a growing metropolis in turmoil. (MORE) CHRIS (CONT'D) The men and women, their loves and their losses. You're the lead. You're Harry Brimstone, the fictional mayor.

Lemmon accepts the script.

JACK LEMMON When did you write this?

CHRIS

The moment I read a blurb in the local paper that mentioned your arrival, I began.

JACK LEMMON 120 pages. Exactly the right amount of pages.

CHRIS I read in a Writer's Digest that "Save The Tiger" was 167 pages in its first draft.

JACK LEMMON You know, I think you're right.

Chris shrugs, a little embarrassed at his knowledge of inane subjects.

CHRIS It'll sweep the Oscars.

JACK LEMMON (laughing) Well, thanks young man. Now you need to go and get into your costume.

Chris leaves. Lemmon throws the script on his chair. It flops open to page 66, and a particular sentence catches Lemmon's eye: "The golden hue from the beer pavilion's electric light blanketed HARRY'S face like a sunrise from his youth." Jack keeps reading. He can't put it down. Various film EMPLOYEES bang on his tent, but he does not answer. He keeps reading from start to finish.

CUT TO:

EXT. FILM SITE-LATER

One of the film's PRODUCERS talks with Jack Lemmon about the five employees of the Dream Inn.

PRODUCER

Jack, I know you like these people, but come on... I think the older guy is really a former porn actor. I don't think NBC wants to see him in the final cut.

Jack puts his arm around the producer.

JACK LEMMON

I know, I know. They just make me laugh. Get them in a crowd scene and put someone taller in front of the balding old guy. (laughing) They're such characters. Do it for me, okay?

PRODUCER Sure, Jack, sure. Okay, places.

Don turns to the PRODUCER.

DON

Never go against the family.

Vera looks into her pocket mirror and turns her head to the side. She holds up production even more than Don. Anita just sits on the ground in her DOROTHY dress, attracting ants.

VERA Oh, Mildred! Why did you open that restaurant? It's added years to your face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWD SCENE-CONTINUOUS

Don, Vera, Anita, Lindsay and Chris wait in the corner for the GIANT CROWS scene that Jack has arranged they be in.

DON

"I won't go. You can't make me. I won't go, you can't make me." Do you think I emote enough? Chris, come on, kid, tell me, can you see me saying this?

CHRIS

Just what are you doing? We're extras. No lines. No dialogue of any kind. (MORE) CHRIS (CONT'D) We just walk around with the rest of the crowd. Neither Bolger nor Lemmon is in the scene.

Anita is sad.

ANITA You mean I can't wear my Dorothy outfit?

LINDSAY All hail Dorothy!

COSTUME WOMEN hurriedly attach feathers to each of the EXTRAS. Don looks like a big, fat DUCK.

ANITA Knock it off, college girl. This sucks.

VERA What about me? I can't wear this makeup and become Joan Crawford?

CHRIS Hey, I told you guys earlier. We're extras. Nothing more.

The ASSISTANT DIRECTOR lines them up with the rest of the extras.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR Alright, let's go! Get in your positions.

Don struggles to stay in front. The other four just go where they're told. Vera looks good as a GIANT CROW, but Anita, Don and Lindsay practically roll around the ground, their costumes are so large.

> DON I'm making this work for me. I'll get my line in. They can't cut it if I'm in front. "I won't go... you can't make me". Man, I'm good.

CHRIS Chef, they're going to kick all of us out of here. Just play along with them, alright?

VERA We're here, Don. We might as well enjoy ourselves. CHRIS Thanks, Vera.

VERA Oh, you'll get yours, kid. I do the schedules now, remember? I thought I was going to be discovered.

Chris looks over at Lindsay and shakes his head.

LINDSAY It's not his fault. He invited

you. He could have invited Hernando. Right?

CHRIS Right. How are you doing, Lin?

LINDSAY

He smiled, but I know he didn't know who I was. That's okay. This is fun!

VERA You're right. Don, don't muck this up for the kid. Let's just play our roles.

The filming of Hollywood's most anticipated scene of the year goes off without a hitch. The DREAM INN PLAYERS have the time of their lives.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK LEMMON'S SUITE-LATER-NIGHT

Jack Lemmon has asked Chris Larson to come to his suite.

JACK LEMMON Chris, I read your screenplay. I'm afraid it's not for me.

CHRIS You read it in one day?

JACK LEMMON Oh, I had time. That's not the problem.

CHRIS Pretty bad, huh?

JACK LEMMON

Chris, it's a fantastic story. It really is. You captured Milwaukee, even though I've never been there. But it just isn't right for me. Maybe Burt Lancaster. Or one of those younger guys, Michael Douglas, for example.

Chris has brought a scotch for both Felicia and Jack.

CHRIS You mean it doesn't suck eggs? It's not a heaping pile of dog poo? I can write?

JACK LEMMON I wouldn't go that far.

Felicia walks in. Her hair is up in curlers and she is clinging to a bath towel. Her slippers are just a few feet away.

FELICIA Does this guy ever go home?

Chris picks up the slippers and hands them to her.

CHRIS

Oh, Misses Robinson?

Chris takes Felicia's hand and leads her to the couch.

JACK LEMMON

Move to Hollywood. There, you'll be in the company of thousands of many fine writers who drive cabs, wait tables and tend bar, hoping for a chance like I gave you today. Most actors of my caliber....

Felicia applauds, one hand at a time. She takes the drink and downs it in one gulp.

FELICIA Thanks, doll.

CHRIS Thought you guys might like one.

JACK LEMMON

Most major actors won't even talk to a screenwriter, much less accept a script from him, unless it's gone through his agent and manager. The drink?

CHRIS

It's kind of an apology. They're on me.

FELICIA

(tasting the scotch) Where did you make this? Your bathtub?

JACK LEMMON

Don't mind her, kid. She's bored. Anyway, I'm glad you and your friends got a chance to see how a movie, albeit a television movie, gets made.

Chris looks confused.

CHRIS What's an albeit television movie?

Felicia shakes her plastic glass to loosen the ice. She looks at her watch.

FELICIA

Jack? Dinner?

Chris picks up his script. He places it under his arm. The door is open.

CHRIS I'll dump it.

FELICIA

If you do that, I'll never talk to you again.

JACK LEMMON

Keep writing. Go to school. USC in Los Angles has a great screenwriting class, as does UCLA. You have to study to get anywhere in life. Right? I'm sure you studied and trained for this job.

Chris begins laughing uncontrollably.

CHRIS Train? For this job?

FELICIA This is pretty much your first job, right?

CHRIS Yeah. I mean, in Waukesha, I bussed at a supper club. Did prep work at a coffeeshop. Never was a room service waiter.

Felicia walks over to Jack and pats her husband on the butt.

FELICIA Jack, honey, you owe me ten bucks.

CHRIS I trained for an hour. Does that count?

Chris gets up and is ready to leave when the phone rings.

JACK LEMMON (on the phone) Yes? When? Oh, shit, Robert, go on. I thought we'd finished. I've got other commitments and we've got rehearsals... do you know what they are? You can have me for one more day! That's it. Yes, yes, I've got some ideas about the scene. No trouble with the writer's union? Sure? Okay. Good night to you, too.

Jack slams the phone down. Felicia walks over to her husband and tries to comfort him. Chris stops at the door.

FELICIA

Honey? What's wrong?

JACK LEMMON

The director isn't happy with the scene we shot today. The script is wrong, he says. We need a rewrite and reshoot for one scene. One scene! The damn writer is in Hawaii, for God's sake! I know Robert can't write.

Chris just stands there. Felicia motions to him to leave.

CHRIS Good night to you both. Good luck to you both. And thank you both.

Jack looks at Chris and waves him over.

JACK LEMMON Chris, I cannot believe I'm going to say this, but....

FELICIA

Oh, no, Jack. No, Jack, it won't work. He's not a writer.

JACK LEMMON (ignoring Felicia) What do you know about the original film? It's a classic, you would have seen it, had you gone to college.

Chris digs deep within him to offer up the most informative answer he can.

CHRIS How do you know I never went to college? I didn't go to USC or UCLA, but I did go to Wisconsin's finest state school, Oshkosh, and I did take a film appreciation course. "The Entertainer" was on the list. What scene are we talking about?

Chris sits on the couch. Lemmon takes out his notebook and the two men go to work. Felicia calls down for room service for three. Chris is watching Jack pace the room, while Felicia listens to both men offer up different bits of dialogue.

CUT TO:

INT. LEMMON'S SUITE-THREE HOURS LATER

A huge tray of half-eaten food sits on the floor next to the door. Both Lemmon and Chris are dog tired. Felicia is asleep on the couch. Jack is walking the room, spitting out the scene Chris and he just finished creating.

> JACK LEMMON We got it. We're done.

CHRIS (eyeing the tray of food) I wish those morons downstairs would pick this tray up. Makes me look bad.

He moves it over toward the door with his foot.

JACK LEMMON Forget about the tray. You know, if the director and producer accepts this re-write, I can't give you credit. There's a whole lot of reasons why.....

CHRIS Are you kidding? I'm so glad and thankful to you, I don't know where to start.

JACK LEMMON I mean, most of it is union stuff... the writer is already contracted with NBC and there's no money for anyone else....

CHRIS I wrote with you. I spent Hollywood time with you. Your wife is sleeping on the couch. I feel like I'm at a Hollywood party. Next thing I know, you'll be playing the piano and I'll be singing the theme from "Bananas" with Marvin Hamlisch!

Jack looks at him and smiles.

JACK LEMMON Let's call it a night. I'll ring you in the morning. What's your number?

Chris is so giddy with happiness, he forgets his home phone number.

CHRIS Just call the hotel operator. I think I'll be sleeping in the furnace room tonight. I feel like I'm drunk, but I didn't have anything. God, dare I say it?

JACK LEMMON

What?

CHRIS I'm high on life. I sound like Pat Boone and his daughter combined.

Jack smiles. His wife awakens and shakes her head. She looks at the clock.

FELICIA Jack? Bed?

JACK LEMMON We're almost there.

FELICIA It's late, kid. Wanna sleep on the couch?

JACK LEMMON

Yeah, you might as well. No sense driving home. I've got a six a.m. Call tomorrow and you'll know soon enough about our little Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman collaboration.

Chris thinks it over.

CHRIS Which one am I?

JACK LEMMON

Huh?

CHRIS

Am I Moss? George Hamilton? Or, you... no, I'm Mossy and you're Jason Robards. (whispering to Lemmon) You're a better actor than Robards... don't cheat yourself.

Lemmon smiles and gives Chris a shoulder squeeze.

JACK LEMMON Thanks, kid. But actors don't put down other actors.

CHRIS Room service waiters put down other room service waiters. It's our goal in life. Felicia is still groggy. She is basically talking to herself.

FELICIA

That way, I can get you to run down in the morning and get our coffee and breakfast. I'm not being kind, I'm just planning ahead.

Chris smiles. He walks over to her and kisses her on the cheek.

CHRIS You're the best.

FELICIA Kid, you are a potentially terrific screenwriter. I mean, you've got the first step down pat.

CHRIS

What's that?

Felicia pats her behind with her hand.

FELICIA Kiss as much ass as possible.

CUT TO:

EXT. FILM SITE-NEXT MORNING

Jack Lemmon and the ASSISTANT DIRECTOR go over the re-write. Most of the CREW has gone. Chris watches from the back, and HEARS one of his lines being said by another ACTOR. Lemmon agrees that the lines will work. They go over the scene for thirty minutes. Rehearsal is over. Jack waves to Chris. Chris waves wildly, like a kid on a horse for the first time. All is right with his world.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOARDWALK-EARLY AFTERNOON

Lindsay and Chris take a leisurely walk down the crowded Boardwalk. They try and spot amateur PICKPOCKETS.

CHRIS There's one. He just dropped the wallet on the ground. See? Here come the cops. LINDSAY You'd think they'd practice a little before coming down here.

Chris takes her hand. The sounds of the rides are deafening.

CHRIS I couldn't believe how much fun it was.

LINDSAY So you re-wrote with him? And he let you go to the filming again? Oh, wow! How cool.

Chris stops and chats. TOURISTS almost mow them down.

CHRIS Yeah. I almost can't believe it happened. I mean, I only contributed a few ideas. He wrote them down.

They continue walking.

LINDSAY I'm so happy for you, Chris. What did this do for you?

CHRIS What do you mean?

LINDSAY

You say that Lemmon gave you some real good advice about where to go to learn. Are you going to heed that advice?

CHRIS That depends. Is there any chance of you and I settling down an having babies? Just four to start.

They head for SKEEBALL PALACE. Lindsay speaks from her heart.

LINDSAY Not now. I'm thinking of moving up to Alaska. I need more challenges than this coffee shop. I hear there's gold up there.

CHRIS Gold? Really? Lindsay hits him over the head with her small purse.

LINDSAY (chuckling) I'm kidding! But I do hope you move to Los Angeles for your career. I've got an old friend in Alaska with a very profitable fishing boat and who knows, I might just find gold with big, fat pinching claws.

They keep walking.

CHRIS Wanna have one last romp before we split up?

He kisses her. She grabs his mouth with her hands and runs her tongue across his teeth.

LINDSAY

Of course, lover boy. I want to hear more about the ins and outs of movie making.

CHRIS Remember, this was a TV movie.

LINDSAY

I own a TV.

They look at each other like star-crossed lovers.

CHRIS Shadowbrook. Tomorrow night. I'll either be on cloud nine or cloud seven, which is a cloud that never gets any publicity. Ever hear of floating on cloud seven? Nope. Poor cloud. It probably has competency issues.

She pats him on the butt.

LINDSAY Save your money. I'll cook. I'll make another turkey meat loaf, mashed potatoes and browned carrots. But don't eat too much, I need you strong. You know, your meat loafs enough as it is already! CHRIS My meat loaf is strong like bull!

Chris bows at the waist.

LINDSAY And when it's not, it's relaxing poolside.

CHRIS (laughing) Now appearing in the Congo Room of the Dream Inn... the amazing Lindsay!

LINDSAY

Are you in?

CHRIS

I'm in. I hope Lemmon calls with good news. Otherwise, I may just jump off the end of the wharf. O death, where is thy owee?

She laughs hard, dropping her cotton candy. Chris picks it up, wipes off the Boardwalk goo, and hands it back to her.

LINDSAY Just what I wanted. Thanks.

CHRIS Should I bring anything tomorrow night?

LINDSAY Just yourself. Call me later. And make sure you see the new schedule that came out.

CHRIS What do you mean?

Lindsay gets out the copy of the schedules.

LINDSAY

You're on three prime shifts next week, Friday, Saturday and Sunday Brunch. The biggest money shifts of the week! Plus room service. You'll make some good money.

CHRIS Those old geezers. They really love me. LINDSAY Tommy got fired for kissing Coulder in the coffeeshop. On the lips, in front of Bass.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL-NEXT DAY-LATE AFTERNOON

disgust.

The STARS of the film are being honored with a cocktail party at the pool. Ray, Gwen, Jack, and Felicia enjoy drinks and canapes. The afternoon is sunny and gorgeous. Ray and Melissa have grown very close during the past week. They entertain the guests on the apron of the pool.

> MELISSA (speaking while dancing) Uncle Ray, this is so wonderful. What you've taught me these past days, I'll never forget. I feel like a new woman.

Ray pretends to teeter close to the pool. Melissa grabs his hand so as not to let him drop into the water. Ray laughs.

RAY Sweetie, this is an act. I know I won't fall in. See?

He points to his feet, which are comfortably set in stationary circus shoes, allowing the PERFORMER to sway and sway without falling over.

MELISSA

Oh.

RAY An old vaudeville trick. The audience never knows. They just...

The shoes falter and Ray falls into the pool. Gwen rushes over to his side.

GWEN Ray! Get out of there before your straw gets wet.

The CROWD laughs. Melissa is genuinely concerned, but Ray laughs it off. He climbs out with no help from anyone.

RAY

Sorry about that, folks. It seems my partner forgot to catch me, but that's okay... she's only a trainee!

GWEN

Me?

RAY No, the kid.

Gwen realizes she has competition. Melissa rushes over to help.

GWEN We're doing just fine, dear. Where are your parents?

Melissa knows a brush-off when she sees one, so she waves good-bye to Ray.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOLSIDE CABANA-CONTINUOUS

Jack Lemmon and his wife, Felicia Farr are spending their last day at the Dream Inn sunning themselves at poolside. The pool and adjoining patios are no competition for the BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL. Felicia lets ANYONE within earshot know it.

FELICIA

God, Jack, how would it look if Maude and David Chasen caught us here! Or, God forbid, David and Dani Jansen? Geez.

JACK LEMMON

Relax, dear. There's no one here but us Dream Inn Players. That's what Chris and his merry crew of extras called themselves. God, honey, I remember what it was like when I was just starting out.

Felicia realizes how relaxed her husband has been up here.

FELICIA We ought to come up next year with Walter and his wife. Or Freddie and his wife.

JACK LEMMON

You know Cordova can't get away from that show. Johnny should come up. He'd love diving for abalone.

Jack whistles the song, "The Good Life". Chris walks into their sunlight. Felicia lowers her sunglasses.

CHRIS

Mister Lemmon. I just wanted to drop by and thank you. You've been so helpful to me. And possibly my career. (crying) I'm not moving in with my girl. I'm moving... to Los Angeles. Going to UCLA film school, if I can, to learn how to write screenplays.

Jack looks at Felicia and he tears up.

JACK LEMMON Kid, remember how I said I'd settle up with you at the end of the week?

CHRIS Oh, sure. But I'd rather forgo the tip. You taught me so much.....

Jack takes out a mighty bankroll of cash.

JACK LEMMON

How long have you been in the sun? Go ahead, take this. It's the least I can do. From Felicia and me.

He peels off four one hundred dollar bills. Chris is in shock.

CHRIS I-I can't... I can't accept this.

He takes it back.

JACK LEMMON

Okay. Bye.

Felicia snatches back the cash and puts it securely in Chris' hand.

FELICIA Take it and keep it. It's a long drive to Los Angeles. (MORE) FELICIA (CONT'D)

Look, there's a restaurant in Westwood called The Hungry Tiger. We know the manager. It's right next to UCLA and I might be able to get you a job there. And Westwood has no lack of fair ladies.

MISS CALIFORNIA walks by, waving to Chris at that very moment. Chris lands a wet one on her.

MISS CALIFORNIA How dare you? I just put some Vaseline on my lips so they shine.

JACK LEMMON Not many men have done that and lived.

FELICIA

Lots of men have done that and not only lived, but gone on to great careers in politics.

Chris waves off the beauty queen.

CHRIS Ah, she's yesterday's news.

JACK LEMMON Still, I wouldn't mind reading an old newspaper....

SURFERS set out to Steamer Lane for one last set. The sun has been surrounded by early fog.

FELICIA You both need to settle down.

JACK LEMMON Don't be a stranger when you get down there. But don't make me call the cops, either.

CHRIS Oh, I won't. Believe me.

FELICIA We'll go to Chasen's one night. I'll introduce you to the gang.

JACK LEMMON

What gang?

FELICIA Sshhh! Let him believe we're Hollywood royalty!

Chris turns to leave. He runs back for one last kiss and shakes Jack's hand. The hug is unrehearsed.

JACK LEMMON What's that for?

CHRIS

For not forgetting where you came from. And for allowing me to remember where I did.

Lindsay has come down to swim. As she dives into the pool, she winks at Chris. Brian and Denise arrive, arm in arm. Bob and Janice Brooks look as though they've renewed their love. Melissa, without Ray and Gwen, sits in the sun, reading a book on vaudeville. Even Tommy and Coulder are back for an announcement.

> COULDER Guess what? Tommy, Don and I have decided to open up a hair salon.

TOMMY I'm on my best behavior. For an hour, at least.

Don comes around the corner, wearing Tommy's first creation. As he sashays on the deck, old PEOPLE pass out. Small BABIES cry. The swimming pool's hairline fracture seals itself.

> DON (touching up the curls) What do you think? Early Don Corleone?

TOMMY I spent hours combing it out. Isn't she magnificent?

COULDER (admiringly) A shoo-in for Miss California.

FADE TO BLACK