

SEAT FILLER CONSPIRACY

by

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BLACK SCREEN

Orchestra music begins to play. Light applause is heard.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Stay tuned, Oscars for best  
documentaries will be presented  
after a musical tribute to  
directors.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Get ready troops, we lose half the  
audience here.

INT. PRODUCTION ROOM - NIGHT

Monitors fill a wall with various shots of the theater.

MAN AT CONTROL PANEL  
And cut to commercial.

INT. DOLBY THEATER - NIGHT

A line of WELL DRESSED MEN AND WOMEN stand at attention at the back of the auditorium. A few of them fumble with their earpieces.

DENNY RILEY, (late 30's), in a tux fitting his well built frame and his hair cut in a short military style, stands at a dim lit podium.

DENNY  
(firm)  
Go, go, go. I need four down first  
aisle front left.

Several of the men and women in the lineup begin to run down the aisles to the now empty seats.

DENNY  
Three down center aisle mid right,  
two down center aisle front left.  
Move, move, move.

One seat filler, CAROL ANN, (mid 20's), sees an empty seat near the front and uses her large frame to push one of the men out of the way to get there first.

DENNY  
Good move Carol Ann. I like to see  
initiative like that.

Carol Ann give a thumbs up in acknowledgement and squeezes her way past an A-LIST ACTRESS to the empty seat. She does not notice the actress right away as she looks around the auditorium in amazement.

CAROL ANN  
I'm so excited. This is my first  
Oscars. How about you?

The A-list actress gives Carol Ann a polite smile.

Carol Ann's smile freezes when she realizes who she has sat next to.

CAROL ANN  
(nervous)  
I'm working on my second movie, a  
remake of NOW VOYAGER. Oh, I'm not  
an actress. I do hair and makeup.

BACK TO DENNY AT HIS PODIUM

DENNY  
(angry)  
You've got to fill those seats  
faster people.

Several men and women take out their earpieces and shake their heads.

INT. LOFT CONDO - NIGHT

ON A TELEVISION SCREEN

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Stay tuned, Oscars for best  
documentaries will be presented  
after a musical tribute to  
directors.

TERRY, (late 30's), a tall, out of condition geek and his wife CHARLEY, (early 30's), a plain Jane with glasses too big for her face, are both in sweats on a large bed.

SPIKE, (early 30's), a lanky, boyish, handsome man in a mid drift shirt and short shorts has a cast on his leg, along with Christopher (early 20's), a smaller, effeminate young man in silk pajamas and ascot, lounge at the foot of the bed.

They are all focused on the television.

Junk food is scattered on the bed and bed area.

SPIKE  
(sarcastic)  
Oh great, the moment of the show  
I've been waiting for.

Spike climbs up on the bed to reach for a bowl.

Charley slaps him on his butt.

CHARLEY  
Come on Spike, be careful. Can't  
have you falling again.

SPIKE  
Hey, that was a technical issue.  
Falling off that tire had nothing  
to do with my acting. It was that  
damn cat suit too, imagine wearing  
something so tight. You could see  
my religion.

Spike covers up his genitals.

Charley strokes Spike.

CHARLEY  
There, there. I'm sure you would  
have made an excellent kitty cat.

Spike licks the back of his hand and pretends to wash his  
face.

Terry jumps off the bed and crosses the room to the open  
kitchen of the bohemian decorated loft.

TERRY  
(sarcastic)  
Yep, I agree. A big, ole pussy. Too  
bad you missed your big break being  
a seat filler this year.

Spike gives Charley a puzzled look.

TERRY  
Get it, big break.

Terry chuckles to himself.

CHARLEY  
(whispers)  
I'll explain his attitude later.

TERRY

Popping more corn here, anyone need another drink while I'm up?

SPIKE AND CHRISTOPHER

(together)

I do.

SPIKE

(to Christopher)

Lush.

CHRISTOPHER

(to Spike)

Whore.

CHARLEY

Don't make me send you two back upstairs.

Spike sticks his tongue out at Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

Just think Spike, you could be sitting next to your future husband, Mr. Clooney, right now. Oh, I forgot, he's married now.

SPIKE

Marriages don't last. But speaking of sitting next to celebrities, I hope Carol Ann's having a great time.

CHARLEY

You'll get picked again next year, maybe we all should try?

Terry brings a new bowl of popcorn to the group and returns to the kitchen.

TERRY

Guess I'll get those drinks now, anyone else need a double?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A to D LIST CELEBRITIES mingle in groups while others are at tables focused on the many television sets around the room.

At the bar, TRACY CHARLES, (late 20's), a beautiful curvaceous knockout in a dress that does not leave much to the imagination, throws back a shot and slams it on the bar.

Her agent, WALLY COHEN (mid 60's), elf-like in stature with a bad comb over and fake tan, glances around the room.

WALLY

Trace, babe you really should take it easy. We're here so you can be seen in your best light.

TRACY

(intoxicated)

I think I look pretty damn good in this light.

(to bartender)

Hey, this glass isn't going to refill itself ya know.

Wally motions a slash across his throat to the bartender.

WALLY

This night is very important. You've finally gotten yourself a great role and people are going to start taking you more seriously.

TRACY

Yeah, yeah. These...

Tracy does air quotes.

TRACY

...people have done nothing but laughed at me behind my back for the past few years.

WALLY

But you're laughing all the way to the bank. Come on, just slow down a bit for me. Please, just this one night, let it be about your work and not your reputation. There's already chatter about you and this movie.

Tracy stands straight, pulls down her dress to a more appropriate length, and gets the bartenders attention.

TRACY

May I just have a nice tall glass of water please?

Wally smiles and slips the bartender a twenty dollar bill when he returns.

WALLY

Who knows? Maybe that stage...

Wally points to one of the televisions.

WALLY

...is where you'll be this time  
next year.

Tracy smiles, pinches Wally's cheek and takes a small sip.

TRACY

Okay, let's give them the Tracy  
Charles they've been waiting for.

Tracy grabs Wally and drags him over to a small group of celebrities and begins to engage them in conversation.

A television over the group shows the ceremony coming back from a commercial and the crowd quiets down.

BACK TO LOFT

Terry returns with the drinks.

TERRY

Here you go. Drink responsibly  
boys. You do have a flight of  
stairs to navigate later and we  
know you have had trouble climbing  
things Spike.

Christopher giggles.

TERRY

Got to go flog the log.

Terry leaves the room.

Charley leans into Spike and motions for Christopher to come closer as well.

CHARLEY

(whispers)

Sorry about Terry's attitude this  
evening. I'm not suppose to say  
anything.

Spike and Christopher lean in closer.

CHARLEY

His latest screenplay was rejected  
yesterday.

(MORE)

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

His last three have been actually.  
The studio led him to believe this  
one was a done deal.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh no. Wow, what a horrible thing,  
and after his last one sold for a  
pretty penny too.

CHARLEY

Yeah, he thought he would be  
writing nominated scripts by now,  
not still watching them.

SPIKE

That explains a lot. He usually has  
so much fun on Oscar night.

CHARLEY

We'll get through this, I'm secure  
in my job at the moment.

Charley gives Terry a big smile as he exits the bathroom and  
heads to the kitchen to down his drink and refill it.

CHARLEY

(whispers)  
And Ter can always turn a few  
tricks down on Hollywood and Vine.

Spike and Christopher both look shocked, then burst out in  
laughter.

CHARLEY

(even softer)  
Or rob a bank or something.

The boys eyes widen.

SPIKE

(sad)  
Well, Chris, looks like asking for  
a loan is out of the question now.

CHARLEY

Oh no guys, not you two also.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah, things are getting a bit  
tough. Spike here losing his  
touring gig and me being cut off  
from my parents for not becoming  
the lawyer they wanted.

Charley, distracted, points towards the television.

CHARLEY

(excited)

Ooh, ooh, just take a look at the necklace on that one. It's so gorgeous.

SPIKE

That's the big thing these days, getting to wear millions of dollars as well as the made to order gowns. It's almost a game to these women it seems. Man oh man, what we could do with those millions.

Spike glances Christopher's way and smiles.

Terry returns, a slice of pizza in his hand.

TERRY

(in between bites)

Yep, those are some nice rocks.

(to Charley)

Someday you'll be wearing diamonds around that pretty little neck of yours baby.

Charley reaches for the non-existent jewels around her neck and smiles at Terry.

Terry plops down on the bed and pulls the remote from under Spike's butt.

SPIKE

Whoa there fellow, not while the wife is in the room.

Terry smacks him with the remote.

TERRY

You wish.

Spike goes in for a kiss as Terry pushes his face away.

TERRY

How is Carol Ann enjoying working on her movie? Tracy Charles. Who would have guessed that one.

SPIKE

She is loving it. Still only working with the extras though.

CHARLEY

I can't believe they have that bimbo playing that part. We all know how she got it. Geez, she wore a bikini almost the entire time in her last movie.

TERRY

Yeah, and it made over a hundred million. Not that I contributed to that total.

Terry winks at the guys behind Charley's back and shakes his head yes.

ON THE TELEVISION

Random shots of celebrities fill the screen.

CHARLEY (O.S.)

(excited)

Oh my god. No way. Look, look who Carol Ann is sitting next to.

Carol Ann leans in close to an A-List actresses' shoulder to get in camera view and waves.

SPIKE (O.S.)

She looks amazing Christopher, that dress you made for her is a winner.

BACK TO THE BED

SPIKE

You should really consider doing it professionally.

Christopher throws a handful of popcorn at Spike.

CHRISTOPHER

And you should consider taking an acting class. Or two.

Spike picks up a pillow as to swing it at Christopher.

SPIKE

Charley here is the actress we should be watching out for.

CHARLEY

Ah thanks Donnie. It would be something to be up on that stage someday.

SPIKE

Donnie? I've told you not to call me that anymore missy.

INT. DOLBY THEATER - NIGHT

Denny looks back to check out what seat fillers he still has available.

Unintelligible speech from winner of an award is heard.

DENNY

(into microphone)  
Peggy, stand up straight.

PEGGY pulls her shoulders back in an exaggerated manner.

Denny notices another seat filler try to take a peek at his cell phone.

Denny's brow narrows in disgust.

DENNY

(harsh)  
Joseph Martin, get over here right now.

JOSEPH slips his phone back into his tux jacket and heads over to the podium.

Denny holds out his hand and Joseph hands him the phone.

JOSEPH

(sad)  
My wife is expecting a baby and she just texted me her water broke.

Denny, frustrated, looks at the phone, Then Joseph.

DENNY

Here. Take it and get on out.

Joseph takes the phone and hurries to the exit.

DENNY

(to himself)  
Jesus, I have to get a better group next year.

EXT. MOVIE STUDIO - DAY

A bus stops at a corner near a guarded entrance and Carol Ann exits. She shows her ID and enters the gate.

INT. MOVIE STUDIO PROP ROOM - DAY

A female employee, SUZANNE, (50), works on a wig on a foam head.

Another employee, MAUREEN, (60), enters the room. She holds a folder in her hand.

MAUREEN

Guess what I have?

SUZANNE

I don't know...

(not looking up)

...a cure for your herpes?

Maureen smacks Suzanne on the head with the folder. Suzanne stops and acknowledges her presence with a glare.

Carol Ann, now dressed in what could barely pass for thrift store clothing, enters the room and pauses at the doorway.

CAROL ANN

(clears her throat)

And the Oscar for best seat filler goes to...

Suzanne and Maureen look her way to see her pretend to hold a statue.

CAROL ANN

(excited)

...Me.

Carol Ann twirls into the room and bows.

SUZANNE

Well, well, well. Look who we have here. You're late.

Suzanne goes back to work on her wig.

MAUREEN

But what a great excuse.

CAROL ANN

You saw me?

MAUREEN

Sure did sweetie. Sit down, tell us  
all about it. What other stars did  
you get to chat up?

Carol Ann puts her bag into a locker and grabs a smock.

CAROL ANN

Oh, you know. Tom, Leo, Channing.  
Just a few of the boys that  
promised we'd do lunch some day.

Suzanne hands Carol Ann a sheet of paper.

SUZANNE

We'll never hear the end of this  
one. But there is a time and place.  
Some other time, some other place.  
That's today's call sheet. Get to  
room C with the others and have  
everything done by noon.

Carol Ann skims the paper, opens a refrigerator and looks  
around inside.

CAROL ANN

Piece of cake. I can do most of  
this myself...  
(turns to Suzanne)  
...and have it done by eleven.

Carol Ann hides an apple in her smock and exits.

CAROL ANN (O.S.)

I could have danced all night, I  
could have danced all night...

Suzanne takes the finished wig and moves it to a mannequin  
that is adorned with a beautiful, forties era designed dress.

SUZANNE

She is good, I'll give her that,  
but she's not getting a good rep  
here. She dresses like a bag lady  
and others are saying she is  
stealing their lunch.

MAUREEN

Yeah, I'm hearing the same thing.  
She is a talented make-up artist  
though. Just give her a chance  
Suzy, times are hard for all of us.  
Who knows, someday you may be  
working for her.

SUZANNE

And monkeys may fly out of my butt.

Maureen pushes the folder closer to Suzanne.

MAUREEN

Speaking of make-up, take a look at pictures from Tracy Charles' latest test shots.

Suzanne picks it up with hesitance and pulls out photos.

SUZANNE

How did they turn this...

She holds up two pictures in front of her, one being Tracy.

INSERT - TWO VERY DIFFERENT PICTURES

SUZANNE (O.S.)

...into this?

EXT. MOVIE STUDIO BACK LOT - DAY

A tour tram rounds a corner and begins to slow down.

Charley, at the front of the tram, holds a microphone.

SUPER: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

CHARLEY

I do hope you've enjoyed your visit to Mammoth Studios today. I can only say...

Charley grabs the microphone as if she were a cabaret singer.

CHARLEY

(sings)

...I'M SO GLAD WE HAD THIS TIME TOGETHER, JUST TO HAVE A LAUGH OR SING A SONG. SEEMS WE JUST GET STARTED AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, COMES THE TIME WE HAVE TO SAY, SO LONG.

She grabs her ear and gives it a tug.

CHARLEY

Thank you, thank you. What would I do without my fans.

Sporadic laughter is heard.

The tram pulls up to it's designated spot and comes to a halt.

CHARLEY

Please exit to your right in an orderly manner, taking all your belongings with you. Make sure the remainder of your day is full of fun and excitement. I hope I was part of that.

Tourist disembark as several shake Charley's hand.

Charley unplugs her microphone, thanks the driver and walks to a gate behind the line of trams marked EMPLOYEES ONLY.

She bumps into a SUITED MAN as she closes the gate.

SUITED MAN

Just who I was trying to catch. You know what I'm going to ask, don't you.

CHARLEY

I know, and I can. You know how important it is to me. Thank you.

Charley walks over to a picnic bench, passing two EMPLOYEES on a smoke break and pulls out her cellphone.

EMPLOYEE #1

(whispers)

Have you ever been on one of her tours?

EMPLOYEE #2 leans in closer to EMPLOYEE #1.

EMPLOYEE #2

Oh yeah. She is quite the little actress I must say.

Charley cringes when she hears the words "little actress".

EMPLOYEE #1

She does all these silly imitations of old Hollywood stars.

EMPLOYEE #2

(giggles)

Her Katherine Hepburn is the worst.

Charley stares at her phone, punches a few numbers, pauses and gazes at a shady tree nearby.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

A small backyard with a large shade tree comes into focus.

Several rows of lawn chairs, some in need of repair, are all turned towards a garage. A make shift stage is set up in front of it's opened door.

A few ADULTS mingle as CHILDREN run about. No one pays attention to the stage.

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)  
Ladies and gentlemen, girls and you  
yucky boys, BACKYARD PRODUCTIONS is  
proud to present to you a scene  
from GONE WITH THE WIND.

Some of the children rush to the chairs while the MOTHERS try to corral the few who still run around.

A shower curtain opens to reveal a YOUNG BOY (5) and GIRL (7) in very poor imitations of RHETT BUTLER and SCARLETT OHARA costumes.

An awfully painted staircase is seen in the background.

The crowd becomes silent.

YOUNG GIRL  
(bad southern accent)  
Rhett, Rhett, where are you going?

She clutches the young boy as he tries to leave the stage.

YOUNG BOY  
(worse southern accent)  
Going to Charleston, back where I  
belong.

YOUNG GIRL  
(cries fake tears)  
Please take me with you. I only  
know that I love you.

YOUNG BOY  
That's your misfortune.

He walks towards the side of the stage, pretends to open a door, stops and turns toward the young girl, now sobbing. She runs to him.

The adults hold back laughter.

YOUNG GIRL

Rhett, Rhett. Where shall I go,  
what shall I do?

YOUNG BOY

Frankly my dear, I don't give a...

He breaks character, looks out at the audience, and giggles.

YOUNG BOY

(quickly)  
...damn.

He runs off stage.

His mother opens her mouth in shock.

The young girl throws herself to the ground and cries out of control.

The crowd laughs.

YOUNG BOY #2

That's the funniest thing I ever  
seen.

The young girl on stage gets up, straightens her skirt and takes a bow.

A couple of girls in the crowd point at her and mimic her bow.

YOUNG GIRL #2

Who does Charlene think she is?

YOUNG GIRL #3

She looks like my aunt Joann.

The young girl on stage realizes her acting skills are unappreciated and runs off the stage to the side of the garage and begins to cry real tears.

The young boy scrubs the drawn on mustache off his face.

YOUNG GIRL

(angry)  
Why did you have to mess up your  
line Donnie? It was one word.

A TEENAGE BOY (13), thin as a rail and hair shorn almost bald, approaches with open arms and grabs the young girl. He comforts her with a tight squeeze and wipes away her tears.

TEENAGE BOY

There, there Charlene, don't cry. I thought you were great. They'll be wanting your autograph some day.

YOUNG GIRL

(in between sniffles)

You. Really. Think so? Why are. They all. Laughing at me?

TEENAGE BOY

They just don't know real talent when they see it is all. You'll show 'em one day. You know what? I also want to be a big star. Maybe we should work on this together. You know, make 'em really see how talented we both are.

The young boy rolls his eyes and takes off his tattered jacket and hands it to the teenage boy.

YOUNG BOY

Sounds good to me. I'd rather be playin' with my easy bake oven.

He runs off.

YOUNG GIRL

Uh, sure Dennis. Why not. Always helps to know others in the show biz.

The teenage boy hugs her again, lets go and turns her around. He looks her up and down.

TEENAGE BOY

First thing we'll work on is this dress. Just what size is it anyway?

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Employee's #1 and #2 pass by Charley with curious glances.

Charley shudders back to reality and begins to dial.

INT. LOFT CONDO - SAME

INSERT - BLINKING CURSOR ON A BLANK COMPUTER SCREEN

BACK TO SCENE

Unpaid bills and overdue notices are scattered on a desk.

Terry is asleep in front of the computer, a weeks beard growth and unkept longer hair show his lack of attention to himself.

He is startled awake by the sound of a nearby phone.

TERRY  
(tries to sound alert)  
Hey baby, almost finished?

INTERCUT - STUDIO BACK LOT/LOFT

CHARLEY  
Well, one reason I'm calling is to check up on you.

TERRY  
That's sweet, doing good here. Got a few pages done that I feel really good about.

Terry gives the finger to the computer before he turns it off. He crosses the room to the refrigerator.

CHARLEY  
(rapid)  
And I'm also calling to let you know I'm pulling another double shift.

TERRY  
Ah honey, I hate that you have to work your butt off to keep us above water. Maybe that butt will get some extra special attention later.

CHARLEY  
(whispers)  
Terry, not on the phone. There are people watching me.

TERRY  
You do know that they can't hear me.

Charley turns her back to passersby.

CHARLEY

And you do know that I'd do anything for us, right? Something good is going to happen soon, I really believe that. Besides, it gives me a chance to continue to perform.

TERRY

(chuckles)

Oh yeah, you were born to do what you do sweetie. How you haven't been discovered yet is beyond me.

Terry rummages through the refrigerator and pulls out a pizza box and a beer.

TERRY

I'm sure I can find something in the fridge, don't worry about me.

CHARLEY

I did make a nice salad I was going to eat, maybe you should have that?

TERRY

Getting tired of my growing tire is what I'm hearing.

He pats his stomach.

TERRY

Get it. Tired. Tire.

He laughs at his own joke.

CHARLEY

Well, it is getting kind of full Mister Michelin man. A couple of hours a day on a treadmill wouldn't hurt. Oh shoot, I forgot we sold that. But seriously Ter, you tear yourself away from that computer of yours and watch some TV. Maybe a good senseless comedy. I bet you could use a break.

TERRY

Sounds good to me.

Terry throws himself onto the couch and cracks open the beer.

CHARLEY

I'll be home around midnight. Don't wait up. You do know you are my life Terry Winkler.

TERRY

I know babe, and you're mine. Please be careful coming home.

BACK TO LOFT

Terry grabs a slice of cold pizza with one hand and the remote with the other. He flips through channels and pauses every so often.

TERRY

(to himself)

Better enjoy this before it's cut off soon.

He stops his channel search when he runs across the show ENTERTAINMENT 24/7.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

On an over the top decorated set, AMANDA LOVE, (50), a mannequin looking middle age woman, stands next to a pair of high stools.

AMANDA

(to the camera)

With fall arriving, so arrives the onslaught of movies trying to catch the attention of Oscar voters and one of this years most anticipated films is the remake of the Bette Davis classic, NOW VOYAGER. The actress trying to fill those shoes is one of today's hottest rising stars, Tracy Charles.

Tracy, once again dressed a little too provocative, walks onto the set and hugs Amanda tight.

Amanda pulls away unfazed by the clinch and they both take their place on the stools. Tracy struggles to get up on hers.

TRACY

Wow, guess I wasn't expecting to climb Mt. Everest tonight. I should have worn my...

She pulls her dress down.

TRACY

...whatever they call those big,  
uncomfortable backpack thingies  
they wear for hiking.

Amanda jumps off her seat to help Tracy.

AMANDA

Welcome Tracy, so glad you've taken  
time out from your busy schedule to  
visit with us.

TRACY

Oh, my pleasure Miss Love.

AMANDA

Amanda please, we're all just one  
big family around here.

TRACY

I knew that about you, you're just  
so adorable. Just like a big sister  
I've always wanted to have, and  
even cuter in person. Maybe we  
should do lunch sometime?

Amanda does not break her plastered on smile.

AMANDA

Uh, sure. We could do that. So  
Tracy, tell us, with some saying  
this was Bette Davis' best role, do  
you think there will be any  
comparisons to her?

BACK TO LOFT

ON THE TELEVISION

TRACY

Oh gosh no. She ends her name with  
an E...

(giggles)

...and I end mine with a Y.

Amanda, stunned, laughs through clinched teeth.

ON THE COUCH

Terry laughs at Tracy's absurd reply. He opens another beer.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Let's take a look at the scene  
where you transfer from a dowdy  
spinster to a beautiful socialite.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

A WOMAN, seated in a rocking chair, looks out a window.

She turns half way towards a door behind her, not to show her full face, when a DOCTOR enters the room and sits in a chair that faces her.

PSYCHIATRIST

This morning Charlotte, during your last session with me, I referred to a quotation, remember?

CHARLOTTE/TRACY

(soft)

Oh yes, Walt Whitman's.

PSYCHIATRIST

Well, I had it looked up and wrote it down for you to keep. If ole Walt did not have you in mind when he wrote this, he had plenty of others.

He pulls a folded piece of paper out of his jacket and hands it to her.

PSYCHIATRIST

He's put into words what I'd like to say to you now and far better than I could express it. Read it please.

He heads towards the door and turns to her.

PSYCHIATRIST

Goodbye Charlotte, and good luck.

He exits.

She unfolds the paper, still only seen from a side view.

CHARLOTTE/TRACY

Goodbye doctor.

INSERT - THE UNFOLDED NOTE

CHARLOTTE/TRACY (O.S.)  
 The untold want, by life and land  
 ne'er granted. Now voyager, sail  
 thou forth to seek and find.

BACK TO SCENE

She folds the paper back up and raises her head from the shadows to reveal her entire face.

The woman on the screen looks exactly like Charley.

Music swells.

BACK TO LOFT

Terry, in mid bite, drops his slice and looks dumbfounded.

ON THE TELEVISION

SERIES OF SHOTS - CHARLOTTE/TRACY'S TRANSFORMATION

- A cruise ship sails through a serene sea.
- Smoke billows out of the ship's stacks.
- The ship pulls into a port.
- A gangplank is lowered.
- A pair of legs exits onto the gangplank.
- POV of shoes up to a lowered head of a well dressed woman.
- The woman raises her head to reveal a made over Charlotte.
- She looks about, throws a fur stole around her and smiles.

BACK TO STUDIO

AMANDA  
 That's an amazing scene Tracy.

TRACY  
 It was fun playing against type for once. This role was my most challenging yet.

AMANDA

There's already buzz this role could get you nominated, Are you getting excited about this?

TRACY

Well, Amanda, the only buzz I get lately..

INT. WALLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Wally, at his unkept desk, watches a small television near his desk puffing away hard on a cigar.

WALLY

Don't say it doll, don't say it.

BACK TO STUDIO

TRACY

...is from my morning cup of Joe.

AMANDA

I hear that.

TRACY

Of course it would be pretty awesome to be dressed up like a princess in a designer gown made just for me and to be lavished with the amazing jewels they pass out these days.

AMANDA

You do know you don't keep them, right?

Tracy strikes a Marilyn Monroe like pose.

TRACY

To quote one of our greatest actresses ever, "Diamonds are a girls best friend".

BACK TO LOFT

Terry, jaw ajar, begins to grin.

TRACY (O.S.)

Tell me all about it Harry Winston.

BACK TO STUDIO

AMANDA

Well, you heard it here first.  
Designers will be lining up with  
their offers. Thanks again Tracy  
for visiting us. Now Chad, tell us  
what's coming up on tomorrows show.

BACK TO LOFT

Terry, in deep thought, paces the floor.

TERRY

(to himself)  
Could it work?

Using his DVR, he rewinds the show back to where Tracy is in  
her pre make-over stage.

He watches and rewinds several times.

TERRY

This could be her chance to become  
the actress she's always wanted to  
be.

Terry pauses the scene once more, picks up the phone and  
dials.

TERRY

Get down here. Now.

INT. LOFT CONDO - LATER

Terry, with remote in hand, lets Spike and Christopher in.

TERRY

I've got something to show you and  
you're not going to believe it.

The two men sit down on the bed with hesitance.

SPIKE

This better be some good porn.

CHRISTOPHER

Or better yet, this week's PROJECT  
RUNWAY.

Spike leaps from the bed and does an exaggerated runway walk.

SPIKE

You're gayer than me, how can you be straight?

TERRY

Come on guys, you're sounding like a broken record. Just. Watch. This.

Terry points the remote at the television and plays the already set up scene, pauses it and studies his friends' faces.

SPIKE

What is Charley doing on TV?

CHRISTOPHER

Did you two put together some kind of audition tape?

Terry plays the rest of the scene and pauses it again.

Spike and Christopher, stunned, don't react.

TERRY

That's just it, it's not Charley. It's Tracy Charles.

He paces the floor again then gets down on his knees between the two.

TERRY

I want you two to wait until I'm finished before you say anything.

They look at each other, then back at Terry.

TERRY

I don't think you both know how hard it's been for us the last few months. We are in some deep shit. My car's been repossessed, we could lose the loft and...

SPIKE

Oh Terry.

CHRISTOPHER

Spike, he said wait.

TERRY

If Tracy can look like Charley, why couldn't Charley look like Tracy?

SPIKE

(excited)

Oh yeah. I've been waiting a long time for this moment. A makeover for our lovely lady.

TERRY

Well. It a little bit more than that. If she can be made to look like Tracy, why couldn't she act like Tracy?

CHRISTOPHER

Okay, and why would she be acting like Tracy?

Terry points the remote once again at the television and plays the remainder of the scene as the two focus.

TRACY (O.S.)

Of course, it would be pretty awesome to be dressed up like a princess in a designer gown made just for me and be lavished with the amazing jewels they pass out these days.

SPIKE

Did she just say pass out? Like beads at Mardi Gras?

TERRY

If she gets nominated, why couldn't Charley take her place on Oscar night? She could get possession of those jewels.

SPIKE AND CHRISTOPHER

(together)

And?

TERRY

We get possession of the jewels. We could sell them on the black market, I have connections.

Terry holds up a finger to his lips.

TERRY

Don't ask.

Spike get up and begins to pace.

TERRY

It would get us out of this hole we're in. We're talking a lot of money here.

Christopher gets up and shakes Terry.

CHRISTOPHER

You can't be serious? Spike and I have been thinking of ways to get a hold of those gems ourselves after last years Oscars.

Terry pulls away.

TERRY

Oh, but I am. It could work. She's always wanted to be an actress. She's always dreamt of being in the spotlight.

Terry joins Spike in pacing across the loft. He mumbles to himself, then stops.

TERRY

Wait a sec, did you just say you had the same idea?

Spike stops his pace as well.

SPIKE

Well, not this idea, but yeah, we've daydreamed about it. I even thought I could pull off passing for Cameron Diaz and getting in.

CHRISTOPHER

We nixed that idea real quick though. We don't have Carol Ann's talent with the make-up brush.

(whispers)

And this one looked nothing like a dame, even with those cheek bones.

SPIKE

(to Christopher)

Hey, I wasn't that bad.

(to Terry)

We knew things were bad. Yes, Charley spilled the beans, don't be mad at her. She has been so worried about you.

CHRISTOPHER

We're in the same boat Terry.

SPIKE

Chris, don't.

TERRY

Don't what? Oh man, I thought things might be getting hard for you guys when I saw your couch being taken out last month. I was hoping you were getting a new one.

SPIKE

Yep. So deep we should be speaking Chinese by now.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh brother.

SPIKE

(to Terry)

Have you ever considered going back to work for your Uncle? His limousine company is one of the better ones in town.

TERRY

No way. I swore I would never drive for that bozo again. He's the one I was referring to about having "connections" if you get my drift. I just can't get involved with that again.

CHRISTOPHER

But how would we do it? We'd have to get the real Tracy out of the picture.

Spike sits back down and puts his head between his knees and breaths deep. He snaps back up straight and stares Terry down.

SPIKE

(serious)

What would we get out of it?

Terry begins to smile and walks over and sits down next to Spike.

TERRY

But of course you would get an even share if you're in.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

Most jewelers are loaning out millions to a nominated actress these days. Just this year alone, Helen Mirren had a three million dollar choker on her. How does that sound?

Spike glances at Christopher.

Christopher's eyes light up.

CHRISTOPHER

(excited)

I could design the dress. That way we can make sure they are wearing the same thing. My mind is already in designer mode.

(to Spike)

You know we're going to have to move back in with our families. I'm not about to do that, so I'm in.

Terry puts his arm around Christopher.

TERRY

Just think, you could get your own line started with the money.

(to Spike)

And you. Maybe start your own acting school? No more cater waiting for you my friend.

SPIKE

Sure sounds like a one way ticket to the chain gang boys club.

(to Christopher)

You'd be real popular there my friend.

Spike imitates dropping a bar of soap and begins to lather.

CHRISTOPHER

That's not the slightest bit funny.

Terry goes to his desk, collects a pad and pen, and begins to jot a few things down.

TERRY

My first idea, and it's a big one, is to get hired as seat fillers for the next Oscars.

The room becomes silent.

CHRISTOPHER

Carol Ann. She says she impressed that seat director guy, or whatever he's called, this year to already be asked back.

SPIKE

She could put in a good word for us.

TERRY

Perfect. We need to get into that theater. Testing out various scenarios is vital.

(to Christopher)

Secondly, you'll have to convince Tracy that she has to wear your design.

CHRISTOPHER

No problem, my charm with the ladies is quite something to behold.

Terry and Spike both snicker.

CHRISTOPHER

You just haven't seen it yet.

TERRY

I'm sure it is buddy.

(to Spike)

And you and Carol Ann can do the make-over.

Spike picks up a magazine with Tracy on the cover.

SPIKE

I do love her madly and she is really is such a beautiful person, but girlfriend is in dire need of a new look.

Spike and Christopher join Terry, now sitting at his desk, and glance over his shoulder at his notes.

CHRISTOPHER

We'd have to replicate the jewels. How could we possibly do that? That's the most important part of this whole thing I'd say.

TERRY

Leave that to me. I'll just need some pictures of the ones she's chosen.

SPIKE

We really need Carol Ann to get onboard this very unsteady boat we're trying to sail.

CHRISTOPHER

More like a dingy.

Terry picks up the phone and dials.

TERRY

Hey sis, are you doing anything at the moment?

INT. WALLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Wally sits at his desk and skims through some papers. Head shots fill the walls. The desk is cluttered with unread screenplays.

Tracy walks in unannounced. Wally, lost in his reading, does not acknowledge her right away.

TRACY

(clears her throat)  
Is that my next big role?

Wally throws down the script and runs over to greet Tracy.

WALLY

My girl, so glad to see you.

He grabs one of her hands and kisses it.

WALLY

Why do you keep Wally so busy? I'm overwhelmed with everyone wanting a piece of you.

Tracy pulls her hand away, walks over to a window and glances out.

Wally returns to his desk.

TRACY

A piece of me? That's a bit pornographic Wally. Watch it.

She continues to stare out the window.

TRACY

Everyone wants a piece of me, but  
no one wants me.

WALLY

Aw, come on sweetie, you don't want  
to go and mess up a good thing with  
a love life now do you?

Tracy turns and gives Wally a stern look.

TRACY

A love life? I've heard of that,  
but I wouldn't know what that is.  
Do you know I haven't even been on  
a date in almost a year? I've got  
to slow down a bit.

She crosses the room and sits in a chair across from Wally  
and grabs the top script from the pile on the desk.

TRACY

Let me guess, I'd be right for  
everyone of these.

Wally pushes the stack to the side with force.

WALLY

You're going to be even hotter  
after the upcoming awards season  
you know. How can you slow down  
now?

TRACY

Oh great. All the glamour, all the  
glitz. All that a girl could want.

Tracy picks up a script that has fallen on the floor and  
thumbs through it.

TRACY

I can see it now. Limousine pulls  
up to the red carpet. Paparazzi  
swarms. I get out looking better  
than ever. Then...  
(stares Wally down)  
...no one gets out behind me. What  
kind of life is that I ask you?

WALLY

We'll find you a date, the last of your worries. You just focus on acceptance speeches.

Wally gets up and walks over to his small collection of awards, picks one up and places it in front of her.

TRACY

Are you hearing me? Even my agent won't listen to me. I want to be in love. I want to do the whole romance thing. I want someone to get out of that limo behind me.

Tracy stands up and heads towards the door.

WALLY

(serious)

Just think about how far you've come. I took you on when you were laughed at. From some plain Jane hokey who couldn't turn a single head to what's in front of me now. That was no small feat I'll tell you.

Tracy turns, glares, then smiles.

TRACY

Yes, you did. I will be forever grateful for that. You saved me from a lifetime of cooking, cleaning, raising kids. How can I ever repay you?

Wally sulks back into his chair.

TRACY

I'm sorry. You know I get like this every so often. I won't dwell on my lack of a love life any more.

She opens the door, begins to exit and turns back.

TRACY

Now get back to finding me my next project. Call me.

Tracy exits, then reappears.

TRACY

(whispers)

Oh, and by the way.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

Until he comes along, I want you to  
be the one that gets out of that  
limo behind me.

Wally grins and waves her off. He blows her a kiss as she  
closed the door.

INT. LOFT CONDO - NIGHT

Carol Ann, wide eyed, sits on a chair as Terry, Spike and  
Christopher surround her.

CAROL ANN

Are you nuts? Come on, I'm not  
falling for one of your pranks  
guys. Not this time.

She gets up and heads to the kitchen.

CAROL ANN

(giggles)  
How did you get that done? It must  
of cost you a pretty penny. That  
looked pretty professional.

She opens the refrigerator and pulls out a water.

CAROL ANN

I thought things were tight around  
here?

SPIKE

Carol Ann, he's very serious.

Terry goes to his desk and picks up the pad with his notes.

TERRY

Things are bad. In case you haven't  
noticed, there's a FOR SALE sign on  
Charley's car. Look around, this is  
all going to be gone soon.

Terry grabs a pile of past due notices and waves them around.

SPIKE

And we're not doing much better.

Carol Ann looks Christopher's way.

CHRISTOPHER

(lowers his head)  
It's true, pretty bad.

Carol Ann turns to Terry.

TERRY

Just take a look at what we've come up with so far. Hope you don't mind a couple of house guests in a few months. Mom would just love that.

She gives him a look of angst.

CAROL ANN

You know Mom hates you right?

Terry shrugs his shoulders.

TERRY

That's what will make it all the more fun.

CHRISTOPHER

You play a very important part in all this. Your talents are remarkable and would be vital.

TERRY

They sure are.

Terry puts his arm around his sister and squeezes tight.

TERRY

Charley's your best friend, she would only want you to do the make-over.

Carol Ann looks over the notes, then grins.

Terry gives the guys a reassured look.

SPIKE

One last thing though.

The three men all look at each other, then to Carol Ann.

TERRY

We need you to get us in as seat fillers for the Oscars. That's number one on the list, see.

SPIKE

Just think of what you could do with the money.

Christopher wraps himself around Carol Ann and aims her face to look up towards the ceiling.

CHRISTOPHER

I can see it now. And the Oscar for  
best makeup goes to...

Spike imitates a drum roll.

CHRISTOPHER

...Carol Ann Winkler for  
(spreads out his arms)  
...TRANSFORMATION.

Terry and Spike burst into applause.

TERRY

If we all work on this together, we  
can pull it off. I just know it. I  
need everyone's help. We've never  
asked anyone for help and to ask  
you all to risk going to jail is  
asking so, so much. I couldn't  
repay you guys.

Terry turns his back and begins to tear up.

Carol Ann breaks free from Christopher and consoles Terry.

SPIKE

Let me tell you, jail would be a  
lot more comfortable than living on  
the street. I'm not going back  
home.

Carol Ann glares at Spike and Christopher.

CAROL ANN

If Terry says this will work, it  
will work. We have to have faith in  
him, okay boys?

SPIKE

Man, oh man. I can't wait to see  
Charley's reaction.

EXT. LOFT CONDO PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Charley closes a car door and locks it. She glances up at a  
window that is illuminated and smiles.

INSIDE THE LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Charley opens the door to find the group all get up to greet  
her at once.

Terry approaches her and leads her by the arm to a now empty chair. The others all gather around her.

CHARLEY

Okay, who died? Not Doris Day,  
please god.

TERRY

Baby, there's something we need to  
discuss with you.

Terry begins to explain the plan.

INT. DENNY'S OFFICE - DAY

Denny sits at a very organized desk in a closet sized room.  
He looks over some paperwork.

Carol Ann stands with her back to him.

DENNY

Go ahead Carol Ann, say what you  
came for, I don't have a lot of  
time for chit-chat.

CAROL ANN

(nervous)  
I need a big favor.

She turns to face him.

CAROL ANN

(in one breath)  
I know some great people to help  
fill your vacant slots coming up  
and I really hope you could use  
them.

She takes a deep breath and exhales.

Denny drops his pen and laughs.

DENNY

Is that all?

Denny opens a file he pulls out of a drawer and points to it.

DENNY

You're at the top of the list for  
rehires and if you say they can be  
worthy of the job and are half as  
good as you, it shouldn't be a  
problem.

Carol Ann takes a step towards Denny with her arms out to hug him but backs away when he shows no sign of reciprocating.

CAROL ANN

(excited)

Really? Oh, Mr. Riley, you won't be disappointed. They'll pass all your tests and not one of them will make that ulcer of yours act up.

Denny grabs his stomach and winces.

DENNY

Give me their names and contacts.

EXT. OUTSIDE DENNY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

As the door shuts behind her, Carol Ann pulls out her cellphone and dials.

CAROL ANN

(whispers)

We're in.

INT. LOFT CONDO - NIGHT

Carol Ann holds a bottle of hair color over Charley's head.

Terry holds Charley's hand and strokes it.

TERRY

You're going to be a different woman after all this. It won't be for nothing, trust me.

Charley gives him a nervous smile. He winks back.

TERRY

Okay sis, do your magic.

MONTAGE - CHARLEY'S MAKEOVER

-- Charley has foil folded into her hair.

-- Charley's eyebrows are plucked.

-- Charley does crunches with Spike.

-- Terry sits at his desk and draws some diagrams.

-- Christopher measures Charley's figure.

- Spike shows Charley how to mimic Tracy's mannerism's.
- Carol Ann applies makeup to Charley.
- Charley turns to a full length mirror.
- The group reacts when Charley enters the room as Tracy.
- A tear runs down Terry's face.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. DOLBY THEATER - NIGHT

Terry and Charley stand on Hollywood Boulevard near the theater entrance. Terry takes picture after picture of his surroundings.

Charley, who now wears more appropriate glasses and her new hair pulled back in a ponytail, sits still on a nearby bench.

CHARLEY

You're going to run the battery  
down. Calm down honey.

Terry puts the camera away.

TERRY

You're right, you're right. You're  
always right.

Terry leans down and kisses her cheek.

TERRY

You do know this will all work out.  
I need you to believe that.

CHARLEY

Yes, Terry. For the hundredth time,  
I believe it.

She plays with her glasses.

CHARLEY

I do hope these glasses help hide  
my new beauty though.

She strikes a model like pose.

Terry looks up and down the street several times.

TERRY  
Where are they?

Charley points across the street.

Spike, Christopher and Carol Ann cross the street and they all hug.

SPIKE  
I don't know about the rest of you,  
but I'm as excited as the day I  
discovered my little spike...  
(grabs his crotch)  
...wasn't just for peeing.

CHRISTOPHER  
Ooh, gross. Makes me want to never  
look at your crotch...  
(nervous)  
...I mean you, again.

TERRY  
Bottle that enthusiasm, phase two  
is about to begin.

They all smile at each other and exhale.

TERRY  
(to Carol Ann)  
You said that after his little  
opening speech, he gives us a  
little time for a meet and greet,  
right?

CAROL ANN  
Yep, about fifteen, twenty minutes.  
There were some nibbly things to  
knosh, and a bad punch.

TERRY  
Great, you all need to keep him  
occupied so I can get pictures  
taken. These photos are very  
important, so I'll need every  
minute.

Terry pulls his camera back out and shoots a few more photos.

CHARLEY  
Terry, stop.

Christopher puts his hand out.

CHRISTOPHER

All for one and one for all, right?

The others all place their hands in a circle they have created.

ALL

Money!

They raise their hands in unison into the air then head towards the entrance.

INT. DOLBY THEATER - NIGHT

MEN and WOMEN, in a single line formation, stand at attention.

Denny walks along the line at a slow pace and looks each one up and down. He stops at Carol Ann.

DENNY

I want all of you new recruits to know that Carol Ann here was my favorite seat filler last year. She was fast, aggressive and made good use of what she was taught. That's why she's standing here again this year. Maybe one of you will be able to do the same.

Carol Ann stands even straighter and smiles.

Denny continues his walk and stops at Terry.

DENNY

You'll need to shave. Facial hair does not show up well on television.

He continues on to Christopher and pulls out his ascot.

DENNY

You will not be wearing this. Take it off please.

Christopher, saddened, takes it off.

Denny passes, then turns back to Charley. He looks puzzled.

DENNY

Could you take your glasses off please?

Charley, nervous, lowers her head and takes them off.

Denny lifts her chin up and moves her face from side to side to inspect her closer.

Charley, puzzled, gazes at Denny as she studies his face as well.

DENNY

Don't I know you? You look familiar.

Charley lowers her head once again and slips her glasses back on.

CHARLEY

No sir, I do believe I would remember you.

DENNY

Very odd. My years in the military have trained me to never forget a face.

He shakes off his misjudgment and continues.

Terry notices his wife's eyes widen.

CHARLEY

(whispers to herself)  
Oh no, it can't be him.

Charley turns to her husband and mouths the word LATER.

Denny turns back, gives Charley one more look and then continues on to the others in the lineup.

DENNY

(to larger man)  
Hit the gym.  
(to older woman)  
Cut and color the hair.  
(to woman in pants)  
Invest in a dress.

Denny stops dead in his tracks when he reaches Spike.

DENNY

What did you say your name was?

Spike straightens up and looks forward, ready for his critique.

SPIKE  
I didn't say. Donovan Leigh, sir.  
My friends call me Spike.

Denny looks him up and down several times then leans into him and takes a sniff near his neck.

DENNY  
(whispers)  
What is that scent you're wearing?

Denny backs away as if he were caught.

SPIKE  
Nothing Mr. Riley, it's me.

Terry, Charley, Carol Ann and Christopher exchange glances at what they have just witnessed.

DENNY  
Well, you should wear that Oscar  
night...  
(shakes his head clear)  
...I mean, I have no issues with  
you. You're fine.

Denny walks to his podium and stares down his recruits.

DENNY  
This is not to be taken lightly  
people. Most of you will be seen by  
millions worldwide. I want you to  
know I can be very strict...  
(looks Spike's way)  
...but I can also be very rewarding  
to those who earn it.

Carol Ann giggles.

DENNY  
Now, take a break before we get  
serious. Get to know one another.  
There are refreshments in lounge B.

The lineup disperses.

DENNY (O.S.)  
Fifteen minutes people.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Tables filled with cheese, crackers, fruits and beverages line one side of a large room filled with clusters of oversized sofas and chairs.

Small groups begin to form.

Terry, Charley, Carol Ann, Spike and Christopher all gather close to the door.

TERRY

Well Spike, it looks like your part in this scheme just intensified.

SPIKE

What?

CAROL ANN

Spike has a boyfriend, Spike has a boyfriend.

SPIKE

Can you blame him. I smell...  
(breaths in and exhales)  
...intoxicating.

They all laugh.

TERRY

(to Charley)

And what was all that all about between you and the sergeant?

CHARLEY

Oh, uh, I think I do know him. I think he's the kid I told you all about that lived down the street from...

CAROL ANN

(shocked)

...you mean, that's Scarlett?

SPIKE

No way. Wow, what are the odds? So sad his father sent him off to military school after his special performance.

CHARLEY

I told him that dress was too small for him.

Charley and Spike giggle.

TERRY

We may just be able to use that to our advantage, but for now, just keep his focus away from the door. I need to get out of here.

Terry slips out the door.

Spike walks over to a table to get a drink and turns around to find Denny right behind him. Spike, surprised, steps back.

DENNY

So Donovan, I mean Spike wasn't it? What made you want to be a seat filler this year?

Spike turns back to the table to grab another bite.

SPIKE

(in between bites)

Well, first off, I'm a huge Oscar fanatic, I pretty much know any and all facts there is to know when it comes to the history.

Spike, now nervous, takes a large gulp of his drink and nibbles on his cheese.

INSIDE THE THEATER

SERIES OF SHOTS - TERRY CAUTIOUSLY RUNNING AROUND THEATER

- View from back of theater followed by a flash.
- View from front of theater followed by a flash.
- View outside a women's bathroom followed by a flash.
- View inside a women's bathroom followed by a flash.
- Terry runs from room to room backstage.
- View of exits followed by a flash.

BACK TO BREAKROOM

DENNY

And your wife doesn't mind your doing this? It is just one night.

Spike lifts his hand up to show he has no ring.

Denny smiles.

DENNY

Mine did. That's why she left me.  
Well, that and our UPS guy. Said  
she couldn't take me being around  
all the beautiful women in  
Hollywood. Thought I would stray.

SPIKE

I'm also an actor. I can't wait to  
mingle with all the celebrities.

DENNY

An actor? I could tell. I'm  
surprised you haven't been cast in  
anything yet.

Denny brushes past Spike to reach for a snack.

Spike's eyes widen at this subtle flirtation.

SPIKE

Oh, I've been cast alright.  
Literally.

DENNY

Believe it or not, I too have  
dipped my toe in the thespian pool.

Carol Ann and Charley move in closer.

SPIKE

I had a feeling about you. Are you  
doing anything now? Not that I...  
(looks Charley's way)  
...give a damn.

Charley mouths the words NO YOU DIDN'T to Spike.

Denny, puzzled, turns away from Spike back to a snickering  
Charley and focuses on her. He turns his attention back to  
Spike.

DENNY

Well, no. I can't quite find the  
time or inspiration these days.  
Acting can be quite traumatic.

Denny looks around the room and locks in on a group of men  
and loses his focus on Spike.

CAROL ANN  
Mr. Riley? You okay?

Denny shakes off his flashback.

DENNY  
(stern)  
Okay everyone, that's about all I  
can give you. Back to the theater.

Terry slips back into the room and gives Charley a thumbs up.

Denny heads towards the door and turns on his heels.

DENNY  
(glances at Spike)  
Let's warm up those muscles...  
(to group)  
...to get you ready for some run  
throughs. We don't want to be here  
all night.

INT. LOFT CONDO - MORNING

The light of a television illuminates the dark apartment.

Charley and Carol Ann are under the blankets with Spike at the foot of the bed fixated on the television.

Terry, at the kitchen counter, pours a cup of coffee, drinks it in one gulp and refills the cup. He then paces the floor between the kitchen and the bed.

The front door bursts open and Christopher flies in, out of breath.

CHRISTOPHER  
Please tell me it hasn't begun yet.

TERRY  
Nope, any minute now.

Christopher joins the girls under the covers.

Charley, eyes closed, prays to herself.

SPIKE  
Holy crap, here it is.

Spike turns the volume up louder.

Terry hangs his head down over the counter, in silent prayer.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 And the nominees for best actress  
 in a leading role are...

Carol Ann pulls the cover over her face.

Spike, with fingers crossed, rocks back and forth.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 ...Annette Benning for THE  
 MISTRESS, Cate Blanchett for  
 ELIZABETH, THE END OF THE TUDORS.

CHRISTOPHER  
 (whispers to himself)  
 Tracy Charles, Tracy Charles.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Tracy Charles for NOW VOYAGER.

Carol Ann pops out from under the covers, screams and throws  
 her arms around a relieved Charley.

Spike leaps on the bed and begins to jump.

Terry lifts his head up and grins.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Meryl Streep for JUST ANOTHER DAY.

Spike falls down on the bed as if he were shot.

SPIKE  
 Not Meryl again.

Terry and Charley meet half way across the room. Charley  
 falls into his arms. Terry grabs her face in his hands and  
 gives her a light kiss.

TERRY  
 Are you ready for your close-up  
 Miss Charles?

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - MORNING

INSERT - CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE

A champagne cork pops. Bubbly explodes over an outstretched  
 hand with an empty glass.

BACK TO SCENE

Wally fills Tracy's glass which she gulps in one swig.

Amanda Love, microphone in hand, approaches Tracy followed by a small camera crew.

AMANDA

Congratulations Tracy. You must be so excited. Tell us, how does it feel to be an Academy Award nominee?

TRACY

Amanda, I can't tell you how much it means to me. Wally, my agent...

Tracy pulls Wally to her side.

TRACY

...told me over and over this would happen, but I never expected it.

Amanda yawns off camera.

TRACY

I didn't want to get my hopes up, but now that it's actually happened, I...

She jumps up and down.

TRACY

...just want to pee my pants.

Wally gives the camera a nervous laugh and tries to stop Tracy's bounce.

AMANDA

Speaking of pants, I have to ask this. Do you know who you'll be wearing for the big night?

TRACY

Honestly, I have no dress yet, but I do have an idea of what I'd like to be wearing.

AMANDA

Care to share?

TRACY

I'm a huge fan of the golden era of Hollywood now that I've been exposed to the style in NOW VOYAGER. If I could walk down the red carpet in something that reflected that period...  
 (coquettish)  
 ...I'd be one happy lady.

Tracy turns to Wally and kisses him all over. He refills her glass.

AMANDA

Well, we can't wait to see what you'll be wearing Tracy. Once again, congratulations. We see you have some celebrating to do.

Several phones begin to ring.

AMANDA

Now we go to New York, where Chad has an equally excited Renee Zellweger nominated for her portrayal of Mae West in COME UP AND SEE ME SOMETIME.

INT. CHRISTOPHER AND SPIKE'S LOFT - NIGHT

Christopher pins a half finished dress on a form that is one of several already fitted with dresses.

The television is on in the background tuned to ENTERTAINMENT 24/7's interview with Tracy that morning.

He stops and turns up the volume.

TRACY (O.S.)

I'm a huge fan of the golden era of Hollywood now that I've been exposed to the style in NOW VOYAGER. If I could walk down the red carpet in something that reflected that period, I'd be one happy lady.

Christopher runs over to a large closet and opens it.

CHRISTOPHER

Golden era huh.

He begins to pull out dresses at a rapid pace. He throws them to the ground or half attempts to hang them back up. He stops when he pulls out a specific dress and looks it up and down.

CHRISTOPHER  
Tracy, meet Hollywood. Hollywood,  
meet Tracy Charles.

He drapes the dress over a form and begins to pin it.

A phone rings, he rolls his eyes at the interruption.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

Terry's name is shown on the phone.

BACK TO SCENE

Christopher answers.

CHRISTOPHER  
(pins in mouth)  
Already working on it.

INT. TERRY AND CHARLEY'S LOFT - SAME

Terry turns his cell phone off.

Charley rewinds Tracy's interview back several times.

Terry grabs the remote from his wife, hugs her from behind and turns her to face him.

TERRY  
How great was that? Christopher  
says he already is working on the  
dress.

He begins a seductive slow dance with Charley.

TERRY  
(whispers in her ear)  
He'll have it delivered tomorrow.  
Says he'll work on it all night if  
he has to...  
(nibbles her ear)  
...So will I.

Charley pulls away from his embrace to gain eye contact.

CHARLEY

Oh will he now.

Terry begins to unbutton her oversized nightshirt.

CHARLEY

I don't know if all this conspiring  
is doing it, but you sure have,  
uh...

She looks down at his crotch.

CHARLEY

...come to life these past few  
months.

Terry dances his wife over to the bed and lays her down.

CHARLEY

I also wonder if it has anything to  
do with me looking like your  
favorite actress.

Charley looks for a reaction as Terry continues his  
seduction, then rolls over and turns off the bed stand light.

The light is turned back on with Terry over her, now  
shirtless. He lays down on top of Charley.

TERRY

Honey, that has nothing to do with  
it.

They continue to make out.

INT. WALLY'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens, Wally is at his desk as Tracy sits on top and  
files her nails.

The room is filled with flowers.

They both turn to the now opened door as a large box makes  
it's way towards them.

WALLY

More flowers Crystal?

CRYSTAL, Wally's assistant, sets the box down and lets out a  
sigh of relief. She hands a note card to Wally.

CRYSTAL

I don't think so this time boss.  
It's a lot heavier than flowers.

Tracy snatches the card out of Wally's hand, opens it and smiles.

TRACY

It's actually addressed to me.

(clears throat)

"DEAR MISS CHARLES, LET ME BE ONE  
OF THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON  
YOUR WELL DESERVED NOMINATION..."

WALLY

You can leave now Crystal.

Crystal exits.

Tracy stands up and walks around the desk to the box.

TRACY

...MY NAME IS CHRISTOPHER SCOTT AND  
I OWN CHRISTOPHER SCOTT DESIGNS. IT  
IS MY EXTREME HONOR TO BE ABLE TO  
PRESENT TO YOU ONE OF MY ORIGINAL  
CREATIONS. I HAVE BEEN A HUGE FAN  
OF YOURS FROM THE BEGINNING AND I  
HAVE ALWAYS FELT YOU HAD THE LOOK  
AND STYLE OF HOLLYWOOD'S GOLDEN  
ERA. IT WOULD TRULY BE A PRIVILEGE  
IF YOU WERE TO ACCEPT THIS GIFT  
REGARDLESS OF WHETHER YOU CHOOSE TO  
WEAR IT OR NOT. MY DEEPEST  
APOLOGIES FOR INTERRUPTING YOUR  
CELEBRATION PERIOD. SINCERELY,  
CHRISTOPHER SCOTT."

Tracy opens the box and gasps.

WALLY

Is it that bad?

Wally picks up the note card and examines it.

WALLY

Who is this Christopher Scott?  
Never heard of him.

Tracy pulls out the dress and reveals a stunning gown. She holds it up to her and begins to twirl around.

TRACY

I love it. This is exactly what I had in mind. It's as though he was inside my head.

Wally nods his head with approval.

WALLY

It really is beautiful Trace, but remember, there's gonna be dozens more wanting to dress you.

Wally pulls out a file and waves it at her.

WALLY

Here's a list of them.

Tracy continues to admire her new look in the small office mirror. She turns to Wally and pouts.

TRACY

I love this dress. The other actresses will be wearing the top designers. I want to be different. I want to turn heads.

Tracy holds the dress right in front of Wally's face and shakes it.

TRACY

This will turn heads.

Wally looks at the folder, shakes his head and throws it back in the drawer.

WALLY

Well, it's your moment. I can't tell you what to do. I'm here to support whatever decisions you make.

Wally gives the card a longer look.

WALLY

The first lady went with an up and coming designer, why not you.

TRACY

Exactly. She's more popular than anyone right now because of her fashion sense.

Wally picks up the phone and begins to dial.

WALLY

Let's give this Christopher fellow  
a call. Maybe I can get a tux out  
of this as well.

Tracy delicately puts the dress back into the box and hugs  
Wally.

INT. DOLBY THEATER - NIGHT

Seat fillers are, once again, lined up single file.

TERRY

(turns to Spike)

Keep him occupied anyway you can  
buddy. The rest of us really need  
to get away tonight to test out the  
big switch.

Denny enters with an even more serious disposition about him.  
He carries a folder.

DENNY

Glad to see everyone is on time.

Denny walks down the line to check on everyone's appearance.

DENNY

I have some good news and some bad.

The group all look around at each other.

DENNY

Good news is the PRESIDENT and  
FIRST LADY have decided they want  
to attend this years show. Seems  
they want to let the American  
public know they...

(does air quotes)

...support the arts.

He stops at a male seat filler, points at his shoes and  
shakes his head no.

DENNY

Bad news is I will have to ask for  
some of you to step down so their  
secret service men and women can be  
in attendance. They will be at next  
weeks session.

Denny stops when he reaches Spike and leans into him.

DENNY  
 I won't be needing you to step  
 down, you've really...  
 (whispers)  
 ...impressed me.

Terry's eyes widen then he grins.

DENNY  
 No volunteers? Well, that leaves  
 the task to me to start picking the  
 ones I feel...

TERRY  
 ...I will. My wife and I will  
 volunteer sir.

Terry steps out of line and communicates to Christopher with  
 a nod of his head that he should step out of line also.

Denny waits for others to volunteer.

CHRISTOPHER  
 (puzzled)  
 I can step down also Mr. Riley. I,  
 uh, happen to be designing a dress  
 for one of this years nominees and  
 could use the extra time.

EXT. DOLBY THEATER - NIGHT

Terry walks at a fast pace as Charley and Christopher  
 struggle to keep up. Charley grabs him and spins him around.

CHARLEY  
 (out of breath)  
 What is going on Terry?

CHRISTOPHER  
 Are you bailing? Why are we not in  
 there? He wouldn't have asked us to  
 leave.

TERRY  
 I came up with plan B. I just  
 wasn't getting a good vibe about us  
 doing the kidnapping in the  
 theater.

CHARLEY  
 Plan B? Just how many plans are  
 there?

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah, that we're not aware of.

A group of tourists walk by and snap pictures of the theater.

Terry leans in closer to the others.

TERRY

Plan B, my accomplices, has been brewing in my head for some time. Tonight was the perfect scenario for it to be put into action.

Charley and Christopher look at each other confused.

CHARLEY

Please let us in on it. This affects a lot of people Ter.

TERRY

Remember when I use to drive for Uncle Ron?

CHARLEY

Of course, but you hated that.

TERRY

He owes me big time after I helped bail him out. It's time to call in that favor.

He grabs Charley and again takes off at a quick pace, Christopher right behind them.

He pulls out his cell phone.

TERRY

(to Christopher)

You need to convince Tracy you need to be there for her when she gets ready. Carol Ann needs to get her task done tomorrow, thanks for finding out the jewelers are all showing their goods to her on the same day. That sure was a blessing.

He begins to dial.

TERRY

It's all falling into place...

(into phone)

...hey, Uncle Ron, how ya doing?

INT. WALLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Wally, Tracy, and an ELDERLY MALE JEWELER all surround Wally's desk.

A BURLY MAN too big for his suit, stands nearby.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WALLY'S OFFICE - SAME

Carol Ann, disguised as an elderly cleaning lady, pats her pocket a couple of times. She takes a deep breath, exhales and opens the door.

BACK INSIDE WALLY'S OFFICE

Carol Ann pushes a cleaning cart into the room.

Tracy turns to reveal she has on an emerald necklace and earrings.

Wally and the jeweler both look towards the intrusion.

The burly man steps forward.

WALLY

Excuse me miss, we're busy here.  
What are you doing coming in during  
business hours?

CAROL ANN

So sorry, Mr. Cohen. I was led to  
believe you had left for lunch. I  
apologize. I am so sorry.

She turns the cart around, stops and turns back to the group at the desk.

CAROL ANN

I am so sorry, Miss Charles. I'm  
such a big fan and I loved your  
latest performance. It put Bette  
Davis to shame.

TRACY

That is so sweet of you ma'am. I  
can't compare to Bette though.  
That's very thoughtful.

Carol Ann reaches in her apron and pulls out a camera.

CAROL ANN

My granddaughter would be so proud  
of me if I came home with a photo  
of you.

Carol Ann holds up the camera for all to see.

CAROL ANN

(sweetly)  
May I?

Before any response can be said, she snaps two quick  
pictures.

INSERT - CLOSE UP PHOTO OF TRACY'S JEWELS

BACK TO SCENE

The burly man walks over to Carol Ann and heads her towards  
the cart and begins to usher her out the door.

CAROL ANN

(loudly over her shoulder)  
Thank you Miss.

TRACY

Was that necessary? She's an old  
lady. We need to respect our  
elders.

WALLY

We're busy Tracy, no time for fans.  
Now, what do you think about the  
emeralds?

Tracy studies herself in a mirror held by the jeweler.

MALE JEWELER

You look exquisite, Miss Charles.  
Your skin tone is perfect for these  
gorgeous pieces.

TRACY

Uh, I'm just not sure yet. I can't  
make a decision right now but I do  
love these better than the rubies I  
had on earlier.

Tracy turns to the jeweler to have the necklace removed.

WALLY

We'll get back to you. Thanks for bringing us your collection. We have a few more to view today.

The jeweler packs his emeralds away and, followed by his bodyguard, heads to the door and turns back.

MALE JEWELER

(snooty)

You won't find any better. Good luck to you.

WALLY

Alright, well, thanks for your time.

The two leave.

Wally sits down at his desk pulls out a menu.

WALLY

We have an hour before the next appointment, let's order us something to eat.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - DAY

Terry and Charley, in a long overcoat and oversized sunglasses, walk along an empty side street.

TERRY

Now remember, all you have to do is walk up to the top and Spike will take it from there.

EXT. VIA RODEO DRIVE - SAME

Spike, also with sunglasses and a large sun hat, has a very large camera around his neck. He tries to blend in with the other tourists'. He glances towards the bottom of the sidewalk that slopes down to RODEO DRIVE.

BACK TO BEVERLY HILLS STREET

TERRY

He's probably going to scream pretty loud, so don't be alarmed. He does tend to overact you know.

As they come to the corner of DAYTON WAY and Rodeo, Terry looks up to the top of Via Rodeo Drive and sees Spike give a quick wave to acknowledge their arrival.

TERRY

Okay, give me the coat sweetie.  
This is where we'll really test  
your new look out.

Charley, nervous, surrenders the coat to reveal a knockout dress and begins to take off her sunglasses.

Terry pushes them back on.

TERRY

No, keep those on. You have to have  
a look of mystery about you.  
Someone who needs to hide their  
identity.

Charley looks up towards Spike and takes a deep breath.

CHARLEY

(mimics Tracy's voice)  
You want me to be mysterious? Oooh,  
lover, I can do that.

TERRY

Don't tease.

Charley grabs the high end store shopping bags from Terry and heads across the street with confidence.

TERRY

(to himself)  
I love that woman so much.

Terry steps out of the way of shoppers into a store entrance so he can see what is about to happen but not be seen.

As Charley reaches the top of the street, a flash is seen.

TOP OF VIA RODEO DRIVE

SPIKE

(screams)  
Tracy Charles. Ahhhhh. I love you.

Spike begins to take lots of pictures of Charley as he runs around her. Charley takes her glasses off and poses.

Other shoppers begin to turn to see what the commotion is about.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

It is her.

FEMALE VOICE #2 (O.S.)

She's even more beautiful in  
person.

A crowd begins to gather around Charley with pieces of paper being shoved her way and flashes from cameras everywhere.

BACK TO BOTTOM OF THE STREET

Terry turns to the store window and his reflection shows a smile begin. The commotion taking place up behind him is seen in the store window's reflection.

EXT. WALLY'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Carol Ann, once more disguised, pulls a balloon out of a car and adds it to a bunch already in her hand. She picks up a box of chocolates from the seat and heads towards the entrance of the building.

INT. WALLY'S OFFICE - SAME

Another jeweler, a WELL DRESSED ELDERLY WOMAN enters followed by her body guard, a tall, chiseled, handsome man who should be modeling instead of guarding jewels.

Tracy drops her egg roll at the sight of this handsome man and turns to brush away crumbs from her mouth.

Wally pulls the stained napkin out of his shirt and stands to greet the woman.

WALLY

Hello. Welcome. So nice of you to take the time to bring your collection to us. I know it's not the norm, but we have so much to do with Tracy's next project and all.

FEMALE JEWELER

Ah, Mr. Cohen, Miss Charles, it's my pleasure to do so. No one deserves to wear my diamonds as much as Miss Charles does.

Tracy, eyes still locked in on the body guard, BURKE (30), perks up at the mention of the word diamonds.

TRACY

Oooh, diamonds. I've been waiting  
all day for these.

Tracy walks over to Burke and pretends to brush off a piece  
of lint from his suit. He smiles at her touch.

TRACY

And what is your name, if I may  
ask?

She turns to the jeweler as she continues to brush nothing  
off Burke's body and gets a squeeze or two in.

TRACY

He is allowed to speak, isn't he?

BURKE

(deep voiced)  
I'm Burke, Miss Charles. It's a  
pleasure to meet you.

Tracy's knees buckle a slight bit at the sound of his voice.

TRACY

You better be calling me Tracy,  
Burke. We are not that formal  
around...

WALLY

...get over here babe, I think  
you're gonna like what's in these  
boxes.

Tracy gives Burke one last glance, walks over to the display  
and gasps. She reaches out to touch one of the pieces in  
front of her.

TRACY

Oh my god. They're amazing. I love  
this one. Put it on, put it on.

The jeweler slips a large diamond bracelet on her wrist, then  
hands her a pair of earrings.

FEMALE JEWELER

And this piece alone is worth two  
point five million.

WALLY

(under his breath)  
Nothing should cost two point five.

Tracy turns to allow the jeweler to wrap a simple but stunning necklace around her bare neck.

TRACY  
(to Burke)  
What do you think?

The office door swings open and Carol Ann, balloons and candy in hand, enters and closes the door.

Moments later, Crystal runs in.

Burke steps between Carol Ann and Tracy.

CRYSTAL  
(out of breath)  
I am so sorry Mr. Cohen. I know you said no more interruptions, but this one said it was a matter of life or death she delivers these. I tried to stop her.

CAROL ANN  
Miss Charles, I want to deliver these on behalf of your number one fan.

Carol Ann hands the balloons to Tracy and puts the box of chocolates on the desk.

CAROL ANN  
These are the best chocolates money can buy. Sweets for the sweets.

WALLY  
It's okay Crystal, why would this interruption be any different. It's been one after another all day. Just don't let it happen again.

Crystal leaves the office.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)  
Yes sir. It sure won't.

TRACY  
How sweet. Who is this fan?

CAROL ANN

I am not obliged to divulge that information at this moment, but they do wish that you could make this moment a memory they'll never forget for the little time they have left.

TRACY

Oh no. They're dying? How could I not accept.

CAROL ANN

May I take a photo of you with the items they sent?

WALLY

(frustrated)

Not another photo. What's going on today?

Tracy gives Wally a stern look.

TRACY

(to Carol Ann)

Of course I can do that. I just happen to be wearing the jewels I've chosen for Oscar night.

(to jeweler)

Oh, guess I should have told you first.

(to Carol Ann)

They will be the first to get a peek. Just let them know they can't be selling the photo for profit. I will have this big handsome man here hunt them down. Also let them know I wish them the best in their recovery.

Carol Ann, relieved, hands Tracy the balloons and gives her the chocolate, takes out her camera and aims.

Tracy holds the gifts at her side.

CAROL ANN

If you could just raise the balloons up just a tad higher, that would be great.

Tracy lifts the balloon bouquet up so that the bracelet, earrings and necklace will all be in the same shot and poses.

CAROL ANN  
Alright, one, two, three.

The flash from the camera fills the screen.

INT. LOFT CONDO - NIGHT

INSERT - FLASH FADES TO CLOSE-UP PHOTO OF TRACY'S JEWELS

BACK TO SCENE

Terry, a jeweler's magnifier attached to his head, is hunched over his desk which is covered with boxes of various sizes and shapes of cubic zirconium jewels.

Charley is in front of the television. She rewinds a scene from one of Tracy's movies.

With slow precision, Terry places one of the jewels on an almost finished necklace. He alternates his glance between the photo and the necklace.

A replica of Tracy's Oscar dress stands in a corner.

TERRY  
Get over here hon.

Terry, with caution, picks up the necklace.

Charley turns off the television and goes over to Terry. Her eyes widen at the sight of the shimmer she sees.

TERRY  
Turn around.

He places the necklace around his wife's empty neck and fastens it.

Charley turns to face him.

Terry smiles and pushes Charley over to a full length mirror.

CHARLEY  
Oh my lord, Terry. You did an amazing job.

Charley fixates on her reflection.

TERRY  
We lucked out that she chose pieces that were easier to replicate.  
(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

Any others and this may have been impossible. It's amazing how realistic CZ's are these days.

CHARLEY

It's really going to happen isn't it. I'm starting to get nervous Terry. I don't want to blow this. Everyone else has done their part.

TERRY

You are so ready. You finally get to act the biggest role of your life.

He spins her around to face the mirror once more. She smiles.

TERRY

It's show time.

In the mirror, the necklace begins to fill the screen, then goes out of focus.

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - DAY

INSERT - NECKLACE SLOWLY FADES INTO FOCUS IN A MIRROR

BACK TO SCENE

Tracy, Oscar ready, checks out her reflection.

Christopher comes up behind her and gives her dress a few adjustments.

A make up woman begins to pack up her things.

Burke stands nearby.

TRACY

(to Burke)

So, what's the verdict?

She turns full circle for him.

BURKE

You look amazing, but why would today be any different.

Tracy pinches his cheek and goes back to the mirror.

TRACY

(to Christopher)

I'm so glad you recommended I wear my hair this way. It really does make the whole look come together.

Tracy turns towards Burke, who checks his watch.

TRACY

Well, since Wally has decided at the last minute to bail on me, you may just have to walk me down the aisle...

She turns away at her awkward statement.

TRACY

(flustered)

Carpet, I meant the red carpet.

Christopher snickers at her mistake.

BURKE

I would be honored. You do know I have to walk with you regardless. We wouldn't want any harm to come your way.

TRACY

Aw, my protector has a soft spot. I like that in a man.

Burke blushes, then looks at his watch again to distract himself.

CHRISTOPHER

Why is your agent not here Tracy?

TRACY

His newest client, that himbo Blake Litchfield, is his top priority all of a sudden. He wanted to use the red carpet to show him off. Says he'll be there for me when we arrive.

Tracy goes to the bar and pulls out a bottle of champagne.

TRACY

Okay boys, time to get this party started.

CHRISTOPHER

Now we're talking. Just don't get anything on that dress please.

Tracy pours a couple of glasses and downs one in one gulp.

TRACY

Burke? Are you allowed to indulge?  
I won't tell.

She offers him a glass.

BURKE

I'll have to pass I'm afraid. I need my senses sharp tonight. Maybe after the show we can celebrate your win.

EXT. TRACY'S HOUSE - DAY

A sleek limousine pulls up in Tracy's long driveway.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOMENTS LATER

The partition rolls down to reveal Terry in the driver's seat. He turns around to lean through the opened window.

TERRY

I'm so proud of you.

Charley, now the exact replica of Tracy inside the house, reaches out and grabs Terry's hand.

CHARLEY

And I've said a million times I would do anything for us honey.

He caresses, then kisses her outstretched hand.

CHARLEY

(nervous giggle)  
I sure hope this proves I love you.  
In the end, that's all we need,  
isn't it?

TERRY

It sure is baby. It sure is. Okay,  
time to put this all into action.  
Stay focused, you are now  
officially Miss Tracy Charles.

Charley exhales and her body manner changes.

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens to reveal Terry, in full chauffeur's uniform and sunglasses.

TERRY

I'm here to pick up Miss Charles.

Burke turns back to Tracy, confused.

BURKE

I didn't think we were leaving for another hour.

TERRY

Her agent, Mr. Cohen, has requested an earlier departure. He said something about her needing to have extra time to work the carpet.

Tracy heads to the door.

TRACY

Why that Wally, I tell you. He keeps surprising the heck out of me. This is a great idea.

Tracy stands behind Burke and peeks around him.

He looks down at her touch and smiles.

TRACY

We'll be right out. I just need to grab my things.

TERRY

Very well ma'am.

Terry heads back to the limousine.

Tracy heads back to the mirror one more time and motions to Christopher to grab her bag.

TRACY

It's show time.

EXT. TRACY'S HOUSE - LATER

Burke heads towards the limousine followed by Tracy with Christopher a few steps behind her.

Christopher, having designed the dress to do so, steps on the hem and it rips up to her waist. Her thong covered butt is now exposed.

TRACY

(screams)

Oh my god. Please tell me it isn't bad.

She spins around as she tries to examine the damage.

CHRISTOPHER

I am so sorry Tracy. Oh shit, I can't believe I just did that. I wasn't looking, I'm so sorry.

Burke begins to run back to the two.

TRACY

Burke, you can't look. My ass is hanging out here. Stay right there.

Tracy turns away to make sure that Burke is not able to see her backside.

Christopher takes a close look at the rip.

CHRISTOPHER

It's not that bad actually. I can fix it on the way. But I'll have to get you out of it to do so.

TRACY

(whispers)

I can't have Burke seeing me half naked.

CHRISTOPHER

(whispers back)

I'll take care of it.

Christopher walks over to Burke and puts his arm around him. He begins to lead him toward the limousine.

Terry stands at attention at the passenger door.

CHRISTOPHER

Burke, my friend, we have a little situation happening here.

Burke looks back over his shoulder to Tracy. She smiles.

CHRISTOPHER

We had a little accident that requires Tracy to take off her dress in the limo. I have to sew up a rip. She's a little embarrassed to have you see her without it on.

BURKE

Is it that bad?

CHRISTOPHER

Yep, it sure is. Any chance you'd be able to ride up front with the driver? She'll be fine with me.

BURKE

(to Tracy)

I understand. As long as that dress gets fixed, that's all that matters.

TRACY

And as long as I know you're up front, I'll be okay. Now go on, get in, so I can get this off of me.

Burke heads to the limousine and Terry opens the door for him. He lowers his sunglasses and winks at Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

All right then, let's get this fixed.

Tracy covers her backside as best as possible and heads towards the limousine, Christopher right behind her.

Terry opens the back door and as Tracy begins to enter, Christopher pushes her in.

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME

Tracy, stunned at the sight of seeing her double, begins to gasp.

Charley lunges at Tracy with a cloth in her hand and places it over her mouth with force.

Christopher pushes the last of her dress in and jumps in.

CHARLEY

I'm so sorry Miss Charles.

INT. DOLBY THEATER - DAY

Denny is at his podium as he reviews a seating chart with some secret service agents.

Spike approaches the podium. He taps Denny on his shoulder.

Denny turns around and smiles when he sees it is Spike and steps away from the agents.

DENNY

Hey there, well aren't you looking sharp. You clean up well. Turn around for me.

Spike obliges as Denny shows particular interest in Spike's backside.

SPIKE

(nervous)

I was wondering if we could go somewhere private for a minute. I know this is a bad time, but I really do need to speak to you.

DENNY

It is a bad time, but I can get away for a bit if it's that important. What's bothering you?

SPIKE

Well, it seems that I may be experiencing...  
(leans in and whispers)  
...stage fright.

Denny grabs Spike, puts his arm around him, and begins to walk him away from the podium.

DENNY

(to secret service)  
Just go over that chart, I'll just be a sec.  
(to Spike)  
No, not you. Let's go to my office real quick and have a glass of champagne or two. That may help loosen you up.

EXT. DOLBY THEATER - DAY

Terry's limousine pulls up to the reception area of the red carpet.

Temporary bleachers are filled with SCREAMING FANS.

PAPARAZZI swarm the limousine.

Various other CELEBRITIES are shown at different points of the carpet.

Terry jumps out of the limousine and runs around to open the back door before any security can get to it.

Burke gets out of the passenger side and puts on sunglasses.

Charley emerges to the screams of fans, Christopher right behind her.

TERRY  
(whispers to Charley)  
Good luck, I love you.

Terry heads back towards the driver's side.

Charley realizes the screams are directed at her and acknowledges the fans with hand blown kisses and waves.

Wally, behind his newest protege, BLAKE, on the opposite side of the carpet, looks back at the screams to see who has just arrived. He starts to wave when he sees it's Tracy.

WALLY  
Hey kid, be right back.

Wally maneuvers his way through the crowd that separates him from Tracy. He grabs her and spins her around. Charley looks stunned.

Burke grabs Wally.

WALLY  
Trace, what are you...

Amanda Love grabs Charley's other arm and spins her in her direction.

AMANDA  
...Tracy, it's so great to see you.

Wally realizes a camera is focused on Charley and backs away.

AMANDA  
May I be the lucky one to get your first interview?

CHARLEY  
(nervous)  
Sure, why not.

Amanda moves Charley into a better camera position.

Burke and Christopher step back out of the way.

AMANDA  
We're very happy to have with us  
the lovely first time nominee,  
Tracy Charles.

CHARLEY  
It's my pleasure Miss Love, I mean  
Amanda.

Charley shakes off her nerves and poses as Tracy would.

AMANDA  
Well, Tracy, you said earlier this  
year you wanted to bring back some  
old Hollywood glamour and I have to  
admit, you truly have done so  
today. What a stunning gown. Who  
did you end up going with?

Charley looks to her side.

CHARLEY  
Thank you Amanda, I am so proud to  
be wearing a wonderful new  
designer, Christopher Scott. He is  
one of a kind.

Christopher smiles, she winks at him.

AMANDA  
How does it feel to be in such  
great company with the likes of  
Annette, Cate, Meryl, and Renee?

CHARLEY  
What can I say, they're all amazing  
talents. I pinch myself every day.  
I shouldn't be here. I really mean  
that.

Christopher's eyes widen.

AMANDA  
You so deserve it after your  
performance. You surprised a lot of  
people.

CHARLEY

Well, being able to do that role was life altering Amanda. If I surprised people, maybe it's because they couldn't get past the fact that they thought all I could play were women with no brains.

Burke grins.

CHARLEY

Each of those characters had a soul, a core to them that I struggled to get out onto the screen. I hoped that showed.

AMANDA

Wow, that's pretty deep. You're diamonds are just stunning Tracy. That's got to be at least a million around your neck alone.

CHARLEY

(giggles)

I can't imagine that. They wouldn't tell me exactly for fear I may run off with them. They could be fake for all I know.

AMANDA

Believe me, they are the real deal. I'd know a fake any day.

CHRISTOPHER

(whispers to himself)

Yes.

Wally leans into Charley and whispers in her ear.

CHARLEY

I'm so sorry, but I do need to continue on Amanda. It was a pleasure meeting you. Uh, I mean seeing you again.

Amanda, puzzled by Charley's slip up, turns to the camera.

AMANDA

So Chad, who do you have with you?

Charley, led by Wally, continues on to the next interview.

INT. DENNY'S OFFICE - DAY

Denny closes the door to his office. He goes to a small bar set up near his desk, grabs two glasses and turns around.

Spike is right behind him as he turns, face to face.

SPIKE

I can't wait any longer.

Spike grabs Denny's face with both hands and kisses him.

Denny breaks free from Spike's grip and backs up, shocked.

DENNY

What the? Are you kidding?

Denny turns away from Spike, shakes his head, then turns back and looks Spike directly in the eyes.

SPIKE

Denny, I have kept this feeling bottled...

Denny grabs Spike and pulls him close.

DENNY

...I can't wait any longer either.

He kisses him passionately.

EXT. DOLBY THEATER - DAY

Charley signs autographs for fans.

Wally keeps pulling Charley along as she poses with other celebrities.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the president and first lady.

A limousine door opens to thunderous applause. The PRESIDENT and FIRST LADY, surrounded by SECRET SERVICE, get out and wave to the crowd.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

A limousine is shown parked on an empty, desolate street.

## INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE

The partition rolls down and Terry sticks his head through.

Tracy, her mouth gagged and hands and feet bound with duct tape, is unconscious.

TERRY

Miss Charles? Miss Charles? Can you hear me? Please wake up.

Tracy begins to show signs of consciousness..

TERRY

Hello? Are you with me?

Tracy opens her eyes to see that she is bound and gagged, then struggles and moans.

TERRY

Oh, thank God. Please, please Miss Charles. Don't struggle. It will only make it worse.

Tracy stops.

TERRY

I'm not going to harm you. You're very safe. I won't do anything bad to you. I just need you to stay calm for a few hours.

Tracy mutters something unintelligible.

## INT. DOLBY THEATER - DAY

Several seat fillers begin to file into place.

SEAT FILLER #1

This is not like Mr. Riley at all. He is usually on top of us like a drill sergeant.

SEAT FILLER #2

Even the secret service being here should have put him on red alert. Where could he be?

Another seat filler runs over to the line-up and stands at attention.

SEAT FILLER #3  
 (out of breath)  
 Hey guys, he's coming. Get into  
 position.

Denny, who looks a bit disheveled, run-walks to his podium.  
 He is approached by two secret service agents in tuxes.

DENNY  
 Before you say anything, I know I'm  
 inexcusably late. Everything's  
 under control. I was...  
 (looks around)  
 ...detained.

Spike hurries into position next to Carol Ann and whispers in  
 her ear. She gasps and slaps him on the arm.

Charley and Wally, followed by Burke and Christopher, all  
 walk into the auditorium near Carol Ann and Spike. They  
 acknowledge each others presence with nods.

Wally points to the seats where Burke and Christopher will  
 sit.

CHARLEY  
 Thank you both for making my red  
 carpet experience a great one. I'll  
 see you after the show.

CHRISTOPHER  
 You look fabulous if I haven't said  
 it enough. Good luck.

BURKE  
 I agree. Now, go get that statue  
 and show off those wonderful  
 pieces...  
 (looks down embarrassed)  
 ...I mean jewels.

Charley slaps him on the arm and smiles.

Wally escorts Charley to her seat.

Charley looks around in awe.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 Ladies and gentlemen, we will be  
 going live in five minutes. Please  
 take your seats.

The president and first lady take their seats in a specially  
 roped off section midway up the theater.

Secret service men and women take their places in various seats throughout and check their earpieces.

Denny speaks into his microphone and random seat fillers respond with nods and verbal yes'.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Terry, now in the back of the limousine with Tracy, drinks out of a liquor bottle.

Tracy, no longer with tape on her mouth, struggles with the still taped hands and feet.

TERRY

And I just haven't been able to get my latest script read by anyone. Do you know how much that has affected my wife and I?

TRACY

I'm sure that's been hard mister?

Terry perks up.

TERRY

Now, you know I'm not going to tell you my name. I'm not as dumb as I look.

He takes another chug from the bottle.

TERRY

Listen, I want you to know that my wife would do anything for me and I would do anything for her. See how much we love each other? We're risking going to jail for something that could change our lives.

Tracy shifts herself to a better position so she can see Terry's face full on.

TRACY

And I want you to know, I don't feel threatened. I just can't believe I'm missing my one big chance to be accepted by Hollywood. Do you understand that?

TERRY

(angry)  
One big chance? Really?  
(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

You don't feel accepted? That's bull...

(hiccup, chugs again)

You've been accepted for some time now. Jesus, if being nominated for GOLDEN GLOBES and SAG and OSCARS isn't being accepted enough, I feel sorry for you.

TRACY

(pouts)

But I didn't win.

Terry laughs and almost spits out his latest drink.

TERRY

Wow, maybe we have different ideas of what being accepted are. It's too bad, by some weird fate, that you happened to be the one my wife looked like. How could you have helped that?

TRACY

That was your wife? How did she know what dress I'd be wearing? My hair? My jewelry?

Tracy thinks for a second.

TRACY

(anger builds)

I can't believe Christopher is in on this. Is Burke too? I can't believe I was falling for a thief.

Tracy reaches for the bottle.

TRACY

Any chance I can have some of that?

INT. DOLBY THEATER - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Please welcome to the stage, the stars from Now Voyager, Tracy Charles and A-List actor #1.

Audience applauds.

A-LIST ACTOR #1 escorts Charley to the microphone. Charley, jolted by the crowds reaction, stops midway to the podium which causes A-List actor #1 to almost trip.

Charley looks around, overwhelmed.

CHARLEY (V.O.)  
I just can't do this. What am I  
doing here?

A-List actor #1 takes her by the arm and leans in close.

A-LIST ACTOR #1  
(whispers)  
Are you okay Tracy?

Charley collects herself.

CHARLEY  
(whispers back)  
I'm fine, I'm okay. I am so sorry.

The two continue to their places at the podium.

A-LIST ACTOR #1  
A little overwhelming up here isn't  
it Tracy?

CHARLEY  
Just a bit, but I was really  
overwhelmed meeting Ms. Streep  
earlier.

Audience reacts with laughter.

A-LIST ACTOR #1  
Let's get right to the nominees  
then.

Charley struggles to read the Teleprompter with her seldom  
worn contacts.

CHARLEY  
The. Nominees for. Best. Costume  
design. Are. Mary-Ann Goodrid? For  
QUEEN ELIZABETH. THE END OF THE  
TUDORS.

A-LIST ACTOR #1  
Jaime Marie for A MOTHER'S LOVE.

CHARLEY  
Joe. And Elizabeth Sanders.  
(mimics Mae West)  
COME UP AND SEE ME SOMETIME.

The crowd laughs. A-List actor #1 holds back a chuckle.

A-LIST ACTOR #1  
David Wayne for JAPANESE DREAMS.

CHARLEY  
Donetella Zi...cardi? Oh, I know  
this one, NOW VOYAGER.  
(to A-List actor #1)  
Weren't those wonderful?

A-LIST ACTOR #1  
You should know Tracy, you wore  
them.  
(shakes his head)  
And the Oscar goes to. Tracy, would  
you like to announce?

CHARLEY  
Oh. Gosh. Not really.

A-LIST ACTOR #1  
(confused)  
Okay.  
(opens envelope)  
The Oscar goes to Mary-Ann Goodrid  
for QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE END OF THE  
TUDORS.

MARY-ANN (late 60's) jumps to her feet, emotional, hugs and  
kisses those around her and runs to the stage.

A-List actor #1 hands her the statue and Charley kisses her.

Mary-Ann begins to cry, then composes herself.

MARY-ANN  
Thank you so, so much. I can not  
begin to express my feelings here  
on this stage tonight. For a woman  
who's been in this industry for  
almost forty years, I am  
overwhelmed. I never thought I  
would ever be nominated let alone  
be up here now before all you  
wonderful, wonderful people  
accepting an award I have dreamt of  
all my life.

Mary-Ann begins to get choked up and backs away from the  
podium. Charley comes over and hugs her. She steps back up.

MARY-ANN  
I am so proud to say I have made  
it. I've finally, finally made it.  
Thank you Academy for this honor.

She lifts the statue up and hugs Charley again.

A-List actor #1 corrals both of the women and heads them off stage.

Music swells.

Wally applauds Charley's show of compassion as she walks off stage still holding a shaken Mary-Ann.

WALLY  
Isn't she amazing.

At his side is Carol Ann. She whistles and hoots and hollers.

CAROL ANN  
Yes she is. She sure is.

Wally does a confused double take at Carol Ann and shrugs as he continues his applause.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Tracy takes a big swig from the bottle Terry has passed to her with her hands still bound.

Terry, now with his tie undone and his shirt collar opened, rubs Tracy's unbound feet.

TERRY  
(inebriated)  
Ya know Tracy, I never thought in my wildest dreams that I would be in the back of a limo rubbing your...  
(examines a foot closely)  
...such pretty feet.

Tracy attempts to pull her foot away.

TERRY  
I have had some wild dreams, but this surely wasn't one of them.

TRACY  
How did all of this come about? Did you just wake up one day and say "Hey, I think we should kidnap Tracy Charles and steal her jewelry".

TERRY

Well, actually I did. You put the idea into my head during that interview months ago.

Tracy holds the bottle tight from Terry's outstretched hand.

TERRY

(emotional)

Oh Charley, how did I get you into this mess?

TRACY

No more for you. How long have you and this Charley been married?

TERRY

Twelve years. Twelve wonderful years. She was just a babe. I was smitten from first sight.

He smiles at the thought.

TRACY

Aww, how great is that. I'd give anything to have that.

TERRY

You would? But you have everything that most people would ever dream of. My wife would kill to be in your shoes.

(nervous laugh)

Well, not actually kill. You don't need to worry, she's the sweetest thing on earth.

He tries, without success again, for the bottle. Tracy indulges though.

TRACY

She sounds very sweet. I am too you know. I came from nowhere, I was...

(bitter)

...too plain. I was an ugly duckling, just like my character in Now Voyager. Wally helped change all that. Cost a pretty penny too. Still sweet as pie, but with the reputation of a bimbo.

Tracy tries to sit up straighter. She pulls her feet from Terry's grip.

TRACY

I'd give it all up for what you have. I want to be in love, I want to be loved, I want the whole love package.

Terry shakes his head and pretends to clear his ear.

TERRY

You'd give it all up? To be in love? And here I am in love, and about to give it all up?

Terry sits up straight and leans towards Tracy.

TERRY

What am I doing? This is so not right and the sad thing is I knew it wasn't.

Terry begins to rip the tape away from Tracy's hands as she pulls back in fear.

TRACY

What's going on? Are you going to...

TERRY

...Come on, look at me. Look at you. You're gorgeous all right, but that's the last thing you need to worry about. I may be a bad thief, but I'm not a bad man.

Terry begins to collect himself and grabs his cap.

TERRY

We need to get you back to that theater, pronto. Are you okay? Did I hurt you?

TRACY

I'm fine. Just a little bruised is all. You didn't harm me. You've been very kind. Are we really going to the show? Can we make it? I don't think you should be driving.

Terry opens the door, jumps out, then pops his head back in.

TERRY

Oh yeah, we're going to make it.

Tracy gives herself the sign of the cross, grabs her bag and begins to go through it. She pulls out a mirror and lipstick.

Terry jumps into the driver's seat and sticks his head through the divider.

TERRY

Here, you're going to need these.

INSERT - A FELT BAG LANDS ON THE SEAT NEXT TO TRACY

INT. DOLBY THEATER - NIGHT

Denny looks over his seating chart.

DENNY

Okay, be alert. Most of you will be vacating your seats. Everyone's going to be coming back for the next section.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

When we return, the awards for best actor and actress. Stay tuned.

Denny looks over towards Spike, motions for him to come over then leans into his microphone.

DENNY

Go. Go. Go. Get those asses out of those seats people. I also need one down aisle two, front left. Three down aisle three, mid right. Go. Go. Go.

Spike shows up at Denny's side.

DENNY

You're not going anywhere, your seat is right here next to me the rest of the show.

Spike smiles.

Charley clutches onto Wally. He pats her hand.

Carol Ann sits down in one of the few vacated seats near Charley and tries to make eye contact.

The president signs an autograph for a famous actress.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TERRY AND TRACY'S DRIVE TO THE THEATER

- Limousine swerves in and out of traffic.
- Tracy tries to apply make-up in between swerves.
- Limousine runs through a stoplight.
- Limousine screeches to a halt in an empty alley.

INT. INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Terry turns back to Tracy, who has not gotten herself together.

TERRY

Come with me, I know a secret entrance into the theater.

TRACY

Jesus, you really were prepared.

Terry exits and runs to help Tracy out.

TERRY

Well, it didn't quite turn out the way it was suppose to, but yeah, we were pretty ready to get you out of there.

TRACY

By the way, I'm going to need that jacket of yours.

INT. DOLBY THEATER - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And we're back in five, four, three, two, one.

On stage, A-LIST ACTOR #2 walks out to thunderous applause.

A-LIST ACTOR #2

I am honored to be able to mention the names of the five wonderful, accomplished women who are vying to be part of this years winner circle. They are all truly unique in their own talents and I wish you the best of luck ladies.

Charley grasps Wally's hand tighter and closes her eyes.

CHARLEY (V.O.)  
Not Tracy Charles, not Tracy  
Charles.

A-LIST ACTOR #2  
And the nominees for best actress  
in a lead role are. Annette Benning  
for Playboy's Mistress. Cate  
Blanchett for Queen Elizabeth, The  
End of the Tudors. Tracy Charles  
for Now Voyager.

Wally grimaces as Charley squeezes even harder.

A-LIST ACTOR #2  
Meryl Streep for Just Another Day  
and Renee Zellweger for Come Up and  
See Me Sometime.

A-List actor #2 opens the envelope, takes a look and smiles.

A-LIST ACTOR #2  
The Oscar for best performance by a  
leading actress goes to...  
(looks Charley's way)  
...Tracy Charles for Now Voyager.

Wally jumps to his feet. Charley bends over. Wally pulls her  
up to her feet, hugs her and pushes her into the aisle.

Carol Ann jumps to her feet.

Burke hoots and hollers.

Spike hugs a confused Denny.

Charley slowly walks up to meet A-List actor #2 with his arms  
out to greet her. He assists her to the podium and accepts  
the statue.

She leans into the microphone, pauses, and looks out to the  
crowd, now on their feet. She composes herself and looks the  
statue up and down.

CHARLEY  
I am so moved and truly honored by  
this. How can I put into words what  
I'm feeling.

She steps away from the microphone and squints out to see any  
familiar faces.

Carol Ann waves to her.

Christopher jumps up from his seat and whistles.

CHRISTOPHER

(yells)

We love you Tracy.

Charley recognizes the voice and smiles. She sees Mary-Ann, the winner that moved her so much earlier and a calmness overwhelms her as she steps back up to the microphone.

CHARLEY

I must let you know that I can only accept this award on behalf of those who have not known what it is like to be appreciated for who you are, not what you are.

Audience members look confused.

CHARLEY

For those, I say please believe in yourself, stay true to yourself, love yourself. We must accept everyone for their inner beauty. I beg of you.

Murmurs fill the theater.

Spike looks at Denny and shrugs his shoulders.

The president grabs the first lady's hand.

CHARLEY

I accept this award...

Terry and Tracy, who now has Terry's chauffeur jacket tied around her waist, enter the darkened corner of the theater and stop when they see that Charley is up on the stage.

TRACY

(whispers)

We're too late. I can't believe she, I mean I, won.

TERRY

That's the main point. You won.

Denny sees Terry and Tracy head down the aisle with caution.

DENNY

What the?

Spike also sees the duo and grabs Denny as he leans into his microphone.

SPIKE  
Denny, don't.

DENNY  
(excited)  
What the hell is going on? I've got  
to let the secret service know.  
This could be a terrorist attack.

SPIKE  
It's not, trust me. I'm so sorry,  
but you've got to trust me.

Charley sees Terry and Tracy coming towards the stage.

Terry mouths the words SORRY. He is in tears.

CHARLEY  
I accept this award...

She steps back from the microphone and looks at the statue  
again.

Some in the crowd notice Tracy and are puzzled.

CHARLEY  
Ladies and gentlemen, I have to say  
I can not accept this award for it  
is not mine to accept.

The crowd gasps in unison.

CHARLEY  
I am not Tracy Charles. I am an  
imposter.

Secret service men and women all jump to their feet. Some  
pull out their guns. Burke, confused, joins them.

Wally, stunned, shrinks down in his seat.

Tracy stops when she hears Charley's admission.

CHARLEY  
I'm part of a group that felt their  
only way out of financial debt was  
to kidnap Miss Charles and steal  
her jewelry. Having the opportunity  
to be in her shoes was a life long  
dream of mine. I will never forget  
the admiration you have all shown  
me, I mean her, for...

Charley pauses once again after she sees Terry come closer.

CHARLEY

...but I can not forgive Hollywood for making me feel loved for who I was perceived to be. I am a beautiful person as well. Not your idea of what beautiful is, but still a very beautiful person.

The president waves his secret service people to all sit down.

Christopher gets up from his seat and begins to pull Terry towards the back of the theater, leaving Tracy alone.

Spike slips away from Denny to join the other two.

CHARLEY

(to Tracy)

Please forgive me and my friends. We meant you no harm. I've taken away your dream, your chance to be accepted for your incredible work. You are truly a wonderful, talented actress and no one can take that away from you.

Tracy, at the foot of the stage now, takes a few steps closer.

Charley holds out the Oscar for her to accept.

The crowd becomes unsettled and some begin to leave.

CHARLEY

(whispers to Tracy)

I'm so sorry. This is your moment. Please forgive me.

Tracy takes the statue and pulls Charley close.

TRACY

(whispers back)

I understand.

Charley pulls away, puzzled at this statement.

Tracy walks up to the microphone to nervous applause and motions the few secret service still standing to sit down.

She takes a good long look at the statue and kisses it.

TRACY

Mister, if you didn't want to come home with me, all you had to do was say so.

Laughter fills the auditorium.

She looks out to the audience.

TRACY

Seriously, seriously. Has anyone else here had the evening I've had?

The president and first lady look at each other and giggle.

TRACY

I have to, first and foremost, thank the members of the Academy for bestowing me with this great, great treasure. It is, to quote my double, this is truly a life long dream come to life. I also want to take this opportunity to let the community know, I too, am a beautiful person inside. I come from a background familiar to a lot of my fans...

(looks towards Charley)

...One of humble beginnings.

Amanda Love, off stage with microphone in hand, looks ready to pounce.

TRACY

I ask Hollywood and everyone watching to please accept each other for what they can offer to others. To not judge by looks, but by their heart. This I implore of you.

INT. PRODUCTION ROOM - SAME

Monitors display various viewpoints of what is happening on stage.

DIRECTOR

Don't anyone move a muscle. Camera two, close up on Meryl. Camera three, keep the president locked in.

BACK TO DOLBY THEATER

TRACY

I will not be pressing charges.

Audience gasps.

TRACY

(turns to Amanda)

Nor will I be giving interviews about my abduction. I humbly accept this award and I look forward to a long and glorious career with all of you. Thank you very, very much.

Amanda turns her back to the stage, throws down her microphone and heads backstage in a huff.

Tracy grabs Charley and begins to exit the stage, ushered off by A-List actor #2. She stops and turns Charley towards the standing ovation she just received and steps away.

Charley looks out towards the audience one last time and smiles.

INT. GOVERNORS BALL - NIGHT

Celebrities enter a beautiful ballroom and begin to mingle.

Amanda Love prepares to go live on camera.

AMANDA

Thanks Chad. Well, tonight's Academy Awards will go down as the most memorable one in history after tonight's potential jewelry heist was thwarted. Let's take a look.

INSERT - CHARLEY AND TRACY ON STAGE

AMANDA (O.S.)

As you can see, there was an attempt to kidnap Tracy Charles with a body double to steal her jewelry.

BACK TO GOVERNORS BALL

AMANDA

The parties involved are currently not speaking to the press and I hear that they have all been questioned by authorities and released.

Carol Ann and Christopher walk behind Amanda, notice the camera is on and wave like kids.

AMANDA

I do have with me though, someone who may be able to shed some light on tonight's incredible goings on. Mr. Riley, can I speak with you a second?

Denny, just off camera, is pushed over by Spike.

Amanda shoves her microphone into Denny's face.

AMANDA

Mr. Riley, how could something like this be pulled off? Aren't you in charge of the seat fillers that the alleged kidnappers were able to infiltrate?

Denny, a bit intoxicated, smiles at her accusation, then squeezes her cheek.

DENNY

Who does your work? It's really good.

Amanda pulls away unfazed.

AMANDA

Are you involved, in some way, with this conspiracy?

Denny grabs a shocked Spike and pulls him into the shot.

DENNY

This is what I'm involved with at the moment. Isn't he hot?

Spike tries to break free, but is hugged tighter.

AMANDA

He is indeed.

DENNY

(to camera)

Yeah Dad, your biggest nightmare is about to come true. Meet Spike.  
Spike, say hello to my Dad.

Spike, shocked, grins at the camera as he and Denny are pulled away by Carol Ann and Christopher and they leave a confused Amanda alone in front of the camera.

AMANDA

Chad, it seems like this evening keeps getting crazier. What can you find out on your end?

A crowd begins to surround Amanda. She bumps into someone and turns around to face Christopher. A shy smile begins to form on each of their faces.

The band begins to play louder as party goers begin to dance around the two.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. TRACY'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "ONE YEAR LATER"

A limousine pulls up in Tracy's driveway.

INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - SAME

Burke pulls back the curtain.

BURKE

It's here honey.

Tracy, once again at her full length mirror, is being worked on by a woman who's face is not shown.

TRACY

Oh good, right on time this year.  
(to woman)  
I think I look perfect, how can I ever thank you?

She hugs the woman as we see her in the mirror also. It's Carol Ann, with a make-over.

CAROL ANN  
Well, you could keep letting me be  
your personal stylist.

TRACY  
(to Burke)  
So. What do you think?

Burke walks over to Tracy, grabs her from behind and turns her back to the mirror and kisses her neck.

BURKE  
You are perfection ten fold.

SPIKE (O.S.)  
You two cut it out. You'll smear  
her make up.

Spike is on the couch with Denny. Denny pulls him towards him.

DENNY  
Let me smear yours.

They kiss.

CAROL ANN  
Boys.

Christopher comes from another room with a mink wrap in his arms.

CHRISTOPHER  
I found it. This will set off your  
eyes.

The door bell rings.

Burke opens the door to reveal Terry in a tux and sunglasses.

TERRY  
Limo for Miss Charles.

Charley, who now looks like a mix of her old self and Tracy, pops out from behind him and laughs.

Terry breaks character, grins and shakes Burke's outstretched hand.

TERRY  
But this time I won't be driving  
it.

Everyone laughs and gather to greet the two.

CHARLEY

Now that he's an Academy Award nominee, there's just no living with him.

Wally enters from another room with a bottle of champagne.

WALLY

Here's to the two nominees. What a great year for all.

Everyone gathers at the bar to get a glass filled.

TRACY

I can never thank you enough Terry for writing me this part. Let's keep the string going, how is your next one coming along?

Terry grabs his wife.

TERRY

Next one is for Charley I'm afraid. You'll get your turn. Let me rest, I'm in such demand now.

He begins to get weak in the knees.

Everyone laughs at his antics.

DENNY

That was awfully dramatic Terry.

CHARLEY

Hush now Denny. I don't want to have to remind everyone of your dramatic skills wearing hoop skirts now do I? Or should I call you Dennis?

Denny takes a big gulp of champagne.

DENNY

Uh, no. We don't.

Denny raises his glass towards Charley.

CAROL ANN

(to Christopher)

So. Where is this mystery date of yours? Cutting it close I'd say.

SPIKE

He wouldn't even tell me who he, I  
mean she, is.

Christopher gives Spike a dirty look.

The door bell rings.

CHRISTOPHER

(to Terry)

Even you couldn't have written this  
any better.

Christopher hurries over to the door.

Amanda Love is behind the opened door.

Everyone looks puzzled.

Christopher turns to the group.

CHRISTOPHER

And here she is.

He pulls her inside.

AMANDA

(nonchalantly)

Please. No interviews. I have a rep  
to uphold.

Amanda is greeted by everyone and Wally offers her a glass of  
champagne.

The conversation begins to sound unintelligible as credits  
being to roll.

THE END