

A REAL STAR

by
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EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAWN

It is the beginning of a brand new day in the ultimate urban sprawl.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

The alarm clock goes off with a SCREECHING BUZZ.

George stirs in his bed.

His arm reaches out to shut off the alarm, but he misses by a few inches.

As the alarm continues screeching relentlessly, he is forced to lean up on his arms and try again.

GEORGE

OKAY!

His hand slams it off and ...

INT. SHOWER - MORNING, A FEW MINUTES LATER

... water shoots out of the shower head.

George is still bleary-eyed. He picks up the soap and holds it to his nose. His eyes pop wide open.

GEORGE

I feel so alive! No, wait. Take
2.

He pretends to pick up the soap for the first time. He holds it to his nose.

GEORGE

This soap makes me feel so alive!

He soaps his body with a huge, ecstatic smile, every stroke a pleasure that tingles and brings him to life.

GEORGE

Honey, I love the new soap. What
is it?

Holding it in his hand, he squeezes too hard and it flies up, ricocheting around the shower stall.

GEORGE

Shit!

He retrieves the soap from the floor.

GEORGE
It's called Shit?

He holds it to his nose again.

GEORGE
Mmmm! Smells great!

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

He is in a white shirt, finishing tying his tie.

He grabs his backpack, stuffs some head shot photos into it, and bolts out the door.

INT. SUBWAY STATION NEAR TOKEN BOOTH - MORNING

George goes through the turnstile, preceded and followed by a SWARM OF NEW YORKERS.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The train arrives and the doors open. George is pushed inside by The Swarm. The door closes.

INT. SUBWAY DESTINATION PLATFORM - A HALF HOUR LATER

The subway door opens and George is regurgitated from the train along with everyone else.

EXT. BAGEL STAND - MORNING, MINUTES LATER

George's hands and the BAGEL VENDOR's hands exchange money for a bagel.

EXT. EAST SIDE BUSINESS DISTRICT - A MINUTE LATER

Walking along the sidewalk, George takes the first bite of the bagel. His face lights up.

GEORGE
Now that is delicious. What is
this called?

George looks at his watch. He is late.

GEORGE
Shit!

He picks up his pace and takes another bite of the bagel.

GEORGE
Ummm! Tastes great!
(pause)
How was that? Should we do it
again?

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING, MINUTES LATER

He hurries through the revolving door.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY- SECONDS LATER

He almost misses the elevator but makes it.

INT. OFFICE WITH CUBICLES - A MINUTE LATER

George walks in. He and SHEILA, a co-worker, both look up at

THE CLOCK
It is just turning 9 o'clock by the
second.

ON SHEILA AND GEORGE

SHEILA
Close.

GEORGE
Like it matters.

A superior, MR. VANIA, walks in.

MR. VANIA
George, could you get me thirty
copies of this document?

GEORGE
Sure, Mr. Vania.

INT. COPY/COFFEE ROOM - MID MORNING

THE COPY MACHINE

is spurting out copies. The repetitive process is rather
hypnotic.

GEORGE'S FACE
is entranced watching the copies
being made. The reflection of the
papers spurting out can be seen in
his glasses.

WIDER ON THE ROOM

MS. BRACE, another superior, walks in.

She hands him a piece of paper.

MS. BRACE

Could you make fifty of these for
me, George?

GEORGE

Sure.

Ms. Brace walks to the coffee brewer. She pours a cup, but it
only fills half way.

MS. BRACE

Uh, George, would you mind doing
the honors?

GEORGE

Oh, yeah. No problem.

George lets the copying continue as he tends to the coffee.

He opens the cabinet to get a fresh bag.

Ms. Brace sticks around, standing beside him as he works.

MS. BRACE

So. George.

GEORGE

Yes, Ms. Brace?

MS. BRACE

I was just wondering ... if you
might be able to work late tonight.

GEORGE

I can if you need me to.

MS. BRACE

I think I might need you to.

He pulls the filter out of the coffee brewer.

GEORGE

No problem. Just let me know
before ...

He stumbles and spills the wet grounds all over Ms. Brace's
clothes.

MS. BRACE

Shit!

GEORGE

Oh, my god. I'm sorry.

They both break into hysterical LAUGHTER.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Cut!

MUCH WIDER TO REVEAL

MOVIE STUDIO

The copy/coffee room is just a
constructed set in a studio.

There is an entire CREW, camera, lights, equipment.

George is really a character played by an actor, KEVIN
TREANOR, and Ms. Brace is played by JULIE MARTIN.

KEVIN/GEORGE

Should I do that in every take?

JULIE/MS. BRACE

I do NOT think so.

The ASSISTANT DIRECTOR runs in.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Okay, costume department? Where the
hell is Bridgette? This is an
emergency. Ten minutes everybody,
and then very quickly back. Where
the fuck is Bridgette?

BRIDGETTE (O.S.)

I'm right here.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Jesus!

He grabs Julie/Ms. Brace by the arm and leads her frantically
to BRIDGETTE, head of costumes.

BRIDGETTE

Oh my god!

The DIRECTOR approaches Kevin.

KEVIN
I'm really sorry.

DIRECTOR
No, it's okay. We needed this down
time.

KEVIN
Okay.

DIRECTOR
See, it's really important that
there's, like, this definite sense
that you don't know if she's trying
to seduce you or if it's just your
imagination.

KEVIN
I wasn't showing that?

DIRECTOR
It wasn't perfectly clear. Total
disorientation is what we're going
for here. You want to work on it
while we're waiting for Julie?

KEVIN
Yeah. Let me try it.
(whispering)
Total disorientation.

Kevin gets in his spot on the copy/coffee room set.
He gives his best look of disorientation.
After a beat, he looks to the director for approval.

DIRECTOR
That's much closer. But ... you
need to internalize it. Really feel
it, don't just show it. Take a few
moments to find that place.

KEVIN
Okay.

CLOSE ON KEVIN

He relaxes his body.
He goes inside of himself.

The acting machinery is ticking and his face changes expressions.

He returns to the external world for a moment, then goes back inside of himself to grasp what he is trying for.

MS. BRACE
So is that a yes?

KEVIN
Oh, did we start?

MS. BRACE
Start?

KEVIN
Was that okay?

Kevin looks to the director again for approval and to get feedback.

KEVIN'S POV
is the wall of the copy room.

MS. BRACE
Did you space out on me there,
George?

GEORGE/KEVIN
Yeah, I guess I did. What was I
doing?

She holds her cup up.

MS. BRACE
Coffee.

GEORGE
Coffeeree!

MS. BRACE
I'll let you know later if I need
that overtime.

INT. GEORGE'S CUBICLE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

George is stuffing envelopes with his picture and resume.

He looks at

THE CLOCK
which reads 4:45.

George hears FOOTSTEPS approaching.

Mr. Vania, in a hurry to get to his office, stops by for a second.

George is now collating papers, which just barely conceal his pictures and resumes sticking out underneath.

MR. VANIA

George, do you remember where we filed the accountant's report for the Tarrytown project? Is that under Tarrytown?

GEORGE

No, all accountant's reports are filed under A, subsection Reports. Tarrytown is under sub-subsection Tarrytown.

MR. VANIA

Right, whatever. Can you help Sheila find it?

INT. THE FILE ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

George enters to find Sheila, panic-stricken, flipping through an open file drawer.

GEORGE

Hi, I'm here to save you.

SHEILA

George! Oh my god. I'm about to scream looking for this shit.

GEORGE

You're still under the belief that anything that happens in this place matters. If you could let go of that, you'd have a much easier time.

SHEILA

George! I can't leave tonight until I find it!

GEORGE

We'll find it. Take a deep breath first.

SHEILA

George, please.

GEORGE

Take a deep breath or you'll never
get out of here.

Sheila gives in. She stops to take a breath.

GEORGE

Feel centered? Now, where would an
accountant's report be filed?

She thinks for a moment.

SHEILA

Shit! Under A, of course.

She slams the AT@ file drawer shut, moves to the left-most
filing cabinet, and opens the AA@ file drawer.

George follows.

GEORGE

Aardvarks ... abrasions ...
accountants! Subsection?

SHEILA

Reports!

GEORGE

Sub-subsection?

SHEILA

Tarrytown!

GEORGE

And, just as a formality, take a
look to see if it matters.

Sheila opens the file folder and looks in it.

SHEILA

Nope. Doesn't seem to.

GEORGE

I thought you'd start to see things
my way.

SHEILA

How can I thank you? Can I treat
you to a tall triple soy mocha
latte?

GEORGE

Sure. You mean right now?

SHEILA
Yes, just let me drop this off.

GEORGE
Okay. There's nothing I like more
after a grueling day than to
continue spending time with the
people from my office.

SHEILA
Oh, fuck you!

At that moment, Ms. Brace walks in.

SHEILA
Oh, excuse me. Have a good evening,
Ms. Brace.

MS. BRACE
I'm sure I will. George, I'm going
to need you to start by doing a
project in my office..

George is a bit stunned.

GEORGE
I'm working overtime?

MS. BRACE
Is there a problem?

GEORGE
No, I just wasn't prepared. I mean,
normally you would have confirmed
it before now.

MS. BRACE
I didn't confirm it?

GEORGE
I don't remember you confirming it.

MS. BRACE
My apologies. It's been a hectic
day for us all.

SHEILA
You can say that again.

Ms. Brace glances at her.

MS. BRACE

So, are you saying now that you can't?

GEORGE

No, no, I can, I can. But ... would you mind if I took like a half hour break first?

MS. BRACE

See you at five thirty, George.

Ms. Brace exits.

Sheila makes a face.

SHEILA

She is so hot for you.

GEORGE

Not even.

SHEILA

Can't you tell?

EXT. EAST SIDE BUSINESS DISTRICT - 5:05 P.M.

George and Sheila are heading to an espresso lounge nearby.

George stops to drop off his stuffed envelopes in a mailbox.

SHEILA

Her day wasn't so busy. I passed her like thirty times. Sure she was always on the phone, but those weren't business calls.

GEORGE

It's possible that she might have a thing for me. Might! But she would not ask me to work overtime ... to seduce me? You are crazy!

INT. INDEPENDENTLY OWNED NY ESPRESSO LOUNGE - 5:20 P.M.

George and Sheila sip frothy coffee drinks in cups that don't match.

SHEILA

Do you think she's gross?

GEORGE
No, she's not gross. She's actually quite beautiful.

SHEILA
So why wouldn't you do it with her?

GEORGE
I work with her!

SHEILA
Only until your next assignment.

George lets out a SIGH/GROAN.

GEORGE
I think they might want to hire me permanently.

SHEILA
Will you take it?

GEORGE
I hope not. But I might have to.

SHEILA
What if she does try to seduce you tonight? Just what if?

George looks at his watch.

GEORGE
Then it'll be happening pretty soon. I've got to be back there, like, now.

INT. SUITE OF OFFICES - 5:30 P.M.

The place is deserted; it's the office equivalent of a ghost town.

George wanders the corridors looking in and out of the offices.

GEORGE
Ms. Brace?

He looks in

INT. THE COPY/COFFEE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE
Ms. Brace?

The room is empty.

He walks out and is by the

INT. DOOR TO MS. BRACE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

There is a little plaque that reads "Marjorie Brace" outside of the door. The door is closed and the light doesn't seem to be on inside.

George tries to peek through the window but it's impossible to see.

He tries to open the door. It is unlocked.

He steps

INT. INSIDE MS. BRACE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

 GEORGE
 Ms. Br...?

ON MS. BRACE

She is scantily clad in a see-through black negligee.

 MS. BRACE
 Hi, George.

 GEORGE
 Ms. Brace!

 MS. BRACE
 Ready to do some work, George?

 GEORGE
 Ah!

He doesn't know whether to laugh or gasp.

 DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Cut!

WIDER TO REVEAL

MS. BRACE'S OFFICE IS A SET IN A STUDIO

 DIRECTOR
 Excellent. That's a print. Okay,
 Julie, you need to see Bridgette.
 Do we know where she is?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Bridgette! Costume change! Pronto!

BRIDGETTE (O.S.)
I'm right here!

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Five minutes everyone and then back
very quickly.

DIRECTOR
How are you holding up, Kevin?

KEVIN
I think I'm getting it. Do you
think I'm getting it?

DIRECTOR
I think you're getting it.

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

Julie walks back to the set in the same office clothes we saw
her in earlier.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Okay ... to position one, please!

The actors and crew all take their places.

DIRECTOR
Now, this is a fun moment in the
film. George has dreamed that Ms.
Brace was trying to seduce him.
This is a cut back to Ms. Brace in
the exact same spot, but dressed
normally, so we know that
everything was in his mind. Are you
ready to try a take, Julie?

JULIE
I'm ready.

DIRECTOR
Good. Let's do it. Roll sound.

SOUND DUDE
Speed.

DIRECTOR
Roll camera.

CAMERAMAN

Rolling.

DIRECTOR

And slate.

GEORGE'S POV OF JULIE AS MS. BRACE

She slightly adjusts the shoulders of the office clothes.

The SLATE BOY steps in front of her with the slate.

THE SLATE FILLS THE FRAME.

SLATE BOY

A Real Star, scene 67, take 1.

The slate CLACKS and is removed from the screen.

SAME ANGLE ON GEORGE'S POV OF JULIE/MS. BRACE

except that Ms. Brace is back in the black see-through negligee.

JULIE/MS. BRACE

(seductively)

Action!

KEVIN/GEORGE

Oh!

MS. BRACE

Surprised?

GEORGE

(looking around,
perplexed)

Yes! Because ... I thought that ...

MS. BRACE

That I would really ask you to work overtime after such a long ... hard ... day?

She reaches her hand out to him.

GEORGE

Right. Uh, is it still okay for me to put this on my time sheet?

MS. BRACE

Of course. I want you to. Now come over here.

George approaches her and takes her hand.

Ms. Brace begins to untie his tie.

GEORGE

Don't you think it will be weird in the office tomorrow if we do this tonight?

MS. BRACE

I don't know. Let's find out.

She unfastens his belt, shifting her weight on the desk. A pile of papers falls to the floor.

GEORGE

Hey! It took me a long time to collate that stuff!

MS. BRACE

Is that how invested you are in your work, George?

GEORGE

Huh?

MS. BRACE

Is that what you want to do with your life? Make copies for me all day? Wouldn't you rather fuck me?

He is a bit shocked, but considers her words.

GEORGE

You're right, Ms. Brace. I think I'd rather fuck you.

He rips off his shirt, grabs her, and ravenously kisses her neck.

MS. BRACE

Oh, George, you're an animal.

GEORGE

Yeah, who's working for who here?

George pushes everything remaining on the desk to the floor.

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

George's pants are removed. He is on top of Ms. Brace on the desk.

MS. BRACE
George, you're a monster!

GEORGE
You got that right, babe.

MS. BRACE
Oh! Oh my god! George!

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

Hey lays on top of her, both of them breathing heavily.

GEORGE
Did you like it?

MS. BRACE
Mmm...

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Okay, cut ...

MS. BRACE'S OFFICE IS A MOVIE STUDIO

DIRECTOR
... and that's a print. And a wrap.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
That's a wrap. Crew, please see me
for tomorrow's call time.

Kevin/George removes himself from Julie/Ms. Brace.

The crew moves in to break the set.

Kevin approaches the director.

KEVIN
So what is tomorrow's shoot again?

DIRECTOR
It's the next day. And it's
revealed more clearly how much of
what's happening is his
imagination.

KEVIN
And part of his imagination is that
his life is a movie being made by a
Hollywood film crew?

DIRECTOR
Yes.

KEVIN

And when are we shooting those scenes?

DIRECTOR

Uh, soon. Soon. We want to do all of the interior New York scenes first.

KEVIN

I'm still not sure I have the character down one hundred per cent.

They sit on the table that was Ms. Brace's desk.

DIRECTOR

Okay. Did you ever think that you might not have made it in this business? That you would end up in an office instead of on a set?

KEVIN

Yes. There are times I've wished it.

DIRECTOR

Good. Then go with that. Imagine that things didn't go right for you. Imagine where you would be. How would you feel if you ...

KEVIN

If I, me, Kevin?

DIRECTOR

You, Kevin, if, after all of the dreams you pursued, after all the money you spent on pictures and resumes and acting workshops and everything else, that ultimately, you ended up in an office like this. For the rest. Of your life.

KEVIN

Okay. Okay, I think that helped. I'll work on it tonight.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - BEFORE DUSK

We are focused on Kevin driving home in his car.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERSECTION - MINUTES LATER

Kevin is sitting at a traffic light.

Another car pulls up beside him.

TWO WOMEN are in the car.

The woman closest to him recognizes him. Her mouth drops open.

Kevin waves to her.

She nudges her friend, who is equally surprised.

They roll down their window.

Kevin rolls down his window as well.

FIRST WOMAN

Can we have your autograph?

KEVIN

I don't think right now is the best time to give it to you.

SECOND WOMAN

We loved you in that movie with all the snakes.

KEVIN

Thank you.

The light turns green.

KEVIN

Gotta go!

He floors it, leaving his fans in the dust.

KEVIN

I love being a movie star.

INT. KEVIN'S L.A. HOUSE - NIGHT

It is big, spacious, and lavishly decorated.

His girlfriend LINDA is helping him with his script.

LINDA

Okay, who am I? Sheila?

KEVIN

Yes. She's the co-worker who's growing closer and closer to him.

LINDA

And this is the next day of what you shot today?

KEVIN

Yes, I've gone in, I've told her about the night of sex with Ms. Brace ... Sheila's a little jealous. Maybe more than a little. And this is just a small speech he says when they find a moment to talk.

LINDA

Okay, I'm ready.

KEVIN

Great.

Kevin begins to gyrate his hands in some rather unusual mechanical movements.

LINDA

Just a second. What are you doing?

KEVIN

I'm collating.

LINDA

What's that?

KEVIN

I'm an office worker. I just made a bunch of copies and I'm collating the pages.

LINDA

I still don't...

KEVIN

I'm putting the pages in order.

LINDA

People do that?

KEVIN

Yes. Didn't you ever play someone who works in an office?

LINDA
I played a receptionist once.

GEORGE
And what do receptionists do?

LINDA
They talk on the phone. I'd been
doing the research my whole life.

KEVIN
It doesn't matter. I put the
collating aside as soon as I get
into the speech. This is just for
me.

LINDA
Okay. Go ahead, collate.

Kevin goes through the collating hand motions.

LINDA (AS SHEILA)
I don't understand.

KEVIN
Just trust me, it's how collating
is done. I studied this.

LINDA
No, that's your cue, hon.

KEVIN
Oh, shit!

Kevin chuckles and Linda cackles.

LINDA
Don't stop collating.

KEVIN
I'm not.

He gets back into the rhythm.

LINDA (AS SHEILA)
I don't understand.

KEVIN (AS GEORGE)
Well ... how can I explain. There's
this scientific theory in quantum
physics. It works as a theorem of a
mathematical equation.

Linda watches him and keeps an eye on the script as he goes along.

KEVIN (AS GEORGE)
The theory is that, in every
moment, the universe divides into
four other universes.

CLOSE ON THE SCRIPT LINDA IS HOLDING

We see the dialogue written on the page:

SHEILA
Four?

LINDA (AS SHEILA) (O.S.)
Four?

ON KEVIN

KEVIN (AS GEORGE)
It's actually infinite. I just
picked the number four to
illustrate.

LINDA (AS SHEILA)
Okay. So what do you mean the
universe divides into four other
universes?

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE AREA - DAY, SEEMINGLY CONTINUOUS

KEVIN/GEORGE
For example, I'm standing at this
desk.

THE SCREEN BREAKS INTO FOUR IDENTICAL IMAGES,
all of George standing at the desk.

GEORGE
And I could either, one, sit
down...

IN THE TOP LEFT IMAGE

George sits down.

GEORGE
...or, two, I could walk to the
other side of the room...

IN THE TOP RIGHT IMAGE

George walks to the other side of the room.

GEORGE
 ...or, three, begin to take my
 clothes off...

IN THE BOTTOM LEFT IMAGE

George begins to remove his clothes.

GEORGE
 ...or, four, simply remain standing
 where I am.

IN THE BOTTOM RIGHT IMAGE

George remains standing.

GEORGE
 In the math theorem, all four of
 those potential realities do in
 fact happen ... that is, the world
 divides into four different
 universes, each one continuing it's
 own potential reality.

THE TOP RIGHT IMAGE GROWS BIGGER THAN THE OTHER THREE UNTIL
 IT FILLS THE SCREEN

GEORGE
 So, say you follow the reality
 where I walk to the other side of
 the room, okay?

THE CURRENT IMAGE BREAKS INTO FOUR IDENTICAL IMAGES

GEORGE
 Now I can either, one, keep walking
 until I'm out of the room...

IN THE TOP LEFT IMAGE

George opens the door and leaves the room.

GEORGE
 ... or, two, open a cabinet to look
 for some supplies ...

IN THE TOP RIGHT IMAGE

George opens a cabinet and removes a stapler.

GEORGE
... or, three, fall down to the
floor...

IN THE BOTTOM LEFT IMAGE

George falls to the floor.

GEORGE
... or, four, just stop and stand
still.

THE BOTTOM RIGHT IMAGE ENLARGES UNTIL IT FILL THE WHOLE
SCREEN

GEORGE
You see, just within that reality
of walking across the room, the
world splits into four more
universes, and each potential
outcome happens.

Sheila listens intently. She is getting it.

SHEILA
So, at every moment, the world is
splitting up into different
realities. Like if a car almost
hits you and misses, another world
is created where it does hit you?

GEORGE
Exactly! And you see, I always
thought I was going to make it. I
thought I was going to be a real
star. I had no reason whatsoever
to think I wouldn't.

SHEILA
I bet you're a really good actor.

GEORGE
Thanks, I am.
(he sighs)
When I think about how life would
be if I'd made it, it feels
natural. It's what was supposed to
happen. But somehow I got stuck in
this reality where it didn't.

SHEILA
But then you wouldn't have met me.

A thought occurs to him for the first time.

GEORGE

I wonder if there's a way to escape
from this reality and enter one of
the others.

He stands there completely immersed in this thought.

Sheila is not sure whether to speak or not.

Soon she cannot bear the extended silence a moment longer.

SHEILA

Kevin?

GEORGE

What did you call me?

INT. KEVIN'S L.A. HOUSE - NIGHT, SEEMINGLY CONTINUOUS

Linda is reading from the script.

LINDA (AS SHEILA)

George?

Kevin is looking around, a bit dazed.

KEVIN

Sorry. How was that?

LINDA

Pretty good.

KEVIN

Was it believable?

LINDA

There were some moments. You should
have it nailed by the time you
shoot.

INT. KEVIN AND LINDA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

They are about to go to bed.

Kevin walks into the bathroom.

Linda is on the phone talking to her mother.

LINDA

He plays an office worker, and, ...
do you know what collating is?

(MORE)

LINDA (cont'd)
 You DO?! Well, see, the character's
 not grounded in reality, so you can
 imagine the laughs we're having
 around here.

INT. THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kevin looks in the mirror into his own eyes.

They have dark circles. He is obviously exhausted.

LINDA (O.S.)
 It's better than when he played
 that vampire. Yes, every night with
 those fucking hickeys and we could
 never eat garlic.

Kevin walks back into

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

LINDA
 What? Okay, I'll tell him.
 Goodnight, Mom.

She hangs up.

Kevin literally falls into the bed with her.

SLOWLY MOVE IN TOWARDS KEVIN

KEVIN
 What did your mother say to tell
 me?

LINDA
 She has a suggestion for something
 you could try in your next movie.

KEVIN
 Oh, yeah? What's that?

LINDA
 Acting.

KEVIN
 Good one.

LINDA
 I liked it.

KEVIN
 Goodnight.

They give each other five quick goodnight kisses.

LINDA
Goodnight. Sweet dreams.

CONTINUE MOVING IN UNTIL THE SCREEN IS FILLED WITH KEVIN'S
FACE

Kevin is almost asleep.

The ALARM CLOCK goes off.

Kevin opens his eyes.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

George leans over to give his girlfriend five quick good morning kisses, but no one is there.

George is disoriented as he turns the RINGING ALARM CLOCK off.

He gets up and looks out the window. It's definitely New York out there.

INT. SHOWER - MORNING, A FEW MINUTES LATER

George smells the soap but is too exhausted to go into his former routine.

INT. SUBWAY STATION NEAR TOKEN BOOTH - MORNING

George goes through the turnstile.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The train arrives.

EXT. EAST SIDE BUSINESS DISTRICT - A HALF HOUR LATER

George walks slowly. He is in no hurry to get to work today.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - TEN MINUTES LATER

He gets on the elevator.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE AREA - MORNING

George walks in. Sheila is already there.

They both look up at

THE CLOCK

It is five minutes past nine.

SHEILA

You're a little late today.

GEORGE

Yeah.

SHEILA

Lucky it doesn't matter.

GEORGE

Right.

SHEILA

How was last night?

George is jolted out of his daze.

His face turns red and he can't look her straight in the eye.

SHEILA

No! Oh my god. You didn't! Did you?

GEORGE

Everything was suddenly different.

SHEILA

Whoa!

GEORGE

But I thought that I wasn't supposed to.

SHEILA

Yeah, well I'm sure boinking your boss is technically against company policy.

GEORGE

No, it's like ... I went into the wrong reality.

Sheila blinks, clearly not getting it.

SHEILA

I don't understand.

GEORGE

Well ... how can I explain. There's this scientific theory in quantum physics or something. It works as a theorem of a mathematical ...

Mr. Vania comes into the room.

MR. VANIA

George, would you come into my office, please?

GEORGE

Oh. Sure, Mr. Vania. One sec?

MR. VANIA

Right now.

GEORGE

Yes, sir.

George follows Mr. Vania out.

INT. MR. VANIA'S OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

George and Mr. Vania enter.

George is surprised to see that Ms. Brace is in the office. She is slightly turned away.

GEORGE

Hi, Ms. Brace.

She turns toward George. Her face is bruised and swollen and cut.

GEORGE

Oh my god, what happened?

MR. VANIA

I think you know what happened, George.

GEORGE

What? No, I mean her face. Ms. Brace, it looks like you were...

MR. VANIA

Raped?

GEORGE

...beat up. You were raped?

MS. BRACE
YOU raped me and you know it, you
shit!

She picks up a paperweight from Mr. Vania's desk and throws
it at George.

It hits him in the shoulder.

GEORGE
Ouch! Jesus Christ! Ow, fuck, that
hurt. Can we cut?

Ms. Brace and Mr. Vania look at each other, a little
confused.

GEORGE
Julie, that really hurt. Have we
cut?

MR. VANIA
I don't mean to be too concerned
for you, but are you feeling okay?

George is looking around and sees that they are not on a set.

He pounds the sides of his body in frustration.

GEORGE
Fuuuuuuck!

MR. VANIA
Okay, George, that's enough.
Needless to say, you're fired. Get
your things and get out of here.

GEORGE
(gathering himself)
Wait, Mr. Vania. I'm sorry, I'm
okay now.

MR. VANIA
I said get OUT! Now! Get out of
my office...

Mr. Vania pushes him into

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MR. VANIA
...and get out of this building!

He pushes so forcefully that George falls to the floor.

The OTHER OFFICE WORKERS stop and stare.
 George gets up and walks down the hallway.
 Sheila emerges from an office.
 George walks into
 INT. CUBICLE AREA - CONTINUOUS
 Sheila follows him in.

SHEILA
 What was all of that yelling?

GEORGE
 I'm fired.

SHEILA
 What?! Aw, shit. Why?

GEORGE
 Sheila, I ... they say I raped Ms.
 Brace.

SHEILA
 No! Oh my god! But you didn't!
 Did you?

GEORGE
 I don't know. I don't remember. I
 thought that this was just a movie
 we were filmy.

SHEILA
 Filmy? Do you mean filmING?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Cut!

THE CUBICLE AREA IS PART OF A MOVIE SET

BRENDA SCARBOROUGH, the actress who plays Sheila, is
 hysterical with laughter.

BRENDA/SHEILA
 Have we been filmy all along?

Kevin/George doesn't move. He is thoroughly confused and
 rapidly growing annoyed.

BRENDA/SHEILA

I'm sorry, Kevin. I know you're very into this role.

DIRECTOR

Let's pick it up from your line, Kevin.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Back to position one, very quickly please.

KEVIN/GEORGE

So this is a movie we're making?

BRENDA/SHEILA

Don't ask me. I've never understood reality. That's why I'm in this business.

KEVIN/GEORGE

(losing his temper)

Just give me a straight answer and stop being a bitch!

THE SET DISAPPEARS / THE OFFICE BECOMES REAL

SHEILA

Don't you dare yell at me! Jesus, I guess you HAD better get going. Here, don't forget this.

She throws his backpack at him.

It falls to the floor and some of his pictures and resumes fall out.

EXT. EAST SIDE BUSINESS DISTRICT - LATER THAT MORNING

George is clutching his backpack, wandering aimlessly.

PEOPLE bump into him. They all have scowls on their faces.

EXT. MIDTOWN NEW YORK STREET - AFTERNOON

George is at a pay phone talking to a temp agency.

GEORGE

I just finished a long-term assignment with another agency. You know how they sometimes terminate the assignment without warning.

EXT. ANOTHER NEW YORK STREET - AFTERNOON

George is talking to another temp agency.

GEORGE

Apparently the assignment ended earlier than expected. Do you still have my test scores on file? Yes, please call if anything comes in.

EXT. YET ANOTHER NEW YORK STREET - AFTERNOON

George passes a FILM CREW.

Trucks are parked along the curb, kleig lights are about, cables snake along the sidewalk.

The crew is sitting around, bored out of their skulls.

George is not sure which reality he is currently experiencing. He approaches the CRAFT SERVICE PERSON sitting behind a snack-filled table.

GEORGE

Is this us?

CRAFT SERVICE PERSON

Huh? This is a Sharon Stone movie. Is that what you want to know?

GEORGE

Do you recognize me?

George picks up an apple from a tub of fruit.

CRAFT SERVICE PERSON

Hey, get your fucking hands off the food! This is for cast and crew only.

GEORGE

That's what I needed to know.

As George is walking away, a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT comes from behind a truck.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Hey, Sharon wants a banana and a diet coke.

The entire film crew springs to life and scrambles over each other to accommodate the every whim of America's beloved sex symbol.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

George is eating an enormous ice cream sundae in an attempt to smother his troubles. He looks at

THE CLOCK
It's ten minutes to five.

He scoops up a huge spoonful when the phone rings.

He answers.

GEORGE
Hello? Oh, thank god! Straight word processing is fine. About 90 words a minute these days. Great, what's the address?

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

George is in bed, setting the alarm by his night table.

He fluffs his pillow, lays back, and closes his eyes.

After a few seconds, he quickly opens his eyes again.

GEORGE
How's that? Should we do another take?

He appears to be talking to no one at all.

He closes his eyes again.

The last thing we hear is a MORNING RADIO PROGRAM.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - MORNING, SEEMINGLY CONTINUOUS

The MORNING RADIO PROGRAM is Kevin's alarm clock.

Kevin shuts the alarm off and gets out of bed.

Linda sleepily tries to give him five quick good morning kisses, but he's already out of bed. It's too early to care. She goes back to sleep.

INT. KEVIN'S SHOWER - MORNING, MINUTES LATER

Kevin is taking a shower. He smells the soap.

KEVIN

Mmm. Honey, I love this soap!

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Linda opens her eyes and lifts her head, looking toward the bathroom

LINDA

Hmm?

She plops down on the pillow and goes back to sleep.

EXT. KEVIN'S LOS ANGELES HOUSE - MORNING

Kevin walks out the front door of his fabulous house.

He is dressed in a white shirt and tie.

He gets into his Maserati.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - MORNING, MINUTES LATER

Kevin is driving toward

EXT. CENTURY CITY - A HALF HOUR LATER

He pulls up to a building.

He surrenders his car to a VALET who gives him a ticket.

The valet stares at him, awestruck.

VALET

Have a good day, sir.

INT. CENTURY CITY BUILDING LOBBY - A MINUTE LATER

There is a crowd trying to get into the elevator. When they notice Kevin, they part like the Red Sea to let him on.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Other ELEVATOR PASSENGERS look at him on the ride up.

Some are in disbelief. Others smile in hopes that they might suddenly become friends.

Kevin pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket and looks at it.

INT. CENTURY CITY OFFICE LOBBY - A MINUTE LATER

Kevin walks up to a rather startled RECEPTIONIST.

KEVIN

Hi.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello!

KEVIN

I'm the temp. I'm reporting to do the word processing job.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh my god. You look exactly like Kevin Treanor!

KEVIN

Cut!

They both break into laughter.

RECEPTIONIST

That was a good one. I'll call Ms. Durst. Uh, what is your name?

KEVIN

George Reddy.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, just a second, please.

She picks up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST

Ms. Durst? George Reddy, the temp, is here.

(Pause)

He's here for the word processing job, he said.

(Pause)

No problem.

She hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST

She'll be right out. Would you like to have a seat, Mr. Reddy?

KEVIN

Thank you.

George sits down and picks up a magazine.

The receptionist shakes her head, still amazed at the remarkable resemblance.

MS. DURST emerges from the back offices carrying a folder.

MS. DURST
Mr. Reddy?

Kevin jumps up.

KEVIN
Yes?

MS. DURST
I think there's ... oh my!

KEVIN
Let me guess. The job was cancelled
and they didn't get a chance to
call me?

MS. DURST
Well, not exactly. But as long as
you're here, we may as well put you
to work.

KEVIN
I really appreciate it.

MS. DURST
Follow me.

She leads him into

INT. THE BACK OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

MS. DURST
Now what computer programs do you
know?

KEVIN
All of them.

MS. DURST
Excellent.

OTHER EMPLOYEES stop in their tracks and stare.

She seats him at

AN EMPTY CUBICLE

with a computer.

She produces a piece of paper from her folder and hands it to him.

MS. DURST

Here's a handwritten letter that we need done. Could you just type it up and print it out and let me know when you're done?

KEVIN

Sure thing.

Kevin's fingers begin to buzz along on the keyboard. CLICKETY CLICKETY CLICK!

Ms. Durst backs up and is pulled aside by a SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

Ms. Durst, is that who I think it is?

MS. DURST

Well ... yes.

SECRETARY

But what is he doing here?

MS. DURST

Studying for a role, I guess?

SECRETARY

You mean B you didn't know he was going to be here?

Ms. Durst is equally confused, but then a thought hits her.

MS. DURST

Jack's not in today, right?

SECRETARY

No, Mr. Marrone said yesterday that he was taking the day off.

MS. DURST

And his wife is friends with those movie people, right?

SECRETARY

Oh my god!

MS. DURST

I think Jack arranged this and thought it would be fun to surprise us.

SECRETARY

But if Mr. Marrone knew Kevin Treanor would be here, why didn't he come in?

MS. DURST

He's met big celebrities before, that's nothing to him. But he knew he wouldn't have been able to keep a straight face. Get it?

SECRETARY

That is so awesome.

Ms. Durst eyes the guest.

MS. DURST

Well, if Mr. Movie Star is here to see what it's like to work in an office, we're going to make him work.

SECRETARY

Oh no. Don't be mean to him.

MS. DURST

I don't mean mean, I mean ...

Kevin abruptly swivels around in his chair.

KEVIN

All done! Ms., uh ...

MS. DURST

Durst. Did you print it out?

KEVIN

Oh, yeah, yeah.

He searches for the print mode.

KEVIN

Print print print. I am printing ... right ...

He clicks the mouse.

KEVIN

... now.

Ms. Durst takes the print-out from the printer.

She and the Secretary look at it together.

CLOSE UP OF THE PAGE

It reads:

"alkd fkla sjd;fl jasdl;jf;lasdj f;lasdhf;lasd jf;lkasjd ;lfj
asd;l;fjl;askjf ;oasdjf oiasdjfscas f;lasdj l;f jasd;klfj
asd;lfj al;sdjf l;kasd l;asd"

Ms. Durst grabs the original letter, hands it and the print-out to the Secretary.

MS. DURST

Would you proof-read this, and make any corrections you might happen to find?

SECRETARY

Yes, Ms. Durst.

MS. DURST

Come with me, Mr. Reddy.

KEVIN

Yes, ma'am.

She leads him down the hall.

MS. DURST

Did the temp agency tell you there would be any lifting involved?

KEVIN

No, they said it would be straight word processing.

MS. DURST

I see. Well, there's lifting involved.

KEVIN

Eek.

MS. DURST

Do you have a problem with that?

KEVIN
Uh, not theoretically.

MS. DURST
Good. Right this way.

She quickens her pace a bit.

They enter

INT. A HUGE FILE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is a row of metal file cabinets.

KEVIN
Files!

MS. DURST
How astute. Now do you see these
cardboard file boxes over here?

There is a pile of 26 cardboard file boxes filled with files.
They are scattered all over in disarray.

KEVIN
I see them.

MS. DURST
They're old files. We'll probably
never use them again, but we can't
take the risk of throwing them
away.

KEVIN
Much too risky.

MS. DURST
What I need you to do is to stack
them, in alphabetical order, on top
of these metal file cabinets.

She SLAPS a row of five metal file cabinets, slightly
separated from the others.

KEVIN
Stack them. In alphabetical order.

MS. DURST
They're clearly marked. Stack them
as high as they'll go.
(MORE)

MS. DURST (cont'd)
Alphabetize from top to bottom, so
A will be on the top of the first
stack, Z will be the bottom of the
last stack. Capisce?

KEVIN
Got it.

MS. DURST
There's a ladder there in the back
closet if you need it. My office is
down the hall on the left if you
need anything. You get a half hour
lunch at 1:00 and two fifteen
minute breaks at 10:00 and 4:00.

KEVIN
Ten four.

MS. DURST
Have fun.

Ms. Durst exits.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

of Kevin accomplishing his task:

KEVIN ORGANIZES THE FILE BOXES INTO GROUPS

KEVIN PULLS THE FIRST FEW ACROSS THE ROOM

They appear to be extremely heavy.

HE GETS THE LADDER OUT FROM THE BACK CLOSET

HE HAS THREE FILE BOXES STACKED ON TOP OF THE FIRST FILE
CABINET

He hoists up a fourth box marked "A."

He notices that the box under it is "C."

KEVIN
Damn it!

He removes box "A" from the stack.

He hoists box "B" on top of box "C."

He hoists box "A" on top of box "B."

He double checks the five boxes, SLAPPING each one as he
counts off.

KEVIN
A, B, C, D, E. Superb!

KEVIN DRAGS THE NEXT GROUP OF FILE BOXES ACROSS THE ROOM
HE HAS JUST FINISHED THE SECOND STACK AND DOUBLE CHECKS IT.

KEVIN
F, G, H, I, J.

HE HAS JUST FINISHED THE THIRD STACK AND DOUBLE CHECKS IT.
It is beginning to get a little exhausting.

KEVIN
K, L, M, N, O.

HE HAS JUST FINISHED THE FOURTH STACK AND DOUBLE CHECKS IT.

KEVIN
P, Q, R, S, T.

HE IS PLACING THE TOP FILE BOX ON THE FIFTH AND LAST STACK
He's sweating bullets as he double checks.

KEVIN
U, V, W, X, Z.
(pause)
X, Z? No!

He looks around the file room.

THERE IS A FILE BOX

that is mostly hidden behind a table.

He walks over to see how the box is marked.

It is marked "Y."

KEVIN
No! Y! Why Y? Why? Shiiiiit!

HE CLIMBS BACK UP THE LADDER.

He pulls Box U, the top box, halfway off, but then loses his balance.

KEVIN
Whoaaa!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Cut!

THE FILE ROOM IS PART OF A SET IN A STUDIO

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Stunt man on the set, very quickly
please!

The STUNT MAN walks onto the set.

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

DIRECTOR

Action!

The Stunt Man, dressed in identical clothes, is in the same
spot and follows through the losing of balance.

The ladder slips and he falls to the ground.

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

SLATE BOY

Take 2!

The Stunt Man loses his balance a second time.

The ladder slips and he falls to the ground a second time.

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

Kevin is consulting with the Stunt Man.

KEVIN

Now when you fell, what part of
your body did you feel the impact?

The Stunt Man runs his hands down Kevin's body as he
explains.

STUNT MAN

This whole side from your shoulder
down to your butt.

KEVIN

So like ...?

Kevin falls to the ground, trying to land in the same area.

KEVIN

Ow! Shit!

STUNT MAN

It looks like it's going to be
pretty real for you.

DIRECTOR

Okay, are we ready to pick this up?

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

Kevin/George falls to the floor off the ladder.

KEVIN/GEORGE

Ow! Shit!

The ladder has been pushed aside from the fall with a
THUNDEROUS CLANG.

KEVIN/GEORGE'S POV LOOKING UP FROM THE GROUND

The top file box, Box U, is teetering on the edge. If it
falls, it's going to come straight down on his face.

KEVIN/GEORGE

Oh, shit.

Kevin/George, in pain, tries to inch away from beneath it.

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN

and SLAMS against the wall as Ms. Durst rushes in.

MS. DURST

What the hell was that noise?

The vibration from the door slamming against the wall

KNOCKS BOX U OFF BALANCE

It falls off the stack.

It lands on Kevin/George's face.

Ms. Durst SCREAMS.

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

Kevin/George removes the box from his face.

KEVIN/GEORGE

It's got to be a heavier box.

DIRECTOR

You're just going to be dead.

KEVIN/GEORGE

But I've got to feel dead. My body needs to know why it's dead. I need a sense of the impact of the weight and the velocity of the fall and how it crushes my skull.

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

The discussion between Kevin and the Director has progressed into a heated argument.

DIRECTOR

Just fucking lie there! All we need is a shot of you motionless. You don't have to act, just relax while we roll film.

KEVIN/GEORGE

That is not what I do. I'm either in this all the way or you may as well use a dummy.

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

Kevin is lying motionless on the ground, but just off the set.

JIM and ANDY, two production assistants, hold the cardboard file box above his head and drop it.

JIM

Should we go again?

ANDY

No, I think that should do the trick.

DIRECTOR

Is that good, Kevin? Are you feeling dead?

Kevin/George is feeling so dead that he can barely respond. His head moves just slightly.

DIRECTOR

Okay, he's in death mode. Jim and Andy, could you help Kevin to his spot?

Jim and Andy lift Kevin from either arm and pull him away. They don't notice a spot of blood where Kevin/George's head was resting.

They drag him to the spot where George has fallen.

They place Box "U" on top of his head.

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

SLATE BOY

Take 1.

The slate CLACKS.

DIRECTOR

And ... action.

Kevin/George lays motionless with the box on his head.

MS. DURST

Somebody call an ambulance!

EMPLOYEES gather around the door trying to see.

Ms. Durst tries to hold them back.

MS. DURST

Don't look.

They all look at Kevin/George, a pool of blood coming from his head.

The shot stays on him for a few seconds.

DIRECTOR

And cut. Okay, very good, but I want to do just one more. Kevin, are you ready?

Kevin is motionless.

DIRECTOR

Of course he is. Jim or Andy, if you could just move his arm a little to the left. I want to see how that looks.

Jim and Andy move his arm.

The director looks through the camera.

DIRECTOR

Now move it back a little. Okay, that's good. Let's do one more.

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

SLATE BOY

Take ...

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

DIRECTOR

... and that's a print and a wrap.
Thank you, everyone.

THERE IS A CUT IN TIME

The set has been halfway broken down and Kevin/George is still in the same spot.

The crew has been maneuvering around him, but now he is blocking them from moving the metal filing cabinets.

SOMEONE ON THE CREW is whispering to the Director.

The Director nods and makes an authoritative CLAP with his hands.

DIRECTOR

Okay, Meryl Streep, we've gotta come back to life now.

He CLAPS again.

DIRECTOR

Come on, ya ready, Lazarus?

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A funeral is underway. Present are the Director, Linda, Assistant Director, Bridgette, Slate Boy, Camera Man, Jim and Andy, Julie/Ms. Brace, Brenda/Sheila. Stunt Man couldn't make it. ASSORTED FAMILY AND FRIENDS are also there.

A PREACHER is finishing his spiel.

PREACHER

Amanis domani. Schlindi motrimus darci.

Linda is crying.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

There is a FILM CREW in the background. That is, way in the background, shooting a different funeral, not this one.

JULIE

(whispers)

I can't believe we have to compete with them. It's such an insult.

DIRECTOR

(whispers back)

He was a true professional, Julie. I think he would have liked it this way.

PREACHER

Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. Amen.

The ceremonial shovel of dirt is tossed on the grave.

The crowd begins to move away.

EXT. FILM CREW THAT WAS PREVIOUSLY IN THE BACKGROUND -
CONTINUOUS

Now the background instead is Kevin/George's funeral as that crowd begins to disperse.

DIFFERENT ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Okay, they're finally leaving. To position one, everybody. Quickly, please.

The actor who played Mr. Vania is playing the preacher in this movie, and is dressed in appropriate garb.

PREACHER/FORMERLY MR. VANIA

Couldn't we have just asked them to hurry it up? That's an industry funeral over there; they would have understood.

DIFFERENT DIRECTOR

Do you want to do a rehearsal first?

PREACHER/FORMERLY MR. VANIA

Not for lines. I've got it. "Amanis domani. Schlindi motrimus darci."

DIFFERENT DIRECTOR

Great. Let's get this.

DIFFERENT ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

This is a take. Everyone in position, now, please.

DIFFERENT DIRECTOR
Roll sound.

DIFFERENT SOUND PERSON
Speed.

DIFFERENT DIRECTOR
Roll camera.

DIFFERENT CAMERA PERSON
Rolling.

DIFFERENT DIRECTOR
Slate.

DIFFERENT SLATE BOY
The very end of the film. Take 1.

The slate CLACKS.

At that exact moment, we

CUT TO BLACK

DIFFERENT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Action.

CREDITS ROLL

THE END