

"HOLLYWOOD DOG"

FADE IN:

INT. HOLLYWOOD DOG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DOOWYLL reflected, fish-eye, in a brass doorknob. A mean bar-room blues begins...

Reverse: the HOLLYWOOD sign out the apartment window, with the brass knob blurry in extreme lower foreground. A SUPER types-in under the word "Hollywood": **DOG.**

A coffee cup sits on a stack of dog-eared scripts. On top is:

"Imagine All The Taxis"
a tribute to John Lennon & Harry Chapin
by Hollywood Dog.

William Morris is scratched out, as is ICM and Premiere Artists. The script is currently repped by Mel Fogle's Talent Barn.

Check out Hollywood Dog's room, a low-rent bachelor, in all its messy glory. Girlie poster. RACK to foreground as a LOCK PICK thrusts through the keyhole and torques wildly around. CREDITS begin.

MESSY DESK

An Underwood manual, a plastic film clapper with "Hollywood Dog" chalked on it under "Writer," and an answering machine, which clicks ON. We hear the gravelly baritone of HOLLYWOOD DOG.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (V/O)
I'm out interviewing directors,
or stuck in some bullshit rewrite
meeting. Leave a message, I'll
put ya on my call list.

The machine BEEEEEPs.

DOWN a stack of well-thumbed books: Adventures In The Screen Trade, An Actor Prepares, Bare Facts Video Guide.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (V/O)

filter)
Just me, checking messages.

A three-tone CODE is entered and we hear BACKWARDS WIND.

ANGLE: a comp photo of PAM and PATTY DINTEENO, with a handwritten note: "New head shots, whaddya think? Call us at work: 555-U-CUM."

Starting OVER this, a BEEEEEEEP and the *messages* play:

PAM (message)
Hi. It's Pam and Patty Dinteenno.

PATTY (message)
Great news! We can go to Club Celeb again.

PAM (message)
Yeah, that bouncer I puked on?
He got fired for letting in Arsenio Hall.

ANGLE: rumpled bed with a stolen street sign over the headboard: Visitors Limited To 20 Minutes. But... there's a stack of heavily-thumbed Playboy magazines on the sidetable.

Autographed pix thumb-tacked on the wall. 1) "Sorry that when I got in your limo I was drunk, had no money and eventually shot you, Martin Lawrence." 2) "Thanks for the ride to America's Funniest Workplace Accidents! Mike Imer, The Guy With The Crowbar Through His Head." Mike indeed has a cranial crowbar.

ANGLE: old couch, with Frankenstein stitches in its upholstery.

DAZED HIPPY (message)
(beep) Um, I just found out something about that couch I sold you. Whatever you do, don't fucking sit on it man.

A LUMP moves in the couch.

The doorknob rattles furiously. This guy wants in.

Yellow page ads stuck to the fridge: All-Night Grocery. All-

Night Photocopy. All-Night Pawn.

And: "Patrice, Licensed Dominatrix." PATRICE'S picture, with a whip. "All major credit cards rammed up your ass."

PATRICE (message)
(beep) Hi. Patrice. I had a little accident with Marty Ingels and I need a bag of something buried in an unmarked grave in the desert. When you're free.

A calendar with all but one day crossed off, and "RENT!" written with a skull-and-crossbones about 20 days back.

ANKLO VLAD (message)
(beep) Dis you landlord, Anklo Vlad. Rent rent rent bastard scum face shit prick rent rent rent!

EXT. DOG'S APARTMENT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE; fire hydrant. A LIMO with the license DOGGONE squeals up and parks illegally close. A KITTY on the sidewalk mewls for attention and is YANKED out of frame by unseen hands. The cat is plopped ass-first down over the hydrant, its spigots bulging in his cheeks. The cat gives a horrified screech, then reconsiders and kinda enjoys it.

INT. DOG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLICK. The lock pick withdraws. The door sneaks open. An O.S. THWACK! The lump that is the BURGLAR slumps to the floor.

HOLLYWOOD DOG steps over the guy and clicks his cell-phone SHUT. Hangs his BLACKJACK on a hook beside the door. Puts one hand to his Men In Black shades...

A basket filled with dark shades. One more pair is tossed on top.

FADE OUT / IN:

INT. DOG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Distant sirens as Dog, in shades, taps on his Underwood.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Fade in, tight on our hero...
(thinks) our hero...

Tight on this sentence as a FLY lands on the page. Dog holds the carriage button and slides the fly into the keystrike area. ECU as he strikes a Key and MASHES it with a capital X.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Leonard "The Fly" Squooshman.
Lenny's cool. He's the sound of
a pack of Camels falling through
a vending machine in the lobby of
Trader Vics at 3:00 a.m.

INT. DOG'S AP'T STAIRWELL - NIGHT

OVERHEAD as pretty boy ORSON KURGLEMAN dashes up 5 flights, breathing hard.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (V/O)

He's yard-sale sunglasses at the
House of Blues at midnight. He's
the buzz of broken neon at an
Alvarado offramp...

INT. DOG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hollywood types, *into* it.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

... as you buy a cloned cell
phone off a guy named Squid from
the back of a stolen ambulance.
He's...

Hollywood glances at his desk. A torn-out magazine ad: "Hot Wet Porn Writers Wanted! \$300 a script!" Beat. He thinks. Types.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

... he's got a twelve-inch
throbbing cock.

The door flies open and ORSON runs in, out of breath and

limping. He has lipstick on the crotch of his pants. He's hyped.

ORSON

Hollywood! What a night! I need the limo.

Dog gets in Orson's face. Forced calm:

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Orson, I gotta write five porno flicks by tomorrow or my landlord's retarded nephew is gonna push his thumbs fourteen hundred dollars deep into my eye sockets.

ORSON

No no no no no no, man, I got a second callback for Twister Two! "Las Vegas Is Leaving!"

Orson holds up, FULL SCREEN, the Dramalogue ad - "Now Casting: Twister Two, Las Vegas Is Leaving." Tornado rips up a casino.

ORSON (O.S.)

Schumacher's directing! They're gonna drop live actors on the audience in selected theaters!

WIDE: Orson gushes enthusiasm.

ORSON

I'm reading for this huge role... Man Number Three. This dude's head comes down on a spinning roulette wheel and stops on double zero! Is that heavy or what?

HOLLYWOOD DOG

You wanna see heavy?

Dog holds up a thick wad of IOUs and flips through them: it's a veritable flip-book of "I.O.U. \$20, Orson, I.O.U. \$45, Orson..."

HOLLYWOOD DOG

It'd be twice this thick but I've been using them to wipe my ass.

ORSON (pleading)

Dog, it's a second callback! It's down to me and, like, ten other guys. And one of them's named Norge, for Chrissake.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Let me ask you an important, possibly life-saving question. You got any money?

ORSON

Are you kidding? If I had money I'd take the bus.

EXT. AP'T BUILDING - NIGHT

Orson is being held upside-down by the knee out Dog's window.

ORSON

Don't drop me man! I've got something better than money!

HOLLYWOOD DOG

I hope it's wings.

His grip loosens. Orson slides down to the ankle.

ORSON

No, listen! I've got a doctored internet video of Pamela Anderson sucking a fish through a pelican.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (thinks)

How's that work exactly?

ORSON

You gotta see it, man! But it'll cost you a ride.

Dog thinks for a beat, then DROPS Orson, who wails like a gutshot pig all the way down down ZOOMING to the sidewalk...

4 STORYS BELOW

A wrist comes out of the window and grabs the whimpering Orson by the ankle, his head a pencil-width from the ground. Hollywood Dog puts his head out the window.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

You better get that part and a cash advance, tonight... or I'm gonna take you to the Whiskey and sell all your blood to Keith Richards.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Orson, comfortably sprawled across the limo's back seat, rehearses his single line:

ORSON

"Oh look, it's a Twister!"
"Ohhhhh look! It's, a Twister!"

Dog, driving, dictates into a microcassette recorder.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Possible titles for porn movie:
"Under Serge." "Pud Friction."
"Pippi Schlongstalker."

ORSON

Hey, you had any other celebs in here lately?

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Drove June Allyson to the airport last week.

ORSON

No shit.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Took me and eight skycaps to lift her underwear out of the car.

Orson tries on some fake mustaches, goatees, etc.

ORSON

Whaddya think? Mustache? Beard?
What's a Vegas high-roller gonna

have on his face?

Dog stares out the side window.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
Chorus girls.

Stopped at a light. Intercutting Dog's POV: Three or four PRETTY GIRLS stopped at the DON'T WALK sign. Talking, giggling.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (wistful)
Y'ever sit in a restaurant
watchin' a table of women
laughing and talking? You stop
eating just to look at 'em. You
start to imagine takin' all of
them to the nearest hotel.

In Dog's imagination, they're unashamedly NAKED on the sidewalk.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (O.S.)
You pick out the order you'd do
'em in...

ANGLE: One of them plays with her hair.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (O.S.)
... maybe one of them plays with
her hair a certain way and you
move her from fourth in line to
second. Maybe fourth and
second...

Their clothes rematerialize. Dog blinks behind his shades.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
Then you realize you're not gonna
do any of 'em. Or even say
hello. And you go back to eatin'
your lunch.

A HORN behind him - the light's green.

ORSON (oblivious)
"Oh look... it's a TWISTER!"
"Holy shit, it's that twister!"

Dog sighs and pulls out.

EXT./INT. LIMO AT TRAFFIC LIGHT - NIGHT

Red light at the Westside Pavilion. Dog stops alongside a Gemstar stretch, which makes his car look funky by comparison, and sneaks a look at the other DRIVER, who's making a radio call. A secret panel on his dash flips, Batmobile-like, and Dog hits a button.

A microphone device on a cord fires from the roof of dog's limo and schlupp!! suckers itself to the Gemstar's rear window.

IN HIS LIMO Dog can hear the Gemstar guy's conversation:

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Can you make a Beverly Hills pickup at 39 Cielo? Regular client, standard two hundred dollar gratuity.

GEMSTAR DRIVER (O.S.)

Roger, I'm at the Westside Pavilion. Be there in twenty.

Dog flicks the switch to retrieve the mike.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

I'll be there in five.
(to Orson)
Shortcut.

The limo spins around. Orson, drink in hand, is thrown against the window like an astronaut in G-force training.

ANGLE - STORE DOOR. Dog's limo jumps the curb and goes *into the mall*. SCREAMS and HONKING, off.

EXT. COLLINS MANSION - NIGHT

Gothic gates, behind which a curving drive leads up to an old-by-L.A.-standards Mansion. Dog's limo pulls up to the intercom box. A Hickory Farms kiosk slides off his hood. Power window WHIRRS and we hear Orson, muffled, from inside: "It's one of those twisting things!! Look out!" etc.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (O.S.)

Limo.

The gate CREAKS open. The limo pulls into the drive.

TOP OF CIRCULAR DRIVE: STEPHEN MIFF, boyishly handsome, 40, taps his foot, checking his watch. He's every ex-dancer working for every diva in Hollywood. His labors are mighty, as is his suffering unknowable. Dog stops and gets out, eyeing the house.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Nice joint. Am I driving Lestat to his Interview?

Stephen appraises the vehicle with panic as Dog walks around.

STEPHEN

You aren't Gemstar, she only uses Gemstar, what's going on? I have a friend who's a policeman!

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Keep your blouse on, Cisco, I'm with the Classic Car division...

Hollywood Dog shuffles some fake business cards. We see Music Express, Starlight Limo, Airport Express... every one of them tagged with "Classic Car Division."

HOLLYWOOD DOG (O.S.)

Gary Coleman lost his virginity in this vehicle. And the cigarette lighter hasn't worked since.

Dog has come around the car. He selects the Gemstar card and hands it to Stephen.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

The uh, two hundred dollar tip will still apply.

STEPHEN

(eyes the card, sniffs)
You're taking her to the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, no

stops. Don't let her drink, and that includes licking your gas cap. I'll be right back.

Stephen heads back towards the house. Orson pops out of the sun roof, having worked himself into fever pitch Audition Mode.

ORSON (screams)
 THAT GODDAMN TWISTER'S BACK, AND
 IT'S HEADED STRAIGHT THIS...
 (looking around)
 ... what the hell did Viacom do
 to Paramount?

At the front door, a 60-ish Grande Dame - imperious, withering; a beauty in her prime, but that was years ago - strides towards the limo. This is FAYE COLLINS.

ORSON (O.S.)
 Oh my God you know who that is.
 That's Faye Collins.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
 The broad from Hollywood Squares?

ORSON
 Puh-lease! For 6 years she was
 Monica DeVry, the original Bitch
 Queen on Dynasty Place!

As Faye strides towards the car, Stephen scampers alongside, running a lint roller over her outfit, under her arm...

ORSON (awed, O.S.)
 She *ruled* one-hour TV -- until
 she was fired for biting off the
 showrunner's thumb during a
 hairdo dispute.

In Orson's idolatrous POV, Faye shimmers into slo-mo, MORPHING into the knockout babe she was at 25.

ORSON (O.S.)
 Man. When I was 12 years old I
 cut her face out of Look Magazine
 and glued it to my cat...

HOLLYWOOD DOG
I don't wanna hear this.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Orson pops back in the sunroof, frantically but skillfully fingering his thinning hair into some semblance of youth.

ORSON
I can't have a legend see me like
this!

Looking for a tissue box and finding none, Orson blows his nose in the cognac decanter.

FAYE (O.S.)
Stephen, I ordered a limo, not a
goddam tour bus...

Her hand enters frame, pointing at Orson.

FAYE (O.S.)
What - is - THIS??

ORSON (rapidly)
A fellow actor, Miss Collins, and
a sincere fan of those wonderful
movies you made before TV turned
you into an aging, bitter nobody!

Beat. Faye, flattered, SLIDES IN beside Orson.

FAYE (coyly)
My... *movies*? But that was so
long ago...

ORSON (ultra earnest)
No it wasn't!

That's all it takes. Orson has her attention.

FAYE
Qu'est-ce que tu t'appelle?

ORSON
What?

FAYE

Your *name*.

ORSON

Orson.

FAYE

Orson, Sweetie, why don't you mix
Faysie a Gimlet?

Without looking, she knuckles the cap off the Gin. SNAP!

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The limo pulls out.

ON THE STEPS, Stephen hits a button, autodialling his cell phone.

STEPHEN

Oil Can Harry's? Could you let
the clientele know that "the
cat's away" at the Collins
Estate?

He double-claps. Pagoda speakers pop up from the grass around him with a motorized whirr and begin playing "Rawhide." Stephen whips his belt out of his tight pants and cracks it like a whip, in synch with the song. Yee-ha.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Hollywood, night. A GUY sells Stalkers' Maps To The Stars Homes.

EXT. / INT. LIMO AT STUDIO GATE - NIGHT

Guard box, guard presumably inside. Phone booth nearby. The limo pulls up to the barrier; Dog leans out.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Orson Kurglemann.

In the BACK SEAT, Orson goes frantic.

ORSON

Orson Kane, Orson Kane!

Faye sits up, sloshed, drink in hand, and squints.

FAYE

This isn't it, you cross-eyed
hairy fuck!

GUARD (O.S.)

That name's not on the list.

Orson squeezes forward to yell through the divider:

ORSON

What do you mean it's not on the
list?? Look again!

ANGLE: a cheery "Friends" billboard visible through the
windshield. RACK to Faye's embittered face reflected in the
rear-view mirror.

FAYE (drunk)

They didn't even *call* me for
that. Of course, I'm Offer Only.
I still play 27 with my hair
back.

She hanks her hair back theatrically.

ANGLE: Dog, eyeing the mirror, glimpses a necklace of sutures
going around Faye's ears and jawline.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Y'know, if you tighten that skin
any more the pressure'll turn
your brain into a diamond.

GUARD (O.S.)

Nothing here.

ORSON

Orson Kane! Twister Two! Second
callback!

FAYE

I can still high-kick like a
schoolgirl.

Faye high-kicks, catching Orson HARD under the chin.

PHONE BOOTH NEARBY

A minute later. Orson yells into the phone handset, stretching the cord to stand outside the booth.

ORSON

What are your people *doing* in there? They just let fucking *Norge* drive in!

There's a WHISTLING SOUND. Orson stops talking and looks UP.

A fiberglass Guernsey COW falls on Orson, knocking him flat.

LIMO, THROUGH WINDSHIELD, the cow carnage reflected in the glass.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

I see those Twister props are still coming down.

FAYE

I'm missing Happy Hour...
(meaningfully)
And you don't wanna see me not happy.

WIDE, the limo screeches away, driving over Orson's wrist.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

BACK SEAT. Faye chugs from the decanter; sour taste. She's going through the limo videos, checking the labels, chucking them one by one out the window.

FAYE

Why aren't I in any of these films? You bite the thumb off one talentless cocksucker and they won't even let you work for goddamn Les Moonves. Ten years ago my picture was on every magazine in this country!

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Not to mention a very sore cat.
You looking for something in
particular?

Faye pulls a yard of tape out of a cassette and holds it up
like she was eyeballing a strip of 35mm.

FAYE

Black dick.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT ESTABLISHING

Very posh.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Nice suite. Dog lounges in a chair, reading VARIETY. The
ROOM SERVICE GUY hovers nearby with a fruit basket and a
little key.

ROOM SERVICE GUY

If you'd like I can show you the
complimentary minibar...

HOLLYWOOD DOG

She found it.

The MINI-BAR door hangs on one hinge next to 50 scattered
bottles and crushed beer cans. The bellboy stares, frozen,
his little key dangling. Toilet FLUSH; Faye enters fumbling
in her purse.

BELLBOY

Um, okay. Well, this is the
window. And the bed's over
here...

Faye hands cash to Dog, who counts it.

FAYE

I know where the bed is you
sycophantic fuck, I was sodomized
in it by Warren Beatty in 1967.
And it smells like you haven't
changed the sheets since.

The bellboy is frozen with his tip hand out. Faye sucks a

fresh cigarette down to the filter.

FAYE

I don't have any change. Want me
to blow you instead?

His phony smile sours and his hand withers clean back to the
wrist like the witch's feet in Wizard of Oz.

EXT. STUDIO GATE - NIGHT

At the phone booth. Flashing red lights over scene as the
broken Orson is tended by paramedics. Two guys apply the Jaws
Of Life to the cow's hindquarters. One PARAMEDIC unkinks an
I.V. line.

PARAMEDIC

You on anything?

ORSON (brightening)

Not right now, but next month I
have a douche commercial running
in the North East.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Hollywood Dog drives, talking on his cell phone.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Eddie, check my door. Is Anklo's
nephew out there? Huge thumbs?

INT. HOLLYWOOD DOG'S AP'T DOOR - NIGHT

KEYHOLE GOBO of Hollywood Dog's door, from the ap't across the
way. ANKLO'S NEPHEW, a lurking behemoth, pounds on Dog's
door.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (O.S,

phone)

Looks kinda like John Malkovitch
and Amanda Plummer's love child?

The NEPHEW mumbles "Mon-ey!" like Peter Boyle's Frankenstein
and pokes his thumbs repeatedly into the drywall, crunch,
crunch!

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Back to Dog, getting the bad news.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
Uh-huh. Thanks.

He folds the phone and grabs his tape recorder.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
More porn titles. "Cumthroat
Island." "Indiana's Jones."
"Three Men... And Another Man."

But his eyes wander to the "Variety" on the seat beside him:

"TOWNE TO RESCRIPT SCHUMACHER'S TWISTER II." Picture of
Robert Towne. FRAME-IN the Sub-Head: "*Will re-focus story on
Man # 3, says top-dollar scribe.*" Over Towne's photo, Orson
SHIMMERS IN.

ORSON (echo)
"I'm reading for Man Number
Three!"

Dog GRABS the Variety off the seat.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
Orson! My man!

Orson's IOUs dangle from a hook on the dash. Dog grabs them.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Orson lies in traction in multiple casts, doped-up and
MOANING. Hollywood Dog bursts in with flowers.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
Great news, Towne's doing a
rewrite and making your part the
lead! We're getting you outa
here.

He tosses the flowers, revealing... bolt cutters.

ORSON (opiated)
Dog! You left me there, man.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

No time for sentiment, we gotta roll.

ORSON

Roll? I got seventeen broken bones. And a fiberglass cow tail lodged in my colon aaaaaaaaaa!

Orson screams in unsaintly agony as Hollywood Dog snips the wires and his legs hit the bed.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Good, you're awake.

Hollywood Dog grabs a wheelchair and snaps it open.

ORSON

I can't audition now, the studio's closed.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

We're not going to the studio, we're going straight to the director's house.

He drags Orson off the bed into the wheelchair. Orson screams.

ORSON

Nurse! I want the bucket-sized needle again!

TIGHT, Dog claps his hand over Orson's mouth.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

What are you doing? You wanna dull your edge?

Orson tries to nod. Dog grabs his face.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

This part calls for pain. You're in pain. Let's roll.

Dog spins the wheelchair around and zips Orson out the door.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

High up, pulling out.

ORSON (O.S.)
The elevator's *that* way.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (O.S.)
Too risky. Some well-meaning but
misguided medico could foolishly
try to save your life, ruining
your chances of paying me back.
We're taking the stairs.

We hear the wheelchair banging down the stairs, as Orson
howls.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SLOW PAN of the room, which has been trashed.

FAYE (O.S.)
Where are ya? C'mere you little
bastard.

PAN finds Faye at the window sucking on a near-empty bottle of
Mezcal, her tongue probing the bottle's bottom for the worm.

INSIDE THE BOTTLE

Dead annelid in lower frame, Faye's tongue coming at it like
the plant stamen in Jumanji. Faye takes a sudden heaving
breath...

OUT IN THE ROOM

And DROPS to the carpet, where she lies inert, clutching her
chest. The empty bottle rolls into frame and stops. Beat.
The tiny worm starts inching his way towards the mouth of the
bottle.

ON DOOR, knock knock, it opens to reveal the room service guy
with a liquor tray. He stares and does a summer-stock tray
drop.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

ON DOG, with Orson in the back, still in the casts.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Ya don't want a director worrying
about the health of his star, so
we'll cut the casts off in the
driveway before you go in...

He holds up a saw. Cell PHONE rings. Dog picks up the phone.

INTERCUT HOTEL ROOM

With Stephen on the hotel phone, distraught. Faye prone in
the b.g. as we last saw her. Hotel MANAGEMENT type looking
on.

STEPHEN

I need Miss Collins picked up
right away.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

It'll have to wait, I'm carrying
a very important passenger.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

As the limo passes.

STEPHEN (O.S., phone)

I'll pay you a thousand dollars
to get her safely back in her bed
within the hour. Can you handle
that, Doggie?

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

A sea-change in Hollywood's attitude.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

For a grand? I'd eat her and
shit her back into her nightie.

He cranks the wheel. Orson flies across the back with a
scream.

EXT. / INT. HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING, then some shots of the hotel's past grandeur:

Gaudy fountain / guests overdressed / pianist in lounge.
 MARY-KATE and ASHLEY OLSEN smoke cigars in the club room,
 laughing it up, flanking DANNY DE VITO.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

This hotel was the epicenter of
 Hollywood's Golden Age. It was
 here that Clark Gable first
 slipped into Carole Lombard. It
 was here that Doug Fairbanks
 first danced with Mary Pickford.
 It was here that Randolph Scott
 first danced with Larry Hart,
 dressed as Mary Pickford. It's
 so tragically appropriate that
 Faye Collins would end her days
 in this room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dog gets the low-down from a hanky-eyed Stephen.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

What're you telling me, she's
 dead?

Stephen nods, biting his lip.

STEPHEN

I waved some gin under her nose.
 Nothing.

FAYE just lies there. A fly lands on her.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (O.S.)

Steve, I know you're upset but in
 her present condition she ain't
 exactly gonna know the difference
 between a limo and an
 ambulance...

BACK ON Stephen and Dog, who looks over at Faye.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

... or, you know, a garbage
 truck.

STEPHEN

(freighted with meaning)
 The hotel doesn't like
 ambulances. They asked me to
 remove her "discreetly."

HOLLYWOOD DOG
 How discreetly?

EXT. HOTEL, LIMO WAITING ZONE - NIGHT

Stephen drags a *large* bulging suitcase down the hotel steps.
 Dog leans against the limo. A beautiful BABE walks by.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
 Hey babe, howsabout you and me
 and a cup of coffee?

He smiles big. She breezes past.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
 Or maybe just me and the coffee.

Dog clicks his remote; the limo's trunk pops.

STEPHEN
 No! Not in the trunk.

Stephen stops at the limo's side door, lowering the suitcase
 and nobly proffering a wad of cash.

STEPHEN (choking it out)
 First Class. All the way.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Dark windows, and it's night, so the whimpering Orson can't
 see much. Dog flings open the back door.

ORSON
 Hollywood! Where have you -
 waaaa!

He's hit square in the face by the flung suitcase.

EXT. FOLLOWING LIMO - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

The limo tools down Sunset.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (O.S.)
 Orson, as your Manager, I've been
 doing some figuring. If that
 talentless schmuck Jim Carrey can
 get 20 million a picture, you
 gotta be worth at least thirty,
 thirty-five grand.

The limo swerves to cream a CAT.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

A couple of minutes later. Orson looks at the suitcase.

ORSON
 What's in the bag?

HOLLYWOOD DOG
 Open it.

Orson swings his slinged arm over to wrestle with the clasps. Faye's head and one arm spring out into his lap. Orson makes panicky I-can't-breathe NOISES.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (calmly)
 Yeah, funny story behind that...

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS SIGN - NIGHT

That sign that says you're entering Beverly Hills. Cars pass.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Orson has come to terms with it somewhat. Now he's rather mournful as Hollywood Dog finishes his story.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
 Amazingly life-like, ain't she?

ORSON
 Je-sus. She's a legend. I mean,
 this, this is showbiz history
 right here. She dated Warren
 Beatty!

HOLLYWOOD DOG
 I know. I smelled the sheets.

Orson the Sensitive, film-fan, the star-struck kid, emerges.

ORSON

Man, this ain't right. We can't
keep her in this suitcase.

5 MINUTES LATER: Faye is now sitting up beside Orson, who reverentially plumps a pillow behind her head.

ORSON

That's better. Hey, hey! Could
you take my picture with her?

Dog leans around in his seat with a camera.

CLICK, CLICK. OVERLAY a series of SNAPS. Orson hugging Faye. Orson "shaking" Faye's hand. Orson pretending to have a deep conversation with Faye. Two fingers behind her head...

Back to LIVE.

ORSON

Hey! Let's get one with my hand
down her top!

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Orson, that may not be as rare a
photo as you think.

POP! BURN-IN the PHOTO: Orson with his arm down the top of an 65-year-old dead woman. Nice.

EXT. NICE HOUSE - NIGHT

The gated home of a top director, a film-clapper motif in the wrought iron. Security sign: Protected By Nazitech.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (O.S.)

Here we are, the home of the
world's shortest A-list director,
Willie Schumacher.

The limo pulls up into frame.

ORSON (O.S.)

The meds are starting to wear
off, man. I've got blinding

pains shooting up and down my
arms and spine.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Dog assesses the gate.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
That's just nerves.

He clicks a BUTTON on the dash.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

A BUZZSAW comes out of the front grille of the limo and whines through the steel gates. The bars clink to the pavement.

INT. SCHUMACHER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Living room. Wall posters: "St. Elmo's Fire," "Flatliners."
Pull out to WILLIE SCHUMACHER, a short guy, 50, white modish hair, in velvet lounge-wear, auditioning someone.

SCHUMACHER
This is a very important part.
You play disembodied hands in the rubble, grasping desperately at the ankles of rescue workers...

REVERSE: the DINTEENO SISTERS, Patty and Pam, voluptuously await their audition instructions.

SCHUMACHER (O.S.)
You're vulnerable, you're angry,
you're close to death. Your
naked ff-feet...

Back on Schumacher, who enjoys an orgasmic frisson.

SCHUMACHER
... tremble with vulnerability.
Now I want you to remove your
shoes and socks very slowly.

This doesn't fit with the Dinteenos' auditioning experience.

DINTEENOS
Um, don'tcha wanna see our

cherry-topped milk mountains?

SCHUMACHER

Oh sure.

Patty and Pam obediently strip off their tops and bend to remove their shoes. A PHONE purrs next to Schumacher's chair.

SCHUMACHER

What is it? (---) Where?

Meanwhile the Dinteenos pose in tableaux of breast-jutting horror/joy/pain; the whole gamut of ingenue audition expressions.

EXT. SCHUMACHER'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The limo is parked at Schumacher's front door, surrounded by the minions of NAZITECH SECURITY. One of them opens the back door.

SECURITY GUY

Outa the car! Now, muthafucka!

He wrests Orson from the limo and two of the guards start beating him. Another guard yanks the DRIVER'S DOOR open.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Hey, hey, I'm just the driver.

SCHUMACHER has stepped out of the front door.

SCHUMACHER

You chose the wrong driveway, pal. You people think you can just - is that *Faye Collins*?

Hollywood Dog is at Schumacher's side.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

A big fan of Orson's; she wanted to be here for his audition.

(prompting)

Twister Two? Man Number Three?

Forget Orson, Schumacher only has eyes for Faye. BACK OUR POV into the darkened LIMO to frame-in FAYE as the director leans

solicitously in to speak to her. (O.S. oofs and whacks.)

SCHUMACHER

Miss Collins, it's an honor to
meet you, won't you come inside?

OUTSIDE, Schumacher takes Faye's hand and tugs her from the limo, talking as he walks, oblivious of the fact that he's DRAGGING her through a flower bed and up the steps. He gushes:

SCHUMACHER

You don't remember me, but in '66
I was the Production Assistant on
"Mud Monsters Attack." It was me
who sawed through your trailer
door when you refused to come out
and be ravished by that
undulating pile of loam.

INT. SCHUMACHER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Schumacher drags Faye, with Dog now helping her "walk" upright.

SCHUMACHER

Ah, memories! Over here!

He yanks Faye out of frame. Dog follows, counting the cash in his envelope...

HOLLYWOOD DOG

If Orson gets this part, he's
gonna need uhhhh... two hundred
dollars cash in advance,
tonight...

Hollywood sees FEMALE UNDERGARMENTS strewn across the floor.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Hi Pam hey Patty.

The Dinteenos pop out naked from behind a cardboard lobby cutout of "Lost Boys."

THE DINTEENOS

Hi, Hollywood.

INT. SCHUMACHER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Half hour later. Faye, head lolling, eyes open, sits between Dog and Schumacher, who's having a wonderful time. Dog puppets Faye's head and one arm and ventriloquizes her falsetto:

HOLLYWOOD DOG (falsetto)
 "... then Janis Joplin and I went
 back to the Marmont and ate each
 other bald."

SCHUMACHER
 (laughs sadly)
 Golden days. Gone. Gone
 forever.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
 Listen, 'bout this audition.
 Orson's still waiting outside...

RAKING 3-SHOT: we see the Nazitech guys through a window,
 still flailing away, nightsticks rising and falling.

SCHUMACHER
 Certainly, certainly, bring him
 in.

Dog runs out. Schumacher, puts a hand on Faye's knee.

SCHUMACHER
 I must confess, I've adored you
 since "Hip Shake A Go-Go." That
 was the film - the swinging
 Mersey beat, the angles, your...
 feet,
 (a frisson)
 that made me want to be a
 director.
 (delicately)
 And which led to my deep lifelong
 interest in f-feet themselves.

He suddenly grabs Faye's foot, wrenches it to his face,
 (knocking her backwards) and snorts deeply at her toe
 cleavage.

A MINUTE LATER

Dog helps the bloodied Orson stagger into the living room. His casts are cracked all over. We hear MUSIC and smashing as they stop in the doorway.

Their POV: Schumacher is "dancing" with Faye to Go-Go music. He flings her blissfully around the room, knocking over lamps with her head, stripping the shelves of books with her torso, and generally having the time of his life.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A short time later. Dog helps Orson hobble out the door, followed by the blissed-out Schumacher. Orson babbles with joy.

ORSON

Thank you again, Mr. Schumacher,
I won't let you down! And when
the picture's done I promise I
won't go to the press and
badmouth you like Brad Pitt!

Two Nazitech guys carry Faye out.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Stuff her in the suitcase, boys.
(off their looks)
She likes to ride that way so
people don't recognize her.

SCHUMACHER (to Faye)

To me you'll always belong to the
silver screen... not to that tiny
box that robbed you of your
luster and your innocent fragile
dignity, and had you thrown in
jail for assault and cannibalism.
(takes her hand)
Goodnight, my Queen. It's been
heaven itself.

The Nazitech guys carry Faye off.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Speaking of heaven, if God forbid
Faye died tonight I know she'd

wanna go to that great Spago
table in the sky knowing Orson
got that two hun signing bonus.

Schumacher slaps a wad of cash in Dog's hands.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Y'know I'm a screenwriter myself.
Maybe you read my latest, about
three brawny sailors trapped in a
shoe store during the war: "Das
Woman's Boot."

Schumacher's eyebrows quiver uncontrollably.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT, TRAVELING

They glide away, Orson on a cloud, Faye back inside the
luggage.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

I'll do the first five or six
drafts on spec... but starting
next week I wanna get paid.

ORSON

What a night! I'm in the sequel
to a hit movie! I could be as
big as whoever those guys were in
Jaws 2!

(sudden rectal realization)

I - I think the cow tail came
out!

EXT. FAYE'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Hollywood Dog stands with the suitcase at Faye's front door
and rings the bell repeatedly.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

Come on Stephen, where are ya?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Stephen sits on the hotel bed in a Cowboy Outfit, maudlin
drunk, an arm around the nervous Room Service guy.

STEPHEN (sob)

She taught the world how to dream, y'know. Let's mosey on into the powder room and I'll do you up in one of her purdiest outfits.

Stephen staggers to his feet and towards the bathroom. The room service guy runs like hell.

INT. FAYE'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A BANG! and the door shakes. The pet door flops open. BANG!

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF DOOR - NIGHT

Hollywood and Orson are holding Faye battering-ram style and swinging her head-first at the kitty door. BAM!

HOLLYWOOD DOG

She's too big. Let's just leave her here.

This is too much for Orson.

ORSON

I'm sorry, I know I owe you a lot for tonight, but this woman is a TV *legend*. 70 million people tuned in the night she stole the baby from her own sister's womb and replaced it with three and a half cans of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee ravioli. We cannot leave her outside, in the middle of the night, dead on her own porch.

HOLLYWOOD

You're right, man. I was being an insensitive shit.

(sizes-up the pet door)

Let's take all her clothes off and try again.

5 MINUTES LATER

Orson and Dog hold a naked Faye by her arms and legs and shove her *feet-first* into the kitty door.

ORSON

One, two, three - PUSH!

They shove on her shoulders. Faye GROANS, and a CORK flies out of her mouth and hits Orson in the eye.

ORSON

Aaaaaaaaaa! My eye!

Orson drops Faye and staggers around on his cast-thickened legs, clutching his eye. Faye draws one loud Darth Vader breath, and looks down at her nakedness.

FAYE

Who fucked me and did I get the part?

INT. DOG'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dog slogs wearily down his hall. Anklo's hulking nephew looms from the shadows, eye-gouging thumbs raised to cornea-height, *growling*. Dog slaps \$1400 in the lug's hands and he grunts in thick-tongued surprise.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

High above, including the Hollywood sign. Our BLUES is back.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (V/O)

"Maria wasn't dead, she just had a tequila cork stuck in her throat. Luckily it was sucked out by that freak Twister."

INT. HOLLYWOOD DOG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hollywood Dog TYPES. Tacked to his corkboard: a crumpled receipt, "RENT PADE," written in red crayon.

HOLLYWOOD DOG

"And Peter didn't get the part in that film, but, God willing, he *will* be able to see it, thanks to some really thick glasses and a pig's cornea." And we Cut to handsome screenwriter Lenny...

Dog opens the Playboy magazine beside his typewriter. Good-looking girls.

HOLLYWOOD DOG
... back in his hotel room, with
the four babes he picked up at
the restaurant.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD DOG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

PULLING OUT, with DOG's silhouette on the shade. Typing.

HOLLYWOOD DOG (V/O)
Pulling out, we see their
curvaceous voluptitude
silhouetted on the shade, as
Lenny switches the second in line
to Number One. Just somethin'
about that hair.

FADE OUT. Music dies on a lone sax.